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EASY ESSAY

I. It Started with England

1. Lenin said:
"The world cannot be half industrial and half agricultural."
2. Lenin made the mistake to industrialize Russia.
3. Lenin industrialized Russia because the Japanese industrialized Japan.
4. The Japanese industrialized Japan because the Americans industrialized America.
5. The Americans industrialized America because the Germans industrialized Germany.
6. The Germans industrialized Germany because the English industrialized England.
7. It started with England.

II. A Few Englishmen

1. R. H. Tawney said that "the Englishmen wear blinkers."
2. Because they wear blinkers the Englishmen lack vision.
3. Because they lack vision the Englishmen are very strong for supervision.
4. And supervision is not a substitute for vision.
5. A few Englishmen got rid of their blinkers.
6. Among the Englishmen who got rid of their blinkers one can name:
William Cobbett
John Ruskin
William Morris
Arthur Pentty
Eric Gill.

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ST MARTHA



"The humble condition which manual labor indicates is in no way comparable to that of our modern proletariat... The occupation which Jesus pursued was not one of those which by burdening the body with fatigue or monotony prevents the free play of the mind... The manual labor to which Jesus devoted Himself was therefore human. The type of worker whom we revere in the artisan of Nazareth is that which corresponds most closely to our ideal of life, to which mediaeval conditions sought to approximate, and to which recent Papal Encyclicals have sought to guide the manual laborer of today." Pere F. M. Braun, O. P., *La Vie Spirituelle*.

Why Only Four Pages?

This month *The Catholic Worker* is limited to four pages. Together with several small dailies, weeklies and monthlies it is not only being reduced in size but is faced with possible suspension.

The reason is that newsprint has become almost unobtainable for small independent publications. Some of them have been informed that they will not receive any newsprint in 1947. All of them will have to operate on a restricted basis. The threat to the continuance of their activities and to the livelihood of their employees, and of others depending upon their needs, is as real as the disturbing uncertainty regarding the future which is distracting the minds of small publishers and printers.

There is sufficient newsprint being produced (more, in fact, than for years) to meet the reasonable needs of all publications in the United States but, because of the recent lifting of controls which assured all publications of a fair share of newsprint at a just price, the small publications are being deprived of their newsprint needs and their very existence threatened by the hogging tactics of powerful publishers who clamored for decontrol and are now, in the name of "free enterprise," not only grabbing existing newsprint but buying paper not yet manufactured at sky-rocketing prices which they alone can afford to pay.

Two hundred large publications in the United States consume 85% of the newsprint available. About 17,000 small publications must manage with the remaining 15%. A month ago the price per ton

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ET ERAT SUBDITUS



"I sympathize with those who would minimize, rather than those who would maximize, economic entanglement between nations. Ideas, knowledge, art, hospitality, travel, these are the things which should of their nature be international. But let goods be homespun whenever it is reasonably or conveniently possible. The decadent internationally individualistic capitalism, in the hands of which we find ourselves after the war, is not a success. It is not intelligent, it is not beautiful, it is not virtuous... and it doesn't deliver the goods. In short, we dislike it, and we are beginning to despise it." J. M. Keynes, *The New Statesman*, Aug. 1933.

ON Pilgrimage

Jan. 1, 1947.

This is the month of the Holy Family, and January 12 is the feast day of the Holy Family, instituted quite recently by Benedict fifteenth. And here is a story of a family, not a holy one, that we have with us now. We no longer have a Mary house, but we have here at 115 Mott street two apartments called Maryflat and Marthaflat respectively. They are what the city calls dumbbell apartments because of their shape: two slightly larger rooms back and front, and in between two small rooms with no windows.

There are seven of us women living in these flats, and sometimes more in the way of transients and visitors. One can always put a few mattresses out on the floor, and we also have an elegant army sleeping bag. There is no hot water and one is heated by an open fireplace and the other by a tiny stove which is always going out. One must have a gift with fires, a red thumb, one might say, as one must have a green thumb to be a good gardener. (Julia has a green thumb. We have some of her plants growing in our windows, one of them a grapefruit tree three feet tall, grown from a seed. Happy miracle!)

Margaret likes to stir the open fire from the top and when anyone corrects her she murmurs, "Always complaining! People are always complaining." She was a weaver in Lancashire, and then in

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Reflections On Work

"Once upon a time," Peter Maurin said, "there was a man by the name of Leon Harmel. He lived at the same time in France as Count Albert de Mun. The latter tried to reach the intellectuals and the former the workers. Leon Harmel came of artisan stock and he swore to bring his policy as employer into harmony with the teachings of the Gospel. His father had been a good employer before him. Leo XIII said that Leon Harmel had given him the greatest consolation during his pontificate.

"Leon Harmel's life work began with the death of his wife in 1870 when he was forty-two years old. He had been very sad at his wife's death and consoled himself with reading and prayer. 'All for Jesus,' by Faber, was one of the books that influenced him. He started then and worked for forty years more, for his workers, for his community. He never knew fatigue.

"He was the owner of spinning mills where 1,200 workers spun, dyed and wound the wool in Val des Bois, France.

The work he did for his 1,200 workers back in 1870 resulted in social legislation that benefited millions of workers in France now. What other employers refused to do voluntarily, the state forced them to do.

UNIONS

"He saw the need of industrial organization, and his workers were formed into syndicates, as the unions were called there. (Unions were at first so fought in this country that laws against them were passed. There was one famous law against "criminal syndicalism.") There was a council made up too of employers and employees and at this council everything was discussed from wages and hours to management of the business. There were sick funds, five to 15 cents a month being deducted from the pay. There were life pensions. The workers had their own bank and co-op store, a general bakery managed by the workers. Christian brothers ran a co-operative hostel for the unmarried men. There were few married women working, but

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Detroit C. W.

Fellow workers:

First and foremost, is the fact that we have opened another House. It is located closer downtown, at 630 Abbot St. It is a co-operative House for Old Age Pensioners, and will provide a home for about 15 men. The House is known as the Cure of Ars House.

The whole credit for the establishment of the House goes to Father Kern. He really pulled miracles in obtaining the materials needed to make the place habitable, not to mention the money involved. The men from the St. Francis House helped with some of the labor, and the rest had to be paid for. He really transformed the place, and while it is far from completed enough has been done to make it a "going concern," and the rest will have to be taken care

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Theology and Sanity

(Published by Sheed and Ward, 63 5th Ave.)

You can read ten pages of it on the Eighth avenue subway from Canal street to 207th st. You can read three more pages of it while you stand on a street corner waiting for a Spuyten Duyvil bus. You can read five more pages of it in the bus on your way to visit your family. That's how I was engrossed by Mr. Frank Sheed's *Theology and Sanity*, one of my Christmas presents.

At first I thought, this is a book you cannot mark up because if you started underlining it, you'd be at it all the time. And then I had to start underlining it because there were so many definitions I wanted to remember.

To think about God, to study about God, whom "heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain" whose power is upon all things, "Do I not fill heaven and earth?" "the Father of lights with whom there is no change or shadow of alteration" "in whom we live and move and have our being,"—this is happiness and joy.

When I started out this morning from St. Joseph's

house at Mott street, thinking that "God must contain in Himself all the perfections we find in things," and when I surveyed the dirt and filth of the slum streets, the dull grey city skies in winter, the hideousness of the drug addict whom we had prevented from beating his pregnant wife the night before, I thought sadly to myself that the senses did not convey much of God to us at that moment. We are assured by St. Paul that "from the foundation of the world, men have caught sight of His invisible nature, His eternal power and His divineness, as they are known through His creatures." So I remembered and comforted myself with the memories of porpoises and babies, of symphonies and storms, oceans and fragrant hot fields.

We always want to find God in beauty and talent and strength of mind and body and spirit, in glory and honor. We are like the Jews looking for a king. We do not expect to find Him in a stable, between the ox and the ass or as a

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CATHOLIC WORKER

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Reflections on Work

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girls who had to go home to get dinner for their families were let off half an hour early. Workers could take time off for confession, and all holy days were observed, not only of obligation, but those of the patron saints of the workers' groups and associations.

"The little village or Val-de-Bois was a garden city, a few miles out of Rheims. The mills were by a stream, and gardens and plots of land surrounded every cottage. There was a church with three priests and schools taught by the sisters and Christian brothers. The second and third generation of workers could be counted among these 1,200 who participated in the management of their work as well as benefited by it materially. The employer lived with his employees and the tone between employer and employee was one of friendship rather than class war.

"It was Leon Harmel who started popular pilgrimages to the Holy Father, not only to build up a sense of loyalty to the Holy Father, but to bring the worker to the attention of the Vatican. On one such pilgrimage when the Pope commended Leon Harmel, the latter said, 'We will bring you ten thousand pilgrims.'

"In 1889 there were 17 trains of workers on pilgrimage to the Holy Father.

"Leon Harmel belonged to the third order of St. Francis. He was known for his imperturbable optimism. He died in 1915."

OLD AND NEW

Peter Maurin told me these things during our first participation in class war which developed in strikes in the early years of the *Catholic Worker*. He was pointing out how in factories there were occasionally employers, though few and far between, who had a conscience in regard to their employees.

Peter was recognizing things as they were, recognizing that not all men wished to go to the land, that not all men wished responsibility. In a decentralized economy there could be such factories and such communities on the land. I thought of these conversations with Peter when so many visitors and correspondents took up the question of the machine and the land, as a result of my previous articles on work.

In Canada in early December, a pastoral letter signed by Cardinal Villeneuve, three

archbishops and 14 bishops was read in all the Catholic Churches. The Bishops pointed out that Quebec still had 10,000,000 acres of tillable, uncultivated land, enough to establish 500 parishes with 200 families each.

"This is a permanent task," the letter read, pointing out the need of space for the family, and work for the father. The government of Quebec, fearful of the urbanization of the population which means a degraded proletariat offers great inducements to those who wish to get back to the land. Families must be approved and meet certain requirements as to health and ability. They are offered 100 acres at 30 cents an acre, free transportation, use of tractors, monthly allowances of \$15 for from three months to a year, cash grants for building houses and stables and credits for all land cleared. In the Gaspé peninsula 33 new parishes with from 150 to 200 families have been established in the last fifteen years.

NEW MEN NEEDED

A comment in a news story about this pastoral urging the Canadian Catholics landward reads, "no one realizes better than the Church itself that to the young men of today the virtue of pioneering sounded bleak and harsh beside the siren voice of the cities."

And we repeat, as long as in our education we have no philosophy of work, no recognition of man and his capabilities, his wholeness, his holiness, his dignity as a worker; as long as we accept our city civilization and its amusements, radio, movies, drink and cigarettes with the comment "there is no sin in it," we will continue on our merry path through chaos to catastrophe.

As long as we think of the isolated farm, rather than the village community, as long as we are business-minded in regard to farming, thinking of cash and profits rather than farming as a way of life, as long as we neglect to teach voluntary poverty as an ideal, we are going to have fierce competition on the land as well as in the city. Four H. clubs, the teaching of spinning and weaving in the Canadian schools, the cooperative set up of Nova Scotia and the maritime provinces, and Christian recreation can bring people together and bring a taste of heavenly joy here on the earth.

On Pilgrimage

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New England until "President Roosevelt closed all the mills in New England back in 1933," she says. Her history is original: She is almost seventy.

FAMILY

Elizabeth is our mother-to-be. She is thirty; large, strong and patient. As I write, she is due in a couple of days. Her husband is a drug addict, fifty years old. When they first came to us six months ago they had been sleeping in cellars and empty buildings, in doorways and once, as I went to Mass, I saw them asleep on a fire escape of a Chinese hall down the street.

First we offered them separate beds in St. Joseph's house and in Maryflat, but he would not accept this hospitality. They ate with us, he usually falling asleep with his head in his soup, and she patiently lifting up his face and feeding him like a child. Later we got them an apartment across the street, three rooms with hot water for ten dollars a month. But the usually forbearing Italian neighbors, fearful of fires and worse evils, padlocked the door on them after a couple of months and would not allow them in. Somewhat fearful of the cold weather by then, the man consented to stay in St. Joseph's house and let his wife stay in Maryflat. But he kept coming in at four in the morning, falling asleep on the floor before he reached his bed. When he was found one morning sleeping on a burning mattress, we were forced for the common good to put him out, but for her sake we put him in a thirty-cent room on the Bowery. Because he was a fire hazard, he was put out of half a dozen hotels so he took again to walking the streets. Meanwhile, we were able to keep his wife with us, nights, but day after day he called for her and dragged her about with him on the streets, begging and dozing and floundering about the parks and Bowery restaurants.

Last night, New Year's Eve, as he sat at supper, asleep and yet being fed by his wife, we called the ambulance. He was conscious enough when they got here to answer the questions they put to him, and to refuse to go to the hospital. He was obviously drugged, his eyes dazed and half-opened, his voice halting, monotonous and bitter in his refusal to accept hospital aid. The policeman who always accompanies the ambulance and the doctor both said that he could not be taken against his will, so after making him sign a paper stating that he had refused hospital aid, they went away. "She is my legal wife," the man kept muttering. "She has to stick to me. She can't leave me. She has to take care of me."

Oh, the distortion of the idea of the Holy Family. She has to take care of him and she about to bear his child!

Later that night she told me of horrible experiences she had had, of fighting off drunken men, of repelling advances of janitors, who had in a supposedly charitable spirit, al-

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Correction

The Catholic University of America
Washington, D. C.
December 24, 1946

Dear Sir:

In the Dec., 1946, number of *The Catholic Worker*, one of your contributors writes: "The Reverend John Cooper once told the writer that on purely scientific grounds he was of the opinion Adam was a Negro." I plead guilty of having held many foolish opinions in my life, but never this one. At most we might surmise on such very tenuous scientific evidence as we have, that early man was, more probably than not, of a skin color somewhat darker than that of most white Americans of northern European ancestry. It was perhaps some such statement of this kind which your contributor has misunderstood. So far as our scientific evidence goes, the emergence of the Negro racial type, like the emergence of the Caucasoid and Mongoloid types, was a relatively recent occurrence in humanity's long career. I should appreciate your making this correction in the next number of *The Catholic Worker*.

Very sincerely,
John M. Cooper.

In Mary's Kitchen

I'll sit beside thee, Mary,
And talk a while with thee,
May I hold thy Baby
Upon my knee?

It's peaceful in thy kitchen,
And I know thou wilt not mind
My telling thee of all my griefs
Because thou art so kind.

It comforts me to hear thy voice,
And fills my heart with joy
To sit here at thy side and rock
Thy darling Baby Boy.

MARY C. FERRIS.

In Need

Dear Dorothy:

Would you mind printing the address of a friend of mine in need of food? He was head of the astronomy department at Berlin University and has since lost his wife and home. Lillian and I are sending packages, but the postage costs more than the food and our funds are seriously limited. The address is:

Prof. Dr. August Kopff
(17a) Heidelberg (Baden)
Schroederstrasse 45a
U. S. Zone, Germany
Allen Spitzer.



BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 1)

vagrant or a criminal on a cross. That is one of the dangers in trusting to our senses, our imagination.

"To many the idea of bringing the intellect fully into action in religion seems almost repellant," Mr. Sheed writes.

"The intellect seems so cold and measured and measuring, and the will so warm and glowing. Indeed the joy of the will is always figured in terms of warmth, such words as ardor, fervor and the like come from Latin words for a fire burning; there is a fear that intellect can only damp down the fire. Many again who do not find the use of the intellect in religion actually repellent, regard it as at least unnecessary—at any rate for the layman—and possibly dangerous. One can, they say, love God without any very great study of doctrine. Indeed, they say, warming to their theme, some of the holiest people they know are quite ignorant . . . It is a strange God who could be loved better by being known less . . . Love of God is immeasurably more important than knowledge of God; but if a man loves God knowing a little about him, he should love God more from knowing more about Him, for every new thing known about God is a new reason for loving Him . . . Light is joy of the mind as warmth is the joy of the will. But warmth and light are both the effects of fire . . . In the appallingly difficult struggle to be good, the will is helped immeasurably by the intellect's clear vision of the real universe."

Which is the reason we are so intent on running retreat houses, for the benefit of our readers and those who come to us for help. Retreat houses are not houses of penance, as some of the objectors in our midst seem to think. They are part and parcel of the agronomic university which Peter Maurin envisioned. They are the basis and the beginning for all our work. If we are not learning to know and to love and serve God, we are not even making a beginning toward that "new heaven and new earth wherein justice dwelleth."

Another reason why we want to recommend this most important book by Mr. Sheed is that it is theology simply written by a layman. We are lay people. *The Catholic Worker* is a lay paper, and we are engaged in the work of the lay apostolate, answering the call of the Holy Father who has urged all, without exception, to work for the salvation of souls. It is good to think of Mr. Sheed as a father of a family, a busy man who has a publishing house and has to be concerned with earning a living and the price of paper and food. He knows the man in the street, because of his years of work in the Catholic Evidence Guild, and for all the hours on the platform, there has been the rule that there must be double that time spent in prayer. If you read this book, I am sure you will love God more and you will pray and praise Him more.

D. D.

Pax Column

The recent publication by Henry Holt and Company of Hilaire Belloc's *Servile State* is of special interest to the pacifist who, through his experiences in C.P.S. or in prison, might well have adopted an attitude towards the modern state such as Belloc gives evidence of in his book.

CAPITALIST STATE CANNOT ENDURE

Belloc gives two reasons why the capitalist state cannot endure—the first, the divergence between the moral theories upon which the state reposes and the social facts which these moral theories attempt to govern and secondly, the insecurity to which capitalism condemns the great mass of society. Our laws, which in theory uphold the right of property, have become little more than devices for protecting a few owners against the proletariat. And the people at large have no concept of property because they have no effective ownership of property, and thus our society is permeated to a great extent by proletarianism.

CAPITALISM AND STARVATION

Capitalist economy, logically pursued, would lead inevitably to the starvation of the proletariat. So, in order to preserve itself, the capitalist state must remedy this by non-capitalist means, such as the New Deal. This, however, far from dislodging the capitalist merely confirms him in his position and makes him indispensable. All of our "social service" legislation merely writes into law that there shall be an employer (master) and an employee (serf)—and that ownership of the means of production belong of right to the employer who, in consequence, must dole out "social service" to the employee to keep him satisfied and to forestall any radical solution of social questions.

WITHDRAWAL OF CHOICE

And so, by following this line of least resistance, we gradually come to the realization of the Servile State in which so considerable a number of people, dispossessed of the means of production, are forced by positive laws to labor for the advantage of families and individuals free of this restraint as to characterize society.

CONSCRIPTION AND THE SERVILE STATE

An example of a whole class rendered servile by positive law in this country is that of the conscientious objector and those conscripted into the armed services who were forced to labor (or fight) for the preservation of capitalist imperialism. Belloc might not agree with this as he also might not agree that a decision of the supreme court, denying the right to strike in cases of government ownership, would also bolster the Servile State and leave no recourse to the worker. But this denial would spring from a rather unreal distinction made by Belloc when he maintains that, if all citizens are liable to submit their energies to the compulsion of positive law, there is no Ser-

vile State—that such exists only when there is also present the free citizen for whose benefit the slave works. But in all the cases mentioned—C.O.'s, conscriptees in general, the striking miners—there are free citizens (government officials) and these free citizens issue orders to those in servitude. And so resistance to conscription is necessary in opposing the Servile State and maintaining the inviolability of the person. And the more strikes the better until justice is done.

MARXISM EASIEST

Belloc maintains that the easiest solution is the collectivist, since Socialists do not work against the grain of capitalist society such as does the distributist. Capitalism has deprived the people of effective ownership of property and has concentrated this property in a few hands. Socialism merely transfers this concentrated property into government hands—causing no great upheaval of present arrangements—and satisfies the proletariat by appealing to their self-interest (i.e., higher wages, shorter hours, security). It does not give the worker himself ownership or responsibility such as would be in a distributist economy. However, this collectivist solution itself is channeled into the Servile State wherein the mass of men are constrained by law to labor to the profit of a minority for security. This refers, of course, to traditional Marxist Socialism (as it eventuates in the concrete); much that is called Socialism here in the United States does not follow that pattern.

INDUSTRIAL EVOLUTION

Belloc further holds that our troubles do not spring from the industrial revolution. That it was only because this revolution followed the capitalist pattern that it became an evil. That the machine, in itself, raises no problem and if it were controlled by the workers the solution would be at hand. In that he brushes aside the psychological problem involved in mass production, he fails to realize that, granted worker ownership, there still remains this problem—and it is to men like G. K. Chesterton, Eric Gill and Harold Robbins we must go in the absence of such a realization by Belloc.

SOUND AS A WHOLE

Now what can be gathered from all this towards a solution? In broad outline I think Belloc is correct. As capitalism is unsound it must obviously be supplanted. And if its failure comes from a lack of effective ownership among the people, then effective ownership must be restored and the workers must again own their own means of production. But Belloc is a traditionalist and a conservative and has come more and more to advocate a return to real monarchy. He feels that if Henry VIII had retained the confiscated monastic lands in his own hands, rather than parcelling them out to the nobility, it would have been used for the benefit of the people. But while it might be true that the monarch would protect the people from the nobility there is no

real evidence he would have protected them from himself.

SOLUTION

FROM THE PEOPLE

Belloc writes interesting history, he does not always write accurate history. He feels (along with Tawney and O'Brien) that the seeds of capitalism were sown in the sixteenth century—and, while they undoubtedly received considerable watering then, yet the seeds of this catastrophe go far back into the 12th and 13th centuries. Belloc hitches our salvation to the restoration of medieval latin cultural patterns (which he identifies closely with Cath-

OUR LADY OF CHICKENS



olicism) and tends to equate the strength or weakness of religion with the size of ecclesiastical real estate. It is on these points I part company—for the solution must come, not from reaction, but from the extreme left. It will not be a monarch who will save the people—it was with great reluctance that God allowed a monarch to Israel—it will be the people themselves.

COLLAPSE OF CAPITALISM

Capitalism is wrong and capitalism must go. Pacifists who have felt the hand of the State these last difficult years do not look for salvation from the State. I cannot conceive of such turning out to be Stalinists or fascists. Our position in regard to the modern state should make us wary of any solution other than that which is built on liberty, and that can best be had when the workers possess the land and the means of production in a free society. Belloc has rendered a great service in pointing out just how far along the road to slavery we have gone. Every pacifist should be concerned over these things and should be working in some way to hasten the collapse of the capitalist system and the introduction of an economy that favors peace.

BOOKLETS ON RACE

John Doebele has sent on two booklets which can be obtained from the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, 123 West Madison Street, Room 1700, Chicago 3, Illinois. The one — *Racial Restrictive Covenants*—is by His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sheil and Loren Miller; the other — *Negro Problems in the Field of Social Action*—is put out by the National Catholic Welfare Conference. These are also relevant to the pacifist issue.

Robert C. Ludlow.

Hill Cottage—1943

(Hill Cottage is one of the five cottages for boys at Rosewood where we were assigned for three years as Catholic Conscientious Objectors)

Yesterday he walked the same path he'd walked for quite some time here at Hill Cottage

the path the congenital imbecile walks at Hill Cottage got up at 6 a.m., put on his blue work overalls and his brown work shirt

pinned on his medals—crosses, gew-gaws, a fruit basket from a magazine ad.

dressed the old man he'd taken care of for three years did a bit of washing in preparation for breakfast took himself and the old man to the basement playroom edged around the refuse and puddles on the floor sat on a bench till seven o'clock, when breakfast was ready he fed the old man, buttered his bread, saw that he was tended to

then for the rest of the day he left the old man pretty much to himself—except at meal time, of course.

after this he went back to the playroom and waited till 8:30 when he could go outside

then he busied himself building two bird-houses he always built bird-houses

and always climbed the trees he placed them in

loved to climb the trees

felt like a duck when up a tree

always felt freedom up there

and a desire for flight

so he finished the bird-houses

felt proud of them

had a right to be

used no measurements

but always came out accurately

to place the houses in a tree

required some ingenuity

first—to escape observation, as it is dangerous for epileptics to climb trees

and he was an epileptic

so he circled round the back of Hill Cottage

waited his time

and then climbed up the big tree

in the front yard

he climbed high up in the tree

the higher he got the better he liked it

the freer he felt so that almost he felt the soul freed of the body

and from the tree top he surveyed Hill Cottage and the life he'd known there

the old man who depended on him

the slick efficiency of Hoover preparing breakfast

the animal gait of Harry, a lower grade idiot than he

the toe walk of Clarence Wills the vomit-eater

the miraculous ability of Greenwood to escape from strait-jackets

the scissor gait of Ritter

the side to side movement of Sammy Brooks' head

the roll of toilet paper in the back pocket of Harry Barnes' overalls

the bow-wow doggie Frankie Ferguson

the mad agility of Brooksie and his fondness for pulling cows' tails

the gnome idiocy of Wildberger

all this and more passed in the life of the epileptic bird man

that was yesterday

and yesterday he fell from the tree and crushed his head on the pavement

yesterday he lay soaked in two quarts of blood

yesterday they covered him with a white cloth

put him on a stretcher

took him dead to the hospital

yesterday he walked the same path he'd walked for quite some time at Hill Cottage

only this time the path had an ending

it didn't circle to a tomorrow

he was twenty-four when he died

his mental age was 6 years 4 months

a congenital epileptic imbecile

he was buried in St. Thomas' cemetery

together with other idiots, imbeciles, high grade and low grade morons.

today they threw his collection of gew-gaws in the garbage

there must have been two pails full

the night of the afternoon he died

the old man stood lost in the hallway

not knowing how to undress himself

or to go to bed by himself

but they found another imbecile to take care of him

so he advanced in care

First—a congenital epileptic imbecile

Now—a congenital imbecile

is his keeper.

Robert C. Ludlow.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

lowed them to sleep in a warm basement, and who bothered her after he had fallen unconscious. "He accuses me of having someone else's child," she said. She talked of the unutterable fatigue and suffering she had gone through, the craving for sleep, for rest. "But I am strong. I am never sick."

This is to be her second child. The first died soon after birth. What kind of a child this will be, of a simple-minded mother and a drug-ridden father, it is hard to see. But we have a little bed ready for the baby, and a box of pretty garments, and she is happy as she looks at them, and there is even gaiety in our midst as we sit around the fire and have a cup of tea in the holiday spirit.

There is no place else for her to go but here. All hospitals have charitable accommodations for mothers and when they cannot pay, the city does. But the mother cannot go to the hospital until her time is come. The Foundling hospital takes care of unmarried mothers and the girl can go there months before her time. But it is always crowded and besides, Elizabeth is married, a legal wife.

It is hard to see Christ here, yet see Him we must, or rate such men as this only fit for the lethal chamber of a Hitler, or a forced labor camp of a Stalin. The forced labor camp would not be such a bad idea, but we are a Christian nation, in name, and yes, in deed very often too.

HEROISM

It is a far happier thing to contemplate the heroism and the nobility of such men as Archbishop McIntyre, whom we read of in today's paper as trying to reach entrapped firemen in a burning building last night on lower Broadway. It is far easier to see Christ in Dr. Harry Archer, seventy-eight years old, who crawled into the collapsing building to reach the entombed men. The lives of hard work and the noble courage of such men as these makes it easy to praise God in His creatures.

We love God as much as the one we love the least, a priest once said to us, and I think of that as I see Mr. Hagner, tall, gaunt, an ascetic looking sensualist, dragging his poor wife through the Bowery in search of his barbiturates, defying God in his slow and awful suicide.

"Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams."

"Our faith must be tried as though by fire."

Dear God, help us to increase in holy hope.

HAPPIER NEWS

As usual Fr. Betwosky served our breadline on Christmas day, and generous friends heaped up the feast for us with turkeys and hams enough to serve three hundred people. We thank them one and all, and thank God for such good friends who keep us, their stewards busy.

We got a tremendous number of beautiful Christmas cards which Peter Carey will take, with his weekly supply

of literature, to Belevue hospital for the children. We thank our friends who remembered us all.

Louis Murphy and Justine L'Esperance, leaders in the Detroit Catholic Worker activities (they have three houses of Hospitality and a farm) are exchanging vows at a nuptial Mass, January eleventh, the eve of the feast of the Holy Family. I am going to the wedding and from Detroit go to Montreal to see Fr. Pacifique Roy, our dear friend and helper, former chaplain of Maryfarm, who is in a Montreal hospital with a tumor on the brain. We beg prayers and Masses for him.

This Christmas was one of the first Christmases Peter Maurin spent away from home, so I went to Rochester, N. Y., Christmas eve to enjoy the feast with him. Peter is spending the winter with Mrs. Lawrence Weider, whom we call Mother Weider because she automatically becomes a mother to all with whom she comes in contact. She is our oldest friend in Rochester, where we have a very good House of Hospitality, with Joe Ciernicke (if that isn't the way to spell it, excuse me please,) in charge. There is a fine young group in Rochester who have been faithful to the work these many years, now. Mother Weider herself has always made her home into a hospitality and many a guest she has nursed back to health and hope. Peter not being too well, she and her husband are making him at home for the winter months, and I am sure he has never spent the winter in such comfort, in a warm big house on the outskirts of Rochester, looking out in every direction on snow covered fields, pine trees and country roads. Visitors come, and Peter goes visiting, and he is sojourning in a modest comfort he has never, in all his seventy hard years of voluntary poverty enjoyed. Living at Maryfarm in a barn on days like this (it is twenty above here and ten above there right now) is for the more active young ones of the movement. It is not as though he could go out and warm up with the wood and an axe. Peter's heart trouble which kept him out of military training as a young man in France, has finally caught up with him and he has had to order his life accordingly. Or rather, let us so order it for him, for he is the meekest and most submissive of men. I am working again on his life, and beg the prayers of our readers that I can make something of it that will inspire others, as he has inspired us.

Detroit C. W.

(Continued from page 1)

of as time goes on. During all this time of repair, Father has been holding meetings in his rectory to discuss the co-operative idea. It will certainly fulfill a very definite purpose, and we are quite sure that the men will be able to live a far better life and have both their material and spiritual needs provided.

No doubt all this sounds kind of ridiculous, when at the same time we at the St.

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

7. The best of all is Eric Gill.

III. Legalized Usury

1. "The sex problem, the marriage problem, the crime problem, the problem of armaments and international trade; all these problems could be solved if we would recognize the necessity of abolishing trade in money and especially the international trade in money that is to say the usury, the legalized usury, practiced by the banks under the protection of their charters with the support of the so-called orthodox economists."
2. "That is the first thing to be recognized."

—Eric Gill.

IV. God and Mammon

1. Christ says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you give to the poor for My sake."
2. The banker says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you lend me for your sake."
3. Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon."
4. "You cannot? And all our education is to try to find out how we can serve two masters, God and Mammon," says Robert Louis Stevenson.

Francis House owe six months' rent and have a total debt of \$800 facing us, but somehow during this season of preparation for Christmas, something will awaken the Charity of people and they will send us the necessary means to take care of these obligations. At the present time we have about 25 living with us, and are feeding between 300 and 400 per day. The Martha House has been filled to the doors with about 15 children and 10 adults living in that nine-room house. The housing situation here is terrible in Detroit, and if we cannot take these families in it means that they are out on the street.

The season at the farm was very successful, and we were able to install an electric automatic pump so that we now have running water in the farm house. By the first of the year we should have six milk cows.

The money from the milk means that we can begin to make major improvements on the farm such as fencing, building repairs, necessary equipment, and having our seeds ordered on time.

Justine was at Grailville for two weeks, so I took that occasion to drive down there and bring her home. Those people certainly have a high regard for the CW. It is too bad we don't measure up to their estimation of us.

Sincerely in Christ,
Lou Murphy.

CARE Packages

Those of our readers who have been sending CARE packages will be pleased to read a letter from one of the recipients: "Day before yesterday I had a very agreeable surprise when an advice came of the arrival of a CARE package and the request to fetch it. I had to go to the parish church office and there a huge package was handed to me so big that I had to get a little cart to carry it home. One surprise after another came out of it, of all kinds of food stuffs, the complete ration for a day for ten American soldiers, breakfast boxes with some biscuits, sugar, and chewing gum, then two cans of marmalade, two tins of salted butter, tinned meat, tinned vegetables and other good things we have been wanting so long. And last but not least, cigarettes. I cannot find enough words to thank you for such a wonderful package containing the things we are hungry for. I can only say that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for the trouble you have taken to have this package sent to me. The cigarettes were doubly welcome for the fact that I can trade them in for a little stove, for a monthly rent, on which I am now able to cook the wonderful dinners from your package. For at the same time I got, also for the smokes, enough wood to last me for the winter, and I am so happy to have a warm little room now and to be able to cook my meals on the dandy stove. It's just a tiny thing hitherto used for heating pressing irons, but which is just like especially made for a toy range suitable for my small room. I am so happy with it, I cannot tell you, and when I feel the warmth of it, I shall always think of you. God bless you."

E. D.

Hollywood

2071 Grave Avenue
Hollywood, California
December 20, 1946

Dear Catholic Workers:

We have a lot of Catholic Workers out of work around Hollywood now due to a peculiar "jurisdictional" fight between honesty and dishonesty. The producers are tied in with the last of the old Capone mob running IATSE and union labor is being cut to ribbons by these old Chicago decoys. Thus we have nine unions under the Conference of Studio Unions holding out against a combination of underworld, law enforcement tied to the underworld and producers who seem to find such company more pleasant than mine.

So I decided that this year I'd give presents to the children of these studio workers who have been locked out and educate the rest of them with copies of *The Catholic Worker*.

Faithfully,
Frank Scully.

Why Only FourPages?

(Continued from page 1)

of newsprint was \$84. At the end of December jobbers were demanding, and were getting from those who can afford to pay it, \$175 to \$225 a ton.

The independent free press of America, and the continued employment and consequent livelihood of hundreds of thousands dependent upon it, are threatened because of the greed and selfishness of the large publications; their owners and editors who, however they may seek to defend themselves, have no respect in this matter for the rights of others or for the common good of all.

The United States is a democracy. In a democracy people or organizations that do not control themselves voluntarily in matters of common concern, or where the rights of others are involved, should be controlled by the public authority in the interests of the common good. If the large publications of the United States do not voluntarily control their greed so that less powerful publications may get their fair share of newsprint then it is, or should be the duty of the Government, in the interests of the common good, to control distribution of newsprint in such a manner that an adequate supply be available to all users at a fair price.

If you are interested in the maintenance of a free press, in the promotion of justice and true democracy, write at once to the President of the United States, to your Senator and Congressman requesting specifically

(a) the imposition of rationing and price control of newsprint until such time as voluntary rationing and price control are agreed upon by the printing and publishing industry, and

(b) the provision of facilities not only for freedom of expression but for the exercise of man's natural right to work and earn his livelihood in his chosen profession, trade or occupation.

If you are a small printer or publisher whose share of newsprint is in jeopardy you are urged to communicate with the Newsprint Consumers' Emergency Committee, 17 Murray St., New York. This committee, composed of representative independent printers and publishers, has been formed to secure equitable distribution of newsprint at a reasonable price, so that all publications, large and small, may be assured of a fair share of a commodity essential to their existence and to the operation of a free press.

Father Ude

A group working with Father Ude, renowned Catholic pacifist and opponent of totalitarianism, are badly in need of cooking utensils, food and clothing. Anything you can spare for this group of truly heroic people send to:

Dr. Joseph Stark
Grundlsee b. Bad Aussee
Steir., Salzkammergut
Austria