



MRS JOSEPH ZARELLA
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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

I. On Being Crazy

1. People went crazy for Democracy, majority rule, mob rule.
2. Then they went crazy for the War for Democracy, trying to bring Peace through War.
3. Then they went crazy for Normalcy.
4. Then they went crazy for Technocracy.
5. Then they went crazy for the N.R.A.
6. And they say that I am crazy.
7. They say that I am crazy, because I refuse to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy.
8. For if I tried to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy, I know that I would be crazy.
9. So I persist in being crazy in my own crazy way, and I am trying to make other people crazy my way.

II. Not Communists

1. There is nothing wrong with Communism; but there is something wrong with Bolshevism.
2. The wrong thing with Bolshevism is that Bolsheviks are not Communists; they are Socialists.
3. For if the Bolsheviks were Communists, they would build Communism.
4. And the Bolsheviks do not build Communism; they build Socialism; they build State Socialism.
5. The Bolsheviks probably hope that the State "will wither away," and that they will be able to pass from State Socialism to Communism without State.

III. Two Reds

1. Some time ago I was discussing in Harlem with a Russian Red and an Irish Red.
2. And the Russian Red understood me sooner than the Irish Red.

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What Dream Did They Dream? Utopia or Suffering?

On the Feast of St. Cyril and Methodius

As I read the story of these two brothers Cyril and Methodius there falls out of my missal a memorial card for "Rev. William Francis Roach, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Texas City, Texas, who died a heroic death April 16, administering to the injured and dying during the Texas City holocaust."

A seminarian from Texas gave me the card and I wish I had 125 more of them to send around to the retreatants who came to us over Labor Day, 1940, all of whom met Father Roach and his twin brother at that retreat. Here were two brothers, both priests, laboring for the faith in the Southwest in an era of black paganism, as Pope Pius XI called it. And here one of them in the midst of his labors laid down his life for his brothers. Knowing that another explosion was imminent, Fr. Roach went among the injured wearing his cassock, not a customary thing. He knew, his brother said afterward, that he was going to die. "For the love of God," and for love of his brothers, facing death joyfully and fearlessly. I wish we all had his card, so that we would be remembering to pray daily for such love, and so too that we can overcome the fears of our cringing flesh, so

that we too will never hesitate to go into danger if the time comes for us. I always remember two stories of fear, *The Red Badge of Courage*, and *Lord Jim* and the horrible failure of *Lord Jim* in the face of an emergency. God deliver us from such treason.

Yes, the two Roach brothers, not long priests, were with us for that long weekend retreat, a memorable one in more ways than one. I have often wanted to write the story of that retreat but it would almost take a book to do it justice. There were five priests there, and 125 lay people. And our accommodations were the most primitive.

It was before we entered the war, so some of the Catholic Worker: houses of hospitality had



MOTT STREET

One of our lovely pipe dreams is that we will get all our bills paid in one fell swoop, especially the printing and grocery debts which total four thousand dollars. Our worried printer called us the other day and wanted to know what we could do about the money owed him. We gave him the news quickly but gently. Our printer is a non-Catholic, but evidently picked up a thing or three reading our paper, since he inquired about Saint Joseph, whom we mentioned so frequently. What did we do or fail to do to Saint Joseph? Did we still think that our patron saint would see us through? Without one qualification we assured the creditor that we will continue to

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cars, and brought carloads of retreatants and food. We had about thirty houses at that time, and all the Eastern houses sent representatives, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Chicago, St. Louis, Detroit, Cleveland, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Rochester, Harrisburg, Boston, Worcester, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, not to speak of the crowd from New York. It was the last great get-together the Catholic Workers had before we were separated by war, our workers dispersed to the far ends of the earth, in the service, in jails and conscientious objector camps, the houses closed. There are ten houses still but they are neither as they were before in the depths of depression and with the energy of emergency and crisis upon them and the new found joy of a fellowship in the lay apostolate; nor are they centers of Catholic Action as Peter Maurin envisaged them. We are in a transition stage and we need to do a great deal of writing and talking

to work out programs of action and a *modus vivendi*.

Here after the manner of a communion breakfast speaker, I will insert a joke. Several communists in an outer office to Stalin's own sanctum heard roarings and shoutings from within. They cowered in their chairs, or exulted in the discomfiture of another as their temperaments reacted. The shoutings went on for fifteen minutes, and then the door opened and Stalin came out and passed through the office. Peering in, his underlings found that there was no one in the inner office.

"Oh," one sighed in relief. "It is just his daily fifteen minutes of self criticism."

This is one of the old communist jokes, but emphasizing one of the more human and appealing communist trends at the time.

LEADERS

When one is leader of a movement there is plenty of criticism from all sides as we all know. For fifteen years there has been plenty of it from within and without and in order not to be discouraged one needs much self confidence, as well as confidence in God. When there happens to be two leaders, a man and a woman, the criticism is intensified. No matter how harmoniously those two work together

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POPE'S ADDRESS

(Given to the College of Cardinals on the Feast of St. Eugene.)

"The future belongs to those who love, not to those who hate."

There is only one way this prophecy of the Roman Pontiff will be fulfilled—the way of uncompromising pacifism. It is morally impossible otherwise to love, it is morally impossible otherwise to fulfill in the concrete the demands made of us as members of the Mystical Body of Christ, of which His Holiness speaks in saying:

"... it is not without purpose that Divine Providence has disposed that never more deeply, perhaps, than at present, have all the Faithful of the Church on earth

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ON Pilgrimage

We who live on this block of Mott Street have never known to which parish we belonged, whether to the Salesian parish down in Chinatown, Church of the Transfiguration or to the Franciscan parish on Baxter Street, Church of the Precious Blood. Some of our marriages have been performed in one church and some in another. Our baptisms and our funerals have usually been from Transfiguration. The Marykoll Sisters are at Transfiguration now and when the Salesian Sisters were there, my daughter also went to school there. We are attached to each parish, but for the past winter we have gone more frequently to Precious Blood because there the organist allows us to come up into the choir loft and help sing the Mass, a few of us or a lot of us, as the case may be. It is a great joy. And now Julia Purcelli has done some lettering in the baptistry, —the Apostles Creed and the Our Father—so we are bound to this parish still more closely. On the other hand they hear confessions at the Salesian church every morning before every Mass, and there too there is a six o'clock and a seven o'clock Mass, with a meditation after the six o'clock Mass of a half an hour, the pastor of the Church leading by reading some of St. Bernard, for instance on the love of God. At Precious Blood on the other hand, when there is a funeral at ten, there is no seven o'clock Mass; often there is only the eight o'clock and the nine o'clock. It is hard indeed to choose. And I suppose our readers, who live miles from church, think of us, with such a choice, as privileged indeed. On Sunday morning it is a wonderful thing to go to the St. Michael's chapel down on Mulberry Street, in back of old St. Patrick's Cathedral which is surrounded by a beautiful green church yard, with a cemetery filled with trees and shrubs. Toussaint L'Overture, the Negro liberator, is supposed to be buried there. Also there are catacombs, so I've heard tell, beneath the Church. When one goes to assist at the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom, and listen to the superb Russian Choir, one feels that here is prayer for Russia indeed.

When we are so broke as we are in midsummer, it is hard to

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Worker Priests in France. By Father Thomas Suavet, O. P.

Four years ago no one would have dared to speak of the mission in France. It was at that time, in Marseilles, that Father Loew spoke to us with ever increasing emphasis of a new type of missionary apostolate which had to be created.

But he was not content only to speak. He got down and did the job.

We were the witnesses of the first inquiries, difficulties, and hesitations of the beginnings. In view of the immensity of the task, Father Loew had carried with him willingly his whole convent in the "integral missionary apostolate," for which he marks out the path in a book no Christian can read without emotion. *On the Mission to the Pro-*

letariat is a book which should be read by every person interested in the way the modern Church is facing contemporary problems.

Marseilles! How was this city of some two millions where misery placed a screen between the priest and the masses to be broken into? It was first of all necessary to "fight against the poverty and to fight against the poverty there was only one means which had not been tried before; to live it."

Living the Life

Father Loew became a docker, a carrier of sacks of semolina, but that work proved to be too hard. At the end of half an hour he was discharged

and so he went to coal which made him much dirtier but less tired. Three months of this life and he understood from within the misery of these men employed by the half day.

In order to understand those who live in miserable poverty it is not sufficient to work with them, it is necessary to live with them. It is necessary to live with them in "those alleyways where everyone lives in filth; where there are no windows or hardly any. Where there is the open door which gives no protection against either the noise or the weather." It was necessary to live with the poor in the streets "where the cafe is the real social center, replacing the parish for the spiritual."

Father Loew's nearest neighbor was an aged grandmother who had spent nearly all of her seventy years on the same squalid street. Madame Antoine's philosophy distilled from her relationships with all the persons with whom she had come in contact might be reduced to a few words:

"Don't get mixed up with the police." "A woman who drinks is good for nothing."

Positive Commandments

These were the negative commandments. As to the positive she expressed herself one day when a brawl more loud than usual broke out in the courtyard—"Look, Father, if only we truly loved one another, we

neighbors. War, the Germans, even the restrictions, they amount to nothing but it seems that for men to love one another is not very easy."

So it was that by sharing the life of each and of all Father Loew came to really understand their difficulties and their sorrows. He saw there young women who had not made their first communion, who did not know how to read, who all their lives would be prostitutes. Why?

Because they had had lice in their hair since they were little girls. Because there had been no one to cut and clean their hair they did not go to school. School teachers don't like lice in their pupils' heads. They did not go

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Look Upon the Face of Thy Christ

Midsummer.

DEAR Fellow Workers in Christ:

Blessed are the poor, Christ said, and now we are very poor. Not as poor in spirit as we should be but poor with bills hanging over us, and so many coming with confidence in you, our readers, to be fed. We know you have many calls made on you, from Europe, from Asia, from all over the world, but there are our own veterans, wounded morally, mentally, spiritually, and our veterans of the class war, with their ruptures, amputated fingers, legs,—sick brains, sick bodies, sick souls.

There is no end to the needs in work like ours. People go on eating. Meals come around with appalling regularity. The work in the kitchen goes on during the long hot summer. The bread line is long again. It is the very visitors who come in leaving us a bit of their vacation money who are helping us to keep going. And of course the vegetables from Maryfarm at Newburgh.

People say, you can't really realize how terrible this is, this Destitution. In a way, yes, you do get used to it. It is terrible to admit it, but you do. The first time I saw a bread line with its homeless ones, footsore, wrapped in rags, my heart turned over within me.

"You have wounded my heart, my love." Jesus Christ Himself said, "I have no place to lay my head." One of the most pointed stories he told of the poor was that of Lazarus sitting at the door of Dives, waiting for Crumbs. We are all Dives in a way.

And what if it is their own fault, these poor? What about the story of the prodigal son? How the Father loved him and welcomed him! We can only show our love for Christ by our love for these his least ones. Our food isn't much. We haven't many clothes to give out. But we can keep trying to show our love, by keeping St. Joseph's house and the bread-line going.

This is an extra appeal, a midsummer appeal, a real call for help to meet our bills. So please think of us as your good friends who knock on your door unseasonably perhaps; but even though like in the Bible story you are comfortably in bed with your children (a cozy slum-like picture these hot nights) you will hear our importunity and open to share what you have.

In the name of Mary,

DOROTHY DAY.

ON PILGRIMAGE

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tell from day to day how the food is going to come in to feed so many. The line is lengthening now in the morning, and by four in the afternoon the backyard is filled. On these hot sunny days all along the Bowery it is a customary sight, men homeless, shabby, sleeping in doorways, or quite frankly along the sidewalk. There has never been so flagrant a show of destitution before. During the LaGuardia administration, there was a regular "clean up" and removal of what the city administration considered this "human waste." They were gathered up regularly and thrown into jail. "Keep moving!" "Break it up!" Familiar phrases. Now there are knots of men in front of the employment agencies, the railroad hiring offices, Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania, Long Island, Lackawanna, etc., more knots of men in the several "thieves' markets" at Bayard and at Rivington streets exchanging everything from belts to shoes.

Stolen Bread

One morning while Miss Lavin was helping clean the peeks of potatoes and carrots and onions

for the soup line, a policeman came in and wanted to know if we wanted some stolen goods in the way of bread. Some petty thieves had walked off with a big box of pumpernickel, and as we usually pay five dollars a day for our supply of bread, this was a godsend. Another time on a Saturday night one of the men who rents a pushcart from the stable down the street for the vegetables he sells on the east side, brought us in a big hundred pound sack of string beans. "They won't keep till Monday," he said, brushing off our thanks. On another day an unemployed actor came in and contributed a dollar. A dollar buys a lot of split peas for soup.

Wedding

The wedding of Antoinette Arone and Gerry Marrotta was a grand affair. Antoinette is one of about fourteen children born and brought up in our front house. Gerry keeps a butcher shop with his two brothers around the corner. They got married on a Sunday afternoon at five o'clock, and we found out that one of the reasons the Italians in our neighborhood do not have a nuptial Mass is

because of the great reception celebrated afterward. It would be impossible to fast until noon and even with a noon day Mass, too long to wait for the reception in the evening. Another reason for having evening Masses, and a very good one too.

We all were on hand for the wedding and the mother and the father of the bride wept at losing their last child although she'll be living as close as she can get to home, like all the other Arones. A note on the housing shortage. Despite a search of months, they could find no apartment and were forced to plan on sharing her married brother's apartment of four rooms. The wedding reception was at the Manhattan Lyceum and the huge ball room barely held the crowds that came, from little Diane Deodatus to the oldest relative of the family.

In the church the guests stood on the seats of the pews to see the bride, and at the reception, she sat like a queen at the head of the hall, with her long satin train draped around her. Her father sat at one side and the groom at the other, and later in the evening the bride went from table to table, where sandwiches and beer and wine were heaped high, and allowed all the ladies to examine her dress and her ring. Everyone danced, young and old, Diana and Chickie and Elizabeth, and all the Anthony's of the neighborhood.

Reading

For the last six months I have been reading Kafka's *The Trial* and *The Castle*, Kirkegaard, Leon Bloy, James Powers' *Prince of Darkness* and Harry Sylvester's *Moon Gaffney*. And I in turn have been working hard on my novel which will be called either *The Dispossessed*, or *No Continuing City*. With Irene and Jane to see visitors and Tom Sullivan, Bob Ludlow and Jack English to take care of the office and St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Mott Street, and Gerry Griffin and Jack Thornton at the retreat house, Maryfarm, at Newburgh, I shall take as much time off as I can this next couple of months to write.

Mott Street

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have recourse to Saint Joseph and that he would see that our bills will be paid.

Visitors

During these warm, summery days we have had many callers. On two occasions we had groups of forty or more people at a crack. These youths belonged to non-sectarian organizations, all of them had that well-scrubbed look that one usually associates with YMCA members. They had heard about us and knew a little about the Catholic Church. At the conclusion of our talk describing our aims and work we had quite a few questions fired at us concerning the "Catholic Worker" and the Catholic Church. They wanted to know if we were approved by the Church and just where did we fit in with our ideas. It wasn't too easy to answer those questions.

Anti-Semitism

The other afternoon a fiftyish Socialist Jew spent three hours with us asking a million and one questions about the Catholic Church and Faith. The man was extremely worried and is looking for an anchor. He asked whether or not we had to believe and follow everything that the Pope said. And what about Franco and Spain? What gives with the confessional? Our friend was terribly concerned about the anti-Semitism that he has come in contact with among Catholics. We bowed our heads and could say very little to comfort him on that score. At the end of the conversation we caught the impression that he

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Worker Priests

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to their catechism because they were ashamed for the Cure...

Poverty and Love

In Marseilles, a beginning was made when three young women coming from different sections of the town came to live together in the slums without any other object than to live together a life of evangelical poverty and to be to all "good neighbors."

It was no longer to be a question of bounty but fraternal love, and so the Residence aimed at achieving an organic solidarity by being the heart and head of the whole. It was to have a social function.

For his part Father Loew recalls that Our Lord sent his disciples "two by two" and so he asked his superiors for a companion. At the end of two years another Dominican came to join him, to share his life in the street.

During the day they worked their shift on the quays, on the docks. In the evening "after their meal between visits to neighbors there was catechism and prayer. There was a recalling of all the joys and sorrows of this "forgotten street of workers." Each person present expressed his heart in his own way because every one took part in it.

Evening Mass at Home

Thanks to permission given him by the Bishop each evening when the new priest returned to his street he celebrated Mass in his little room, from which he had to remove the stove and bed in order to make a little more space. "The mystery of the Redemption was then re-enacted in the place where it is now so necessary." The tragedy is that these people who come willingly to assist at the Holy Sacrifice in their own backyard find themselves out of their own country when they have to go to the church "for all great acts of their lives they are face to face with an organization even when it is a question of the administration of the sacraments."

The Parish Must Change

It is the parish that ought to change "If one does not manage somehow to give it back its youth, its joy, its dynamic force, all these other efforts will break themselves against the rock."

This raises the great problem. How is the Church to make the heaven which shall be effectively mixed in the dough, so as to make it rise? How are we to find a sufficient number of apostles to live in the middle of these masses who no longer know Christ and who live more or less in a "Christian superstition"? There are not enough priests. We must have lay missionaries. And so the mission must necessarily be established on three planes,

because it is necessary to seek man as a whole.

There must therefore be: (1) Lay missionaries who will apply themselves to the reform of institutions, of structures without which men cannot fight again and overcome the materialist current which is sweeping them away. Without that reform it will be useless to "convert them." They will only fall back again into their misery and their sins.

(2) Missionary priests living "in the middle of the mass of the faithful like the salt which one sprinkles with care on a plate of food not like the salt in a salt-cellar" and whose first job will be without doubt to convert the traditional "faithful" to the missionary movement.

(3) Street Missionaries, either celibates or as families among whom the resident missionary priests will play the important role of, as it were, a catalyst, for the efforts of the other resident missionaries.

All this is not just fine theoretical structure of the brain. It is the result of four years of work and it is this which enables us to say "this mission is possible for it already exists and has already borne fruit."

The Marseilles Mission is not a recipe, not a plan but it is above all else a spirit. It cannot be realized in one town in exactly the same way as another.

In one place the priest will have to work in a factory because there is between the people and the church so deep a gulf that they no longer believe in the virtue of the priest and the importance of his mission.

In another place it will be sufficient for him to live in the district under the eyes and within the knowledge of all in order to convince them not only of his virtue but also of his zeal.

In another place he may well be able to remain in his presbytery, provided that the manner of his life and work does not seem to make him be a pillar of a certain class and that everybody can come to him without hesitation.

But everywhere he must be the person who brings the spiritual; the person who consecrates the Body of Christ; the person who leaves the faithful for a while in order to run after the lost sheep.

The most zealous priest, the most inventive priest will be able to do nothing if he is not able to gather round him a team of lay missionaries willing to take charge of their own district, to sacrifice their leisure, their privileges in order to become with him in regard to the mass of the people, the missionaries of the Saviour who they themselves no longer seek.

—(Reprinted from the *London Herald*; condensed from *La Croix*.)

THE WORD

The Word was God and God He was the Word!

How beautiful, majestic and sublime,

The Word of Man becomes the Sovereign Lord

Of Earth and Sea and Heaven for all time.

Lord of my word, inventor of all words,

Supreme Creator of the Word, Oh God

Who made our words to be as free as birds,

To sing and wing and ring when angels nod!

Thy Word, Thy lovely Music that should lift

Men up to know the grandly magnified,

Oh Lord, Thy wonderful and precious gift

We have betrayed, ignobly crucified.

Oh, spread Thy words like green fields, watered, fresh,

The Word is God and the Word is made flesh!

Claude McKay

+ From The Mail Bag +

CHICAGO

Blessed Martin de Porres Center
2655 W. Fulton Street

June 1, 1947.

Thank you very much for suggesting to Father Papp, S.V.D., that he send the young woman interested in apostolic work to the center. I have not yet met her and so do not know if she will fit in, but I am so grateful for your remembrance of our work.

We now have sixteen evicted people living with us, all in desperate need of housing. They had absolutely no place to go, and still have no hope of anything. The youngest child is just three months old; one of the women is daily expecting her fifth child, and one is an invalid.

The disintegration of families becomes more and more appalling. God grant we repent of our sins and amend our ways before it is too late.

In the love of Christ

Mary Widman.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Dear Friends:

Having recently returned from the New York house by way of Newburgh and Auriesville, I thought I would write a little sketch of my experiences and impressions, especially since Dorothy Day says that readers like details and personal glimpses. It was her idea for me to make the retreat with Fr. Carrahine, S. J., but I arrived in New York a few days ahead of time, because I wanted to visit Friendship House and Integrity.

Dr. MacMillan, who is devoted to the poor of Christ, drove Peter Maurin and myself up to Newburgh for the retreat. Irene Mary Naughton went along for the ride, as she needed some change from the stuffy office in Mott Street. It was a beautiful drive up the Sawmill River Parkway and across the Bear Mountain Bridge and up to Newburgh. The Catholic Worker retreat house at Newburgh is well adapted to its purpose: there is a small chapel, where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved during retreats, neat dormitories, and a separate refectory for the retreatants. There is an abundance of fresh milk, and the home made bread is substantial and very tasty. The staff are very friendly and helpful, both in the housework and in the liturgy. There are pleasant walks and a small pond, though the accommodations are distinctly rustic.

After the retreat, Dorothy

Day drove me to the steamer, and I caught the 12:30 boat for Albany. It is very peaceful on the upper river, since most of the passengers have left at Newburgh and Poughkeepsie. At Albany I caught a train to Amsterdam, where I expected to catch a bus for Auriesville, but the best I could manage that evening was to take a bus to Fonda at 9:50 p. m., where I took a hotel room until morning. At 5:30 a. m., I began walking, carrying two rather heavy pieces of luggage, and arrived at the shrine in Auriesville shortly before 8:00, just in time for the Consecration at the last Mass. (Usually the last Mass is at 7:00.) After the Mass, I found myself in an exhausted condition, but the Fathers were most kind and provided everything I needed. Fr. Coffey, S. J., the director, arranged for a room, bath, and meals, and since the next day was to be the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, I stayed over night so that I could hear Mass and receive Holy Communion at the Shrine.

The Shrine of the Jesuit Martyrs of North America is also where the young Jesuit priests make their Tertianship. Several of these young priests, on hearing that I am connected with The Catholic Worker in Rochester, wanted to know more about our ideals and proved very attentive and intelligent listeners. Of course that should not be news, but it is always very pleasant to talk with members of the society.

What can we hope to accomplish in the restoration of a social order? Chesterton, in his "Outline of Sanity," seemed astonishingly optimistic. However, since coming to Rochester, I have twice heard sermons which astonished me for their plain speaking on economic questions, on the line of the encyclicals. Last winter, in the regular Sunday sermon, we heard that if the economic order (by occasioning contraception) is in conflict with the Law of God, it will be necessary to change the economic order. Today, Fathers Day, we heard that the workman is entitled to a wage sufficient to support himself and his family in reasonable comfort and provide for old age. Is it too much to hope that the propagation of truth may extend further and that Catholics may be brought to cooperate on as big a scale against economic abuses as the scale on which they have united against indecent movies?

Supposing we could form a conscience not to buy in big stores when we could buy in smaller ones, not to purchase widely advertised goods, when we could manage with more ob-

Harrisburg Letter

Martin de Porres House of Hospitality

1017 N. 7th St.
Harrisburg, Pa.

June 9th.

Sometimes we think we aren't making much progress here in our old House, but it seems just when we are most discouraged a soul in distress is sent to us and our discouragement takes flight. The devil must be very sore at us right now for we have literally snatched two souls from under his very nose. He has had a certain young woman in his power for many years. We have helped her in many ways when she would come into see us, but could never get her to give up her associates who were her ruin. Last October she was ill and while in a local hospital one of our priests heard her confession and gave her Holy Communion. When she left the hospital she came to me and asked me to take her in, but for many reasons I considered good then, I failed to do so. She then took a one room apartment in the Bucket of Blood, a dive in the block above our place. After a five month stay there with a man who convinced her she needed his protection and companionship, a jealous girl friend of the man (if one can call him that) decided to liquidate them both. She poured kerosene around the door sill which seeped into the room down into the cracks and knot holes, and then touched a match to it,

scure products, and to do without whatever material things we did not actually need, would it not take us some steps on the way either toward martyrdom or toward a Christian order of society? Might we not hope to reduce the present anarchy to some reason and order? Might we not at least restrain the present cancerous growth of trusts and monopolies in our commerce?

Loaded with presents from the Fathers of the Society, and conveyed in their station wagon, I was driven to the train and took a cordial leave of them. After an uneventful trip, I arrived home again in Rochester. We still feed eighty or more on Sunday and from forty to sixty during the week. Unfortunately our truck is out of commission, and so we were not able to obtain the bread we needed today. Charles Steffany paid us a visit for a couple of days, but he has returned to the country again. Yours for a truly Christian social order!

Alan C. Bates.

around four o'clock in the morning.

When Susie awoke and found herself on fire and her companion gone (he ran out through the blazing doorway leaving Susie to burn) she broke open a window and leaned out screaming while waiting for someone to turn in an alarm, flames licking her head and back the meanwhile. When finally rescued by firemen she was so terribly burned her life was despaired of. One of our Cathedral priests administered the last rites, but evidently her time had not come. For two months she was in the hospital and we thought when we visited her, that she was receiving good care. Her arms and hands and face healed, and one day she was told she could go home. Clad in a gown and old bathrobe a patient handed to her, she phoned to a friend to come and get her. She was driven to a house across the street from where she was burnt, and when we finally found her she was nervous and hysterical.

The Missionary Servants of the M.B.T. had almost completed a long range plan for Susie and her child and were shocked when they phoned the hospital to find her gone. We went after her and brought her to our house and put her to bed. Her shoulders were raw and bleeding under the heavy elastic bandage the hospital had not changed, and the drainage was copious and nauseating. Doctor Elizabeth Clark, whom you met last time you were here, offered to change the bandages, and when we saw the condition of her shoulders we could not believe any hospital would discharge a patient in such shape. That night we were able to sleep for the first time and Susie said she could endure the pain now that the odor was gone.

The Sisters had arranged to take Susie to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Germantown for protection and care. She had been an inmate years ago and the Sisters remembered her well. After a week with us during which we provided her with clothing as well as care, the Sisters drove her to Germantown. She was received with love and kindness by the nuns, who said they would do all they could to restore her to health and happiness. However, they discovered that her condition was so serious she required further hospital attention and was removed to the Germantown hospital where they gave her blood transfusions immediately and started to graft skin on her burned shoulders. Catholic Charities will pay all expenses. Susie is scarred for life—her hair burned from her head, her arms and hands still almost useless; if her shoulders

London, England

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality
129 Malden Road, N. W.

Our Lord told St. Catherine of Siena: I wish you to love Me as I have loved you. Now I loved you without being loved, I did not owe you any love. Therefore to Me in person you cannot repay My Love. I therefore have placed you in the midst of your fellowmen, that you may do to them that which you cannot do to Me, that is to say, that you may love them of free grace, without expecting any return. And what you do for them, I count as done for Me.

We have been very, very full, and so cosmopolitan that we once had to say the rosary in Latin. We welcomed the fifteenth nation, a Hungarian. There were two men straight from the hospital, which meant diet-cooking, three couples with babies, who had nice family spirit, minded each other's babies. The carpenter-husband made cots for the other babies. The wife, married a few months before the others, taught the others how to manage their husbands! A convert of six months was busy trying to convert the rest, and certainly managed to dispel some prejudices. They all joined in the christening party of the baby who nearly landed in limbo. It came here after it had been seriously ill, but not baptized. On its first morning here a piece of ceiling came down, quite unprovoked, where the baby had been until the mother took it to feed it. Later in the day she turned on the gas, but forgot to light it. Luckily someone smelt the gas and saved the baby. We also had a guest out of prison, who started very bitter and unapproachable, but soon thawed, after we all had said the rosary for her. She went to her Easter duties, and is now staying with a friend of ours, who is helping her to get a good job. We need the help of your prayers, please don't forget us!

heal, it will be a long, long time before she can raise her arms, if ever. She said she feels sure God has punished her, and intends to lead a good life if she is spared. Before leaving Harrisburg she signed a petition asking the court to place her little four-year-old girl in the custody of Catholic Charities which was accomplished by Sister Ann Joseph without much trouble. This is the child I asked Father Kirchner to baptize three years ago when she was sick, and the fact that he did so proved now to be the means of snatching

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What Dream Did They Dream? By Dorothy Day

(Continued from page 1)

over a long period of years, there are always factions. "I follow Peter," "I follow Paul." It has been so since early apostolic times. This means that few obstructionists ever leave the movement which has a dangerous fascination for the anarchist and individualist. They can always say—I follow this one or that one. Peter used to say sadly, "No need ever to eliminate people, they eliminate themselves." But on the other hand, Ray Scott, head of the former Alcuin Community, said brightly, "The Catholic Worker movement performs a great function, the gold is eliminated, the dross remains." This quotation has gone down in the history of the movement, and everyone who tries to stick by and continue the work, ruefully admits that there is some truth in it.

"Last year in our September issue there was a long article on *The Church and Work* which was a criticism of a tendency in the Joliste movement, in the union movement in the Church, which brought a storm of protest from all over the country. I still contend that there is not enough vision of a society as it could be, and too much of an acceptance of the machine, the factory system, the status quo, an acceptance that is so dangerous that in the immediate and in the long run, it results in the disregard of the family, of the family's needs in the way of property—that it indeed caters to man's concupiscence and neglects such vital and fundamental teaching as to man's real needs, and emphasizes instead his luxury needs. We have been saying these things for fourteen years in our discussions as to work and voluntary poverty, war and voluntary poverty; spirituality and voluntary poverty. But, as Pope Pius said when he cried out against increased armaments, urging the press and pulpit also to do so, "our voice has not been heard."

Other Groups

It is interesting to read of other communities which have endeavored to build up a better life here and now without waiting for pie in the sky. One such community, New Llano, in Louisiana, suffered for the twenty years of its existence with a group of obstructionists who called themselves, I believe, the brushfire group. They wore a bit of brush in their buttonholes and maintained a society constantly augmented by new members, and it seemed their whole joy was in being contrary, even to the extreme of setting fire to a building which they in their voting had not agreed was necessary.

We have had three attempts here in the past to wreck the Catholic Worker movement, or to carry it along another course. During the first, Peter Maurin expressed the opinion that it would be better to walk out and leave the work to the dissenters rather than continue the argument, which was over the relative importance of the works of mercy and indoctrination. Peter held for the former, of course (though all who know him realize the importance he laid on "indoctrination"). He never ceased to reiterate that the way to reach the people was by the works of mercy carried on at a personal sacrifice. And he never ceased to hold forth against social worker schools, and techniques. Pope Pius XII (thank God for our saintly popes!) said recently.

"In times during which it is the object of the world's hatred, Christianity is not a matter of persuasive words, but of greatness." (See July issue of *The Catholic Mind*.)

And how to be great except

by being little, by being poor, by being the servant of all, by doing everything whether we eat or whether we drink, for the love of God, and not for love of ourselves! Oh, we have not yet begun, I realize that over and over again, we have not yet begun to be holy, and there are too many of us settled smugly in our ruts, content with what we are doing, and looking back to "the good old days" when there were 125 at a retreat and a good time was had by all.

"He who says he has done enough has already perished," says St. Augustine, or words to that effect. When we quote, we are often accused of taking words, quotations out of their context, from the Popes of the present to the Fathers of the Church. Sometimes in regard to pacifism, and sometimes in regard to labor. And as for spirituality, God forbid that I should set myself up as a theologian, and I pray that I will always remember with St. Teresa of Avila, that I am but a woman.

And before I go any further with this article, I might as well quote her on the subject of such writings as this (since I consider this an important article):

"If our Lord should give me

all of them indeed were touched by, influenced by the movement. They are even in some way a part of the movement still, in that we are all working as members of Christ's Mystical Body of which we are the members.

I liked the article of Don Gallagher very much but some of the newer members of the New York group who feel an intense loyalty to the movement felt that he spoke too much of the movement in terms of the past.

It is true that the movement is a living vital thing—the ideas which animate it are as vital and important as they were when restated by Peter Maurin. As I pointed out in an article in *Integrity*, he never claimed so much to be an original thinker but called himself an agitator, an integrator, a maker of a synthesis, and above all, he called for a synthesis to be made by others.

THE POOR

To me also it is true that the movement is still one of the most important in the country today, in that it points to a problem which had not been met except with words. That is the problem of the poor. Too many other movements have gone out with words, with agitation, with study and indoctrination, with

strange company," and I often thought of that as I met long-haired pacifist, vegetarian pacifist, Lemurian pacifist, anarchist pacifist, including many other varieties not to speak of Friends, Brethren, Hutterites, Doukhobors, and the Jehovah's Witnesses who were not pacifists but just refused to fight in this war. This is true of some of our Coughlinite pacifists who are now only too anxious for a holy war against Russia.

I have loved our strange associates during these war years. Peter Maurin himself is remembered more often among the bourgeois because he is a ragged, foreign-speaking soapboxer of a peasant agitator than for what he says. The very tales, legends, traditions that are built up about him, true and untrue, are proof of this. Through our peace movement in this country perhaps we are reminding some of our twenty five million Catholics, that there are men of God, pilgrims on this earth, people content to be despised and rejected, like those of old Russia that Maria entertained in War and Peace. (I wonder if there are any such pilgrims in Holy Russia today.)

We can be critical because of lack of cooperation on the part

flood. Why not the parish? The poor we always have with us, and the need is always there for caring for those in trouble.

CRITICISM

Of course we deserve criticism in that we have done our job badly, and so discouraged well wishers and volunteers and those who could only go part way in immolating themselves for love of God and their neighbor. We have had literally so many calls on us that it seems nothing is done well. But the dross who remained to do the work did not stop doing it because they had to do so bad a job. "The best is the enemy of the good," an old Italian proverb runs.

Yes, I see excuses for ourselves, in the depression, and in the blindness of others around us to the problem. But I see also how often it has been our own fault that we failed. We have fallen short of the "greatness" the Holy Father calls for. In embracing the poor, we have too often shared the vices of the poor, and by that I mean all the little luxuries and indulgences of self which made us "so human!" (Fr. Hugo said once that we could go to hell imitating the failings of the saints.)

We have become too often luxurious in our poverty, as Bernanos has pointed that out in his *Diary of a Country Priest*: "God save us from being your pious kind," we said smugly, little wotting that we were guilty of a more subtle hypocrisy, that of the bourgeois.

The best disintegrates, degenerates; we must always be returning to first principles, to early fervor, to the first moods of our conversion.

We need to stop and reflect on the mystery of suffering, and the fact that God's ways are not our ways, nor His thoughts our thoughts. We need to recognize the immensity of God's majesty, the need to worship, the craving of our nature (recalling Kafka's novels) to reach the Castle, our incompatibility with the Village, since we have received this call, since we are sons of God. We need to know ourselves in order to know God. "There is more difference between God and man than between us and a worm," Fr. Roy once said, and yet we have been made sons of God, we have been divinized by Him, He has put on our flesh, God became man that man might become God. And these are truths which we do not think of too often, and we do not like to meditate on what they mean, what they cost us. We do not like to think of the death of the cross, the dark night of the senses and the soul which all must go through. "Christianity," Kirkegaard said, "is the greatest wound inflicted upon man... Christianity is an offense." In other words, an effort must be made, we must bestir ourselves, go on the offensive.

THE RETREAT

One might say that the retreat given at the farm at Easton these last three years, and now is given at Newburgh, New York, is a basic retreat in that it makes man realize and face even with despair the work that is before him, the death to self, the chasm he must bridge, to reach God. We must begin sometime to aim at sanctity. The tragedy, Newman said, is never to begin. Or having put one's hand to the plough, to turn back. To become a tired radical. To settle down to relish comfortably past performances of self sacrifice and self denial. It is not enough, St. Ambrose remarks, to leave all our possessions, we must also follow Him, and that means to the Cross, the Gethsemane and Calvary, before one can share in the Resurrection and Ascension.

"I die daily," St. Paul said, and I've often thought it was not the

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grace to say anything that is good; the approval of grave and learned persons will be sufficient; and should there be anything useful, it will be God's, not mine; for I have no learning, nor goodness . . . I write also as if by stealth and with trouble because thereby I am kept from spinning; and I live in a poor house and have a great deal of business. If our Lord had given me better abilities and a more retentive memory I might then have profited by what I heard or read, and so, if I should say anything good our Lord will it for some good; and whatever is useless or bad, that will be mine . . . in other things, my being a woman is sufficient to account for my stupidity."

Past Leaders

In the June issue of the *Historical Review* printed by St. Louis University there appeared an article by Donald Gallagher, professor in the philosophy department of Marquette University, and formerly one of the first heads of the St. Louis House of Hospitality. He was there while he was going to school, with Cy Echele he headed the St. Louis Catholic Workers which were made up of three groups, one might say—those who wished to help the poor in that unemployed era; those who were especially interested in the liturgy, and those who were interested in studying the social order and formed themselves later into the Catholic Radical alliance. The meetings at the house were large and well attended. There were many people interested actively in the work and keeping a center going. Herb Welsh carried on wonderfully for a while, carrying on especially the first of the listed activities, with an active and ardent love for running the house and working with the poor. Now many of these young people are married, have children, have jobs—have the full life which keeps them from other activities. Some are teachers, some edit *The Living Parish*;

efforts towards organization and legislation. There is too much tackling of the problem from above. There are too few who will consider themselves servants, who will give up their lives to serving others, who will sow the things of this world, the things of the mind, and of the soul in order to "put on Christ—to be Christ" to those around us. In other words, to answer in the words of a priest who was praised for his charitable work, "I have not yet shed my blood for them, my brothers."

There is too much talk of the raising up of leaders, and too little of the raising up of servants; or rather, just too much talk, and too little being what we are talking about.

We may think that we are humble, that we wish to be ignored, spat upon, criticized, verbally buffeted (there are few of us who have had the privilege of being actually buffeted, though there are already, thank God, martyrs among our friends who have shed some blood for their brothers) but I am thinking that much of the criticism we get, we deserve, if not for the particular point on which we are criticized, then for something else.

As my mother used to say, "you never get a lick amiss." So if priests and layfolk we encounter say scornfully that we are wasting time and intelligence and money on derelicts, the scum of the earth, the submerged tenth, we should accept the criticism at not having done better at the job, at not having progressed much in sanctity ourselves, nor developed much sanctity in others around us. Our fever has not been catching!

If our pacifism has not convinced, has not brought about converts, then we should acknowledge that there is an element of heresy in our pacifism that has not been burned out—that it is hard for Bishops and priests to find the gold in the dross that is within us. Fr. McSorley said once, "Come a war, you will find yourselves in very

of clergy and laity, and there were bitter years during the depression when no parish or diocesan Houses of Hospitality were opened, though many a homeless one had to sleep in jails and empty buildings. We may be critical remembering how there were empty buildings available owned by diocesan authorities, and not made available to the poor. The Law enters in of course, insurance, multiple-dwelling laws, the enormous cost of converting old buildings so that all the rigmarole of the state is complied with, fire retarded halls, fire escapes, sprinkler systems, etc., but it seems to me a time comes when it is necessary to disregard the law. When men and when families are homeless and hungry, when there are sick to be cared for, one must go ahead and house people and disregard the law. But then one can get no insurance! God will have to take care of it. He has certainly rescued us on many occasions.

Divine Providence has kept our houses going, and our poor fed, and we have done it badly because there were so many of them. It was not right nor fair that we should bear so large a burden; that we should face long lines of hungry, sick and aged people in the morning and the evening. It could well have been distributed through the parishes, the parish halls, the parish properties, the parish societies; and if the old societies are too stodgy to take care of these new needs in a changing world, then new societies like the Samaritans in Montreal, like Fr. Meenan's mothers group in Pittsburgh, should be formed. Why should appeals for help come to us from England, Ottawa, St. Louis and points west in one short week? Why should a priest in Brooklyn call us at ten o'clock at night to ask us to take in a girl who would probably shudder at the sight of Mott Street at that hour? Where are the parish groups for emergencies? The State would be able to organize them in war, famine or

BOOK REVIEWS

PRINCE OF DARKNESS by J. F. Powers. Doubleday Doran and Company.

MOON GAFFNEY by Harry Sylvester. Henry Holt and Company.

By JOHN COGLEY

Moon Gaffney necessarily suffers by comparison with J. F. Powers' skillful and artistic book of short stories. Powers is unquestionably the better writer of the two, a young man who has been gifted with the expansive view, the profound insight and the facility with words that combined in one person make the kind of artist authentic Catholic literature thrives on.

Powers' work is distinguished by pity, understanding, humor, subtle satire, an authentic ear for conversation, a brilliant talent for description, spiritual awareness, a lively balance, a healthy disdain for the literary "set-up," and that rare charity which results in character left whole, human personality left unviolated. Powers is many of the things Sylvester is not.

The men and women and children Powers has created in his 11 short stories are living, breathing, wholly credible people, few of them all-white, none of them all-black, most of them a hopeful, tattle-tale grey: Powers, the creator, has taken his lead from heaven, which seemingly turns out the same kind of men and women.

Harry Sylvester, on the other hand, has been variously described as talented, competent, and able: adjectives all which say neither too much nor too little for his unexceptional literary gifts. The writing found in *Moon Gaffney* is not drug-store, but the inured reader cannot help surmising occasionally that Sylvester wrote one too many for the slick magazines.

To handle the race question, for instance, by having a beautiful half-caste offer her blood for transfusion, amid a group of bigots at the bedside of an Irish Catholic New Yorker—and the girl herself the grand-niece of a South American archbishop: this is just a little too much for the delicate literary stomach. Again to portray a priest who capriciously misinforms college girls on the way Rhythm Birth Control works and then later to have one of the girls so misinformed face a third Caesarian and die: this, too, is one of the improbable possibilities you are warned against in Freshman English. To cite a final instance: when two young Catholic women are repeating a common superstition about the nature of the churching ceremony, to have a smug, young priest on the heels of their misinformed conversation remark, "I suppose these young women are getting cleaned up," the patness is the stuff of cartoons, not novels, to be taken seriously.

The two writers have taken, in over-all terms, the same theme: the malady that casts a pallid sickliness over the face of American Catholicism. Both of them have chosen as specimens of the illness the spiritual anemia found among the parochial clergy, ever the first symbols of the Church in the world. Both of them quote earlier critics of the clergy, St. Bernard of Clairvoux, St. Catherine of Siena—Powers, in passing as an integral part of one of his stories, Sylvester as a self-conscious defense mechanism.

There is an essential difference between the analyses offered by the two writers. Powers is concerned mainly with the malady and tells much about it by his close study of its clerical victims and their symptoms. Sylvester is so obsessed with the patients and so maddened by their behavior

that he never clearly establishes what the disease is, though there is much more clinical talk in *Moon Gaffney* than ever the subtle Powers indulges in.

Sylvester's priests—with one neurotic exception—are big city Irishmen, caricatures of that particular concoction narrow Irish pride, American materialism, and "respectable" Catholicism have brewed in the seminaries and rectories. Like all caricature, the elements of reality are there but exaggerated, elongated, disproportioned. The priests in *Moon Gaffney* are venal, proud, anti-semitic, anti-Negro, arrogant, half-educated, bourgeois, fascist-minded, authoritarian, obsessed with the burden of chastity to the neglect of the virtues of the mind, anti-intellectual, casually cruel, capricious, confused, warped, whittled, and wanting.

Their followers, the overwhelming mass of Catholics, are "subject to all false restraints, to all specious and convenient misunderstanding, to all half-truths, to truths watered or etiolated; to ecclesiastical caprice and priestly confusion; mawkish, mock-serene, forever fatuous; smiling and fearful; gilded, gelded, and glad."

The story of *Moon Gaffney* is the story of Studs Lonigan's lace curtain cousins. Moon, son of a politico high in Tammany circles, by a series of incidents, including contact with *The Catholic Worker*, is given an insight into a kind of Catholicism, or at least an expression of Catholicism, unknown to the world of the Hall, the fat-headed clergy, and the bourgeois schools which formed his early mind.

Moon's awakening that Catholicism is more than the narrow, sectarian, pietistic hodge-podge of respectability, restraint and religiosity, is an experience duplicated by a number of young Irish Americans who have been associated over the years with *The Catholic Worker*. But for each of these, re-building has meant an arduous struggle for the spirit; a searching for the ultimate reality beyond the facade, an opening of unscalable spiritual heights, a dissatisfaction with self, and some attempt to understand the forces that set up the false measure of Catholicism in the past.

It isn't just a matter of seeing the emasculation and then of going on with life, embittered, emboldened, and newly embossed. It is not just a matter of reversing one's bitterness from the Negroes and the Jews to the priests and the politicians. The experience is a realization of the need to tear away all bitterness and to build, starting with one's self.

As it stands it is a tract peopled with two-dimensional characters, the converse of Father Lord's sweet-talkin', uncritical pamphlet creatures. In its own genre, it is surpassed by *Studs Lonigan* which, as far as it went, said for all time what Sylvester undertook to say in *Moon Gaffney*.

Perhaps J. F. Powers can write the novel *Moon Gaffney* might have been. He has the artistic equipment, the spirit-awareness, the mature Catholicism, the humor, the human insight—all the things lamentably missing in *Moon*.

Prince of Darkness is a collection of stories written by Powers during the past three years. The best of the lot, *Lions, Harts, Leaping Does* has been widely reprinted; itself, it is worth the price of *Prince of Darkness*. It is a highly introspective story of the spiritual victory of an aged Franciscan told at the close of his long, fruitful life.

Other priests in the book do

not fare as well at Powers' hands as the old Franciscan. He portrays in several stories, employing needle-edged satire, the daily lives of many spiritually undersized parish priests; but always his portraits are relieved with humor, understanding and pity. It is impossible to put aside *Prince of Darkness* in a bitter mood. Powers particularizes to universalize. The failures of the pretentious, gross, spiritually obtuse clerical Babbitts found in his stories become the failures of the reader. The priests found in *Prince of Darkness* in a bitter broader than the American clergy, they are disconcerting symbols of the Catholic living in the modern world.

Several of the stories found in *Prince of Darkness* are about

said, "...it is not advisable to air dirty clerical linen in public. But there are no soiled pieces brought to light here which have not been waving for years before our very faces in every parish in the U. S. A."

For the Catholic writer (and reader) the tension between the heaven and the loaf will always be a fascinating spectacle. The priest in the world will always be the subject of much Catholic writings, and so long as there are in large numbers priests of the kind found in the two books, they are going to be found in fiction, in dinner conversations, and in parlor chit-chat.

God knows the clerical Babbitt is not a rare bird, nor is the sacristy fuehrer. When Catholic reviewers write in amazement that

may be said of latent anti-clericalism.

Anti-clericalism (which is one form of anti-Catholicism) is a disease which is often found among the professional liberals. Like anti-semitism, it flourishes on generalities and sustains itself on wholesale condemnations.

It—the anti-clericalism of the liberals—is inclined to take to its own all oversimplified portraits of a dark and fascistic clergy. They are taken up and given all the uncritical encomiums to the liberal vocabulary. Because hatred of whatever kind is bad for the world and hatred of priests may well turn into hatred for the Church, it is especially urgent that Catholic writers try always to give both sides of the priestly picture and all sides of an individual priest's character.

Criticism of the clergy may be healthy. Certainly it shouldn't be kept out of writing because it will scandalize Catholics. When reviewers write that way, they mean that the fact of its being written, not clerical malfeasance itself, is the thing that is scandalous. This is respectability, not charity.

But like all criticism, for that matter, like all art, like life itself, criticism must be a balanced thing seasoned with pity and humor, if it would escape being hate-mongering.

Letter

(Continued from page 3)

her away from present evil and insuring her of a good bringing up under the care of the Sisters in Sylvan Heights Home.

You can understand from the above, why we feel rejuvenated and happy here in our old shack. Mrs. Mitchell, our aged guest, was really wonderful during that hectic week, waiting on Susie like a mother. This old lady went to a Home for the Aged last December at her own request, fearful of the hardships of winter in our place, but she was glad to come back, to return to what she terms a haven of peace. Although over 80 years old she attends Mass nearly every morning, visits her friends on the way home, goes to market for herself, and keeps her room neat and tidy. Her eyesight is growing dim from cataract, her lame leg is getting stiff, and X-ray shows a tuberculous condition, yet every morning she is off as spry as a cricket. It was pointed out to me that her t.b. condition might be a menace to the house, but I feel that in a neighborhood where so many persons have the disease in homes where many of our children live, one case more or less won't hurt us.

With love, and asking you to remember Susie in your prayers, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Mary Frecon.

P. S. Later.

Have hardly had time to think since I wrote you. Susie was sent away from the Germantown Hospital after skin grafting and blood transfusions, somewhat improved. It was considered inadvisable to take her back to the House of the Good Shepherd, where she had spent a few days before they sent her to the hospital, and she was brought back here to our insignificant place as there was no other place for her to go. No one will take her. She is here now and we are doing all we can to make her comfortable and happy. The drainage is so bad it is hard to bear. The local hospital agreed to change her bandages every four days on account of the odor, but the opinion of the doctors there is that she is improving slowly and will recover.



Negroes. Here Powers, the artist, does not fall into a trap. Again there are no types, no walking propaganda-blurbs. His Negroes, like his priests, are people. He is reverently careful to respect the human personality with all its complexity, inconsistency, and uniqueness. His is the method of the mature artist, and his outlook is that of the mature, full-sized Catholic.

That American Catholicism has produced a J. F. Powers is the brightest sign on the current literary scene. *Prince of Darkness*, all short stories, gives, one surmises, only a hint of his vast talents. The book is a comparatively modest undertaking; but in it he has succeeded in not once missing a nuance, over-simplifying, underplaying, or striking a single false note. That is a lot to say for any work in fiction, however unpretentious its scope.

So much for the books themselves. The publication of two books by young Catholics, both of them taking the clergy over the coals, has brought on some diverse reactions from critics and commentators.

The whole question of publicly criticizing the clergy has been brought to the fore. Now neither of the two writers said anything in his treatment of the priestly characters which is not whispered and gossiped about all over the country by Catholics and non-Catholics alike.

As Sister Mariella Gable, in her review of *Prince of Darkness*

they don't know where Powers and Sylvester found their prototypes, you can put it down to hypocrisy or self-illusion. Or when, as some critics did, they imply that the unctuous clergy of this fiction represents an anomaly on the Catholic scene—well, that's hard to swallow, too.

On the other hand, there is just as much dishonesty involved if it is implied that the venal, reactionary priest is the only kind of priest on the American scene, or even to imply that the priests discussed are all black. There are all kinds of priests, and there are all kinds of sides to every priest's character. The political reactionary, for instance, may be the best spiritual director in the diocese. The worldly-minded clerical Beau Brummel may be the best confessor. There are many good things that can be said about the worst priest.

It is when thorough-going generalities are tossed about that anti-clericalism (in the serious sense of the word) can be suspected. To write exclusively about unpleasant priests and even then to portray only their unpleasant sides, is very much like writing only about unpleasant Jews and portraying only their unpleasant sides. Anti-semitism must be taken into account. It is of no use to pay the little tribute "there are many good Jews" after an unrelieved black picture has aroused latent anti-semitism. The same thing

Comments On the Papal Address

By ROBERT C. LUDLOW

(Continued from page 1)
felt conscious of sharing intimate membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. Even if the powers of darkness, of disunity, discord and destruction are spreading today over the whole world, so much more effective must be the superior activity of Christians and their force, derived from union, order and peace" and again "for those who see things in the light of the supernatural, there is no doubt that even in the most serious conflicts of human and national interest there is always room for peaceful settlement."

NOT SPINLESS LIBERALISM

We have negated this love—a love which must be social as well as personal, which must not be identified with a spineless liberalism which stops short of justice for fear of academic error—we have negated this in our logic books and in our casuistical approach to morality. We have justified conscription by fine distinctions, knowing all along that conscription is conscription for war and that war cannot ever be conceived as Christian means of defense. What is this supernatural means, this superior activity of Christians the Pope speaks of? Is it atomic warfare for which we prepare, as the Jesuit Father Edmund Walsh advocates, by compulsory military training? Or is it indeed the superior ethics of Christ who said "of old you have heard it said an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, but I say to you . . ."

RULES FOR MURDER

Take again this message of the Holy Father who states "how is it possible for the victorious nations, in their turn, to adopt or tolerate the methods of hate and violence on which that system lived and thrived, or how can they use weapons which aroused their righteous indignation when employed in the hands of others? . . . the Church, established by God as a rock of brotherhood and peace, cannot come to terms with the idolatrous worshippers of brute force and of the struggles, inside and outside their frontiers, for world domination."

Take this and try to reconcile with it the policies of the Catholic Association for International Peace. This organization, which has never been at a loss to find theoretical justifications for the policies of the State Department, has now issued a pamphlet (*Peace in the Atomic Age*) which justifies atomic war under conditions listed on page 12 and 13. They have now given us a convenient set of rules which determine when or when not we may commit mass murder. Thomistic rules for a just war have been juked, not only by Catholic pacifists (who feel them to be an anachronism)—but by the Catholic Association for International Peace which feels they are too stringent for modern times since they do not permit murder on the large scale demanded of us today.

MUST BE C. O.'s

Yes, the future belongs to those who love. And how long will it be before we realize the implications of this—that in the face of the organized hate that is war we must refuse to participate, we must be conscientious objectors. How long are we going to hide behind the ridiculous and obscure distinctions in our logic books so that we imagine means as separate from ends and moral as separate from physical evil? We cannot hate along the road and imagine that when we have reached the terminal point we will love. We cannot flatter ourselves that we are psychologically capable of killing and loving at the same

time. It is impossible to conduct war, it is absolutely a psychological impossibility to do so without an appeal to hate, in modern times to sort of an impersonal hatred that is even more vicious in that it destroys units and populations without recognition of personality. Blood squirting out as an unfolding rose, as Mussolini's son has stated. Nor can we excuse war by postulating it as a physical evil not to be compared with a moral evil. Or regarding war with indifference as but another avenue to death. For, in the concrete, in reality, there can be no such distinction—for those who go to war go to kill and prepare to kill by a moral revolution within themselves and there is no separation of the two. And as conscription is the preparation for this it must share in the condemnation of that supernatural ethics which can never be reconciled to other than the total message of Christ, the message calling all to "be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect" and which perfection has always been, in the mind of the Church, incompatible with participation in war. So that the canon law of the Church and the constitutions of religion orders have prohibited clergy and religious to bear arms. It must be realized that this call to perfection stems

failure. As, in the nature of things Christ was a failure but supernaturally His is the power and the glory. In spite of all we can do nothing else but heed again the words of our Holy Father "considering the sad reality of the numerous and disastrous conflicts which so painfully afflict the world of today and bar the path of peace it would be equally wrong to shut one's eyes so as not to see, or to hold one's arm so as not to act, alleging as an excuse that nothing more can be done."

OUR TIMES

What can be done? First let us get straight the times in which we are. First let us examine as to whether we have realized those things the politicians asked us to fight for.

This same address of the Roman Pontiff states: "the wounds caused by the war have not yet been healed, indeed some of them have rather been deepened and inflamed . . . today, not a few fear that the hope placed in that order (democracy) has diminished, owing to the striking contrast between democracy in words and the concrete reality . . . what a humiliation for the world to have fallen so low—into a social condition so opposed to nature—who would dare affirm that the two years since



from an ethics superseding that of the old testament and natural philosophy and is of obligation to all those redeemed by Christ. Our motivations can no longer be the Maccabees. "Humanity" be those of the Maccabees or the good pagan. "Humanity," states the Pope, "by its own unaided efforts, cannot win this peace."

PACIFIST ISSUE FUNDAMENTAL

This pacifist issue is terribly pressing, its immediacy places it as the fundamental problem of the day, the issue which, if it is not, nothing will be met for there will be no world and no problems—there will be heaven and hell. The Jesuit Father Walsh generously grants us life till 1955—then the atom war. Short of a miracle I venture to state we shall all be dead—pulverized—in a very few years. Unless there is world wide non-violent revolution. Unless we are willing to face the fact that capitalism means war, class war, international war, personal war. Unless we are willing to face the fact that political means have failed, that now the workers of the world must settle things by direct non-violent action, by refusal to participate or cooperate with forces of the right and by settling for nothing less than full justice—which means control of our own destinies in conformity with the supernatural ethics of Christ. A fools vision? Yes, and a vision as compelling as it is naturally doomed to

the cessation of hostilities have marked notable advances in the path of restoration and social progress."

We know what the two years since the cessation of hostilities has meant here in the United States of America. It has meant reaction, the frantic death attempt of capitalism to reduce the workers to slavery by fascist methods. The Taft-Hartley affair brings in rule by court injunction. Anti-labor bills flood congress. Among Catholics in this country there is hysterical opposition to Communism and unqualified support of such unchristian a regime as prevails in Spain—an identification of clericalism with Catholicism.

CHRISTIAN IN THEORY

Too often we Catholics have been Christian in theory alone and have left Christianity in the concrete to our Communist brethren. Fear has been our predominant approach to current problems. We hide behind defunct rightist ideologies, we have become intellectually sterile.

"At times," states the Pope, "(fear) hides under the appearance of Christian prudence and under this pretext remains silent when duty should require it to utter a fearless 'non licet' to the rich and powerful and to caution them thus: it is not lawful for you, in following a greed for gain and dominion, to stray from the inflexible lines of Christian principles . . . by disposition of the Divine Providence the Cath-

What Dream Did They Dream?

(Continued from page 4)

big struggles, the great deaths we have to undergo that are so hard, as the daily torture of denying oneself, mortifying, putting to death the old man in us. Thank God a good part is done for us.

Yes—that was a great retreat, seven years ago, at Easton, Pa. How many were there, how many houses were represented! It was a funny retreat too. There was a retreat within a retreat. One priest gave a retreat, and because he did not insist upon silence, Fr. Roy, who had just become acquainted with the movement, gave conferences on the love of God between conferences. He shook his head over the lack of silence, over the

the Church has formulated and promulgated its social doctrine. She points the path to be followed, and fear of losing possessions or of temporal gains, of appearing less in harmony with modern civilization or less national or social, could never authorize true Christians to deviate even a hair's breath from this path."

GO TO THE LEFT

Catholics must therefore place loyalty to the international brotherhood of man under God before loyalty to the United States government. Catholics

money spent on cigarettes—"is it for the love of God you smoke or for the love of self?" and the furor caused by this innocent remark on cigarettes does not cease to reverberate to this day. It is a more delicate point with us than the war. What a fool for Christ this priest who lays so much emphasis on cigarettes! So small a point! In the midst of so grave problems which we are undertaking to solve! But why the furor over so small a point, except that it is a symptom of our self indulgence. Dostoevsky called attention to the luxury of the day and pointed out that a man would sell his comrade for a cigarette. And there is a foolish slogan today, "send a package of cigarettes and save a baby in Poland." "We can pay our rent with one pack of cigarettes a month." "We purchased enough wood to keep us warm for the winter with the cigarettes which came in a CARE package." These were lines from letters we received.

That retreat marked the beginning of one of the wars in our midst. That priest! That rigorist! That Jansenist! It is amazing how many lay people have become theologians in justifying their habits.

The young Fathers Roach, in the midst of a summer downpour which lasted off and on for several days, laughed their way through it all.

"God love you," they kept saying "this is a wonderful retreat!" Though one of them got pneumonia as a result of it. I got a cold and a stiff neck so that I could hardly move my head, and Madame de Bethune, who arrived the last day to pick up her daughter massaged my neck with analgesic baume. Father Roach, one of them, brought me a little bottle of whiskey and said with a twinkle, "Drink it for the love of God, and get rid of your cold." Controversies started at that retreat over pacifism and leadership and the use of spiritual weapons, on liturgy, and on "emphasis on self" a telling phrase used to combat what looked to be a new heresy in the movement. "But God love you, I don't agree," Fr. Roach would say, and whether it was one point or another he was talking about, I do not know.

There was another priest at the retreat, a Fr. Egan from Baltimore, who died a few years after from a blood clot or high blood pressure, or some such sudden call. His death was blamed on the "new retreat," emphasis placed too much on penance, "it unhinged him," the comment was made.

SEVEN YEARS

Seven years have passed since that retreat, that beginning of the basic retreat, the Pauline retreat, the Thomistic retreat in our midst, and we have died many deaths, and many sorrows have entered our lives. Not only the tragedy of a great war, a cataclysm that brought with it the atom bomb and an apocalyptic attitude toward life, but also all the small tragedies which make up our lives.

"Everyone's tragedy is no one's tragedy," is another Italian proverb quoted by Silone in *Bread and Wine*, and I thought of it during Mississippi floods when I talked with Arkansas share croppers who told me what a good time they had being cared for on the levee, their needs supplied by the Government and the Red Cross—never had such solicitude been shown them before. War has its compensations too, though I may be excoriated for saying so. Those who come back may say so, but not an editorial writer.

But the daily tragedies of life, (Continued on page 8)

Mott Street

(Continued from page 2)

would be easily converted to the Church since he seemed to agree with most of the Church's teachings; however, the anti-Semitism that he has encountered among Catholics has him stymied.

June Retreat

Out of the West came one Father Carrabine, S.J., to give a terrific retreat at our Newburgh farm during the early part of June. During the retreat Father managed to bring several people in the vicinity back to the sacraments. People are still talking about Father Carrabine and his retreat. Father Carrabine has been a dear and reliable friend of the "Catholic Worker" almost from its birth.

July Retreat

Msgr. Edward Betowsky of New York gave the Fourth of (Continued on page 7)

Marian Congress

By JULIA PORCELLI

Sunday, June 15th, on the train to Ottawa there were seven members of the Legion of Mary, each dozing till the Immigration officials poured through the train looking at baggage and asking for identification papers.

Who is she that cometh forth as the morning rising? Mary who was with us on this pilgrimage. I pulled out my Baptismal certificate but my companion sitting on the aisle handed her paper to the inspector. It was a letter introducing us to the Ottawa Legionaries. It was all she had with her, I held my breath. Surprisingly enough he read it, asked Betty her name, asked me mine and the man in the aisle talking to us, who explained, "Oh I am sitting back there." "Well your name is the same there as here," was his dry comment. We all laughed as Jim identified himself. Then the officer passed on muttering to inspector of other aisle, "Have you had these Marian Congress people before (as if we were a plague) so I folded my certificate.

We had recited our Legion of Mary prayers including the Rosary on the train, led by Father Ripley of Liverpool, England. At the station, a Legionary met us and escorted us to St. Patrick's Hall. The efficiency of having an address handed us where we would live the week, being given maps of the city with directions were just some of the amazing things the Ottawa Legionaries accomplished very gracefully. Having fasted hoping to arrive in time for Mass, we now headed for food, after which we sent cards home announcing our safe arrival. A movie marquee blazed OUR MOTHER OF FAIR LOVE with a picture of the BLESSED VIRGIN MARY. Just to have seen this was worth the trip.

Grant Us A Lively Faith

The Marian Congress was to honor the Blessed Mother on the occasion of the 100th anniversary of the Ottawa diocese, to give testimony to The Faith and unite the faithful to pray for peace, and to be apostolic. Even though Life gives the impression it was a picnic. Even Catholics have to eat! The huge crowds had to feed very simply out at the park with sandwiches, hot dogs, milk, coffee and ice cream and the like.

Monday night the statue of Our Lady of the Cape, the National Madonna of Canada would arrive, after being borne in triumphal procession on a float for six weeks from Cap de la Madeleine to Ottawa. Men and women sang in English and French (not at the same time) and prayed till we heard the band first afar off, then louder. The prayers increased in fervor till hundreds of priests preceding the statue stood beside the altar, where the statue of Our Lady was placed. Workmen who had been hammering away on scaffolding new stopped and watched from their vantage point.

Among the sombre black cassocks was a bright spot of red—Archbishop Vachon, who welcomed "Our Lady," and the pilgrims in English and French. Afterwards, this statue was placed in the Peace Chapel, formerly the Coliseum, a smaller edition of Madison Square Garden. Here Mass was offered day and night all week and people Received Holy Communion at all these Masses too. Confessions were heard at any hour. Here is where the crowds stayed to pray. Pilgrims on buses and trains poured into Ottawa till every bed was taken so they slept in the park. Unfortunately before and after the Consecration during Mass, a priest led people in devotions instead of Reciting the Mass with them.

Tuesday we headed for St.

Patrick's Hall again for the Legion of Mary Congress. On the way we noticed the gaily decorated Churches and houses with flags of the diocese, yellow and white Papal flags and blue and white flags for Our Lady. There were papers on the varied works of Legionaries from Canada, the United States and the Philippines, Ireland and England. They covered the holding of Days of Recollection for Deaf-Mutes, the Blind, Physically handicapped, for Catholic students in non-Catholic institutions; Retreats for non-Catholics; work for converts among prisoners and a praesidium of Lepers in the Philippines. A report given by a seminarian of his group doing just ordinary jobs like caring for the chickens, but done for Mary, had an added zeal. Would that every seminary had a praesidium.

Bright As The Sun

Father Ripley, author of *A Blueprint for Catholic Action* and *Calling All Apostles* pointed out that the Legion of Mary has all the four marks of the Church. It is one, the same meeting, the same handbook the world over; it is holy, prayer and grace are the foundation of the Legion technique; it is apostolic, in twenty five years the Legion has circled the globe; it is universal, it works everywhere regardless of race, of social standing or education.

Terrible As An Army Set In Battle Array

Archbishop D'Alton, of Ireland, was the guest speaker at the Communion Breakfast Wednesday morning. "The Legion of Mary 'seemed to be the perfect



response to Pope Pius XI call to Catholic Action." He agreed with Archbishop Reber (former Apostolic Delegate to Africa), who said "It was Catholic Action in its most attractive and alluring form." "The Legion must be regarded as one of the chief instruments which Mary has fashioned to restore a disordered world to sanity and truth. The Legion considers that every Catholic has a vocation to the Apostolate and that despite differences in talents, education, social standing, racial and national characteristics, all can share in this great enterprise. The Legion is established in every continent over the globe. In the variety of works which it undertakes, it shows a wonderful power of adapting itself to the circumstances and needs of each country in which it is established. After a quarter of a century it seems to have lost none of its first fervor and enthusiasm. I feel convinced that the Legion will fulfill the highest expectations of the late Holy Father and that it will continue its great and fruitful apostolate."

After these stirring words the Legionaries felt that the events of the Marian Congress would be an anti-climax. Wednesday afternoon the official program of the Congress began but we felt they supplemented the intense one day Legion Congress.

My Soul Doth

Magnify The Lord

There were Pontifical High Masses at the Repository, at the Cathedral, the Liturgy of the Eastern Rite was celebrated at

the Cathedral and at the Peace Chapel. There was a Midnight Mass at the Repository where thousands Received. A Holy Hour was offered as reparation to the Immaculate Heart of Mary Thursday night in every Church in Ottawa. Sunday morning Cardinal Spellman gave the English sermon. I was permitted to be very close to the altar and think I was the only laywoman there all through the Mass. After the Mass I was among the fortunate few to reach the Cardinal in his car, kiss his ring and speak a few minutes.

The Legion of Mary were among the three lay groups with an exhibition booth. It was an oasis among the others because of its simplicity and beauty. Almost two thousand people, lay and religious, signed up there for auxiliary memberships and active membership. Thousands of pieces of literature were given away, among them the *Catholic Worker* and always a group of Legionaries were ready to talk and explain. All these names will be contacted and many zealous apostles will result.

Priests wore their cassocks, monks their habits everywhere in Ottawa. Only at Rome have so many Cardinals, archbishops and bishops ever assembled, together with a quarter of a million laypeople. One day was devoted to speeches and prayers for vocations but the sermon said that bigger families was the answer. The answer is holier parents, like the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph.

Sunday Grignon de Montfort was canonized. He is the author of the *True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary*. With the growth of the Legion of Mary has gone de Montfort's "True Devotion," so much so that it is mentioned in the official papers of the canonization. St. Grignon de Montfort's spirit permeates the Handbook. With the canonization the AGE OF MARY is here. The Marian Congress is only one signpost. Mary calls all her children to be saints, dare you be mediocre.

"Confer, O Lord, on us, who serve beneath the standard of Mary, that fullness of faith in Thee and trust in her, to which it is given to conquer the world."

Mott Street

(Continued from page 6)

July retreat, and that retreat competed with the fireworks in the surrounding territory. Retreatants came from New York City, Philly, and as far west as Chicago to take in that retreat. All were enthused over this retreat, too, one man stated that he got more from Msgr.'s retreat than he received from anything else that he had encountered in his life, and that man had quite a few years in back of him. Between the conferences the retreatants worked in the fields and in the kitchen, both places being very conducive to meditating on the transcendental.

Dominican

A Dominican priest paid the farm a visit on the night that the retreat terminated. This priest had just returned from a sojourn in Europe. Since he had spent most of his time over there in Spain and Portugal he devoted much of his talk to those two countries. Nothing that he said was complimentary to either Franco or Salazar, all of which was pretty sad.

Charity

A very ladylike genteel voice called up the other night and offered us some men's clothes if we would only pick them up at her home. Of course we said we would be delighted to grab the first subway and be up at her place in no time. And then we noted a great sigh of relief on the other end of the wire when the soft voice exclaimed, "Thank God, now I won't have to give them to those damn niggers." She still has the clothes.

Bus Fare

Two of our group went off to a retreat in another town, their

bus fare being paid by some friends and we supplied them with their meals for the journey, in the way of a quarter pound of Italian cheese donated by one of our neighbors, and a loaf of bread donated by a convent up-town. The bread had been gnawed on by rats in our kitchen but we scraped that part off and they say the bread tasted good.

New Workers

We have recently acquired two new workers who are both in their early twenties. Jim is from Washington State and has been out of the Navy a year. Bob is from New England and has been discharged from the Marines within the last month. Both fellows are hard workers and are doing a superb job on our farm at Newburgh. It is a cheering sign to see the youth becoming actively interested in the Work again.

"Today"

John Cogley former editor and head of the Chicago Catholic Worker, spent several days with us here at the house and a couple of days at the farm. John along with Jim O'Gara are editing a student magazine, "Today," out in Chicago under the auspices of Father Carrabine the moderator of CISCA. This is the best student publication we have ever come across in all our days. And even those who are no longer in school will find some of the finest writings in present day journalism in that periodical.

Father Casey

At present Father Casey of Minn. is spending his vacation at Maryfarm, saying Mass in the morning and working in the fields the rest of the day. Popular conceptions of spending a vacation generally don't include such exhaustive work as is found on a farm, since most of us think that a summer vacation is practically ruined whenever one gets out of arms reach from a frosted glass. But Father Casey and others find it quite sad to have to terminate their stay on the farm and return to their homes and jobs. At the present all of the vegetables on our tables here on Mott street are being sent in from the farm, and once again it is a great pleasure to have fresh food on the menu again.

Security

The mail brings requests each day for someone to be sent to various cities to open houses of hospitality. Most recent requests come from St. Paul and St. Louis. While there is generally sufficient interest and support to maintain a house, it is extremely difficult to induce one or two individuals to actually move in and run a house. And yet the Depression is still fresh enough in our minds to understand the hesitancy on the part of those who would be forced to give up their jobs and schooling to undertake a house of hospitality. We too have frequent contact with good intentioned friends and relatives who continually point out the lack of security and future in this work. At the end of these terrible sessions they usually scream in despair: "If you have to clutter up your life with religion why don't you go off and join a religious order?" To mention the work of the lay apostolate is futile to such closed minds. But we do reply that none of us takes perpetual vows to spend the rest of our lives in this work and even if we did, we know that there is at least a great deal of spiritual security in this work whereas the run of the mill jobs in the industrial world offer very little spiritual inspiration and not too much economic security. Generally these friends completely ignore Divine Providence and one feels terribly preachy to bring up the point. And their parting advice is not to trust anything to Divine Providence that you can have insured by a reputable insurance company.

TOM SULLIVAN

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

3. Having understood what I was saying, the Russian Red started to explain to his friend, the Irish Red, what I was talking about.
4. When the Russian Red had finished explaining, the Irish Red turned toward me and said that while he agreed

with most of what I said he still believed that the Catholic Church was not the friend of the workingmen.

5. Many Catholics are much disappointed when Wall Street corporations or political organizations or Catholic associations fail to provide them with economic security.

IV. Looking for a Boss

1. A Catholic workingman once said to me: "There is only one thing between me and the Reds, and that is a good job."
2. Everybody is looking for a boss, and nobody wants to be his own boss.
3. And because everybody looks for a boss the Reds want the State to be the boss of everybody.
4. Because everybody consents to play somebody else's game for the sake of a pay-envelope

the Reds try to find the way to assure a pay-envelope to everybody so as to force everybody to act like everybody.

5. But nothing will be changed when the Reds will force everybody to act like everybody, since nobody is anybody when everybody tries to keep up with everybody.

V. America and Russia

1. American Republicans want their friends on the public payroll, but only their friends.
2. American Democrats want their friends on the public payroll, but only their friends.
3. But the Reds want everybody on the public payroll; not only their friends.
4. The American idea is to keep the Government out of business and to put everybody into business.
5. The Russian idea is to put the Government into business and to keep everybody out of business.
6. But business is only business, whether it is the State business or private business; and I am trying to make it my business

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Easy Essay

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to put all business
out of business;
including the State business,
which is a big business.

VI. Red and Green

1. Our business managers have made such a mess of things that people are inclined to see Red.
2. And when people see Red it is useless to present to them the Red, White and Blue, because they can no longer see the White and the Blue of the Red, White and Blue; all they can see is Red.
3. The only way to keep people from seeing Red is to make them see Green.
4. The only way to prevent a Red Revolution is to promote a Green Revolution.
5. The only way to keep people from looking up to Red Russia of the twentieth century is to make them look up to Green Ireland of the seventh century.

VII. Then and Now

1. Three thousand years ago, when a Jew met a Jew he asked him "What can I do for you?"
2. Now, when a Jew meets a Jew, he asks him "What can I get out of you?"
3. Two thousand years ago, when a Greek met a Greek they started to philosophize.
4. Now when a Greek meets a Greek they start a business.
5. A thousand years ago when an Irishman met an Irishman they started a school.
6. Now when an Irishman meets an Irishman you know what they start—I don't have to tell you.

VIII. Thousand Years Ago

1. When the Irish were Irish a thousand years ago, the Irish were scholars.
2. And when the Irish were scholars the Irish were Greek scholars.
3. And when the Irish were Greek scholars, the Irish spoke Greek as well as Irish.
4. And when the Irish spoke Greek as well as Irish Greek was Irish to the Irish.
5. Greek was Irish to the Irish a thousand years ago; and now Irish is Greek to the Irish.
6. Irish is Greek to the Irish now, and Hebrew is Chinese to the Jews.

IX. Shouting With Anglo-Saxons

1. Now that Irish is Greek to the Irish and Jewish is Chinese to the Jews, they shout with the Anglo-Saxons:
Service for profits;
Time is money;
Cash and Carry;
Business is business;
Keep smiling;
Watch your step;
How is the rush?
How are you making out?
How is the world treating you?

The law of supply and demand;
Competition is the life of trade.
Your dollar is your best friend.
So is your old man.

2. So the Jews are no longer Jews.
3. So the Irish are no longer Irish.
4. So the Jews and the Irish are no longer green.
5. And that is what makes the Reds Red.

X. Palestine, Ireland America

1. It was forbidden to the Jews to hold title to land in Palestine.
2. But it is not forbidden to the Jews to hold title to land in America.
3. It was forbidden to the Irish to lend money at interest in Ireland.
4. But is it not forbidden to the Irish to lend money at interest in America.
5. The Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church wanted the Jews

the Irish scholars
laid the foundations
of Mediaeval Europe.

XII. Irish Scholars at Work

- Marie Schulte Kallenback says:
1. "Upon gifts of land, often bleak and barren, huts were built, about the little church, all work being done by the missionaries themselves.
 2. "Thus they exhibited almost at the very outset to their pagan observers that moving spectacle of Christians living in united peace and harmony, prayer and good works, so utterly foreign to their own turbulent lives.
 3. "All was done for the love of God, work being suspended at fixed hours of the day for worship, prayer and song.
 4. "By such tactics the hearts of the people were won; a most civilizing influence was extended, ending in their conversion and complete confidence."

XIII. Paraguay Reductions

1. In a book entitled "The Magic Mountain" Thomas Mann has a character

What Dream Did They Dream?

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of poverty, and loss of love, and sickness and death, striking in our midst; these are the sorrows and pain incident to dying daily, to putting off the old man and putting on Christ. Dying is not pleasant. Dying is painful. We have to accept the Cross, take up our Cross, and die to rise again. It is growth, normal growth, and if the egg does not proceed in due course to become a chick and put on wings, it becomes a rotten egg.

And most of us fight every inch of the way, hold back, withdraw, become embittered at chastisements that are preparations, instead of throwing ourselves into the arms of this mighty lover. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard what he hath prepared for them that love him! A hundred fold, and in this life too. No, we wallow in our pottage, instead of flinging ourselves under the torrent of His pleasures.

We are creatures of sense, and our loves are sense loves, whether exterior or interior. Every mother knows the death she must undergo for her love; the dark night of the senses that is part of raising a family; yes,

revolution endured sacrifice, poverty, cold and hunger, grim pain and imprisonment, loss of all worldly goods. We cannot deny the heroism of the world, of countless thousands of those who took part in the last gigantic slaughter, of men and women who laid down their lives, "who gave their all." And despite the exalted mouthings of hired writers for the government, we know with that we would be happy if we were as sure of our courage as the unknown and unsung heroes throughout the world that have risen up in this day.

But we know too, that heroism can go much farther, that there is a martyrdom of the inner senses, the understanding and the will; that until we see the kenotic aspects of Christ's life, the humiliations of his manhood, the scorn heaped upon him; until we understand how little he thought of worldly honor and prudence, we have not yet begun to "put on Christ."

Obedient Unto Death

Because of the first man's disobedience, Christ was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. And how we Americans hate this word *obedient*. He stripped himself and came in the likeness of a *servant* and how we hate the word *servant*. We want to be recognized, as important, as successful; we are always justifying ourselves for our failures; we have not begun to recognize the failure of the Cross.

Catholic Action

Certainly the Catholic Worker has failed—both in establishing Houses of Hospitality as Peter envisioned them, or Farming Communes. We have succeeded in many small ways, hidden ways, and influenced the lives, we well know, of countless thousands and by the paper and by all efforts which have failed. We have sowed in tears, and others will reap in joy. "Have you aimed at failure?" someone asked once. No, we have seen no reason why these ideas expressed by Peter and by others in *The Catholic Worker* should not work out to build up a new society within the shell of the old. God did not mean that life should be so difficult. He has provided enough for all, and man in his greed has made a mess of things. I'm firmly convinced that we should keep the vision Peter has held up to us, work towards it, recognizing with humility our mistakes and the gains of others, and appreciating all the means the Church has held out to us—the cell techniques of Catholic Action for instance, work in the Legion of Mary in performing the spiritual works of mercy, and other groups furthering the lay apostolate.

Of necessity we will often not be accepted by other groups because of the radical nature of our work. The disease of Statism is too wide spread. Our emphasis on personal responsibility on the part of Catholics, whether individual or group is astonishingly radical to a world committed to State aid, more terrified of poverty than of any other evil. Our writings on war and peace, and even strangely enough, on property, seem astoundingly radical. (One of our friends who was trying to acquire by purchase or gift, a bit of land from an order which owned thousands of acres, was interpreted as showing a communist trend, the desire to deprive the Church of its property!)

We have a tremendous work before us—to live and to die in love of Christ. So let us all begin again, our readers, our fellow workers, and pray that God will raise up more apostles for the vineyard who will follow in the footsteps of the "humiliated Christ," responding to the call for greatness of Pius XII.



and the Irish to try to become better;

6. But the American politicians don't mind if the Jews and the Irish are trying to become better off in America.
7. But America is not better off since the Jews and the Irish are trying to become better off in America.

XI. Reconstruction and Social Order

1. The social order was reconstructed by the Irish scholars after the Fall of the Roman Empire.
2. Through literary colonies established in all the cities, even as far as Constantinople, that is to say, Round-Table Discussions, they brought thought to the people.
3. Through free guest houses, that is to say, Houses of Hospitality, they familiarized the people with the Works of Mercy.
4. Through Agronomic Universities, that is to say, Farming Communes, they made scholars out of workers and workers out of scholars.
5. So through Round-Table Discussions, Houses of Hospitality and Farming Communes,

who has become a Jesuit after having been a Marxist.

2. As a Jesuit he could understand Communism much better than he could understand it as a Marxist.
3. In Paraguay the Jesuits established a communist society.
4. Part of the land was held individually.
5. The other part, known as God's land, was cultivated in common.
6. The produce was used for the maintenance of the aged, the infirm, and the young.

XIV. Proudhon and Marx

1. "Communism is a society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs."
2. Such a definition does not come from Marx; it comes from Proudhon.
3. Proudhon wrote two volumes on "The Philosophy of Poverty" which Karl Marx read in two days.
4. Karl Marx wrote a volume on "The Poverty of Philosophy."
5. Karl Marx was too much of a materialist to understand the philosophical and therefore social value of voluntary poverty.

even the killing of natural love in order to attain to the supernatural. The poor know these things, a mother knows these things, a lover knows these things. Knows the blackness of the seeking of self in sex which makes pleasure an end, knows that certain dark fascination of the sense life that brings death with it.

Those who try to save their lives, their pleasures and lose them, lose them forever, and with discouragement comes loss of love and divorce and remarriage and the same sad cycle of natural love and hate and the beginning again—instead of the courageous going on through the Calvary every love goes through to be divinized. Every Catholic wife and mother has a grim endurance of this, and oh, if they were only taught these things instead of being offered "all this and heaven too," if they were taught the meaning of their pain it would be easier to endure, and they would find even a happiness in suffering.

Claudel Says

Youth demands the heroic, Claudel says, and the heroic is the tragic, and the glorious, the laying down one's life for one's brother, the losing it to save it, the following of Christ, not just the giving up of possessions (which one soon begins to collect again after an initial noble gesture).

Youth in this era has begun to know about what the heroic is, and has through war and