

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XX No. 10

MAY, 1954

Subscription
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Japan and the Encyclicals

By GEORGE CARLIN

The problem of Japan has been discussed in previous issues of the *Catholic Worker*. It can be stated simply: Japan has 85,000,000 people in four tiny islands, which could be fit within our single state of Montana. These people are shut in by immigration barriers. Largely mountainous, Japan has not enough food-producing land and can not feed her people.

Because of these simple facts of daily life, (too many people, too little land), which God has ordained, Japan has upset the man-made world order again and again. She broke the League of Nations. She launched World War II in the Pacific. This was inevitable. For the fact of so many people shut into one narrow country, without enough food, could only produce a drastic result.

It is the world order that is most to blame—not Japan. Australia admits no Japanese immigrants. It is one of the largest countries in the world and one of the most under-developed and under-populated. England, France, and Holland, have for 50 years held onto possessions in the Pacific that normally Japan would have played a part in developing.

The United States' own part has been something less than admirable. By alliances we have allowed ourselves to support Australia, England, France and Holland in

the Pacific, even though their goals were contrary to our own professed ideals. At home we have closed the United States to immigration from Japan, admitting only 100 a year under the McCarran Act.

Japan, trapped and desperate before the callousness of other nations, has now turned to nationally sponsored birth control and abortions—the murder of her own children—in an attempt to stem her population growth (expected to reach 100,000,000 by 1970) and provide a decent living for the remaining people.

The suffering under these abortion laws can not be calculated. They provide for the baby to be literally torn out of the womb of the mother. Abortions can be performed for "economic" reasons under the law—simply because the mother is poor. In 1952 over 1,000,000 Japanese mothers had abortions. Welfare Ministry statistics show; one out of every 74 mature women in Japan have had abortions.

The key to Japan's problems lies in the Papal teachings. Here are some things Pope Pius XII has said:

(1) PROBLEMS OF USE OF LAND, RESOURCES, POPULATION, AND IMMIGRATION: "The Creator of the Universe has provided all his good gifts primarily (Continued on page 7)

THEOPHANE VENARD AND HO CHI MINH

By DOROTHY DAY

What are the issues that most absorb the country this month? There is mounting unemployment. There is the threat of Indo-China becoming another Korea, and a debate as to whether or not American troops are going in; and there is the McCarthy-Army game being played over the television. And the latter seems to be taking up most of people's time. Like the world series it is a play which fascinates and absorbs. The library

at St. Joseph's house is filled all day from ten thirty until almost one, and from two thirty until five, with a watching group. It is a grim game being played for rank and reputation. Both sides claim an equal hatred of Communism, and an equal zeal in rooting it out. And both sides equally ignore the spectacle they are making for the world. It is frankly, a picture of two men trying to ruin each other. A grim struggle, most publicly

played. And it is as fascinating to the men in our library, as the prize fights which go on at night, and not much more subtle.

Eight Year

While this game is being played, between Secretary Stevens and Senator McCarthy, the drama of Indo-China is going on. Today, as I write the fort of Dien Bien Phu is still being besieged with some ten thousand of the Foreign Legion, (and one woman nurse), by the Communist forces of Ho Chi Minh. This is the eighth year of this war and we pray a truce is imminent. As it is, in June the monsoons with the floods of rain will make roads impassable and will for a time make intervention impossible. The rains will go on until October, so there is the next six months to consider the situation, to learn more about it.

History

History read from the Catholic sense of values is rather different from history as reported. It digs deeper, gets more down to the roots, and makes the problems more complicated. Here is a thumbnail sketch of Indo China which is made up of Tonkin, Annam, Cambodia, Cochinchina and Laos. Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina are all three together called Vietnam or French Indo-China. The Wall Street Journal calls it a rich store house of rubber, rice, minerals. Local industrial development is forbidden and there is forced labor. All writers, and I, half dozen books on the subject agree that the population, then, below a rich country could live on plain helplessness twenty day's work a year but the rubber plantations put in by the conquering French, have to be worked and cheap labor is essential. According to an article in the national Geographic in 1935, Saigon was the rubber capital of the world. "The cow submits to milking machines, but the rubber tree does not, and like the cow it must be milked regularly or go dry . . . Indo-China has not only the proper (Continued on page 6)



Notes On Peace

By MARTIN J. CORBIN

Commenting on the recent announcement of hydrogen bomb tests by the United States, *Osservatore Romano*, daily organ of the Vatican, printed a front-page article described as "authoritative," asserting that science now offers men "a pre-fabricated hell in the proud civilization of fear." It is well to consider these and similar statements which have been made from the Holy See in the light of the United States' decision to continue manufacturing the weapon which has been characterized by Albert Einstein as "the very essence of evil." William L. Laurence, scientific correspondent of the New York Times, recently informed his readers that it has now been demonstrated that the most dreaded weapon of all—the cobalt bomb—can be successfully built. In 1950, Professor Einstein had this to say about the cobalt bomb: "If successful, radioactive poisoning of the atmosphere, and hence annihilation of any life on earth will have been brought within the range of technical possibility." With these prospects in view, another scientist who contributed greatly to bringing these monstrous devices into being, is accused of disloyalty,

partly on the ground that he questioned the morality of using the hydrogen bomb.

The editors of the English "Catholic Herald" have been impelled to review the whole question of war because of the latest reports on the bomb from America and have published two significant articles on the subject. Warning that the advent of the hydrogen bomb threatens all humanity, they write: "At least for us 400 million Catholics spread all over the world the time has surely arrived to speak out and boldly face the choice before mankind rather than be content to resort to academic and philosophical distinctions whose net result, is, in effect, to leave mankind to drift to its doom." In the most recent issue, the "Herald" carried a lengthy editorial explaining that the editor, Mr. de la Bedoyere, had long felt that the increasingly destructive capabilities of modern weapons on the one hand, and the rapid rise of totalitarianism on the other, had produced for the Christian a practically insoluble dilemma. However, he says that "the Chris- (Continued on page 4)

Write for Clemency

Three young men are scheduled to die in the electric chair at Sing Sing for the robbery-murder of an 85 year old woman. She was beaten to death. Judge Jonah Goldstein pronounced sentence on all three. The prisoners are Henry Matthews AGE 17, Pedro Rios AGE 22, Concepcion Correa AGE 17.

The line between "crime" and mental illness is one our competent psychiatrists are reluctant to draw, especially in the case of adolescents. How much guilt does society share with these young men? To kill them will not solve any problems. Their death will be merely society's revenge. Doesn't it rather have an obligation to investigate thoroughly the paths that led to such a crime and see if its own deficiency has been the primary cause?

For EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY for these men write Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, The State Capitol, Albany, N. Y.

Italian Housing Group Program Backed By Factory Owner

A move to establish "a new dignity" for the laborer in industry is the Italian Movimento comunista's aim in its program of better housing, education, and social opportunities. It has been developed under the leadership of one man, Dr. Adriano Olivetti.

Dr. Adriano Olivetti is co-owner and president of the largest European factory for typewriters and computing machines. He employs over five thousand workers as heir to his father Camillo Olivetti's foundation which includes not only the factory with a world wide market, but also a social welfare program for the workers.

The younger Olivetti initiated the community movement in establishing his workers in what are probably the highest standards of living for their class in Italy. The Olivetti workers have good housing facilities, nominal priced restaurants and enjoy recreation in the former Olivetti family home which is now a well-equipped center. A technical school offers 250 teen age students over 15,

mostly Olivetti workers' sons, a first rate education and 20,000 lira a month while in attendance.

New for Italian industry, this social program is apart from the factory yet under the direction of Dr. Olivetti. A democratically elected Factory Committee helped in drawing a "charter" incorporating Dr. Olivetti's view that these social benefits are merely a part of the wages of those whose labors maintain the enterprise.

Aiming at a "new dignity" for the worker, Dr. Olivetti sees in the movimento comunista accomplishment thru overhauling of the electoral system and putting in a genuine democracy in place of the Parliament now elected on a national ticket, charged with safeguarding the interests of constituents with whom often they have nothing in common, not even residence.

Dr. Olivetti believes in regional units supplying the administrative structure in order to improve the conditions of the people. These units should follow closely, he believes, lines of economic, social

and cultural demarcation which typify the country. Dr. Olivetti's comunista is then the regional pattern of common basic interests. Differing somewhat from the decentralization advocates Proudhon, Kropotkin or Landauer, it is similar with the political organization of cooperative commonwealth formed by autonomous communities freely related to each other.

Through community centers in his own home region, the CANVASE, Dr. Olivetti is trying to reawaken the people's sense of common action. Also he is helping establish some twenty five centers in the small towns and villages around Ivrea, near Milan. Simple facilities rented in a small apartment in an old house, a hall, a former store, or the like, are redecorated by the people and have as basic equipment a small lending library. Occasionally, original printings or reproductions are exhibited and have introductory lectures.

New to the Italian countryside, these simple centers resemble in intent the Canadian Saskatchewan (Continued on page 4)

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors: TOM SULLIVAN AMMON HENNACY
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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

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

MAY DAY

This May Day, the beginning of our 22nd year, the completing of twenty-one years of publication, we feel that we have come of age. We have finished our 21st year as a monthly, eight-page paper, without paid advertisements, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg and Ade Bethune, written for by Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day the founders, and by a long succession of editors and readers. Changes in this last year were the inclusion of Ammon Hennacy as an editor with Tom Sullivan, and the retirement, we hope temporary, of Robert Ludlow. Right now there are only two editors at hand, Tom Sullivan and Dorothy Day. But the group includes Charlie McCormick, Dick Charpentier, Peter Carey, Tony Aratari, Roger O'Neill, Pete Asaro, Dick, Chu and Shorty in the kitchen, Paul, Tom and Larry, Frank, Henry, John, Slim and many others in the house and Veronica and Hatty and Annabel and Sue and Katherine among the women. We are lucky to have a group who are dedicated to the works of mercy as a means of showing their love of God and their love of their brother. It is the only way we can show our love of

not a love of feeling, but a love of performance. And throughout the Gospels He has shown us through His son, just whom He preferred: the workers, the poor, the oppressed, the meek and humble of heart, who would inherit the land. He has described the kind of love He wants from us, and he has described that love of the Father in the parable of the prodigal son, the story of a Magdalene, the story of the beggar at the gate, the importunate friend at the door. Our love is to be a foolish love, the folly of the Cross, and there was no use in expecting to be understood in this folly, or praised for it. It was a secret only disclosed to the little ones, a secret none of us have half fathomed, but have only glimpsed, as through a glass darkly.

As intellectuals we can question with Ivan Karamazov as to the meaning of suffering in the world, and cry out against God who permits the torture of the innocent. Ivan made a study of the sufferings of little children and in his long discourse, which included the legend of the Grand Inquisitor, he tells them all to his brother Alyosha, a novice in a neighboring monastery. And he rejects heaven as not being worth that cry of one small child, tortured by her parents, and crying out to the good God.

There was a story yesterday in the Herald Tribune of such a child, a nine year old Mexican girl who was so badly beaten, over and over again by her mother, that her body was crippled, and yet when the authorities went to take her away, she cried out that she loved her mother and wanted to stay in that home.

Psychologists and psychiatrists try to understand this mystery of love, and there are thousands of words written on the perversions of love in the world, and when we try to fathom the love of God and love of brother, this whole mystery

of forgiving seventy times seven, forgiving our enemy, overcoming hatred with love, overcoming evil with good, we go down into such depths that we are appalled. A D. H. Lawrence has explored the abysses of human love, and Solovlev, and Dostolevsky, Fr. D'Arcy and de Rougement have gone deeper still in synthesizing the love of agape and eros.

And we who are not scholars, but have a deep and ardent desire to grow in the love of God and our brother are often fearful of these depths and shrink from the dark night into which thought about our work leads us. We can only ponder in our hearts as the Blessed Mother did, and thank our Lord Jesus Christ, that He gave her to us as He died on the Cross.

This is her month, and our work started on her day. This too is her year, the Marian year, and our safety lies in holding fast to her. I like to remember those words of

OUR LADY OF CHICKENS



St. Augustine, "The flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary," and in recognizing the humanity of Christ, the holiness of the flesh and this material world which God created and saw to be good, a sense of the mission of THE CATHOLIC WORKER is confirmed in us. We must work in this world, it is our mission as the laity, for better conditions in this material world, for the kind of a world, as Peter Maurin said, where it is easier for men to be good.

Mary is present with us today, as yesterday and in every age. Two thousand years ago she gave us, through her flesh, our redeemer and God. She is the mold in which Christ was formed, and we in turn, her children, are in Mary, being formed in the likeness of Christ. She is as close to us as the air we breathe.

Mary, teach us to pray. "Be it done unto me according to thy word." Teach us to be silent and ponder these things in our hearts, as you did. Teach us, and comfort us, and care for us as you did for Jesus, and when we are dull and hard of heart, say to your Son, "They have no wine," so that we may be strengthened physically as well as spiritually, with the communion of the Eucharist and with our sitting down to eat with our brothers.

Agony Wagon (A Short Story)

By Anthony Aratari

"Agony Wagon" was the name of a B-17 I flew in once while training to go overseas as a navigator in the Second World War. It was on an army air base in North Dakota. I don't know whether the plane had ever been in combat, but it looked beat up anyway like most of the training planes we flew in, and with that name, it really looked in bad shape: barely holding together.

Since I want to be a writer, I feel the strange power of words more than most people and it was a foregone conclusion that upon encountering that name I would stand and stare at it, letting those few letters of the alphabet and the pain they mysteriously contain brand, if you'll allow me, my sensitive soul. But I'm sure I wasn't the only one who felt the crying of the universe in that name. Everyone in my crew groaned at the sight of that name.

The long wailing lament of an air raid siren will give you some idea of what I feel even now when I say that name to myself, in fact, even more so now; and yet what I feel is soundless as those moments are soundless though bombs are falling on a city from planes above because death on a mass scale is being consciously willed in broad daylight and the ones who are killing don't see who are dying because of the awful dry spaces in between.

Now what I'm really trying to do is to tell you something about my brother, who died as a young man when he was thirty of malignant cancerous tumors that multiplied as they fed on his exhausted body. Yet it's not his death from cancer that I want to talk about. You see, he was also in the air corps in the Second World War, but he was a waist gunner in a B-24 and an enlisted man. Like me, he also ended up a prisoner of war, but he suffered more. He was even strafed by our own planes when his camp was being moved on foot to another camp in Germany, for the Russians had come a long way from Stalingrad.

It was something he told me about what he did when their plane was hit on their last mission and they were forced to bail out over Germany. And I think that only I can appreciate what he did because I did just the opposite in a similar situation, for I bailed out over Greece.

But before I tell you about that, I want to say something about my brother. He really hated war. Now I remember how we used to joke about President Roosevelt in the army, about him hating war and his wife Eleanor hating war. And if you stop and think about it, how he died of a brain hemorrhage just at the end almost of the war, I guess you have to admit that he did hate war. But in the army his "I hate war, Eleanor hates war," whether he said it or not, did sound funny.

Yet it's not funny when I say that my brother hated war because the war entered his body and his very soul. He was a neurotic about planes after the war. He'd be walking on the street and hear the roar of a plane overhead and even though he was in civilian clothes and you could say that he had had his war, so didn't have to worry, he would stand still and wait for it to pass by. I never reached that point, but I can understand the panic that's possible.

Well, to tell you about what my brother did on his last mission—it was heroic. You see, the plane was hit and on fire. The pilot told everyone to bail out and then bailed out himself after sounding off the alarm.

Now the only thing that really connects you with the rest of the crew in a bomber is the interphone system, for there's too much noise in a plane and some are sealed off from the others behind partitions. So when you receive the order to bail out you're essentially alone and if you're not functioning like an animal at bay, it's a personal matter. You have to jump or go down and you expect—

ed to just go ahead and jump. Most people do because of the instinct of self-preservation.

But my brother as I said was a waist gunner and there are two waist gunners in a B-24. The other waist gunner was afraid to jump, literally scared stiff. My brother was afraid, too, because he was still around to see that the other guy wasn't jumping—there had always been a flexibility about my brother.

Now I can just see that plane without a pilot and on fire, slowly going down to a certain crash with two wavering human beings inside. I'm sure that the wind was howling in through the open hatches where the others had jumped out, and I can hear the creaking and the banging of the plane parts. The plane must have been truly an agony wagon as it went down to its doom.

But my brother struggled to push the other guy out and ended by knocking him cold. Then he opened the fellow's chute and opened his. Then he embraced him and they fell out of the plane together. Of course, they fell apart in the sky and the white silk of their chutes filled with air. Afterwards, a month later, they met again in a prisoner of war camp and the guy thanked him.

What I've been trying to get across was the fact that my brother took the time when under stress to pay attention to another frightened human being in a situation created by war that suddenly went beyond war. That the situation went beyond war is important, like when those four service chaplains went down on the "Dorchester," linked arm in arm after giving up their life jackets to others who had lost them in the general mess. Such heroism works against that terrible descent of self-seeking bodies—time stands still while Eternity rushes in to fill the instant and man is more than man or truly man. For part of the human agony is that human relations are hit and miss, not truly attentive or

ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

One of the things we are always emphasizing in our work is that we are not organized or incorporated but are individuals practicing the works of mercy. A group, and often it is a changing group, live together, and work together. None of us have paid salaries but we get three meals a day, a room, clothes. Besides us in the house, forty or fifty when the library floor is crowded as it is in bad weather, there is the bread line, two or three hundred a day. They get bread and coffee for breakfast, and bread and soup for dinner. We have to buy all our food, although last week almost a freight train full of bread came in from all sides. We were giving it out with the clothes, and to the bread line to take away as well as eating it ourselves all week.

The house, at 223 Chrystie red brick, double, set back a little from the street, with iron lace work on front porch and steps. There is a back paved courtyard where we have meetings in the summer. The rest of the year the Friday night meetings are in the house.

Returns

We are living pretty comfortably now. You can't work for twenty-two years without improving conditions somewhat, both on the farm and in the city. Everybody works hard and gives himself, and the good Lord, through our friends and readers have been faithful in supplying the means to keep going. We just finished our spring appeal, and I don't know yet whether two-thirds of the bills are paid, and we are enough out of debt to keep our creditors satis-

fied with the bits they will get all summer to keep us going. Most of the appeal comes in in small amounts and one or two readers send in a hundred or two hundred dollars, once in a while a thousand, sudden windfalls, often from those we never knew before—just to keep us knowing that no matter what the bill, if we pray hard enough, aid will come. God will see to it even if He has to find some old prophet like Habakuk who brought the bowl of stew to Daniel in the lion's den. He said to his Heavenly Father rather grumpily, "I don't know Babylon, I don't know Daniel and I don't know where the lion's den is," but the Lord God brought him there, and so too He rescues us from our predicaments.

One of the things which make
(Continued on page 8)

CROSS COUNTRY

By Ammon Hennacy

My mother at 82 is well and interested in my travels. I was happy to see my brother Paul and my five sisters and their families. In the early thirties I had spoken several times in the ritzy Kenwood Methodist Church in Milwaukee, where Rev. Edwin Brown was the pastor. He was now in a Cleveland suburb and I was glad to meet him again and speak to a group in his church. His sons were conscientious objectors. He drove me over to Bill Gauchat's. Bill was at work and I did not see him but I had a nice visit with Dorothy and the children. The city is encroaching upon them and taxes are rising so they have the farm for sale. Joe Breig at the UNIVERSE BUL-

LETIN was cordial despite our differences on what to do about war. He liked the first and last parts of my book but felt it bogged down in the middle; I told him this was where the radical theories gave him a headache. Max Sandin, old time tax refuser, and one of we seven veterans of jails in World War I who also refused to register in World War II renewed old time memories with me. In the rush of packing up books to carry on my way, my sister Julia having kindly received them express collect from Dave Dellinger, I forgot to visit the new CW location.

Michigan

Bob Bates, student at Wayne University, met me at the bus sta-

tion in Detroit. Later we had an interesting meeting of Catholic and radical students at a chop suey place until long after midnight. On this trip I explain scores of times to anarchists that the one church for them to belong to is the Catholic for their negative grinding out of disapproval to the world needs the positive build up of daily mass and communion received in the one church that is open every day for them where salvation depends not upon the "once saved always saved" plan of dependence upon kings, presidents, directors, or organizations, but upon a daily knowledge and practice of that which is highest. Likewise to
(Continued on page 7)

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

It is hard to believe it but spring has found Chrystie street once more. We know that it is spring—the calendar says so. Besides we see the telltale signs of budding trees and bushes in the park strip across the way. On these warm days the men in the soup and coffee lines continue to wear their heavy overcoats. They generally have no place to store them for the season, then again they are confronted with the permanency of this mild weather. Spring in New York takes some crazy twists and turns.

These days we are sweating out the remains of the oil in our furnace fuel tank. Will the one third tank of oil last till warm weather really arrives? We don't wish to lay out more money for fuel than we have to. As it is the oil seems to evaporate in our basement—it disappears that fast. Thus we pray for warm weather which we know will become unbearable before August rolls around.

Shirt

A beautifully tailored tan sport shirt was sent into the office last Wednesday. I admired it with somewhat greedy eye—it was just my size. I was about to put the shirt under my arm and run to my room when someone pointed out a note attached to the garment. It read, "Please give this shirt to some poor man who comes in to ask for a shirt. Give it to him without asking any questions—without red tape." We were visibly hurt by this stipulation and lack of trust in us. Thus we gave the shirt to a poor man who appeared at our front door. We were not the cheerful givers and once again one of the "high command" was done out of the spoils.

Easter

We celebrated Easter Sunday by serving a complete breakfast of eggs, potatoes, coffee and bread for our morning line in lieu of the daily fare of coffee and bread. At noon we served a dinner including roast beef instead of the daily diet

of soup and bread. Approximately three hundred were served at each meal.

As the noonday meal was being served there was such a terrible jam at the entrance to our backyard where the men file through into our dining-room that we feared some would be hurt. I took it upon myself to enter the lot next door in hopes of disentangling these men who were crushing one another in an attempt to get through our gate. There I found our ambassadors of Christ, some on crutches, others with canes, and those strong of feet had wedged themselves against the entrance. All of these people were in dread of missing out on the special feast.

I tried to restore order with meaningless phrases like, "let's break it up, fellows. We have enough food for all assembled." A couple of men were stumbling around quite drunk. One weaved about with two large stones in his hands. He threatened to throw these rocks at one of the fellows standing in line. Thoughtlessly, I walked over to him and persuaded him to drop the weapons and join the other men in the line for dinner. He hesitated for a second and then readily complied.

Chin Chu, Shorty Smith, Paul, Johnny and several others were outstanding for their complete giving themselves in order to serve some six hundred meals for all those who sat down with us Easter Sunday.

Silent Movies

The television set in our library broke down last Sunday night—there was no sound with the pictures. We did not have a tube in the house which controls the sound so we shut the set down. We thought that no one would want to watch the pictures without the accompanying sound. A point of order was raised by a couple of members of our family when they said that they would like the set on despite the lack of sound. They

(Continued on page 6)



Easy Essays

By Peter Maurin

The Thinking Journalist

To tell everybody that a man died leaving two million dollars, may be journalism, but it is not good journalism.

But to tell everybody that the man died leaving two million dollars because he did not know how to take them with him by giving them to the poor for Christ's sake is good journalism.

Good journalism is to give the news and the right comment on the news.

The value of journalism is the value of the comment given with the news.

Public Opinion

To be a good journalist is to say something interesting about interesting things or interesting people.

The news is the occasion for the journalist to convey his thinking to unthinking people.

Nothing can be done without public opinion, and the opinion of thinking people who know how to transmit their thinking to unthinking people.

Recorded Thinking

A diary is a journal where a thinking man records his thinking.

The "Journal Intime" of Frederic Amiel is the record of the thinking of Frederic Amiel.

The thinking journalist imparts his thinking through a newspaper by relating his thinking to the news of the day.

By relating his thinking to the news of the day, the thinking journalist affects public opinion.

Maker of History

By affecting public opinion, the thinking journalist is a creative agent in the making of news that is fit to print.

The thinking journalist is not satisfied to be just a recorder of modern history.

The thinking journalist aims to be a maker of that kind of history that is worth recording.

East Harlem Center

By EILEEN FANTINO

Last month there was an explosion which rocked the whole neighborhood. A gas heater used for ripening bananas in a wholesale place across the street from the center exploded and shattered at least 140 panes of glass on each side of the street. Of course, with our record for smashed windows, the last whole plate glass window was one of them. This incident prompted us to think again about finding a new location. It was impossible to store anything at the San Jose Center because it was so easy to break into, and we had been spending more time repairing the place than we did using it for activities with children. Originally, we planned to cook and feed the near starving children that came to us, and to make a kind of home for them. We began to feel that the rent we paid for the store should be used for food and clothing.

Mary Ann and I started looking for an apartment. With a kitchen we would be able to supplement their diets. Some of them were breaking out from vitamin deficiencies and were so listless it was an effort for them to exert themselves. "Furnished apartments" in the neighborhood consisted of one filthy bed. The previous tenants all had to pay "under the table" to get their apartments so we were asked from \$300 to \$1,000 for "squatters rights," and would not have been recognized as the legal tenants. The families which were moving out had to face the same situation in their new apartments.

After weeks of searching we found a \$70 a month apartment in the middle of one of the worst slum areas in East Harlem. We

were very lucky to find it. There are three rooms and a bathroom (a real luxury around here). We spent a wonderful afternoon with the children peeling old wallpaper off the walls and cleaning up. The windows were open and we could hear music coming from the candy stores with its slow rhythm helping our work along. There was a service going on in a store front church below us, accompanied by jangling tambourines and much singing. The apartment looks beautiful compared to the halls. Rats are so

(Continued on page 4)

MOVIE VERSION OF THE DIARY

By John Stanley

The Diary of a Country Priest is a novel by Georges Bernanos, of surpassing greatness. The French have taken it and made of it a film of a simplicity, a grandeur, a delicacy that is truly admirable. Drawing from the abundance of their intelligence, their artistry, and their poetic intuitions they have fashioned a screen-play that will be an aid for all people of all nations who are seriously interested in the life of the spirit.

M. Bresson and M. Laydu, the director and chief actor respectively, deserve most credit for this work of art, which is done in black and white and with great restraint. It is the story, as the title indicates, of the curate of a country parish (in France) and his spiritual combat for his own life—body and soul, for we are not "souls," but persons, spirit-matter composites—and the life of his parish. And the life of his parish is ebbing and flowing, bored stiff, and as heavy as lead.

great horses—so splendidly graphed. But his parish is made up not only of flint-eyed peasants, but of a flint-eyed squire-family, withering away from the dry-rot of pride and self-love.

The Curate attempts to go to all these starving people with simplicity and trepidation—such great fear, such terror, such duty-sense. He is immersed in a great sea of suspicion and fear, for these people—who are the great parish of the Christian world—are afraid of the love of God, and they know that this man is capable of helping them draw near to it—and is just foolish enough to attempt the deathly mission. Some say that this great tragedy is that he is not understood by his parish, but this is to miss the point for who is understood? Not to be understood is commonplace, in a sense universal. Really, this story is not a tragedy, even though it is painted in the most sombre colors; it is a series of victories; it ends in majestic triumph. Several persons learn about the love of God!

The principal theme is the tremendous burden of the love of God and the duty on the person of corresponding to this love especially through the instrumentality of the First Commandment: "I am a jealous God, I brought you out of the land of Egypt . . . love thy neighbor as thyself." And this in the light of the Divine Pity and the world-long Agony of Christ. This Georges Bernanos understood, as he showed in *The Fearless Heart* and in *Joy*.

The Diary of a Country Priest is currently being shown at the Fifth Avenue Cinema on Fifth Avenue and 12th Street; you won't have to wait in any long queues; it will not make a big box-office; you'll have lots of room to yourself, and this is good for a meditation on the truths of life and the contemplation of art.

SELLING THE C. W. ON THE STREETS

By John Stanley

New York is a great slab of grey concrete that looks more attractive in the shadow than the light. It is the desert and all the senses are mortified. You breathe in great lungfuls of dirt and grit and car-exhaust along with your ration of air, and the rain is probably the most attractive thing that comes here. It washes and it deadens the noise and forms little enclaves of unoccupied territory in an overpopulated battle-ground. But the rain is hard on our men waiting for their bowl of coffee at five in the morning.

Up in the Grand Central area, near the Church of Saint Agnes, where hundreds of alert office-workers hear Mass at noon and stand in long queues to be shriven, The Catholic Worker sells well. People move quickly here, more so than in Wall Street or Fifth Avenue. Everyone is well-dressed and bright and clean, and they come along in waves, their movements being regulated by the traffic signals. For a few seconds there'll be no one on the pavement in front of you, and then in a minute or two hundreds will pass.

A bright young man takes a paper and asks sternly, "Have you credentials?"

"No, I have no credentials." Pause.

"Where is this published?"

"223 Chrystie Street." He continues to wear his dubious scowl and passes on with his companion.

In front of Grand Central Station a policeman comes over to me after I've been hawking for about a half hour. "Who gave you permission to sell these here?"

"No one did."

"Have you a license?"

"No, I haven't."

"I don't think you can sell these

(Continued on page 6)

Pilate Wondered . . .

(McCarthy & Co. vs. the Army)

The hearings now going on in Washington are not exactly a courtroom trial; officially it is an inquiry into alleged misconduct on the part of a Senate investigation committee. It is now, however, apparent that a life and death struggle for the political fortunes of a man and a party has stretched the legal procedure contrived for these hearings to a breaking point. The Secretary of the Army, Robert T. Stevens, charges that Senator McCarthy and his aids sought special treatment for a former member of their staff, Private David Schine. Senator McCarthy, Roy Cohn and Frank Carr charge that certain civilians in the Army attempted to use David Schine as a hostage in order to force them to stop their investigation of Communists working for the Army at Fort Monmouth, New Jersey.

These in a way are surface charges: from beneath the pages of repetitious testimony and the endless, haphazard introduction of letters, memos, photographs, the real issues have emerged for anyone who has ears to hear and eyes to see; what is being tested here is the reliability of American institutions and the value of human justice in general—can there ever be justice, no matter how much legal machinery has been devised to bring it about, if intentions are impure, if there is a radical lack of good will?

The Russian purge trials, the Mindzenty treason trial come easily to mind; it is uncomfortable to watch anything approaching a state trial, one of the scourges of our time, mushroom in our midst, for we have been told that it can not happen here and the impression has been given that America has somehow been preserved from original sin. Yet, sitting by the tele-

vision set, watching the television cameras focus on the principal characters as they ask and answer questions, evade, hesitate, browbeat, fumble and insist, one can not help thinking of Cicero, of the trial of Socrates, of the trial of Jesus of Nazareth. The trials of Socrates and Jesus were crucial examples of the failure of human justice. And it is recorded in Holy Scripture that Jesus was silent before his judges, who had already condemned him as guilty, before the trial began, and later, that Pilate, who in the end only wanted to please the mob who preferred Barabbas the robber, wondered at his silence before those who accused him.

The hearings in Washington are assuming the proportions of another significant breakdown of human justice as Senator McCarthy continues to insult his fellow Senators who are now his judges, insult the nation as it watches the proceedings on television; he has succeeded in keeping Secretary Stevens on the witness stand for nine days. And it is clear that he threw his monkey wrench into the proceedings at the very beginning; the rules drawn up for the regulation of the inquiry were especially devised to placate him, to get him to consent to the hearings, and that initial price has borne its evil fruit; monopolization of time and the right to direct the line of enquiry.

The brutal question has to be asked—who is Senator McCarthy that such deference should have been paid to him? And why are persons elected by the people to work for the common good, to defend and preserve and perfect our institutions, afraid of one man? They know how he operates and

(Continued on page 7)

From the Mail Bag

Man of the Year

209 57th Street SW
Albuquerque, N. M.
January 17, 1954

Dear Tom:

So you are still at war with the Welfare Department! Things must have changed in the last fifteen years. We certainly didn't get anyone committed to an institution just for senility or lack of cooperation. And sometimes that lack of cooperation was really aggravated. I remember a girl who walked into the office very hurriedly one afternoon and went straight to the Supervisor's office. There was a very grim looking man with her. He had been complaining for some time about the amount of help he was getting. She had gone out to the house to talk it over. As she walked in the door he closed and locked it behind her, put the key in his pocket and took out a knife. She persuaded him that he could have a more effective discussion with the Boss and drove back to the office with a knife in her side. He was nobody's choice for Man of the Year but he was not tossed into the loony bin.

This particular worker stands out in my memory for another reason. She knew long before the knife episode that the amount of relief that was issued did not meet all the needs of the recipients. She had all her friends and relatives and fellow club members make up parcels with pins, bobby pins, combs, needles and thread, razor blades and similar notions. She distributed these to her families.

High school kids who don't know what to do with money they don't spend for candy during Lent could try it.

This is a begging letter. We are trying to start a library and reading room in the parish here. Could you send five copies of the paper each month? Some one will pay for when some of the ships come in on the moon.

Address is Parish Library, Our Lady of the Most Holy Rosary Church, 3925 Fortuna Rd. NW, Albuquerque, N. M.

I suppose anyone you know who has Spanish books or magazines to

get rid of sends them to Eileen Fantino at the Casita, but if there is anyone West of the Mississippi they might be interested in our project.

We have had a letter from Father Cordes happy that you arranged for hospital care for him again. And a card from Agnes with the information that Mother Cabrini is the saint who can get you a job. That should make Mother Cabrini one of the busiest saints in heaven right now.

Why don't you make one of these speaking tours? I will get you a date with the Holy Name Society. Everyone should see the great Southwest. We have sunshine three hundred and sixty days a year.

Regards,
CATHERINE RESER

Peace

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Tom:

I was very interested in reading about your trip to Europe. Your write up was very good. In fact, I always read your column in THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

Doebele and I and Lupinski are pushing the movie THE WORKS OF PEACE. We bought the film from the War Relief Services, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York. We have shown the film about twenty times. Our biggest audiences were in the basement of the new St. Peter's Church where we showed to the Third Order of St. Francis. We showed at the Peter Maurin House. In fact, the best support and encouragement we get come from The Catholic Worker group.

There are thirty-eight million people displaced by war and communism. This picture shows them in their various habitats and on the move in different parts of the world. It also gives an idea of the marvelous work the American Bishops are doing to clothe and feed these people. It shows Hiroshima after being hit by the atomic bomb. It is a sound movie and the Holy Father makes a little speech in English. The film runs about forty-five minutes. We are going to buy another film.

Gerald Fitzgibbon.

Third Hour

Due to technical difficulties, the THIRD HOUR, which was to be out by April 15th (as announced in Catholic Worker) has been DELAYED. We shall be out around May 15th. Copies of the THIRD HOUR issue VI will then be immediately distributed to our faithful and long-suffering subscribers. Let us remind you of the table of contents. Two poems by W. H. Auden: Articles by Jacques and Raissa Maritain, Denis de Rougemont, Dorothy Day, Helene Iswolsky, Anne Fremantle, Rev. A. Schmemmann, Rev. George Tavard, M. Sulzbach, Anne Tallefer, Erik Langkjaer, Basile Yanovsky, excerpts from a Lecture by Rev. R. Voillaume, a prayer by Rev. M. Scott, etc.

Price of subscription issue VI, \$2. Back numbers, III, IV, V, 50 cents. Issues one and two out of print. Check and money orders: THIRD HOUR FOUNDATION, Inc., P.O. Box 6, Lenox Hill Station, 221 East 70th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

LEPERS

Culion Leper Colony
Palawan, Philippines

Dearly beloved friends,

I wish to sound my earnest and humble appeal to your generosity and kind consideration for helping me in my work with the poor sick lepers. Our leper brethren are in such miserable conditions that I am forced to beg of our more fortunate brethren and generous kind-hearted in behalf of these suffering people. Often I am sorry and I see them suffer and yet we can not afford to give them what they need.

Dear friends, I beg you to please share with me the burden of caring, reviving and giving hope and happiness to our dear lepers who are helpless, forgotten, far from relatives and friends, and the depressed who need some consolation. I will be very grateful, please, if you could afford to send us anything. Whatever you can afford would be much appreciated. I am hoping and praying that you will not fail to remember our dear lepers for the love of God.

Sister St. Anne.

Italian Housing

(Continued from page 1)

Government fostered community centers.

The people have an opportunity to meet, to discuss their problems, to listen to lectures or to enjoy a game of cards in these centers aptly established at first without local initiative. New ones come as requests from the towns and villages, in one instance built by voluntary subscription of money and labor.

Promotion for the ideas of the movement is carried by two sources. A publishing firm, The Edizioni Comunita has a study list on related issues of community. Dr. Olivetti is editor-in-chief of the COMUNITA, a high ranking illustrated magazine.

Akin to the French community movement in industrial interests and loosely associated with it, the movimento comunita differs from the latter in leadership in this task of restoring a "new dignity" to the working man. Marcel Barbu has the working man as the core of the French movement which he founded. The apparent belief of Dr. Olivetti is that more impact can be obtained by remaining himself in control of the resources his position puts at his disposal.

Sue Caulfield

(Rewritten from REPORT ON A VISIT TO EUROPE, The Movimento Comunita. Concluding section on a report published in CO-OPERATIVE MOVING. Group Farming, Inc. Publication, Winter, 1954.)

Notes on Peace

(Continued from page 1)

tian is now faced by a weapon so potentially powerful and indiscriminate as to make total nonsense of the argument of intended purpose and secondary effects." His conclusion is that it is the spiritual duty of all of us to press with all our might for the unilateral banning of the hydrogen bomb "because if it can be shown beyond doubt that the H-bomb is morally absolutely indefensible, then there can be no risk for the Christian."

Over sixty people recently took part in a demonstration at City Hall jointly sponsored by The Catholic Worker, War Resisters League and Fellowship of Reconciliation, to call attention to the obsolescence of military defense against the new weapons. While the poster walk and leaflet distribution went on outside, representatives of the three pacifist groups: Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker, Rev. A. J. Muste of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and Jessie Wallace Hughan, founder of the War Resisters League met with Henry Epstein, Deputy Mayor of New York City. Mr. Epstein agreed that the evacuation of New York City's 8,000,000 inhabitants with the two hours warning that the Civil Defense Director has said would be given, is not feasible and promised that he would see that Mayor Wagner received our communication urging non-military defense.

The same group picketed the United States delegation to the United Nations on April 26, date of the opening of the Geneva conference. A leaflet was distributed analyzing the complex and dangerous situation in Indo-China and warning against the possibility of involving American troops in an essentially imperialist struggle.

Noel Platteau, a twenty-five year old Catholic syndicalist was imprisoned in Belgium on January 23, 1954, for his conscientious opposition to military service. Excerpts from his letter to the Minister of Justice:

"By this letter I am giving you notice of my formal refusal to enter the military system in any fashion . . . I have considered my words and actions, and I accept the full responsibility as well as any consequences. I am a Catholic

and my conscience does not permit me, in view of the existing international situation, to in any way employ the thoroughly immoral means which are requisite at the present time in all wars, whether offensive or defensive. I can no longer discern in your politics the attempts at conciliation which would establish the bad faith of others. As a Catholic again, I cannot escape the duty of protesting against a base historical situation which binds the Gospel and the Church to the interests of capitalism at bay.

"I am more profoundly bound to the working class which pays for all wars and their preparation, without receiving any other reward than to renew the monstrous cycle which destroys it. And I do not forget that the army has always been, as much internally as externally, the mainstay of a regime that never has been and never could be devoted to anything but exploitation of the workers . . . To die for one's country is the most glorious of destinies, as the poet said, who had never been a soldier. You must never have heard, because your position shelters you from the truth, these confessions of faith which I have heard so often: 'I hope my son will be a conscientious objector' or 'I will never fight in another war'. You should know, M. le Ministre, that this letter is not from me alone. Sustaining me and joining their plea with mine is a mass of men and women of all classes of society, whose self-sacrifice and often heroic disinterestedness, whose intelligence and competence, cause them to rank unquestionably among the elite of humanity. And we say, unconditionally, NO.

"I am sure that my attitude will be considered that of a fool, if not that of a coward. Let me remind you that conscientious objection is not negative. To prepare annihilation and the abyss, that is your work. We are seeking opportunities for love and service. While thousands of young men of our age are being condemned to military slavery, I am ready, through solidarity with them, to devote myself to work that will be useful for the human community." (Like France, Belgium has no legal provision permitting alternate service for conscientious objectors).

East Harlem Center

(Continued from page 3)

entrenched that the halls have to be well-filled with cats.

The first night we slept in the apartment we thought someone was boring a hole through the door to unlatch the lock. We decided that the noise was caused by rats trying to climb up the door or running around behind the walls. That rattled us. We rushed down to St. Joseph's House on Chrystie St. and captured "Rusty," the sweetest cat on the East side, who kept us awake two nights screaming at the top of his lungs. He's adjusted to his new home and the other day we found him dancing on his hind legs. When we told the children about our "night of terror" they laughed out loud. One girl told us her mother kills a rat a day by beating it over the head with a broom.

Helen and Mary Ann cooked big dinners for the kids and we now have a regular clientele. It's good to be able to get some good food into their stomachs. Helen Russell (an RN who came to live with us from Chrystie St.) said that many of the children are underdeveloped and suffering from malnutrition. You don't need medical training to see it. The clothes situation is improving because warm weather is coming and even though the neighborhood feels like a steam room in the summer the shivering will stop and it won't be as trying for them to have the soles of their shoes falling off.

Sunday after Mass we had some of the children up for coffee cake and orange juice. Our table hadn't arrived yet so we ate on a crate we painted with the left-over floor paint. We bought a big wooden outdoor table and bench set so we would have lots of room and can also use it for painting and games in the winter. Ann and Margarita started playing jacks on the floor, Juan and Louie stamped around falling all over the place. Our neighbors have lots of children of their own and we don't have to worry about complaints.

There is such a difference going to a slum area to "help and run" and actually making your home there, to share as much as possible in the life of the community, even though to enter the degree of poverty which is there is almost impossible. We would have to share the isolation of the "ghetto dwellers" and face their living conditions without choice or escape.

Often we go to Solemn High Mass at a church on Park Ave. where many of the parishioners are among the wealthiest in city. Mass is said there with deep reverence and beauty, the Gregorian and other great music of the Church is sung, as it sometimes sounds, from the gate of heaven. We wonder why Christ so ardently worshipped in the sacred Host, is often not seen in the ragged, grey miserable poor, struggling for their very lives only a twenty minute walk away.

Books Demonstrating the Suicidal Nature of Capitalism and Industrialism with the Case for Agrarian Distributism

Six Social Documents of Pope Pius XII	\$0.50
The Servile State by Hilaire Belloc	1.50
Art and a Changing Civilization by Eric Gill	2.00
The Defendant: A Monthly Distributed Paper	.25
On Modern Technology and Peace by Pope Pius XII (1953)	.30
Who Baptised Capitalism? (In July, 1950 Blackfriars)	.40
The Catholic Church and Capitalism by Count de la Torre	.40
Distributism by S. Sagar	.25
Art in Christian Philosophy by Walter Shewring	1.00
The Rich and the Poor: A Biblical Anthology	.50
An Essay on Typography by Eric Gill	2.00
The Hand Press by Hilary Pepler	2.25
Wood Engraving, by Beecham and Eric Gill	1.25
Peter Maurin, Agitator by Dorothy Day	.40
Peter Maurin, Christian Radical	.25
Toward Simple Living by Robert Stowell	.50
Man Unchained: Security & Freedom by C. G. Hope	.30
Holy Work by Dom Rembert Sorg	1.60
The Ed Willoek Book of Cartoons and Jingles	.60
On Reconstructing the Social Order by Pope Pius XI	.15
On the Condition of Labor by Pope Leo XIII	.15
Land Without People by the Bishops of Australia	.25
Hilaire Belloc: His Spirit and Work by R. Hamilton	1.25
Chesterton, A Prophet For Today by M. B. Reckitt	.50
Prophecy of Famine by H. J. Massingham & E. Hyams	2.25
Wine, Water and Song by G. K. Chesterton	1.25
A Mechanistic or a Human Society? by W. Welloek	.30
The Rights of Man by Pope Pius XII (Christmas, 1952)	Gratis
Our Daily Bread by Julian Pleasants	Gratis
Fluoridation Unmasked by Fanchon Battelle	Gratis
Rhythm the Unhappy Compromise by Rev. H. Calkins, O.S.M.	Gratis

DAVID HENNESSY DISTRIBUTIST BOOKSHOP

201 Winant Avenue

Staten Island 9, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Constructive Self-Criticism

CATHOLICISM IN AMERICA: A Series of Articles from The Commonweal. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. \$3.75. By Elizabeth Bartelme.

In evaluating this series of essays, which first appeared in *Commonweal* last year, one must take into account first, that as the editors indicate they by no means comprise a complete picture of American Catholicism, and second, that while not overlooking the positive side of the record, the general tenor of the articles is one of constructive self-criticism. Taking them then for what they are, a self-limited study of certain aspects of the Catholic life of the country, one feels a deep sense of pleasure and pride at the intelligent and objective appraisal of the situation.

Catholics, as they have increased numerically in the United States have, like their non-Catholic brethren, made their strength felt in all areas of public life. This rise of a distinctly Catholic opinion is a wholly natural phenomenon where a large group is guided by a mentality and conscience formed by the teachings of the Church. There are, however, two sides to this coin. His conscience may lead a man to spend himself in social reform, in taking care of the poor, in combating racism. It may also send him out to censor movies, to advocate McCarthyism as a Communist antidote, or to withdraw from the arena into the shelter of clericalism as a sure-fire method of keeping his hands clean. Or, a more insidious temptation, it may lead him to equate the spiritual with the temporal order, and arouse a desire to force on those who do not share his convictions, an order which they resent and fear.

These attitudes, then, obviously bear examination and are carefully analyzed in this book; certainly the criticisms are particularly true. I should say, of John Cogley's article, "Catholicism and American Democracy." Mr. Cogley takes up the challenge tossed by many non-Catholics (gently but specifically in this book by Reinhold Niebuhr and Will Herberg) of the possibility, theoretical though it may be, of Catholic power gaining ascendancy in the United States, and the resultant limitation of freedom. Without omitting statements which have troubled the critics, he places such a possibility within the proper framework of an existing political situation and tradition, concluding his analysis with the very plain statement of Archbishop McNicholas regarding the moral duty of Catholics, if they should ever reach a majority position, to uphold and defend the Constitution and its Amendments. Mr. Cogley has also some strong things to say about the evils of a monolithic state which has no limitations on its powers, and his thinking is particularly clear in the distinctions he draws between freedom in a democratic state and the absolutism of the completely secularized state. The value of this article can hardly be overstated.

Delving into less general areas, Daniel Cleary takes up the problem of Catholics in politics, dispelling the idea of a religious bloc and indicating the direction which activity in this field should take. James O'Gara examines the spectacle of the Catholic isolationist with justifiable indignation and roundly condemns such thinking as alien to papal thought on international affairs; he is particularly scathing in his remarks about those critics of Point Four and UNESCO who reject the formulators as "dogooders," and apparently believe that the works of mercy are confined to the local hospital. And he has no mercy on those mixed-up thinkers who subscribe to the

black-and-white anti-Communist formulas of McCarthyism.

Ed Marciniak, the editor of *Work*, discusses social reform, listing the advances that have been made, but taking a critical view of the tendency to emphasize only religious practices rather than attacking the moral problems involved in economic affairs. Catholic education, the relationship between clergy and laity, separatism, are each examined intelligently, though I felt that Mr. Duffy in, deliberately as he says, taking the negative side of the clergy-laity problem overlooked the encouragement that many members of the clergy have given to lay activity, and to the struggle which some have had to revitalize their parishes through the liturgy. The picture in this case seems to me much too one-sided.

The "friendly critic," Dr. Niebuhr and Mr. Herberg add to the volume a note from "outside" which is very welcome. Their criticisms are carefully thought-out and certainly reflect, in a most courteous way, the general feeling of the non-Catholic community. If one cannot go along with such criticisms as those regarding Catholic adherence to the Natural Law, other points such as the relations between Catholics and Protestants in this country which Dr. Niebuhr refers to, as a "scandal and an offense against Christian charity," and Mr. Herberg's remarks about the intellectual and social isolation from community affairs practiced by many Catholics certainly deserve serious consideration.

In the discussion of the arts there is a hopeful feeling, but no more than that. Certainly the level of literary production has risen in recent years; art has become less stereotyped; nevertheless the tendency to inflate the work of a few artists into a "renaissance" seems, as Henry Rago points out, a false emphasis. Mr. Rago makes a cogent point, and one with which I heartily agree, when he remarks that such a renaissance is irrelevant and that the "inducement to literature should be literature" not the fact that there is some sort of Catholic revival in the offing.

William Clancy, whose article introduces and sets the theme for the book, writes a few words which express clearly the purpose of all the essays. "If Catholics in America can learn a more profound respect for the rights of the temporal, and non-Catholic liberals a more basic reverence for the rights of the spiritual, there need be no further threat to democracy or religion from either side. The obligation involved seems to be mutual." In clarifying this mutual obligation *Catholicism in America* has achieved something which badly needed to be done. And that it has succeeded is a tribute to the perspicacity of the editors, and to the intellectual breadth and charity of the writers.

Reprint

FORWARD WITH CHRIST by Rev. Paul Manna and Rev. Nicholas Maestrini. The Newman Press, Westminster, Maryland. \$1. B. L. Ginty.

Every persuasion from St. Paul to Danielou has been collected by Father Maestrini for this reprint of what was once *THOUGHTS AND REFLECTIONS ON VOCATIONS TO THE FOREIGN MISSIONS* by Father Manna. All of this material goes to prove that just as the Christian can no longer remain mediocre, the apostle cannot stay a stick-in-the-mud. Father Maestrini is a very snappy writer and he uses his talent nobly to conclude that the dispersion of disciples is a must for the conversion of the world. This book is for any and all, and especially young men who want to be dug up and out of "culpable ease."

Prayer of Pope Pius XII

FOR WORLD WIDE CHILDREN'S DAY OF PRAYER FOR PEACE SUNDAY, MAY 23, 1954

Dear Jesus, You were once a child like us, and we are to'd that You loved to have little children around You. And so we, the children of all nations of the world, come now to offer You our thanks, and to raise to You our prayer for peace.

You wish to be with us at all times and in every place. Make of our hearts Your dwelling, Your altar, and Your throne. Grant that we may all become one great family, united under Your protection and in Your love. Keep far from everyone, young and old, selfish thoughts and deeds, which separate the sons of Our Father in Heaven from one another and from You. Let Your grace be for us all a shield against Your enemies and those of Your Father. Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do. If men, by Your help, love one another, there will be true peace in the world, and we children shall be able to live free from fear of the horrors of a new war.

We beg Your Immaculate Mother Mary, who is also our Mother, to offer You this prayer of ours for peace, for then surely You will grant our petition. Thank You, dear Jesus. Amen.

SAINTS IN HELL by Gilbert Cesbron, translated from the French by John Russel. Doubleday & Company, Inc., Garden City, New York, 312 pages—\$3.75. By John Stanley.

Our people walk about drugged by calamity and promise of calamity, pleasure and the promise of pleasure and a tempo so deafening that the levels of perception are raised to an almost unhuman black-out. Thrills and sensations and terrors come pouring out in such volume from the mass media that true insight and balance of judgment become almost hopelessly difficult. Death and violence and appeals to the concupiscences are the expected pattern. And these things do not interfere with eating and games. As Wright Mills points out, we are become truly blasé!

Gilbert Cesbron has been given insights of great clarity, and he has used great skill and strength (love) in attempting to tell something of the mystery of poverty and failure and heroism in the form these have taken in France today—or at least until just the other day. He has recounted for our edification the story—a facet of the story—of the French priest-workers, whose recent suppression by the Church has made its way as a headline alongside all the bombing and fornicating and detraction.

Saints in Hell tells of one priest-worker in a Paris suburb, and his efforts to bring the spirit of Jesus, the spirit of love, to the misérables of the sub-proletariat. He is interested only in love, in charity. He is interested in the love his brothers show for each other in the factory, on the street, in times of distress. "Love one another," a predecessor had used as his only sermon; (Abbe) Pierre believed in the same sermon, but used different terminology. No proselytizing for him; only hope and longing for complete communion.

The original title of the book is *Les Saints vont en Enfer*—a superior rendering, one cannot help feel, of the author's mind: they go down to hell and rise again. Aside from the incredible ugliness and stench of a purely physical nature that is found at the centers of production of this industrial system, and the moral tortures of the class struggle under the capitalist racket, there was for these priests the especial loneliness and lack of sympathy and rapport both from above and below. "The good vine My Father prunes."

Information has come through concerning the attitude of former priest-workers themselves towards M. Cesbron's effort: the priest who was the model for the author's hero, and some of his colleagues, felt that the story has been painted in too dramatic, too sensational colors. It could hardly be more moving. They objected that it is rather over-exciting in tone; not enough monotony. Of course, it was claimed that the Abbe Godin painted too dark a picture in *France Pagan*. One is inclined to think the late Cardinal Suhard would not have agreed. Perhaps these French priests immersed in their work and in their own self-forgetfulness had different

Saints Are to Be Imitated

SAINTS AND OURSELVES. Personal Studies of Favorite Saints, edited by Philip Caraman, S. J. P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, 1953. \$2.50. By Ammon Hennacy.

For a newcomer in the Church to learn of other saints besides St. Francis of Assisi and the Flower, and especially to see such saints as Gregory and Francis of Sales who were bourgeois among the bourgeois, provides thoughts which can keep one from over-emphasizing pacifist saints.

The thrilling part of a book to me is the first chapter devoted to the early Christian martyrs. Here Donald Attwater tells of saints Polycarp, Blandina the slave girl, Fructuosus, and the wonderfully brave women, Perpetua and Felicity. In these days when all that is needed to prevent a Catholic from being a conscientious objector is one Catholic on a draft board who insists that Catholics cannot object to war, it is well to repeat the history of some pacifist saints as given by Attwater:

"St. Marinus, stationed at Caesarea in Palestine, was due for promotion, when it was discovered he was a Christian. The local bishop Theotecnus, led him to the church, and they stood together before the

altar. Drawing back the soldier's cloak a little, Theotecnus pointed to the sword at his side; at the same time he showed him the book of the gospels, bidding him to choose between the two. Without hesitation, Marinus stretching out his right hand and touched the sacred writings. Taken back to a centurion, suffered at Tanager in 298. At a regimental dinner to honor the emperor's birthday he had refused to take part; he drew his belt down before the standards exclaiming, 'I serve Jesus Christ the eternal king. I will serve your emperors no longer. I scorn to worship your gods of wood and stone.' St. Maximilian, on the other hand, the son of a veteran in Numidia, refused to serve at all. Like St. Martin of Tours and St. Victorius of Rouen later, he was what is nowadays called a conscientious objector; unlike them, he paid for it with his life."

I was glad to read again of Sir Thomas More whose intelligence, humanity and courage is so rare these days. I had already read a recent life of St. John of God who lived at the time of Columbus and whose vigorous witness has made me feel that he is at my side when I am fasting and picketing the tax man.

Appeal for a Bell

Dear Editor,

Great sorrow befell our village of Eravipuram with a population of nearly 2,000 families, when the Parish Church bell by some unaccountable cause was struck mute one morning having been split by a crack which ran through and through.

The village is lost without a bell for their lives had always been regulated by it. Villagers arose in the morning to its Angelus. Shops and stores were opened and closed by the chimes of the bell. School sessions and Church Services were announced by its notes. You'll understand the misery of a Parish without a bell. If our poor fisher folk could afford to purchase one we would not trouble you.

Dear Editor, won't you announce this great tragedy in your valuable paper and help me collect the money needed to replace the bell. Help us sing out our Song of gratitude and prayer for each donor, and above all help us to call together our people to sing God's praises. Our grateful heartfelt prayers will always go with you and your great work.

Please do help, I beg.

Christopher Morris
Parish Priest,
St. John's Church
Eravipuram
U.S.T.C.
S. India

The good priest also strongly objected to the very popularity of the book, reproaching the author for aiding in the downfall of their mission. One of the things those in the higher echelons had against the movement was the immense publicity they received, and its sensational nature. Priests were on the side of the poor in their struggle against their masters; formidable! It seems unfortunate that widespread knowledge of the real situation—and apparently the late Cardinal Suhard thought it real—should have frightened our spiritual leaders into taking the drastic action they did.

But this is a natural point of view, not supernatural; we've got to fail with Christ, die in the ground with Him. We'll never be able to carry off splendid schemes and plans; not even Francis could. That's why there are tired radicals all over the place. "No flesh may glory..." And so, as the end sought will probably never be brought off 'til the last day, purity of means assumes vast importance.

M. Cesbron has his abbe say some splendid things about peace, and the non-utility of organization; he has him engage in absorbing dialogues with a C.P. member, a conservative priest, a young militant, and others, including one of the proles who points out to him that he can never be really one with them—all the way—because he can always go back, and they never can; they have no place to go. As Dorothy has said, we can only make little gestures of poverty. There is a loving portrayal of the late Cardinal Suhard, and a magnanimous description of Paris of the *haut monde*. And all this is given in a sustained pitch of intensity that is at times quite overwhelming. The priest portrayed is a worthy successor to the priest of Georges Bernanos; he is a follower of Saint Paul.

Theophane Venard and Ho Chi Minh

(Continued from page 1)

equatorial rain belt climate, but the workers, each of whom collects the sap from 200 - 400 trees a day and receives 40 cents for his labor. The best rubber gatherers come from Tonkin . . . American interests control only three per cent of the plantations, but one-third of the supply goes to Akron, Ohio."

Great Genius

Back in 1622 the Jesuits entered this area with great success and spoke highly of the native population. There had already been a great civilization there of the Khmers, a mighty nation, the offspring of the aboriginal tribes of Indo-China, and an invading race from the Central Asian plateaus who brought Sanskrit and Brahmanism with them. They built magnificent temples and showed great genius and intelligence. Somerset Maugham said that one of the temples was so vast that all the ruins of Greece could be put inside it. For a hundred miles these gigantic carved temples and monuments, greater than the pyramids are being disrupted and overthrown by the jungle. In every travel book there are descriptions of the abandoned city of the jungle, Angkor Wat.

Most people think in terms of the French invasion of Indo-China as beginning in 1858, but those who know the story of Blessed Theophane Venard go back to 1852 when Fr. Theophane was ordained at the age of 22 for "Annam—Land of Martyrdoms." There had already been a number of martyrdoms in Indo-China, and the hatred of the foreigners might be traced to the conduct of the British in China. Indo-China had been dominated by India and China, as the name implies, but mostly by China for the past thousand years. It is no new thing, this Chinese domination.

"Those who call themselves Christians spoiled God's work wherever they went," Theophane wrote to his family. And he was of the opium trade, foisted upon

"You must remember that the Annamese have a civilization equal to our own in Europe. In fact, in some respects they surpass us. Their physicians have a genuine skill."

At that time the Bishop himself lived in a poor house half wood and half mud, with a thatched roof, and the houses around were all of the same kind. The churches were not much better, a straw roof upheld by wooden pillars. "Right now it is hardly worth while constructing any but temporary buildings because of the recurring bursts of persecution." (Missionaries throughout the world today, please note.)

Extortion

For the next eight years the life of the faith went on in a country where the mandarins in extorting money from the poor made life miserable for the Christians too who over and over again gave them all their material goods and started anew. During the rainy season the Bishop and his priests paddled themselves around the flooded territory in one-man boats made of bamboo. They hid out in the mountains, lived in caves, went from village to village, slept in the open. Theophane continued his work, in constant illness, with one lung gone, he survived an attack of typhoid fever, he lived through famine and flood, and through it all he kept his spirits and his cheerfulness.

It is an amazing story of hardship heroically endured.

But even a saint will cry out at times. By now the French were beginning to make a move to take over, and Theophane reports sadly that in April 1860, "the French seemed to have withdrawn from the country altogether. This move has baffled everyone. We had hoped to be delivered from this terrible situation, but it is better for us to put our hope in God and He will deliver us in his own good time."

He was beheaded after months of questioning, and his death in a way reminds one of St. Thomas More, so light hearted and generous he was to his captors. The executioner took the job in order to get the clothes the prisoner wore and that evidently was his only pay, so he asked Theophane to take them off so that he would get them, unsoiled with blood. This Theophane obligingly did for him, standing there only in his one undergarment.

Clothes And All

He was beheaded after months of questioning, and his death in a way reminds one of St. Thomas More, so light hearted and generous he was to his captors. The executioner took the job in order to get the clothes the prisoner wore and that evidently was his only pay, so he asked Theophane to take them off so that he would get them, unsoiled with blood. This Theophane obligingly did for him, standing there only in his one undergarment.

French Education

With the French conquering this country, even such leaders as Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai went to France to receive their education. Ho Chi Minh was the son of a scholar of peasant stock and he began his revolutionary activities at the age of eight as a courier in the Viet Nam movement. When his family was jailed in 1911 he shipped out as a seaman to France and lived there for the next twelve years. He was the organizer of a group called the Inter Colonial Union, edited a paper called *Pariah*, and was a founding member of the Communist party; in 1923 he went to Moscow, and in 1924 to Canton and organized the Association of the Suppressed Asian peoples. He was then 34 years old. In 1937 when Japan invaded China, he offered to make common cause with France but France refused and they in turn helped the Japanese fight the guerrillas. During World War II the Japanese took over the country and the French officials remained, part of the Vichy government, and Bao Dai, who had also spent ten years in France studying, and was a descendant of the royal family, was in the palace. At the close of

the war when the Japanese surrendered and the French colonials fled, Ho set up the republic of Viet Nam and signed a treaty with France in March 1946 which recognized Viet Nam as a free state within the French Union.

Colonials

It was the French colonials rather than France itself which revived the war. In December, 1946, Ho fled to the hills and for the past eight years he has held the land while the French held the cities. There has been a saying also, quoted by the National Geographic as well as by Communists that during the day the French hold the cities but at night Ho takes them back.

It is said by some authorities that Ngo Dinh Diem a Catholic layman, head of the Catholic League, former premier who resigned under Bao Dai is, with many other Catholics, sympathetic to Viet Minh's side, and the Catholics are now numbered in the millions.

Single Eye

It is hard to see things with a pure heart, with a single eye, as a Christian should. Christ surely came to bring a sword. It certainly is not a simple matter, this affair of Indo China, which we see through the eyes of the saints as well as from the naturally good standpoint. All men are our brothers. All men seek that which is good, love, fame and fortune, and often these two aims cross, as in the case of the French who went to Indo-China to civilize, to convert, and to develop it.

It is a story familiar to those who have read the letters of St. Teresa of Avila, who wrote to her colonizing brothers who went to the new world, plausibly to bring the faith, but also to make their fortune, very frankly expressed. The great St. Teresa was only too thankful for the money her brothers gave her when she was setting up her new foundations. One can well see how the Marxists would read this history, and the kind of emphasis they would place on it. And in so many ways their criticism is true. It is their means to attain their ends of brotherhood that are wrong. Just as our means

To Suffer With

One can well suffer with a Theophane Venard as he lay for days in his mud hut in hiding from his pursuers, racked by fever, witnessing the tortures of his confreres, and even on one occasion of a group of nuns who had sheltered him and his bishop. They were chained with heavy chains which dragged their necks to their knees. They were put in stocks and insects devoured them, they were burned with red hot pincers which tore the flesh from their bones, they were slowly dismembered till there was nothing left but the bleeding trunks of men. They were lucky when they were only beheaded as Theophane was. One can well understand the longing for the rescuer. Who would not cry out in the midst of such suffering, even knowing as Theophane did in his clear moments that these French, these British liberators, brought also grave evils with them, of forced labor, of torture too, and imprisonment, and the Godlessness of our western materialism.

There is always the tension between Church and State and it is always a three-way conflict for most Christians. The arms follow the cross and with the arms go such means as obliteration bombing during the war to wipe out opposition, and after the war birth control and abortion clinics to further decimate the subjugated to whom we do not open our doors. On the surface one sees the gallantry of the beleaguered troupes at Dien Bien Phu and all that is best and is natural, is the immediate instinct to rescue. One sees the persecution of the faith in all the Communist-dominated countries, and religion is only permitted if it is subordinated to the State, the dictatorship of the totalitarian state.

But when the talk is of defending the faith against communism, we must remember too Jugo Slavia, also communist, also persecuting

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

informed us that at one time in our lives we had all watched and enjoyed the silent movies.

Mother Dengal superior of the Medical Missionary sisters spoke to us last Friday night at our weekly lecture. Mother's congregation of nuns are composed of graduate doctors and nurses who travel into far off places like Pakistan and India ministering medical treatment to the poor and destitute. Mother Dengal said they do not attempt to preach any religion to those people but offer medical aid where it is needed and hope that some understanding of Christianity will be achieved by the examples set by the Medical Missionary sisters.

Mission

Several days ago we were contacted by a Bowery mission who offered us a number of loaves of bread which we readily accepted. This is the first time to our knowledge that we have had a contact with these people in such a manner. While we were complimented and gratified by this friendly gesture, however, we are always frightened by the thought of being considered a Bowery mission—we are not.

Small Ones

We have had a small amount of contact with the children in our immediate neighborhood during these past years on Chrystie Street. They feel free to enter our backyard where they climb along our fences. Some days they engage in a game of baseball among themselves. The other evening they were racing around the yard on their bicycle. Before they left that night they asked if they would be permitted to store the bicycle in our house or yard since they have no room in their cramped tenement homes. These are good children and we often feel remiss that we are so taken with our work among adults that we don't have the time to be among them.

Little Jimmy

Little Jimmy had been with us for the past two years. Up until the fire last spring when he was burnt, he quietly washed dishes in our kitchen each day despite the fact that he was bothered by a pair of crippled feet. After the fire Jimmy moved out to our house on Staten Island for a rest. A few months later Jimmy left Peter Maurin farm and took a job. A short time later the job gave out and Jimmy disappeared. Two weeks ago we ran across Jimmy standing on a curb along the Bowery. He appeared well but he was homeless, consequently we invited him back to our house.

Jimmy was delighted to return to our house and he was pleasantly received by all. He wasn't back in the house for twenty-four hours when his daughter and son-in-law came to claim him. They had been searching for him for sometime and finally traced him to us. The daughter said that Jimmy had left home when his wife died. Now that they found him they wanted him home with them. We were both happy and sad to see Jimmy leave us and he returned the compliment. But as they say it is for the best and we seldom have such happy endings in our midst—things always seem to grow worse in most cases.

A priest sent a young man down to visit us one recent afternoon. This visitor asked us all sorts of questions. The one thing that appeared to bother him no end was this business of working without

religion but standing alone and not a part of a power block which threatens our supremacy in the world. And her too we aid. We are going to be forced sooner or later to be facing the ultimate issues. To recognize that it is not Christianity and freedom we are defending, but our possessions. And in saving our lives, as we think, we are assuredly going to lose them. It is the poor of the world, it is the exploited, it is the dominated, that will conquer.

a salary. Didn't we realize how much money we were losing by not having a salaried job? How could we afford to work for nothing? We replied that we always spent every cent and more when we were "out in the world on such jobs." We said that we were always broke a few days after payday so we couldn't quite see how we are now losing money. At first we thought this man intended to join us here in the work but he never returned.

Anonymous Check

A donation of a hundred dollar check came in one morning as a response to our appeal. It was a strange looking cashier check. I had never seen one quite like it. It was drawn on a local bank but without any signatures whatsoever. A couple of us in our office examined it and almost decided that it was worthless and was the result of a practical joke. Consequently, we came very near tearing the check up and tossing it in the wastebasket. In order that nothing should go to waste we brought the check to our bank and the teller confirmed our evaluation, but suggested that we go to the bank on which the check was drawn—just to make sure. We did that and learned twenty minutes later that the check was good. Our guarding angels are getting some workout here on Chrystie street.

No Pity

During our dinner conversation one night we discussed the attitude of various individuals who write to us asking permission to come on and join our work. One volunteer worker said, "I bet a lot of them are thinking as I did. You somehow get the idea that you are joining in a work to help a group of hopeless derelicts from the Bowery, the dregs of society as it were." He went on, "now I realize that so many of these people that I have come in contact here in this work are frequently superior to myself and my friends in numerous ways. As a matter of fact I have never met nicer people in my life." We heartily agreed with all this subject.

Sore Foot

Since my foot had been bothering me for some weeks, I decided to visit a free hospital clinic. That was last Friday morning. As I was in no danger of death I was told by a doctor to return this Tuesday, today. I was to report to the orthopedic clinic. I reported at one o'clock—per instructions. I waited till exactly four o'clock when a doctor finally saw me and looked at my foot for two minutes. He ordered me to have my foot X-rayed and return to him next Tuesday. I asked him for an explanation of my trouble. He replied with a long Latin word that I couldn't pronounce then or now.

Clinic

My three hours wait in the hospital were spent in a cheerless packed waiting-room. Some of the individuals waiting were wearing casts on their feet, while others were staggering around on crutches. Several mothers clutched their infants who were crying away for dear life as the nurses came out of their inner sanctum announcing the names of the individuals who were eligible to see a doctor. The young lady seated next to me complained about her husband having to watch her child out on the sidewalk while she had to wait hours to see a doctor. She also told me that the receptionist in the doctor's office had been giving her continuous "dirty looks." She took a breather from her trials and asked me my trouble. I spoke of my foot and said that I didn't mind the wait so much, however, I had finished reading three newspapers and would like to be watching the McCarthy-Army controversy on television but there was no TV set in the waiting room. She squinted her eyes and said, "look, what is this McCarthy-Army controversy all about?" At that moment the nurse called the young lady into see a doctor.

Christianity," he writes. "Pure fiction. The governments of today (1852) have become godless and secular . . . Expediency is the rule."

Undoubtedly if such was written today, the McCarthy committee would start an investigation into the communist influences over the missionaries.

Martyrdom

From the time Theophane Venard was nine years old, tending goats on his father's farm in France, he had wanted to go to Tonkin. Fortunately for us, we have enough of his letters to his family to get a very clear view of his life. He was so appealing a figure that St. Therese, the Little Flower, called him her favorite saint and martyr. He was young, full of love for his family, and a gaiety which won all hearts. His martyrdom lasted for eight years, until he was finally beheaded at the age of thirty. There is a book written about him, called *A Modern Martyr* by Most Rev. James Anthony Walsh, co-founder of Maryknoll, and recently republished by McMullen Books, in New York. In the first chapter of this book the statement is made that Theophane's letters, read to the students at St. John's seminary in Brighton, Massachusetts, "kindled the spark that grew into a flame and started a movement which in time brought about the missionary order of Maryknoll."

Smuggled

According to this account a terrible persecution was raging in Tonkin and there was a price on the head of every missionary, and yet Christianity was growing. There were 150,000 Christians, 80 Annamese priests, 600 native sisters, 1200 catechists and 300 seminarians. Theophane was smuggled into the country in a Chinese junk from Hongkong where he had been studying the language for a year. He writes to his father:

Cross Country

(Continued from page 2)

Catholics who are content with the minimum requirements of conscience and the alibi that when in doubt they should obey the state—and most of the clergy builds up their doubts instead of their faith—I present the thought that unless they are anarchists they are denying Christ by obeying Caesar rather than the Sermon on the Mount when they take part in government, the main function of which is to return evil for evil in courts, prisons and war. So there is never a dull moment for me.

St. Benedict's Farm

The children at Justine Murphy's were down with measles so I visited Lou at the farm at Lyons where the finishing touches were being done to the chapel in the front room. The whole family plan to move out of this 15 acre end of the farm in the spring. Lou told me of the thousands of migrants who had received work through the labor exchange at their CW house in Detroit, thus spoiling the unhealthy commission which the labor shark received from the poor. The records showed that the rate of permanent jobs from those serviced at the CW house was much greater than the average in the city. Martus the printer and Johnson's occupy the remainder of the farm. I visited until very late with them and went to mass in the morning where the priest spoke about the breaking of treaties and robbery of the Indians by the whites. He was glad to learn of my interest in the Hopi. Here, as well as in the Protestant communities at Macedonia, Georgia and Kingwood, N. J., there is yet to be made a congenial adjustment as to the emphasis upon liturgy and work.

Ann Arbor

Here Arthur Dunham a Quaker CO from World War I had me meet with Quakers, and Chris Chrisman had a meeting in his home of FOR and other pacifists. I sold all of my bundle of books before I left.

A collection of radical and anarchist books was again pleasant. Harold Gray, old CO friend of both wars down at Saline, was selling his herd of cows, for the cooperative which flourished in the depression of the thirties had succumbed to the high wages offered in Detroit. As we walked down the road I noticed a hole in the pavement and upon closer examination we found the whole side of a culvert underneath had been washed out. We went back to the barn and we two "subversives" united in placing a red flag denoting danger in the danger spot. This direct anarchistic action instead of a town meeting came in good stead for in the morning the worst snow storm of the year obscured ordinary view along the road.

Notre Dame

At Vincent and Virginia Smith's I met Fr. Gartland and other friends and we had an interesting meeting at Willis Nutting's. Julian Pleasants took me over the snow to his home in the country where half a dozen families have built houses on this farm where each owns his own land. They have not been able to cultivate it all properly yet but they gain experience yearly.

Chicago

Nina Polcyn of the old time Milwaukee CW greeted me cordially at the St. Benet Bookstore where she is now in charge. I lived in a cozy apartment with Hubert Catchpole and Jim Ward near Loyola U. A meeting here was cancelled at the last minute but I met in a private home with interested students. I had never met Corbett Bishop and Joffre Stewart, two disciples of the "going limp and dragging your feet technique," and after the Peacemaker meeting at Bob Swann's, I was pleased to find out that despite our difference of emphasis in tactics, we three had a respect and liking for each other which I hope

will preface a better friendship. The meeting at Chicago U. planned by John Forbes, a veteran turned pacifist anarchist, who later got 3 years for refusal to go in the army, was a lively one, being attended by all radical factions. One ex-Catholic who was very bitter at the Church kept me on the alert, but I guess I was able to give good radical reasons for my faith, for Mabel Knight of Friendship House who was there seemed to approve of my answers. An evening with my old pal Bill Ryan, veteran of Loyalist Spain and Sandstone alumnus whose appreciation of Peter Maurin has always made him a friend of the CW. I visited several times with my younger daughter Sharon who teaches music in a private school. Her good humor, poise and courage finds different outlets from that of her radical father but she has had the true rebel spirit from childhood and will meet and not evade the problems which face her.

Marquette University, Milwaukee

Dean O'Sullivan of the Marquette School of Journalism had read my book and asked me to speak to two classes there. A mixture of fear and yearning after an easy job for life is among many students these days, so I was happy to assure these youngsters that there was no use in being afraid and that the road ahead was to be rougher and rougher. I was kept busy for several days answering questions. I had not met Dave and Pat Host since 1942 and was glad to regale their five girls with stories of the Indians and the west. Scores of friends in the public service departments where I had worked welcomed me. I was especially interested in the reception which an acquaintance of the thirties, and who now is a leading McCarthyite and sponsor for private as against public housing, gave me, for when I called Frank Kirkpatrick on the phone he answered, "Why Ammon, my favorite anarchist." Ray Callahan regaled me with stories of the zoo where

landed who was an expert ditch digger among the roots of trees in the park where mechanical diggers would not work, and whose head of lettuce and quart of milk for lunch were a source of his strength as he worked in shirt sleeves while others shivered with coats on. Pretty Mary Mulvey welcomed me at the Cardyn Center where the CW is in evidence.

Madison

Fr. Kutchera welcomed me with a well lettered sign in red in front of St. Paul's advertising my meeting to the students. This Irishman learned more that evening at a St. Patrick's supper from the speaker about this Saint than had ever been known previously. Questions until very late after my meeting proved that the interest of these young Catholics in social problems had been kept alive by Father Kutchera. I had read Helen C. White's novel about the French Revolution and was glad to have lunch with her. She was also interested in the Hopi Indians. A meeting with Shorty Collins and his Baptist young people and a visit with John McGrath's, and other friends kept me busy. Bill Evjue of the CAPITAL TIMES had the reputation of a fighter against McCarthy so I acquainted him with the CW and a lengthy writeup and review of my book in his paper helped in the understanding of our message here. Francis Gorgen of nearby Mineral Point came to my meeting and took me to his home where his family and friendly priests and nuns of the vicinity made me feel at home.

LaCrosse

In 1940 in the first draft the first non-registrant I had heard of was Rev. Winslow Wilson of Minnesota. I had collected money to send to his wife while he was in Sandstone prison, and now I was pleased to meet him and his family and speak to his young folks in his Methodist Church. I had just finished reading the life of Sir

Thomas More and that morning went to mass in St. Thomas More Church nearby. In the afternoon I met with the nuns at Viterbo College and knelt where I witnessed the Perpetual Adoration, which had been going on now for 75 years. That evening I met with Methodist ministers until midnight. I refused to be drawn into arguments about theology, feeling that anything less than the Sermon on the Mount these days was not worth consideration. I had sold cornflakes in LaCrosse in 1912. As I left by bus the coffee and doughnut for 10c contrasted with the price of 25c in Clinton, N.J.

Minneapolis

McCosh's bookstore was a haven for me and I took time to write letters and plan my trip ahead to the coast. Roger Feinstein, a student who liked the CW, had planned a meeting on the campus of the U. of Minnesota. The Minneapolis Star gave a good advance picture and article and there was standing room only at the meeting. Fr. Casey has phoned me that he could not come that night but would bless the meeting. Brenda Uland, who had known Dorothy in the Village in New York, and who liked the CW, drove me out to Maryfarm where I met Dorothy McMahon, Marie Knisley and Marion Judge. A Catholic friend drove me out to Fr. Casey's in Hutchinson.

Father Casey

Here with my spiritual director I had time to evaluate my progress as a Catholic and to decide that upon the termination of my trip to the Coast in late June, I should return to Chrystie Street and help out there, and also begin again my street selling apostolate. Jim Ward had asked me in Chicago what life meant to me now that I was a Catholic and I had listed the seven things which seemed to me now in 1954 the most important, and I talked this over with Father Casey. Here they are: (1) Voluntary poverty.

(2) The Sermon on the Mount. (3) Refusal. (4) The Mass. (5) To Work and not be a parasite. (6) Anarchism. (7) Vegetarianism, which includes no tobacco, alcohol or medicine. This is for myself and not meant for others. Each has to go at his own speed and in his own way. I visited with some members of the parish who were interested in the radical CW message, and also spoke for several hours to nuns at the nearby town of Winsted. We drove to Grassston to see old man Paul Marquardt and found him reading his Bible. He told us of the time when his children had been sent home from school with a card telling the family to save fat for the war. Marquardt immediately withdrew the children from the school saying that each morning he prayed "give us this day our daily bread," and he was not going to save bread or fat or anything for a war. He told also of the priest in nearby Pine City, who, in instructing his confirmation class said, "Have faith like the Marquardts." To have this honor in your home town is indeed an honor. Which reminds me that the library board in my home town in Ohio sent me a letter saying that they would not allow my book which I had sent them, to be on the shelves. Father Casey's mother, who is 87, had read in my book that I liked raisin pie and baked some for me, which went well with Fr. Casey's whole wheat bread which he bakes himself.

A visit with Don and Mary Humphries, Jim Powers and others in St. Cloud and I was all set for the best meeting of my trip so far which was to follow at St. John's.

God's Footstool

No man shall be received into our commune who saith that the land may be sold. God's footstool is not property.

St. Cyprian

Japan and the Papal Encyclicals

(Continued from page 1)

for the good of all; consequently, the sovereignty of individual States, however much this is to be respected, ought not to be carried so far that free access to the earth's bounty, which is everywhere adequate to support multitudes of human beings, should be denied to needy but worthy persons who have been born elsewhere.

"There is question here of remedying immense needs; the lack of space and the lack of means of existence brought about by the fact that the fatherland of birth can no longer support all of its children and the excess population among them is compelled to emigrate; the misery of the refugees and expellees, who in millions are forced to renounce their native country, now lost to them, and to go far ahead in seeking and building for them another homeland."—(Letter of Pope Pius XII to Archbishop McNicholas, December 24, 1948).

(The Holy Father's words might be clipped out and sent to all those in the Faith who support narrow immigration laws. After all it is we, each of us, who may be blown to bits by the hydrogen bomb due to these things.)

(2) ON A GOD-MADE INEQUALITY OF RESOURCES:

"There is needed a new social order where there is no place for that cold and calculating egotism which tends to hoard economic resources and materials destined for the use of all, to such an extent that the nations less favored by nature have access to them.

"If in the future peace, this point were not to be courageously dealt with, there would remain in the relations between people, a deep and far-reaching root, blossoming forth into bitter dissensions and burning jealousies, which would lead eventually to new conflicts." (Pope Pius XII, Christmas broadcast, 1941.)

(3) ON TRADE AND TARIFFS:

"... promote a healthy economic cooperation by prudent pacts and institutions, since in economic matters they are largely dependent one upon the other, and need one another's help." (Quadragesimo Anno, Encyclical Letter of Pope Pius XII on Reconstructing the Social Order.)

(4) ON ADVANCES IN AGRICULTURE, ENGINEERING AND SCIENCE:

"It would be a wrong interpretation of our words to take from them a condemnation of technical progress. No, we do not condemn what is a gift of God, Who... at the time the world was created... hid in the inner recesses... of the earth treasures... which the hand of man had to draw from it for his needs... and his progress." (Pope Pius XII, Christmas broadcast, 1941.)

(5) ON ADVANCES FOR GROWING MORE FOOD:

"When will it come about that the learned ones of the world will turn the wonderful discovery of the profound forces of matter exclusively to purposes of peace; to enable man's activity to produce energy at a low cost which would alleviate the scarcity and correct the unequal geographical distribution of the sources of wealth and work, as also to offer new aims to medicine and agriculture and to peoples fountains of prosperity and well-being?" (Pope Pius XII, Easter speech on the hydrogen bomb, April 18, 1954.)

(6) ON BIRTH CONTROL, ECONOMICS AND EMIGRATION:

"When married couples wish to remain faithful to the sacrosanct laws of life established by the Creator, or, when to safeguard this fidelity, they seek to break loose from straitened circumstances which shackle them in their own country and find the only possible solution in emigration—in former times counseled by the desire for gain, today often imposed by misery—then see how they run up

against the provisions of organized society as against an inexorable law.

"... An attempt is made to mechanize even consciences. Take note of the public prescriptions for birth control. Pressure is brought to bear by the administrative machinery of what is called social security; influence is exercised in the same direction on public opinion.

"Finally, see how the natural right of the individual to be unhampered in immigration or emigration is not recognized or, in practice, is nullified under the pretext of the common good which is falsely understood or falsely applied but sanctioned and made mandatory by legislative or administrative measures.

"These examples suffice to show how an organization animated by a spirit of cold calculation, while trying to compress life within the narrow framework of a chart, as though it were something static, becomes the negation of, and an outrage to life itself, and to the essential characteristic of life, which is its incessant dynamism, communicated to it by Nature and manifested in the immensely diversified scale of particular circumstances.

"The consequences of this are very serious... The desire to solve the difficulty with a formula that the number of inhabitants should be regulated according to the public economy is equivalently to subvert the order of nature and the entire psychological and moral world which is bound up with it..." (Pope Pius XII, Christmas speech, 1952.)

(7) CHANGING THE WORLD:

"All true and permanent reform has in the last resort originated in sanctity." (Pope Pius XII quoting Pope Benedict XV Christmas broadcast, 1941.)

Children... do not rise out of them to rebuild a new social world to Christ." (Pope Pius XII, Christmas message, 1943.)

And Pilate Wondered...

(Continued from page 3)

has been operating for some time: ill-gotten and deliberately altered evidence introduced as fact, servile fawning pretended as a sincere desire to get at the truth, the conscious, continued attempt to prevent others from being heard, to defend themselves from wild, scattered charges? Has the Government of these United States now become a football between political parties who struggle to obtain it by any means, so much so that the future possible loss of it is their primary concern, that they can not even govern, nor look justice in the face?

"All human conflict," said Cardinal Manning, "is ultimately theological." Many people as they watch these hearings are not pleased with what they see and hear, and for different reasons, and would like to see them ended as soon as possible. But the American people owe it to themselves to live through these hearings to the end, if only to drive it into their minds that there is real infection in our body politic, that hatred is leading us, not love; that under the banner of "Stop Communists at all costs!" it is their freedom to think and work, their right to be heard against accusations which almost come out of nowhere that really suffer. "Thou shalt not bear false witness" is still one of the foundation pillars of human intercourse, revealed to us by God himself. If we can not tell the truth to ourselves, then the future is black indeed, for Satan, the father of lies, the author of deceit, is taking us for that proverbial ride to an historical junkyard.

Anthony Aratari

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

us happy is to see the response in people. God sends helpers too when he sees fit, and all we can do is just keep praying for them. Last year Betty Lou went to Peter Maurin Farm, and Kate White came. She leaves and Helen Russell arrives. Helen goes to work in Harlem and Sue Caulfield enters the picture. Men and women, and students, of both sexes, come to give us their help for a summer or winter or for a year, or sometimes just in their spare time. They marry, they move to other cities and to the country, they have children. This month Dick and Barbara Donnelly had their first baby, a boy. This month Martin Corbin and Rita Ham got married. May first. One week a baptism, another a marriage, and always the sacrament of the Eucharist and of penance. On May 2 Becky Hennessy was confirmed. Our life of grace and our life of the body goes on beautifully intermingled and harmonious. "All is grace," as the dying priest whispered to his friend in *The Diary of a Country Priest*. The Little Flower, also said, "All is grace."

Visiting The Sick

Things are always happening. This month Eleanor Corrigan and Catherine Odilivak went to the hospital. Catherine's trouble is simple but serious, a heart condition, and she may be operated on. Eleanor's is complicated, but not so serious.

I was thinking of Eleanor, always frail, taking care of a family of children while her friends went to the bedside of a dying mother, and taking care too, often enough of a sister's family when the latest was born.

Saving for a piano so that she could practice with her beautiful voice, she never quite got there because always some call was made on her for the money she saved. Last year she broke her ankle, and when the

Women's place is to love, it is a simple enough job to love and to nourish. And this summer we have need of more volunteers to help take care of the little Puerto Rican children who are going to have two weeks' vacations on Peter Maurin Farm. We want two big tents, that will hold six to eight each, the kind that can be screened in, so that we can put them up down by the brook, at the end of the field in a sandy lot out of Fr. Duffy's way. There is a wood lot and another sunny field that will do for a ball field and there is the beach two miles away and a car to take the children every afternoon down to the shore. We have a seining net and we'll get some clam forks, and there will be digging of clams and fishing and a gathering of specimens and shells, not to speak of sand castles and wells and tunnels. What we need are tents, a few cots, bedding and helpers. We have the place and money will come to buy the food for them. Thank God, we have a few helpers but we want more. It's a 24-hour a day job and one must be a lawyer, doctor, nurse, philosopher, historian, theologian, story teller, poet, musician and so on, as Chesterton says, when you take care of children. But don't let me frighten you. Love takes care of it all.

Retreats

The above is the Peter Maurin Farm program for the summer. Maryfarm has its program of retreats and its nightly hospitality for wayfarers. There is gardening and farming going on and year round days of recollection and private retreats. The retreat house atmosphere is there, and since the chapel is in the house, and there is a beautiful library and conference room, there is a great atmosphere of space and peace in the air. The men's quarters are in the barn and carriage house and converted chicken coops, and we hope eventually to have more.

attic rooms.

The retreats this summer are as follows:

Father Marion Casey, of Hutchinson, Minn. July 12-16, beginning Monday a.m. but guests can come the Saturday before.

Father Robt. Brown, chaplain of St. Mary and Elizabeth's Hospital, Louisville, Ky.

August 9-13, and guests are welcome to come early and stay late.

Write Jane Judge, Maryfarm, Newburgh, N. Y., Rte. 17K

These retreats are a time of silence and prayer and bring with them great joy and light. So do plan to spend part of your vacation with us.

Happenings Of The Month

April 7. We went to press. Helen came in and told me she wanted to work with Eileen Fantino and Mary Ann McCoy in their apartment in Harlem. The day she visited there on one block there was a dead baby found in a garbage can, and a man committed suicide across the street by jumping off the

roof. Never had she imagined such poverty.

April 9. A group of us from the Peacemakers, War Resisters and Catholic Worker picketed City Hall and visited the deputy Mayor, protesting the Hydrogen Bomb experiments.

April 10. Mr. Howell and a group of thirty students from Adelphi college visited. It is hard to talk briefly on what we are doing and why.

April 13. Made a day of recollection with Mae Bellucci at the convent of Mary Reparatrice on 29th St. Magnificent conferences by Father Dickerson, S. J. one of the Russian Institute at Fordham. Mae gave me the life of Abbot Dunn of Gethsemane to read.

April 14. Went to Peter Maurin farm for the rest of Holy Week. Helen Dolan sent de Lubac's *Aspects of Buddhism* for Hisaye Yamamoto to read and me Cardinal Suhard's writings.

April 15. Holy Thursday. We all went to Mass at Our Lady, Star of the Sea, Huguenot where Fr. Hyland gave a very fine sermon to the children. The procession moved me to tears as usual. Everyone in this little parish signed up for adoration, and every hour the rosary, litany of the saints and the prayers afterwards, and the litany of the Blessed Mother were said, over and over again through the day and night, a perfect fountain of prayer, rising from this replica of the Garden of Olives. "Could ye not watch one hour with me?" The parishioners indeed watched. Becky and Susie and Eric and I were there in the morning, and in the afternoon Peggy, Kenneth, Ralph and others and I went to St. Margaret Mary's, Fr. Monahan's Church, St. Clare's in Great Kills, and Our Lady of Lourdes at New Dorp Beach. It was a cold blustery day. In the evening we drove

through the rain to the Franciscan convent and the Holy Hill for the night.

Good Friday. The Mass of the presanctified was offered by Fr. Duffy at St. Joseph's in Rossville.

Holy Saturday. Again, at Rossville. Fr. Duffy kindled the new fire, blessed the font and offered the Holy Saturday Mass. It was moving indeed, with just a score of us there, participating.

That evening I was driving Becky, Susie, Eric and Nickie to the store and they started quarrelling while I was doing the shopping so that when I came out tears were streaming down cheeks and there were wails about who kicked whom. In desperation I said, exercising the priesthood of the laity, "we will all now make a good act of contrition—Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended thee and I detest all my sins, my fightings, and quarrelling, and harsh words and kickings."

There was complete silence and suddenly a great calm descended. Peace was restored. And I thought with intense gratitude—Oh what would we do without prayer, without faith, without our guardian angels to help us! Reading this month about the Little Flower's childhood I was amazed to see that she had remembered things that happened when she was two and a half years old, and that she considered she had reached the age of reason by three. So one must remember these things when looking at little Mary Elizabeth, two and a half, so plausibly folding her hands for grace, looking so holy and reverent. We don't give our children half credit enough for intelligence even, let alone recognizing what miracles grace works in their souls. The Paulson family reads aloud from the Bible at every meal to the children and the Cort family recites Prime at breakfast and who can say what heavenly dews are refreshing those little souls and bodies around us.

Selling the Catholic Worker

(Continued from page 3)

here." Pause. "This doesn't look like a Catholic paper to me." Silence. "Has this got the imprimatur?"

"No, it hasn't, but if you want to find out about it, the Chancery Office has known about us for twenty years." He goes away.

Twenty minutes later he returns. He's the slim, tall, blond clean cut type. "Well, I called the Chancery Office, and they say they neither approve nor disapprove; you stand on your own. So, I guess I'll let you stay."

This is interesting; (a), he constitutes himself a sort of "secular arm," and then, (b), he decides on personal authority to allow me to remain—under his personal permission. Probably, if he had taken a personal dislike to me, (had asked me, perhaps, if I liked McCarthy, and had been one of the 6,000 at that extraordinary Communion breakfast at the Astor), there would have been little chance of my being able to stay. As another cop said to me, "Look, Bud, everything is against the law." This was on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street, by the New York Public Library.

"O.K., get going." The immaculate white glove was on the sleeve of my dirty trench coat, and gentle pressures punctuated his words, which were spoken very softly. (Even so, a few stopped to stare).

"Why?" "Because I said so. Besides, there's a law which says you can't do this within 200 feet of Park Department property, and the Library is Park property—so, move on."

I felt flustered, unsure and intimidated, so I picked up my bag of papers and moved across the street. A little while later over he came from his post in the middle of Fifth Avenue; he was also blond, clean-cut and bright, and slender, with his hips bulging with the impedimenta of his trade.

"Look, I thought I told you to beat it. You're this garbage out here." He pointed to the bag and removed it. (It appears that they give a course in the Psychology and Techniques of Coercion and Intimidation, or something, at the police training college).

"Oh, one of those cute ones, eh? Look, how would you like to settle this down at the station-house? This is not 200 feet away from the Library. Now, get going."

Actually, by measurement, I suppose it wasn't. So, I picked up my bag, not wanting to make an "issue" or to "take a stand" on the contravention of such a civic ordinance. I went to the first public phone I could find—which was in Schrafft's—and called the Legal Department of the Police Department, and sure enough he came up with an ordinance, substantiated by a brief involving THE FREE-THINKER, which forbade such activity within 350 feet of Park Department property.

So, I started walking southeast and came on a strike-picket. I handed out a couple of C.W.'s and got talking to a union delegate who happened to be there. We talked for an hour because it started to rain very hard. I told him about my recent experiences with the police; he didn't seem surprised and told me some of his experiences.

"There are so many laws that you can't help breaking them," he said. "They have you on all sides. When there's a strike they have little ways of starting things. They do things to get the men sore, and then some guy loses his head, and the next thing you know the papers are carrying stories of rioting strikers. Then, too, most people are easily intimidated; they're timid. They don't want trouble. The cops know this. They know that most of the men and women on strike are scared of being booked, and have children and wives and parents waiting at home for them. It's a hard fight."

A Christian may well live outside the law. What does the law guarantee us? Our goods, and our

life—goods which we have renounced, a life which no longer belongs to us but to God. . . . That is as much to say that the law has little value for us. (George Bernanos).

On Saturdays especially, there's something of a holiday atmosphere outside Macy's on 34th Street near Broadway. The Salvation Army provides continuous music, young girls in blue jeans and pony tails come up out of the subway-Heking frozen custard and candied apples, and the aroma of hot-dogs comes out of Nedick's. Mothers drag their children in and out of the big store and every once in a while a fire engine or an ambulance weaves its way up the crowded street. They're riveting together a new office building on the site of the old Herald Square Hotel. There's also a blind man who begs, banging his white stick in front of him, and a Negro without legs sells yellow pencils, the trunk of his body resting on one of those little trollies. One day the Socialist Labor people were there distributing leaflets. And, of course, I hawk my papers, "Catholic-Worker-a-penny-a-copy"; like a litany. I shout it over and over again, looking at the people, hoping someone will come to me. Then after a long while a woman will come and say, "My, my, only a penny; how do you do it?" And another will say, "You can't tell me this is Catholic. We Catholics never come out on the street corners selling stuff like this." Many have been scandalized at this. Many ask for the imprimatur. Sometimes a man will come up and say that he is a Jew or a Quaker or is without religious affiliation, but that he likes the CW. But mostly people pass by the thousands and thousands. It's like trying to thumb a ride, and the cars just keep clipping by. I don't mind being rejected, or the paper being rejected, even; I only hope the rejecting is done for the right reasons.

A woman, a dowager-looking person, came up to me and said, "How Miss O'Day? Tell me, do you beg?" (or was it "do you hawk?") She had the most wonderful rummage sales. A friend of mine in Greenwich just had a new chauffeur sent over from Ireland, so I went down and for ten dollars I picked up two beautiful Brooks Brothers' suits and a Panama hat worth at least fifty dollars. Well, William, that's his name. . . .

"Catholic-Worker-a-penny-a-copy, Catholic-Worker-a-penny-a-copy."

"Let's see one of these, will you?"

Which one of these is a penny?"

The rich lounge in the rear of long, heavy Cadillacs in lower Broadway; the poor wait on the corner of East Houston and the Bowery in the afternoon rain for an over-crowded bus, into which they push each other, while the over-burdened driver, put upon almost to a frenzy yells angrily at them. Then he starts with a jerk and everyone falls forwards. He curses a taxi driver who cuts him off. It's Holy Week.

Autobiography of A Catholic Anarchist

by Ammon Hennacy
328 Pages, Illustrated
Indexed
Introduction
by Dorothy Day

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.
Twenty cents for mailing charges. Copies mailed out Jan. 30. Mail all orders to Libertarian Press, Box A, Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

THE COMMONWEAL

A Catholic weekly magazine which deals directly with the issues of the day and attempts positive, concrete suggestions. Competent evaluations of current books, plays and movies.

18 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL
384 Fourth Ave.
New York 16, N. Y.

FREE SAMPLE COPY

For the enclosed \$2 send me the next 18 issues of

THE COMMONWEAL

Name
Street
City