

CATHOLIC WORKER

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Unto Ages Of Ages

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Twenty years have gone by since the founding of the Catholic Worker Movement. Twenty years during which we have seen the progressive curtailment of liberty, social liberty and individual liberty. Twenty years of progressive materialization, of subjection to the unfreedom of the various Welfare States. Twenty years of war and preparation for war. Hence twenty years of defeat.

There was a time in this country when the tone of the day was set in terms of liberty. There were serious offenses against liberty, but they were regarded as offenses, they were abuses to be eradicated. A man could speak his mind and thought, by and large, there would be few to agree with him, there would be few also who would think seriously of accusing him of subversion or of denying him the right to express himself. As I say it was no condition that was realized fully in the concrete. There were witch hunts, racial persecution, anti-labor movements, religious bigotry. But it did not permeate the total atmosphere. It did not rest as a heavy oppressive cloud over the nation. People still held the ideals expressed in the Declaration

believed that rights came from the nature of man rather than from the State. But we know all that has changed, we feel it rather than know it, it is a difference of atmosphere, the imperceptible difference one gets to know not from a reasoned analysis of what makes it so but because one senses the oppression, one feels uncomfortable. And yet we do know somewhat why this is so. We know of the disappearance of the frontier and the consequent

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Peace

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

What does "peace" mean? Theoretically, this is "peacetime." Yet, men die in Korea, in Indo-China, men make weapons of destruction in Oak Ridge and beyond the Urals.

Now it looks as if there is the possibility of "peace" in Korea, perhaps even a settlement in Germany, a break in the cold war.

But what is peace?

Korea

It is now obvious that the death of Stalin started, or symbolized, a profound unrest in the top levels of the Soviet bureaucracy. We cannot yet tell exactly what this means. Malenkov is certainly not the equal of Stalin in any sense, nor is Beria subordinate to him. Perhaps Stalin's burial signaled the end of a faction fight in the Kremlin; perhaps only a beginning.

Whatever the cause, this tendency has made certain important gestures to the West. One of these is the possibility of a Korean peace settlement.

In the United States a change in government was also responsible for at least a change in attitude, if not approach. Eisenhower need not fear the charge of being pro-Communist (for several years, Acheson and Truman assumed that any Soviet feeler was in bad faith, probably because any evidence of conciliation on their part would be regarded by their enemies as appeasement). Eisenhower was elected by an electorate which felt that he was a negotiator; indeed, a peace vote probably played a role in his victory.

Because of these changes, (but principally because of the Soviet) there is now more hope of a Korean peace settlement.

The New Line

Such a settlement would be welcome on one very basic ground; that it would put an end to the bloodshed in Korea—and that it

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Personalist Peter Maurin

By DOROTHY DAY

In 1932, Peter Maurin, founder of the Catholic Worker movement, was working at hard manual labor at Mount Tremper, New York, at a boys' camp where he mended roads, cut ice, and did other chores winter and summer and received his living, not a very munificent one, in return. As a French peasant he lived on soup and bread. His account at the grocery did not come to more than a few dollars a week. He slept in the barn which was as close to the Stable as he could get. He spent seven years in the vicinity of Kingston, New York, studied, worked and prepared what he liked to call the Green Revolution. Before this he had travelled through the States and Canada as an unskilled laborer. Before that he had worked in France, where he was born, at the one thing he was skilled at, teaching with the Christian Brothers. But he believed too, that the scholar had to become a worker not only that he might understand the conditions and problems of the worker, but that the worker too might become a scholar, because Peter believed in THE PEOPLE changing their own conditions. He did not speak in terms of THE MASSES, being swayed by some dictator demagogue.

Peter Maurin studied the prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church; he studied Proudhon, Karl Marx, Kropotkin and familiarized himself with utopian socialist thought as well as Marxist thinking. He knew to whom to turn among Catholic thinkers, and he introduced us to Romano Guardini, Karl Adam, Luigi Sturzo, Vincent McNabb, among the priests, and to E. I. Watkin, Christopher Dawson, G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc as well as E. J. Penty and Peter Kropot-

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Chrystie Street

Catholic Worker
Baptized by Fire

By TOM SULLIVAN

After twenty years of existence the Catholic Worker sustained its first major fire. This fire started last Saturday morning (April 19) at five-thirty. Seven men were hospitalized as a result of burns suffered during the disaster. Fifty-three year old John Simms, who has been with us for the past three months helping out in the dining room, was the most badly burnt.

Four other victims of the fire, Bill Thebone, George Lockhart, Steve McDonough and Hank Sanborn are still in the hospital but are responding quite well to the treatment tendered to them.

The two other men burnt by the fire, Jimmy Rooney and Marty Corbin, were dismissed from the hospital the same day they entered. Their burns are said to be minor thus they were bandaged up and sent home.

The fourth floor of the men's side of the house was completely demolished by the fire. Part of the third and fifth floors display gaping wounds as a result of the debacle. Some newspaper accounts had the building leveled to the ground. Thank God it wasn't that bad.

Someone had misinformed the newspapers that I had led many men and women out of the house while the fire was raging. This was not true since I was one of the last ones in the house to be informed that a fire was in progress.

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Life at Hard Labor

By AMMON HENNACY

"This is the Hard Labor I write about, James," I said to my boss as we chunked knee deep in mud seeking to channel the rushing water to the west of the "land" toward the east part which was still dry. I had worked from 6 to 8 p.m. and now James came from the milking and worked with me until about 11. At the head of the land where the water came rushing from the irrigation ditch it broke the border so that this extra water in one land made it impossible for us to take care of it that night. We shut it off and started the next land. Then James got the small scraper bulldozer and made slant checks to the west of each land, ahead of me, five to a land, enough to last until morning. He finished at 1:30 and got a few hours sleep until 4:45 when he had to get up again for the milking. All night I didn't rest a second. I had already worked all day pulling weeds so when morning came I was too tired to eat and went right to sleep when I got home.

There is not very much of this plowed land irrigating but enough of it to prove whether you are a man or a mouse. This 13 hour night was succeeded by one of 11 hours of the same muddy rush. Toward daylight I saw I was near the strawberry field of the Japan-

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First Essays of Peter Maurin

SCHOLARS AND WORKERS

The scholar has told the bourgeois that a worker is a man for all of that. But the bourgeois has told the scholar that a worker is a commodity for all of that. Because the scholar has vision, the bourgeois calls him a visionary. So the bourgeois laughs at the scholar's vision and the worker is left without vision. And the worker left by the scholar without vision talks about liquidating both the bourgeois and the scholar. The scholars must tell the workers what is wrong with things as they are. The scholars must tell the workers how things would be, if they were as they should be. The scholars must tell the workers how a path can be made from things as they are to things as they should be. The scholars must collaborate with the workers in the making of a path from things as they are to things as they should be. The scholars must become workers so the workers may be scholars.

BLOWING THE DYNAMITE

1. Writing about the Catholic Church a radical writer says: "Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."
2. To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic.
3. If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social dynamic force it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church.
4. Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church have wrapped it up in nice phraseology placed it in an hermetic container and sat on the lid.
5. It is about time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

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EDITORIAL:

Flight From the City

We are beginning to collect letters from families who have gone to the land and we will print as many of them as we can, trying to choose those which are most helpful in clarifying the problem. One problem which stands out immediately is this. Each one wishes to be on his own. Each one wishes his own farm, his own land, and too often has gone too far from town and job and neighbor to cooperate with others. Some wish others to join them, but are unwilling to join anyone else. Peter Maurin used to speak of a village economy, of agronomic universities, of farming communes. Most of the families reading the Catholic Worker have dashed off to distant parts where land is cheap, getting away, not only from the city but also from friends and other families who have worried them with constant discussions and criticisms. Community is the hardest problem of all. "Sharing" is too often interpreted to mean that what is yours is mine and what is mine is mine.

What is the gospel answer to this problem? "Give to him who asks of you, and from him who would borrow of thee, do not turn away." "If anyone would go to law with thee and take thy tunic, let him take thy cloak as well; and whoever forces thee to go for one mile, go with him two." "You therefore are to be perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect."

Usually when we quote the sermon on the mount and speak in terms of the gospels, we are attacked on the ground that we do not distinguish between counsel and precept. But Our Lord said, "A new PRECEPT I give unto you, that you love others as I have loved you," and that meant he gave his life for others.

One of these days we will collect all the articles we have in THE CATHOLIC WORKER on the land movement and on community and print them in book form. (When we have the money.) Then it will be seen that for 20 years we have consistently written and talked these same ideas, that we have admitted that the works of mercy, commanded in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew as a condition of our salvation, do indeed interfere in the land movement, but that if we did not mind being dependent like little children we would somehow get by, we would somehow survive and many others with us. Multitudes have passed through our farms and received refreshment and consolation and spiritual light too. And that is not to say that we have not suffered with it all. Criticism, ingratitude, faithlessness have too often been the reward. Each one seeketh his own. No one can endure criticism. There is much emphasis on prayer, but little on fasting, on asceticism or on work. There is usually a group who work hard holding things together, doing the palpable visible things; and there is a group too of critics, of talkers, indoctrinators, tearing the Catholic Worker movement apart, but still acknowledging it to be their greatest happiness and joy in life.

God has brought us all together to be instruments of each other's salvation and if ever the old man is to be put to death and the New Man, Jesus Christ, put on ("Put ye on therefore the Lord Jesus Christ") it will be done through community. How we should treasure these sufferings, these criticisms, these wounds to vanity and self-esteem! The way we take them is certainly a measure of our pride and selfishness! We can indeed begin to know ourselves, and so to know Thee, O Lord. (That was a great prayer of St. Augustine's.)

What can those who are held in the city do? I heard recently of a group of young communist families going to one of our great universities, who decided communal living should be tried here and now. They pooled their resources, bought a big old house, divided it up into apartments and community rooms and a day nursery, and all set up housekeeping together, to their mutual aid and growth in understanding of the problems of communal living. The Party decided they were guilty of Utopian, infantile deviationism or some such charge, and ordered them to liquidate their resources and go back to living like everyone else. The thing is now, in the Party as in the Church—not to appear to be different from anyone else—wear the cosmetics, the styles, the amusements of the masses—and bore from within. Sanctify the corner where you are. Take the world as you find it. Be realistic. Come out of your ivory tower. Balance the books. Stand on your own two feet. Don't be a visionary.

But if one stops to listen, the cry of the prophet is heard. Figures stand out—(though lone figures, unfortunately) like that of Ammon Hennacy, who do not compromise; who work and pray, who live in poverty, share what they have. And there are those many members of groups such as Carl Paulson, the stained glass window maker of St. Benedict's farm, Upton, Massachusetts, who leads because he is the servant of all, who knows how to live in poverty and hard work, and yet whose life, with beautiful wife and seven children, (one adopted) is one of beauty and richness and order. And Hans Tunnesen, and Ed Foerster, single men living in community and giving their work for the good of the whole. There are inspiring figures through the Catholic Worker movement, and there are inspiring families too. This month we print a few letters from some of them. The best letters always remain unwritten of course.

It would take a book to write of the attempts made in these last twenty years to establish farming communes at Easton, Pa., at Upton, Mass., at Cape May, New Jersey, at Rochester, New York, at Rutland, Va., at Avon, Ohio, at South Lyons, Mich., at Aitkin, Minn., at Aptos, California, and at places outside of Pittsburgh and St. Louis and other cities whose very names are forgotten. As Chesterton said, because a thing has failed does not mean that the idea is not right. "It is not

that Christianity has failed," he said, "It has been tried and found difficult."

Many of the letters, which we are not printing, are trying to prove that "it can't be done." We want more who are bravely trying to do it—that is, establish communities on the land, who recognize the principle as right. For the few who write discouraging letters we know scores of families with many children, who may be forced to go on holding down jobs to earn a living, but who are learning, little by little, to keep going on the land. "Flee to the fields" really means "flight from the city" for the sake of the home, the original community, for the sake of the children, the young and the old. One can be a teacher, a painter, a shoemaker, a druggist, or follow many another trade, or merely work in "service" in some institution, and live on the land. Peter's advocacy of a land movement did not mean that everyone should go out and operate a successful family-sized farm, or join a community on the land. There is an infinite variety of ways to get out of the cities, the occasions of sin, as Fr. Vincent McNabb called them, and marrying and having a family, almost obligates a man to seek these ways. Pere Lamy, famed parish priest of Paris, who lived in intimate converse with the Blessed Mother, made one prophecy and only one, and that was that people were going to be forced to turn to the land, and to recover a sense of the value of the soil. Either peace and its resultant unemployment will do it, "There is no unemployment on the land," Peter said, or war and the blasting of cities will do it. Perhaps India and Gandhi's plan for a village economy will help to show us the way.

DOROTHY DAY

Personalist Peter Maurin

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kin, who was in a way his favorite among the laywriters. When he waved the encyclicals at us, it was not only the social encyclicals of the Popes, but also that on St. Francis of Assisi. He preferred St. Francis' way to the industrial council way. He always aimed at the best, and to him voluntary poverty, manual labor was the beginning of all true reform, which was to begin with one's self. First of all he was a personalist and a Communitarian. "People are always saying, 'they don't do this, and they don't do that,' he would cry out in ringing accents, "WE is a community, THEY is a crowd." And a lonely crowd, David Reisman would say, himself crying out against "the damned wantlessness of the poor." Peter would have liked Reisman's book as he would have liked Martin Buber's book, PATHS IN UTOPIA. He wanted people to be taught to want the best, and the best for him was the immediate program of the works of mercy, practiced in the cities and farming communes set up in the countryside where workers and scholars could get together to try to rebuild society within the shell of the old by founding better institutions to take the place of soulless corporations. (He spoke and wrote in phrases so packed with thought, that to expand them would mean the writing of a book.) He saw the need for the works of mercy as a practice of love for our brother which was the great commandment and the only way we can show our love for Christ, and he saw too that such a practice would mean conflict with the State. "Personal responsibility, not state responsibility," he always said.

Peter's teaching meant the immediate establishment of houses of hospitality because it was a time of depression and not only the worker, but young Catholic college graduates were unemployed. Peter attacked people by calling for an "abolition of the wage system" and self employment. Young people gave their services and unemployed workers gave their skills, and readers of THE CATHOLIC WORKER sent in material goods and money, so that for the last twenty years we have kept going on this basis of voluntary poverty and "abolition of the wage system," for those who preferred to give their services rather than go out and earn a wage for them;

This self employment was an immediate remedy for unemployment but the long term program meant substituting a new social order to take the place of both capitalism and communism. Peter did not believe in the use of force to bring about this new society, so from the first we have opposed class war, race war, civil war, imperialist war, and have been surrounded by them all. There is even the war between the worker and the scholar, and Peter faced the reality of that. He spoke of the treason of the intellectuals and also of the fault of the worker who permitted his work to be treated as a commodity to be bought and sold.

The impact Peter made on us all, from one end of the country to the other, so that houses of hospitality and farms were undertaken from coast to coast, was because he personally lived a life of poverty and work. He knew the skid rows of the country. He never asked anything for himself. His speech was "yea, yea," and "nay, nay." He was a great indoctrinator, a great agitator. He believed in "a theory of revolution" and advocated much study. "The evil is so deep seated," he said, "that of course much of the time will be given up to an immediate practice of the works of mercy." But he believed too, in constantly trying to create order out of chaos. "To be a social missionary," he said in one of his essays, "requires social mindedness, historical mindedness and practical idealism."

Because Peter loved most of all what he called the green revolution, we are beginning our twenty first year with emphasis on the land.

Death Comes to Member of Our Family

Jack Simms was a big man, fifty three years old and he had asthma and a bad heart. As a result of the fire described by Tom Sullivan in his column, he died Friday morning at Bellevue Hospital. He had been living with us for about three months, and he used to wait on table. He was a good kind man and every body in the house liked him. He went to daily Mass and to weekly Communion, and aside from Church he never went any place else, but used to sit in the library with the rest of the household when what jobs he could do to help out were done.

That was all we knew about him, except that before he came to us he had been at Graymoor for six months, helping out there. And

being helped of course. But he was the kind of a man that was used to serving, and he earned his way.

We found out more about him from his widow later and she said she would not mind if we put this short obituary in the paper. Here is the bare bones of the story, which for her began when she met him years ago. She was nineteen, and had lost her mother and was working as a typesetter at the Loose-Wiles Biscuit Company in Brooklyn. He was the policeman on the payroll and one day he sent a note to her asking for a date. She'd never had a date before, so she asked her father and he asked his brother who was also a policeman. So they started to go together and later they were mar-

ried. She never knew he drank until their honeymoon because I guess he was the kind of a man that just broke out occasionally. Anyway, they stuck it out together for sixteen years and there were four children. After they separated he continued to support the children, but a cop's salary is not enough to maintain two establishments, so she went to work too, as nurses' aide in various Brooklyn hospitals. There was a sick daughter and much money was needed there. (The son is in the air force). And then, after twenty seven years on the police force and very shortly before he was to be pensioned, he was brought up on charges and fired. The charges were serious but just the same, if a man is counted worthy to hold down a job on the police force for that length of time he deserves a better treatment than that. There were those long years of work, there was his work with his parish church where he was usher at Sunday Mass and a member of the Holy Name Society and the Knights of Columbus. And then suddenly, his whole life wrecked. The rest of his days to be spent, not with the respectable Christian, but with those whom the respectable Christian considers derelict. A year of this carrying of the Cross, and he met his sudden and tragic end. A man of fifty three has usually another ten or fifteen years to live. His was a sudden death, but he was ready for it. He was anointed when he entered the hospital. Ten members of the Catholic Worker household gave their blood for him and many more volunteered. The last thing he said to me before he became unconscious was, "It was a good thing that we got it, not the women."

Dorothy Day

Mgr. Paul Couturier Dies: Apostle of Unity

From France comes the sad news that Mgr. Paul Couturier died in his home at Lyons, on March 24th. This is an irreparable loss; but God will surely permit the great work to be continued in Couturier's own spirit, the spirit of brotherhood perhaps unsurpassed. He was beloved and known to all those, who in the Catholic Church work for Unity in the Christian world. And he was known as much, and perhaps even more, among Protestants and Anglicans and Russian-Orthodox, all striving to lay the stones, and bricks and even the simplest wood-work of the bridge of Unity among divided Christians. For Paul Couturier accepted every building material, and did wonders with the little he had. Once he wrote to us, asking for our Third Hour publications, requesting them to be sent as "complimentary," because of his poverty. And in another message to us, he wrote: "greetings from our grateful brotherhood." This humble and unique man, who gave up his entire life to ONE goal, that we may be ONE, was known as l'abbé Paul Couturier, but in 1952, he was designated as ARCHIMANDRITE by His Beatitude Maximos IV, Patriarch of Antioch. In the Eastern Church, united to Rome, ARCHIMANDRITE is the equivalent of Monsignor. But, as the French Catholic Paper, *Temoignages Chrétiens*, writes in its obituary, "for us, he (Mgr. Couturier) will always remain as l'abbé." All those familiar with the French are aware, that to call a priest: l'abbé, is familiar, affectionate and respectful. Paul Couturier's life was completely dedicated. He was the man who started in France the Octave of Prayer for Union (originated here, in America), and received many graces to stimulate and develop it in his own country. He published many books, pamphlets and beautiful posters connected with the Octave. During the tragic years of World War II he was prisoner of the Gestapo. His health was critically undermined. After his liberation, he was permitted to

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BOOK REVIEWS

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Fr. Bruckberger

MARY MAGDALENE by Raymond-Leopold Bruckberger, O. P. Pantheon, New York. \$3.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

The Gospel tells us little of Mary Magdalene. She is believed to be the "sinful woman in the city" who loved much and was loved in return by Our Lord. She is the woman from whom He drove seven devils; the sister of Martha and Lazarus of Bethany. We know that she was present at the Crucifixion and that Jesus appeared to her before He showed Himself to the other disciples after His resurrection.

From these meager gleanings Father Bruckberger has woven a tale of fact and conjecture which may or may not be accepted by the reader. Mary, according to Father Bruckberger's interpretation, was a Hellenized Jew, cultured, beautiful and wealthy. Her ideal was rather that of the Greek which exalted the courtesan as the free and envied woman, than that of the Israelite which placed the highest value on purity. She moved between two worlds and enjoyed the privileges and pleasures of Herod's court till disease drove her from the circles to which she was accustomed, and brought her finally and eternally to the feet of her Master.

Obviously in order to come to the conclusions which he draws, Father Bruckberger has not resorted to pure fiction. Though no source material was appended to this edition of the book (one has appeared giving such sources), the author has evidently studied closely the historical background and social customs of the little conquered country which rejected its own and was in turn rejected. He has perceived and briefed a convincing case for the dramatic incidents which could only have happened in such circumstances as he describes, against the backdrop he has constructed. He deserves applause for his finesse in placing the story of the great sinner-saint in a context historically credible and culturally sound.

But there are objections. What evidence, for example, can he offer that the Magdalene was a companion of the dancer, Salome, and that each of them may have attempted to seduce St. John the Baptist? Or that Mary was a condoning witness to the heinous crime which decapitated the precursor? There is something in the very temperament of this woman who loved so greatly, both sensually and spiritually, which upsets this theory and makes it utterly distasteful. Mary was a sinner. She was not necessarily a monster.

It would seem too that the speculation concerning Mary's influence and possible intervention with Pilate is purely hypothetical. There is no doubt that it adds dramatic intensity to the drama of Mary's love for Christ; it somehow does not jibe with the traditional picture of Christ's disciples, the poor, the despised, the outcast. If the rich and the bourgeois were among those who followed Christ, Mary would not seem to have been among them; she belonged with the fishermen and the tax collector.

In attempting to bring out Mary Magdalene's burning love for Jesus, Father Bruckberger has a tendency to overshadow those others who shared His life. Martha, rebuked as without imagination, is obviously not a favorite of the author's. The apostles are dim and frightened figures beside the Magdalene. And at the foot of the Cross, after the death of Our Lord, it is Mary Magdalene, rather than Mary, the Mother of God, who takes her place in the Pieta scene, holding the body of her Master. If Father Bruckberger is not tampering here with history, he is certainly playing havoc with tradition.

Father Bruckberger has, of course, every right to highlight his central character. And on the credit side it must be said that never, throughout the book, does the fig-

ure of Mary Magdalene outshine that of Christ. He is always the center and the Gospel story, which is His story, as it is retold here is dramatic, tragic, and as filled with the hope of the Resurrection as one could desire. There is great subtlety too in the writer's use of his saint as a symbol of the meeting of two civilizations—the Jewish and the Gentile.

From a purely literary standpoint, Father Bruckberger's work is above reproach. He is a first-rate artist, in firm control of his materials. His style has both elegance and warmth, and he has worked within his chosen framework with complete success. If Mary Magdalene is a disappointment, as it was to me, it is perhaps because its author, gifted as he is, writes with more authority in form where his imagination has free play rather than in one which demands a blend of fact and fiction.



Graham Greene

THE SHIPWRECKED by Graham Greene, reissued by Viking Press, New York, 1953. \$3.00.

Reviewed by Richard Donnelly

"The Shipwrecked," first published in 1935 under the title, "England Made Me," is, at best, a dimly conceived, immature novel. But it is valuable and worth reading in so far as it reveals the author's potential, anticipates his later works. A socially-conscious novel, its characters are unconvincing precisely because the young Greene, like many writers of the thirties, conceived of them as social types—Krogh, the Swedish industrialist who had schemed his way to a position where he could manipulate world markets; Kate Farant, his English secretary and mistress, an attractive woman from a lower middle-class background whose sole motivation is her love for her twin brother, Anthony; and Anthony, who has never amounted to anything, filled with the vicious and sentimental values of his society, who "wasn't unscrupulous enough to be successful." These three are thrown together when Krogh, at Kate's insistence, gives Anthony a job.

But we don't really care what happens to these people, we are not concerned enough about Krogh or Kate, and when Anthony is killed, we feel no regret.

As Greene developed, he recog-

nized that evil could not be explained away in terms of economics, that "Human nature is not black and white but black and grey." Class antagonisms and class interests, the values and mentality prevailing in a particular society due to its very structure, help us to understand in part the behavior of human beings. But only in part. It is evident that the young Greene sensed this, even in "The Shipwrecked," but seemed to prefer the simpler solution.

The one recognizable Greene character in the book is the angry, middle-aged journalist, Minty—an Englishman alone in Sweden, whose horror of the flesh is so acute that he is annoyed "To think that God had become man." Minty is recognizable because he dislikes sex, and is therefore a familiar Greene character; in this regard, many have objected that in all of Greene's works (with the exception of his last book) his attitude toward sex and all human relationships is somehow wrong. But we do not agree or disagree with an artist; or, like the philistine, demand a whole view of life; the creative mind develops a bias towards existence, a personal vision is revealed to us, and we are asked to share it. And so, in a sense, we share Mr. Greene's childhood, his obsession with guilt and responsibility.

Despite some excellent writing in "The Shipwrecked," there are many unsuccessful attempts to force mood, and here is an especially unhappy one: "The damp air held suspended the music from every quarter, a skeleton of music above an autumnal decay." We might agree that this is inexcusable, that the novel itself does not succeed, but we can also agree that this book should be read by all who want further insights into a significant and penetrating novelist.

Frank Sheed

SOCIETY AND SANITY by F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

To those who have read F. J. Sheed's *Theology and Sanity* it should come as no surprise that Mr. Sheed, having defined in the layman's terms, man's relationship to God, should now venture into sociology to undertake an analysis of man's relationship to society. The correlation is clear but man is inclined often enough to shut his eyes to the obvious. The ostrich attitude, however, is a dangerous one and may unhappily lead to disaster. To avert its own destruction, society must become "an army of lions led by a lion," a community of men who know why they are alive and what their purpose is.

Mr. Sheed begins his exploration of this kind of society with a philosophical examination of man as he is, spiritual and material, entitled to the reverence due a creature of God, and to the rights which flow from the knowledge of the Christian view of man's place in the scheme of creation. Moving from the essential to man existential with all his foibles, quirks and perversities, his incalculabilities and readiness to choose the unexpected, he extends the ideal into the realm of the active.

This is where the absolute necessity of a concept of society suited to man's need comes in, and where the bitter quarrels about such a concept begin. Mr. Sheed steadily reiterates that without a thorough knowledge, a living and breathing knowledge, of man's nature we may as well turn to Machiavelli for guidance. Since, however, he is at opposite poles from the Machiavellians, he formulates the principles which must govern a social unit that is not go-

ing to succumb to loss of liberty, vitality and perhaps of life itself.

His chapters on the Family are of first importance, for the community as a whole derives its strength and vigor from the health of this basic unit. In these pages on marriage and man's attitude toward it Mr. Sheed is at his most brilliant. He is knowledgeable and wise, and he is, above all, filled with a sure sense of man's dignity in his ability to enjoy the delights, as well as suffer the frustrations, of marriage and direct them both toward eternal happiness.

This perception is rarer than one might suppose, and it is just this quality that enables the author so precisely to pinpoint the restless devil of modern marriage, and in opposition underline the principles which can exercise it. In his own words, "Men will sacrifice themselves for any ideal that they



value. The integrity of marriage does not seem to them such an ideal. Why should it? Who has ever shown them the enormous human interests involved in it... We are not entitled to say men will make no sacrifice for the ideal until we have done something to show them why it is the ideal."

Turning from the Family to Society as a whole Mr. Sheed deals with the establishment of the proper relationship between man and his social environment. Once again he sounds his paramount theme—the understanding of man as he is. The sane view, which he hammers at insistently and effectively, presupposes a society satisfying to the nature of man, not a state in which the citizen serves without reason or regard for his own nobility and personality. Nor is Mr. Sheed here delving only into the realm of the ideal. He is well aware of what he calls "social fact and political order" and sensitive to the terrifying totalitarian drift of governments whether they be communist, fascist, or the gentler breed of the welfare state. And he is emphatic in pointing out that only in a devitalized society where God is ignored and man disregarded can such governments exist.

Which, of course, is the whole point of his book. A society derives its vitality, its consideration of the individual, from religion. Without belief and attention to God there is no reason to give man his due, to respect his essence, and build a social structure attuned to his needs.

Father White

GOD AND THE UNCONSCIOUS by Victor White, O.P., S.T.B., Henry Regnery Company, Chicago. \$4. Reviewed by Natalie T. Darcy.

The publication announcement of the American edition of "God And The Unconscious" has been awaited eagerly by those who have read Father White's articles in such magazines as *Commonweal*, *Blackfriars*, and *Life of the Spirit*. The reading of the book will not only satisfy his friends but will win for him a vast and appreciative new audience. This audience will be a particularly varied one including, in addition to that strangely inclusive "general reader," students of psychology, psychotherapists, anthropologists, philosophers, theologians and parish priests.

There are few books whose chapter headings give so clear an indication of their scope and appeal as to warrant their listing in a brief review. "God And The Unconscious" is among the few, however, and it would be unfair to the prospective reader if this listing were not included: *The Twilight of The Gods*; *The Gods Go A-Begging*; *The Unconscious And God*; *Freud, Jung And God: The Frontiers Of Theology and Psychology*; *Aristotle, Aquinas And Man*; *Revelation And The Unconscious*; *Psychotherapy And Ethics*; *The Analyst And The Confessor*; *Devils And Complexes*; *Gnosis, Gnosticism And Faith*; *The Dying God*. An important Appendix on Analytical Psychology by Father Gebhard Frei and a most complimentary and appreciative Foreword by C. G. Jung add further enrichment to this choice contribution to the field of psychology.

It would be presumptuous and futile to attempt to summarize the deep, integrated and challenging thought of Father White in a few paragraphs. The best one can do is to trace briefly and incompletely an idea or two which seem focal in its development.

If the association of God with the unconscious seems strange or even blasphemous, it may be due to our concept of an exclusively transcendental God "who has nothing to do with the lowest." It may be due even more to the view of the unconscious which has grown out of the popularization of Freud wherein the unconscious is synonymous with that which is repressed and God is considered as a substitute for a never wholly satisfactory earthly father, a projection to compensate for our infantile sense of helplessness, something to be analyzed away.

Though Jung steers clear of a religious or metaphysical position in his published work, the dreams of modern men led him to believe that the God image is not dead but consciously or unconsciously very potent in the shaping of lives. If this image is repressed or ignored, there is a negative effect on the health and consciousness of the individual; selfish desires develop which, in turn, lead to psychic illness. It is interesting to note, parenthetically, that Jung's definition of the "libido" liberates it from the Freudian confines of sexuality to the broader concept of "absolute, formless, undifferentiated energy" synonymous with the traditional metaphysical designation of "Actus Purus" which the moral theologians agree is that which men call God. Whereas for Freud religion is a symptom of mental illness, for Jung the absence of religion is at the root of all psychic disease. For Jung, psychotherapy in theory and in practice must merge into the spiritual if a real "cure" is to be effected; religion may be viewed as being liberated from its Freudian confinement to infantile incestuous channels to become "the fine flower and fruit of psychic energy."

The Jungian concept of psychotherapy wherein the goal of "nor-

(Continued on page 7)

Father Duffy on Beginners

Al Cook is married to a convert from Judaism. They have a baby less than a year old. Al attended the pacifist conference at the Peter Maurin Farm last September. He had a conversation with Fr. Duffy about laying the foundations for peace on the land through the medium of Christian rural communities in which people could live a truly Christian, simple and satisfying life. The point Fr. Duffy made was that this kind of life would not call, as the way of life of the average urban American does today, for war, for preparation and production for war and for foreign markets or outlets obtained by war for the large and ever increasing surplus products of United States industrialism in order to maintain its high, luxurious and unChristian living standards.

* * *

Later in the year, with Fr. Duffy as his companion, Al went out on several occasions, scouting around Pennsylvania and New Jersey looking for a suitable farm. Eventually he found one in northeastern Pennsylvania, eight miles from the New York State line, near Binghamton, New York, outside a little town called Susquehanna.

It contains about 70 acres, 40 acres of which are tillable. The remainder is woodland and hillside pasture. The tillable land is flat bottom land; two brooks run through it. It is easily workable and while neglected and ill used for some years, its soil is deep and good. There is an eight-room house and a barn with accommodation for several cows. Each building is in livable condition but in need of repairs and improvements. A school bus passes the door of the house which fronts on a road with a tarred surface. The Catholic Church is three or four miles away.

* * *

The price of the farm was five thousand dollars. Al had the necessary down payment and a mortgage could be arranged for the balance. On Fr. Duffy's advice, he bought the farm and moved down there at once, getting a temporary job nearby.

"Keep your job," Fr. Duffy said, "until you have repaired and improved your house, repaired the barn, fenced what land you need at once, and get the farm ready for farming on a small scale. Creep before you walk, make haste slowly, take one step at a time. And remember, your monthly payments on the mortgage are less than your monthly rent was for your cold water three-room apartment."

With a modest yet substantial cash reserve in his pocket, Al moved to the farm in the early part of January, 1953. He got his local job, in a town twenty miles away. He had to get up at 5:30 every morning to do some house chores and get to his job in time. He changed his old car for a truck to get to work in. When he came home at night he had to cut and chop wood to heat his house.

* * *

Fr. Duffy went to see them again in February to encourage them and advise them on the best place and the best way to form a compost heap, the chief and necessary component parts of which were in the cow barn, the manure and the old rotted and rotting hay left there by the previous owner. He talked to them of the most suitable location for a vegetable garden, selecting the most suitable land for the beginning of a gradually formed fencing system to keep any future stock from rambling, and on laying the foundations of a rotational and diversified system of subsistence farm-

ing which must be built around a cow, or cows. Snow fell during and just before his visit, so there was little of a practical nature which could be done at that time, except to encourage the new settlers.

(During the summer Father Duffy plans to visit other of the Catholic Worker readers on their farms.)

Since February correspondence between Al and Father continued. Al wrote of how he had put the barn in shape and was planning to buy cows. He was offered nine by a local farmer and approached the bank for a loan with which to purchase them.

"We didn't get the loan but a week ago we bought and brought home a cow. Since then we bought a month-old calf from a neighbor. The cow is a first-calf heifer just short of two years old. She is a large and beautiful Holstein. We get about 4 gallons of milk a day, so we have all the milk, cream and butter (we have a cream separator and churn, too) we can use and still give milk away every day. The calf uses twice as much as we do. I've learned the milking technique. I can milk as fast as my neighbor (who can milk a cow in three minutes), but only for the first pint! I peter out after that and have to rest and can hardly hold my hands up at the end. I'm getting a little tougher. The calf is frisky and full of life and both cow and calf have been a great joy to us. They've brought our spirits up a great deal.

* * *

"We simply have to have some one else to help us. I have thought of leaving the job and working here for a month until I get caught up with the most important things that have to be done, and then getting another job. This job pays extra well for this locality, but it takes so many hours. We have money to buy two more cows and we could get \$100 a month from the milk and be able to buy two more by Fall. I am sending a list of things that must be done before I can ship milk to a creamery. It all has to be done their way—not the right way, of course—and it takes money, lots of it.

* * *

"As soon as the Spring rains cease I'll need more time than I have to do farming, and so the barn won't get any more work on it till the Fall. If we could get a family to live with us (a family with similar ideas to ours) they'd have free rent, milk, garden produce and eventually eggs and meat. There is plenty of room here for two families on a temporary basis at any rate. In two years they could save enough to buy themselves a farm in this area (where the land is fairly cheap) if the man worked out as I do, and helped me in his spare time.

"I'd like to advertise in the Catholic Worker for a family, a young couple if possible. I hope that you will have the time to come again soon and help and encourage us and teach us the myriad things about country living which seem so simple to you but which we, stumbling along, are trying to learn.

"For two months or more I've wanted to go to Montrose to see the F.H.A. I think it would give us \$2,000 more on the long term mortgage. It would cost only \$40 a month or less for payments and we could buy the cows, etc., we need to start farming on a subsistence, full-time scale. A herd of cows on a short term mortgage would cost us \$250 a month just for their payment. With such important things being neglected I tear my hair." (Al has not got much

of it) or rather my heart because I can get no one to help me. I thought I'd see you about that and about Government lime when you were here last but you left before I got the chance to do so.

"Write when you can, and come when you can, and remember us in your prayers,

Yours in the love of God,

AL.

"There you go, still thinking in terms of a big dairy check and a relatively big herd of cows," Father wrote back. "You can't handle them yet, nor in the immediate future. If you try it you'll be writing another Jeremiad like Jack Thornton's in the Catholic Worker and Marty Paul's in the Commonweal, and that will mean more discouragement for people who are thinking in terms of rural living."

"Al admits the viciousness of a farming system enslaved to the production of milk for a market," Fr. Duffy commented. "The same viciousness, incidentally, applies to all kinds of farming restricted or enslaved to the production of any particular kind of product for a market. The list of things to be done before his milk would be accepted by a commercial creamery would pauperize him and also prevent him from doing a lot of things which a good farmer must do in order to take proper care of his farm and fertilize it naturally. His land is suitable for diversified farming for the production of many other things besides, or as well as milk, things that will provide him and his stock with good food, keep his land healthy and fertile and provide him with the cash which he needs in order to live properly and solvently.

* * *

"Old habits, or things to which people are accustomed die slowly and one can understand why Al is thinking in terms of dairy checks and a big herd of cows. The vast majority of farmers in the U. S. A. think the same way. Farming has become commercialized, big business, a factory in the fields the operation of which requires a lot of capital which poor people do not have and from which many of them are debarred, or debar themselves because they want to ape the ways of the commercial farmer who thinks solely in terms of making money and is not at all interested in what a farmer should be primarily interested in, the production of good food for himself and his family and an integrated, physically, spiritually and culturally satisfying life on the land. However as Al and his wife have the right intentions and are willing to learn, I think that they will eventually fully embrace and become pioneers in the little way, the way of doing with and being satisfied with less, with simpler and more satisfying things, with the Christian way which, though the hard way, is the way of happiness and peace."

Father Duffy has written about the good life in practical terms in *This Way Out and A Farm in Ireland* and also two other booklets, "... Into the Way of Peace" and "Deliver Us From Evil." Write Father Duffy, Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Rd. Pleasant Plains, S. I., N. Y. One dollar will cover the lot. He writes about practical, diversified, subsistence farming; methods on small farms owned by farmers who, owning and living on their own farms, co-operate with neighboring farmers, pooling their labor and owning machinery co-operatively (the only way in which small farmers can operate and survive); with farmers' co-operatives (for the economic sale of surplus products), with parish recreational, educational and cultural centers; and with other practical interpretations or applications of Christian ideas. This simple, satisfying living will lead to peace for the individual, for the family, the nation and the world at large.

Freedom of the Land

Infant of Prague Farm

By RICHARD and MARY DVORAK

It seems Jack and Mary Thornton's recent letter has started some controversy relative to settling on the land. If so, permit us to enter the contest with sleeves rolled high.

At the Crossroads of Life Boulevard the two most dejected people meet, tarry a while exchanging views, experiences and discouragement, and then head on in opposite directions.

In the first group are the city dwellers with their pallid, sunken appearance, fed up with teeming slums, unfriendly neighbors, dog-loving, child-hating landlords and hands calloused from years of time clock manipulation, at long last headed for the freedom of the land, freedom from want and an abundance of play space for the young.

In the second group are the land grubbers with their ruddy complexion, stooped but strong physique and hands calloused too, from the many hours spent behind the plow. They too are fed up—fed up because of their failures in crop and stock raising, lack of machinery and uncooperative neighbors. It is they who are now headed for the supposed security of a steady income, regulated hours, close

mer, one brood sow nine months old, three milch goats, three buck kids, ten chickens and an even dozen ducks. The milch goats serve as our milk supply, the ducks and chickens our eggs and the buck kids our meat supply in small measure.

Feeding our nine strong family and the stock along with meeting payments on the mortgage leaves little or nothing for the clothing requirements of the family. As a consequence we have been fortunate indeed to have received used clothing from friends and relatives and to now and then purchase some of our needs at the St. Vincent de Paul outlet store.

These things are good, though, and God should be thanked for opportunities such as this, to practice a self effacement through humility, as a good priest friend back home in Cleveland, Ohio, wrote us after an appeal we sent him for used clothing. It is good to swallow one's pride, for the merits of humility are endless indeed.

We too have experienced the woes coupled with uncooperative neighbors and in turn have been gladdened by those that cure and help in their charity.



affinity with one's neighbors and comforts of modern conveniences, little realizing the enslavement of the time clock.

We have been of the first group and are now experiencing the trials of the second this past year and a half. We, like our good friends, the Thorntons, have encountered the same obstacles that can so easily cause dejection and the feeling of giving up.

Our farm is on a dirt and gravel road one mile from highway 99, and numbers 152 acres. Our home is a spacious ten-room frame structure, livable but in need of many repairs. As for outbuildings we have a large pig barn in four sections, hen house, brooder house, silo, milk house with attached windmill, two-car garage and a very large bank barn with twenty metal stanchions, four horse stalls, four calving pens and two bull stalls. As for equipment we have none, and this plus the mortgage sends me into nearby Erie each day for our subsistence.

Besides Mary and me there are seven children aged seventeen, eight, seven, five, four, three and one, divided into four girls and three boys, with the oldest boy seven years in age.

Our stock consists of one heifer calf ready for breeding this sum-

There are the Stanley Stazewskis who so generously give of their equipment and time and the Harry Osterbergs who have given of their wood slabs to enable us to keep the home fires burning.

We have the Larry Vincents along with Betty Clendenning who in their generosity originally presented us with our three milch goats.

An occasional visit with Betty and the Vincents and as frequent a one with Jack and Mary Thornton who live 20 miles distant from us, coupled with less frequent visits from relatives back home, comprise the extent of our social life out here.

Yes, the work is hard, the hours very long, failures bitter to the taste, the lack of running water, shower or bath a past luxury, furnace heat a possibility, muddy rutted roads an unwelcome sight and weariness a constant companion. Yet these are all welcome thorns in our side.

The crucifixion must always be suffered to enjoy the gladness of the resurrection. And so it is with life on the land the hard way. If the seed has to die to itself to raise up to a new life, how much more must man die to himself to eventually enjoy the fruits of his labor?

LAND



Maryfarm

By MILDRED SHADEG

Recently we celebrated the glorious Feast of Easter which surpasses all other feasts of the season. The time of the passion, death and resurrection of Christ is the most important of the whole ecclesiastical year because our whole redemption was wrought through these events. There is no period of the year so rich in significant and edifying ceremonies as Holy Week. We are grateful to Father Sheehan and Father Hogan from Epiphany Apostolic College for providing two cars each day so that many of us were privileged to attend the Holy Week services at the College. Several of the men commemorated the Feast of the Resurrection on Holy Saturday by making a pilgrimage to the Carmelite Monastery in Middletown, N. Y. where they assisted in the beautiful midnight services. In anticipation of the great feast our chapel was decorated with beautiful flowers from Charlie Petrillo, our neighbor and also from the Palatine Flower Shop. Susa Bell, our 250-pound pig, was slaughtered and on Easter Sunday a luscious pork dinner was prepared and served to our large family and guests. Practically everyone at Maryfarm had quite a siege of the flu and a couple of the men had a severe case of poison ivy. Today all are well and much time and energy is being given to planting a large garden with plots of peas, onions, lettuce and potatoes. Quantities of wild edible greens, such as parsley and dandelions, are brought into the kitchen daily to be served at table. The Billy Goat and Daisy Mae, the cow, have been taken out of the barn after a long confinement during the winter months. We have been given two hundred chicks. These will replace our few hens which will make the "pot" during the busy summer months. Last week four of us women were fortunate in getting a ride to Montreal, Canada. There we visited many interesting places including the famous Shrine of St. Joseph on Mount Royal where thousands of tourists visit each year and pray for the beatification of Brother Andrea, a Holy Cross brother. On our return the men prepared an elegant banquet in honor of our home coming. Philip Millions sang a song for the occasion. It was entitled, "Don't be Afraid to Come Home."

Preparations for our annual summer retreats are being made. The insulation for our chapel has arrived and we hope to have a sound proof chapel shortly. Along with the general house cleaning Lou is doing a fine job in white washing the kitchen walls. The outdoor Stations of the Cross were again fastened to the trees in their leafy bower. I know that many men and women are planning their vacation now and are looking for a place to spend sometime in seclusion. Maryfarm extends an invitation to individuals and groups to make a six day retreat. This week of solitude affords an opportunity for living in closer union with God. For further information write to Maryfarm, R. D. No. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

During the course of the fifty days from Easter to Pentecost which comprise the paschal time, one should by the frequent repetition of the Alleluia be reminded to give unceasing praise and thanks to Our Saviour and Redeemer for His Resurrection. P. S. Long basic retreats this summer: July 19-25, Fr. Judge; Aug. 23-29, Fr. Casey.

Reflections on the Green Revolution

The First Twenty Years Are the Hardest

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

I think it was in 1935 that I wrote to *The Catholic Worker* and offered to work on their farming commune. Dorothy Day sent me a card confessing that there was no farming commune as yet but inviting me to New York.

I never took up the invitation, but three years later found myself living in a house of hospitality in Cleveland. And a few years later I was living on a Catholic Worker farm outside of Cleveland. I still am, as a matter of fact. It is the sorriest sample of a CW farming venture. I know. I live here. We call it OUR LADY OF THE WAY-SIDE Farm.

Peter was a legend years before I heard him in 1938. I didn't really see him then because at the time I was temporarily blind, the result of a happy accident. He came to visit me in my bedroom of my parental home. We talked about Thoreau and voluntary poverty and life on the land.

Because Peter was a peasant, a day-laborer, a philosopher, and a saint, we who heard him who were never peasants, laborers, philosophers, or saints, thought that we understood him. We wanted to be saints (lower case) and took it for granted that we were philosophers. Peter made philosophy seem so simple. We forgot that Peter worked with his hands, and that his back was strong, and bent, from hard labor. Peter could have been (with the tool in hand) a perfect model for THE MAN WITH THE HOE. But Peter wrote greater words than the poet who wrote THE MAN WITH THE HOE ever wrote. Because he was a scholar and a worker, and a worker and a scholar he thought with his humility that scholars would take to working with their hands with joy, and manual workers adopt intellectual discipline with delight. But I, for one, and I suspect a few other of Peter's admirers, have realized that it is not easy. Especially, like me, the ones who can map out Utopia with ease after a prolonged reading spree.

The scholars insist upon being scholarly, and the workers insist upon working physically for weal or woe, and the twain never meet. It makes for an unbalanced society. That was a "Peter point." And with monotonous regularity when a working worker or a scholarly scholar realizes the reality of the spiritual he immediately betakes himself to a monastery. And monks are reputedly good farmers.

Peter was interested, in my opinion, in the good life, the good whole life, not perfection in any one field, including successful farming. One who does not raise pedigree animals, who does not take prizes at County Fairs, is not an outstanding character, one who is one that is balanced in mind, obscure in fame, and alive in body, who is strong and supple in the struggle for survival, who is poor; who prays to God every night for the strength to go on; and thanks God, every morning, for the joy of life. That is my idea of a "Peter" man. Of course, Peter reacted differently on different persons.

I remember how the fallacy of "organic gardening" side-tracked me on the road to common-sense farming.

Often too the practice of the works of mercy distracted "green revolutionists" from the needs of the soil. God bless them. It is better, I think, to try to be a Christian than a successful soil engineer. It is better to be a "green revolutionist" than to have a green thumb, and have "green" in one's

pocketbook. This again is merely a personal opinion.

After all a Society does not come about by planning, but by living. It is the result of a manner of living enforced by reality. It is one of "these other things that shall be added." The outline and plan of a civilization is seen only in romantic retrospect, like one of Wagner's operas.

Myself, I sold my last cow to pay the medical cost assessed by the healing profession to assure me that my daughter Sue did not have Leukemia. Modern living, urban or suburban, is geared to two children families with everyone in the family in the best of health in this best of all possible worlds. Or don't you read GOOD HOUSEKEEPING?

Then too, there is the error that living close to the soil, and living from the soil, makes a man naturally virtuous. It takes living only a short while in a rural community to become disabused of this fallacy. Horsetrading and double-dealing is not only a hobby, but a passion, and highly approved. Those who excel in this rural sport are leaders of the community. Recently, in Butler's WAY OF ALL FLESH, I read this description of farmers (from Battersby-on-the-Hill, a hundred years ago) "... good sensible fellows who detested theory of any kind, whose ideal was the maintenance of the status quo with perhaps a loving reminiscence of old war times, a sense of wrong that the weather was not more completely under their control, who desired higher prices and cheaper wages, but otherwise were most contented when things were changing least; tolerators, if not lovers, of all that was familiar, haters of all that was unfamiliar; they would have been equally horrified at hearing the Christian religion doubted, and at seeing it practiced." It sounded up-to-date to me.

This is a delicate point. Somehow or other I am on the mailing list of various monasteries. One day I said to Dorothy: "Why do all these strong, silent, single men want money from me who has six children." Dorothy did not like the way I talked. But, how, I asked her can the "green revolution" be condemned as not being successful?

New Beginnings on the Land

By THOMAS CAMPBELL

Last month the *Catholic Worker* printed an article by a couple explaining their experiences, some discouraging but in the main, encouraging, connected with their efforts to find a life in rural America. This essay cannot pretend to improve upon their valuable advice and frank display of mistakes made in their brave effort. At best, it might offer something like a footnote to their history; and, as a private opinion, their history repeated many, many times is going to be seen some day as one of the few hopeful threads in a social whole cloth of despair and misery.

We—my wife Jeanne and I—have been in the country for five months, which indicates the proportions of this footnote. Actually, I have a three month seniority in the country over Jeanne, as I worked as a farm hand during the summer, but such an advantage hardly removes me from the cadet stage. We are both brand new, having lived in big cities all our lives and, hence, would like to address ourselves to those who are attempting to make a decision: "Shall I—or we—try life on the

ful, self-supporting way of life when single, spiritually-minded men, strengthened by the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and working on their hundreds of acres of monastery ground have to beg for a living? I mean this not as a slam at religious life, but as a pat on the back, a note of encouragement to those who live in poverty without the dignity of the religious habit, to those who have to work away from their home in order to support their families. I mean it is a point to be considered, before waving Peter Maurin's Farming Commune away as a fantasy.

We are not, personally speaking, of course, psychologically conditioned for peasant living. We are, I trust, invincibly ignorant. What we need is not another waf, but a bit of normal depression when butter will again be a spread for bread and not a political lubricant, and a potato something to eat.

Finally (I hope) although farming is working close to nature, and with nature, it is not a profession that comes naturally. For the making of a living on the land there are many diverse skills required; they are really arts that take long training. One does not expect to jump into the practice of law without years of study and application; into the medical profession without study and internship. Farming takes study and training and discipline. As Jake Falstaff said: "The farmer does not have to know much. Aside from learning how to milk, shock wheat, play obstetrician to a cow, train a dog, put together a binder, fan grain, build a load of hay, judge weather, start a balky horse, operate a gasoline engine, repair general machinery, string fences, fiddle clover seed, trap rats, splice rope, build sheds, butcher hogs, prepare apple butter, prune trees, vines and bushes, keep fruit, plant corn, potatoes, cabbage, and garden truck, sow wheat, oats, barley, millet, buckwheat, and timothy, pick seedcorn, cull hens, treat a heifer for a rotten hoof with butter antimony, or a horse for the colic, harness a horse, fertilize a field, pull stumps, shingle a roof, watch the markets, breed livestock, weld a broken shaft, whittle out a new wagon spoke or whiffletree, operate some 20 different kinds of machines, run a radio, and stand off the lightning-rod salesman, he doesn't have to know more than the average young man could learn in twenty years of intensive training."

land?"

No one is going to learn anything about farming from this, but those in the situation indicated might keep reading. If you have asked yourself the question, you must be prompted to do so by the persuasions of city experiences. It is not required that we itemize those experiences here, since we must be in agreement on their essential shabbiness and lack of realistic hope. Therefore, we say, "Yes," and that loudly. No matter what difficulties you will meet, and they are not few, the initial step taken of actually leaving the city and going to the country is an act which will be deep satisfaction in most cases. The besetting sin of our age, ideas unrelated to appropriate actions, a sort of lecture room sloth, is the first obstacle to overcome. You cannot read yourself into any worthwhile experience, least of all those connected with the land. So, if you are stopped in the first step, muster your courage and go.

Unless you have lots of money, (Continued on page 8)



so needless, for together one would undoubtedly complement the other.

We had tried on two separate occasions a communal endeavor and each time it has failed. Failed because of one wanting this life and the other not and we can only continue to hope that soon a happy medium will be reached, for the body of Christ is whole and the torso has need of the feet, and the feet of the hands, and men have need one of another, and all things are conquered through a unity of effort.

Do then continue to encourage a revolt against time clock enslavement and being a participant of the system. It is truly good, this life on the land and no matter what the cost in sacrifice, is worth the effort.

McKean, Pennsylvania)

Monotony is either most beautiful or most terrifying. Most beautiful if it is a reflection of eternity. Most terrifying if it indicates the perpetual without change. Time in passage, or sterility.

The circle is the symbol of beautiful monotony, the oscillation of a pendulum the symbol of atrocious monotony.

Unto Ages of Ages

(Continued from page 1)

settling down to a status quo. The resultant call for more centralized authority, the mechanization of life and the socialization of it under capitalism, the all pervading sway of materialism which subtly conquers religions and movements. All these things have provided the foundation from which liberty must be expelled.

And who is there left to express concern for liberty? Who conceive of liberty other than as a convenient appendage to realizing their program? How many professional "liberals" have we not seen develop theories under which, to protect "liberty," coercion is justified. Witness Sidney Hook. Witness the New Leader crowd, the Paul Blanshard crowd. Enemies of liberty and, as such, bedfellows with the Gerald L. K. Smiths, the Christian Fronters, the Brooklyn Tabletites they presume to oppose.

What also are we to think of the 300 fanatics led by the Ukrainian Youth Organization who recently beat up 30 peaceful men and women who had gathered here at Manhattan Plaza to commemorate the death of Stalin? What are we to think of the police who stood by and witnessed this and interfered only after the beatings were under way, were in fact accomplished? What are we to think of the Catholic priest of our glorious Byzantine Rite who disgraced his Rite and his calling by helping to incite this demonstration? Who invoked the traditional hatred of Ukrainians for Russians? A hatred that has long ago exceeded all proportions, that should never have been encouraged, given a religious coloring. Are we to justify this demonstration because we are opposed to the Bolshevik regime? In what then do we differ from the Bolsheviks? What alternative do we offer, we who descend, as fascist storm troopers, 300 strong upon the necks of 30 defenseless people. We have nothing to give, we have no right to expect that any peoples should look to us as other than what we are — fanatics, Russian-haters, cowards.

Propaganda

What a god-send were these stories of anti-Semitism in Communist lands! Every two-bit liberal juiced at the mouth with the possibilities of denouncing this in print. It was good propaganda for the Western powers. It served our purpose so of course it had to be true. Even the anti-liberal anti-Semites joined in the denunciation. And that is the point and that is the characteristic of our day. THAT IT WAS GOOD PROPAGANDA FOR OUR SIDE. Concern for minority groups is only too often a bone to be haggled over by rival ideologies for the purpose of advancing the ideology — a concern to be dropped when it no longer serves its purpose. The flagrant example being that of the Communist party in this country which, when supporting our last murderous venture (World War 11), kept silence during the war on the Negro issue only to resurrect the issue after the war was over. I know anarchists who would not dare put in print the anti-Semitic utterances they give mouth to in private. It would not be good propaganda to do so.

It is only logical that, in such an atmosphere of intolerance, an atmosphere contributed to by the professed defenders of democracy and the anti-Catholics, that many Catholics should absorb this into their being and should look to such as Joseph McCarthy as their ideological leader. Joseph McCarthy is the Catholic Paul Blanshard. The same exaltation of the State, the same fanatical patriotism, the same desire to liquidate the "enemy." Their mission is to spread distrust, to foster hatred, to plant suspicion. They are twin leaders of the new KLU KLUX KLAN.

Twenty years of it and this is what we have. This is the atmos-

phere we breathe. And many will not see this because they are blinded by the remnants of freedom left to us. Because we can move from place to place, because concentration camps are not yet general, because here and there might be a teacher who can speak his mind and not get fired. For these remnants of freedom we are supposed to be so grateful to the State (and of course it is assumed that it is the State that gives and withholds freedoms by right) that we are not to mention the racism, the bigotry, the provincialism of the "American Way." IT WOULD NOT BE GOOD PROPAGANDA TO DO SO.

Catholic Worker

What has the Catholic Worker been stressing these twenty years? It has stressed those things that are contrary to the prevalent "American way of life." In place of capitalism it has advocated worker ownership, in place of centralization, decentralization. Against mechanization it has set voluntarism, against the Welfare State it advocates personalism. To war it opposes pacifism, to racism, the equality of all mankind.

And there has been progress of a kind. Progress in that individuals here and there have been convinced of these things and have made some attempt to do something about it. There has been nothing spectacular, as Americans conceive the spectacular, in terms of bigness, but there have been lives changed, hopes engendered. There have been failures too. Disillusionment. Apostasy. At the last it will triumph as Gandhiji did. Triumph in those who, after the work is done, will squat in their corner, contemplate God, leave the results in His hands.

Is big bad and little good? We cannot say that. That would be to set up a material criterion. Good and bad have no relevance except for man. And big is bad only as it is bad for man. Is big bad for man? Big is bad for man when it overwhelms him. When it overwhelms him, when it oppresses, de-personalizes. Usually it has done that, usually it will do that. So it is because of man, for his sake, for the preservation of inward freedom, that decentralization is necessary. That we rid ourselves of these vast unwieldy States, these vast, unwieldy corporations. That we establish manageable societal units. Economic units that the workers themselves can manage. Political units the members themselves can run.

As far as numbers are concerned, conversions to these ideas will not take place till we have removed education from State hands. To which it should never have been surrendered to begin with. What concern have politicians with education except as a means to form minds subservient to the State, minds imbued with the false values, the provincialisms of "the American Way"? When all groups are allowed to have their own schools, when there is no centralized pressure body dictating text books to be used, subjects to be taught, loyalty oaths to be taken — then perhaps we will get somewhere in education. But it is unlikely this will happen till after the new order is in being.

And so how will it come? If at all it will no doubt come in the way of St. Francis and Gandhiji. Liberty is of the spirit and will be realized in spirit. But there may come a time for us also, there may be a day in store for us, when a God-centered being will lead us from oppression to freedom, through the parted waters to the land of promise. A saint so near to God he will not rely on force, so near to God he will violate no man's conscience, so near to God he will vigorously reject theocracy. For he will know that it is only in freedom that we can worship God, that God has surrendered judgment to no man. It may be in this way. But we do not know, we can-

not count on it. We can only know the terror and beauty of the green-brown earth, the lusty cry of life, the blunt reality of death, the dark damp covering earth on the filled grave, the ashes of Gandhiji, the sacred bones of Francis, and the everlasting hills.



EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

PARISH HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY

1. Today we need houses of hospitality.
2. We have Parish Houses for the priests
Parish Houses for educational purposes
Parish Houses for recreational purposes,
but no Parish House of hospitality.
3. Bossuet says that the poor are the first children of the Church
so the poor should come first.
4. People with homes should have a room of hospitality
so as to give shelter to the needy members of the parish.
5. The remaining needy members of the parish should be given shelter in a Parish Home.
6. Furniture, clothing and food should be sent to the needy members of the parish at the Parish House of Hospitality.
7. We need Parish Homes as well as Parish Domes.

RECONSTRUCTING THE SOCIAL ORDER

The Holy Father and the Bishops ask us to Reconstruct the Social Order. The social order was once constructed through dynamic Catholic Action. When the Barbarians invaded the decaying Roman Empire Irish missionaries went all over Europe and laid the foundations of Medieval Europe. Through the establishment of cultural centers, that is to say, Round-Table Discussions, they brought thought to the people. Through free, guest houses, that is to say, Houses of Hospitality, they popularized the divine virtue of Charity. Through farming colonies, that is to say, Agronomic Universities, they emphasized voluntary Poverty. It was on the basis of personal Charity and voluntary Poverty that Irish missionaries laid the foundations of the social order.

Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 1)

ese neighbor so I gleaned a handful: my first of the season. I had never irrigated this special 40 which is away from the regular farm. It had been rented out in shares for cotton last year and the waste ditch and the lower portion of the lands were white with the cotton that floated and impeded the flow of water. This year it would be planted with sudan grass. A new cement ditch ran the length of the head of the field and a slanting cloth and rubber frame was placed as a check ahead of the water to hold it in and apply pressure for the ports in the two lands which we irrigated at a time. To place this check you had to straddle the ditch. It was just quitting time at 7 a.m. and I was putting in this last check. As I turned my boot slipped and I heard a sound like two stones cracking together. It was the left side of my face on the concrete. My feet were in the irrigation ditch and the frame check flew out of my hands when I slipped. I was not hurt but I was scared for the minute. Time to be getting home: I was too weary to watch what I was doing.

If I have to work this hard at times it is a pleasure to do so for a boss who is also a hard worker — and a much better one than I am. When James was 18 his father had to be away for a time and James and his two sisters milked the cows by hand and irrigated and did the farm work. At times he went for 44 hours without any sleep.

The next night I slept, but the night following I had twelve hours of muddy walking around mending breaks in a new dirt head ditch on another 40 and nursing along 27 rows of water that ran on top of corn that had been planted in this channel. It is not too hot now to irrigate in this manner. Sod and corn stalks impeded the row every few feet and at night I could not see ahead but had to walk the length of each row to be sure that there were no dry spots left. There was not a minute's rest on this night either and I was glad when the day irrigator relieved me at 7 a.m. After a week I irrigated these rows again for the ground was hard and the corn sprouts could not get through. Now it would be a battle between the corn and the Johnson grass. They look nearly the same, the latter having a brown tinge to the blade if you look closely.

The Newman Club

I had spoken to the Newman Club in the Catholic Church basement in the college town of Tempe and was to meet James around midnight for irrigating, but had the welcome news at the meeting from Ginny that James had phoned he did not get the water that night. Ginny and the two Hopi friends of mine here had never heard me speak at a meeting so they attended. About 100 young folks were present. Father Bechtel was away and his assistant Father Curtis whom I had met once a year ago introduced me saying that a person could be a part of the world and be some kind of a Christian but if they wanted to be a real Christian they had to secede from most of worldly things and be radical; that this most radical stand was Catholic Anarchism of the CW which I would explain. When I had talked here three years before I had been a Worker but not a Catholic: now I was both. The next hour and a half went rapidly as I explained voluntary poverty, the Green Revolution, the works of mercy, and pacifism and anarchism of the CW; and my own anti-tax fight. The girls had to get to their dorms by 10 so there was not as much time for questions as I would have liked. One soldier in uniform from New York wanted to know more about the Green Revolution. He already knew of the CW and was cordial.

The Old Pioneer Dies

"Do you really believe it?" said the Old Pioneer to me when I re-

turned from my trip last December and told him that I had been baptized a Catholic. "I sure do," I replied. "I had a kid brother who 'got religion' at a revival meeting when he was 16 and it lasted all of his life, and he was a good man," said the Old Pioneer, and added, "Do you feel certain now and not afraid?" I told him that I was never uncertain nor afraid since my time in solitary in Atlanta, and the reason I had joined the Church now was to praise God and for the Communion of the Saints. He had been reading the Bible all winter. He had several versions and the new Catholic New Testament (Young Orme gave that to me to remember the old man by). Most old timers around here already know the Mormon Bible and they either believe it or they don't.

One Saturday afternoon while I was cleaning the Old Pioneer's house for an hour I noticed some teen agers on bicycles pass by my shack to the left of the garage but thought nothing about it, as often people come in here thinking this road goes some place only to find it a dead end. When I went over to my shack I found all of my papers, books, etc., piled in the middle of the floor and some articles of value missing. I had heard of other places being messed up by youngsters. When I told the Old Pioneer about it he was very angry and said I should call the sheriff; that the kids should be "whupped;" they didn't do enough "whupping" these days. After I had told him I would say nothing of it to the authorities and would pray for the kids, as I had for vigilantes who had come after me here, in order that they would not get into more mischief, he calmed down. Later he was reading the CW and said to me, "Every time I read Dorothy's column I get ashamed of myself in such a big house; why do you know 100 families could each have a house and more than an acre on this land — but then I'm too old to think of such new things." Then, as if he had admitted too much, he added with a wry smile, "I can't see Dorothy feeding all those bums who never work and wouldn't work. They do nothing but drink. But who am I, a sinner, to tell Dorothy anything?"

One evening he told me "If I ever joined any church it would be the Catholic. You believe it; Dorothy believes it. It is the only Church that doesn't whittle things away into nothing." I told him that I was not the one to tell him to hurry for I had been nearly 60 years about it myself. When Dorothy was here he told her that he had advised me to join the Church. Perhaps he had this in his mind to tell me but he never really told me. He was only glad that I did. He had always admired Gandhiji. Although never having been in any war he was a great student of history and knew the details of battle formation of about any battle you could mention. He knew Arizona history too and admired the Hopi. He had met my Hopi friends when they came.

Three times in the five years that I have been here he had been taken to the hospital for several weeks because of his stomach ulcers. Several times I noticed a light in his house around 2 a.m. and came over and asked if he was sick. He had spells of vomiting. I wanted to sleep on the couch here so I could be near if he wanted me but he felt this would be giving in and he wouldn't have it. I had wanted to feed the chickens or gather and pack the eggs but he felt this was his job and no one else could do it just right. I had taken the morning off twice a week through February in order to accompany him to town when he took the eggs to the store on Tuesdays and Fridays and carry them in for him. He had stopped

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Chrystie Street

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I was sleeping pretty solid when the fire alarm went off in the house at 5:30 A.M. I refused to believe that this piercing sound was due to a fire in the house. I kept saying this couldn't happen to us and that the alarm was set off by someone's mistake. However, I felt down deep that this was it and dressed as fast as I could.

Within a very few minutes John McKeon was knocking on my door and shouting my name. John verified my worst fears, "Yes, it's a fire and a bad one." My overdeveloped imagination led me to believe that I was the last one leaving the house and that the fire was almost down to my floor—the ground. Attempting to guard against panic, little realizing that I had gone beyond that stage, I tried to remember what it was I should remove from the room besides myself. After what seemed like ages had passed I recalled that I should remove the checks which had come in as contributions to the house.

By the time I had reached the sidewalk a few policemen were patrolling the front of the house and firemen were dragging hoses up into the building. I looked up at the building and it was only then that I caught a fair impression of the course of the fire.

Smoke was pouring out of the third, fourth and fifth floors. John Simms was leaning out the fifth floor window gasping for air. George Lockhart was doing the same on the fourth floor. Bill Thebon was sitting on the window sill in his underwear screaming for help. He and George were at the same window. I stood helplessly down on the sidewalk and then on the street yelling at them to hang on—not to jump under any circumstances. The cement sidewalks, the iron picketed fences and stairs below the windows would have meant certain death for anyone who tried a leap from such heights. The fire escapes are on the rear of our house but that is where the fire was too and these men had been trapped in the front rooms.

These men's lives were literally saved by the fire department which arrived with a truck that had electrically controlled aerial ladders. The ladders were shot up in a matter of seconds to the windows where the men clung. Valiant firemen raced to the top of the ladders and helped our men on to the ladders and down into the waiting ambulances. Our gratitude to the fire department can never be put down in words.

While all this was going on a goodly collection of people had assembled to watch the spectacle. Many of these people were part of our morning coffee line. A policeman held the crowd away from the house. Someone asked if we were going to serve our usual coffee and bread that morning. Bill Harder, who along with a couple of other men prepares the bread and coffee for the morning line, said he had everything ready to serve. We asked the policeman to let our line through and our line was served that terrible day, although someone commented that it was an hour late.

Numerous strangers appeared in the house with all sorts of questions. They would ask who was in charge of the house and everyone would point at me. My mental faculties were not operating in any such manner that I should be answering questions—especially to people who were scratching down the replies on paper. One man asked me a half dozen questions before I finally asked him who he was. He said he was a newspaper man. He was one of several newspapermen who asked questions.

The New York Times phoned in a couple of questions. The first person who picked up the phone to answer their call had slammed the receiver down. They phoned

again and asked me about this unusual treatment of one publication by another. The Times wanted to help us with their story and they were sincere.

A fire department official brought me over to a desk and began to ply me with questions as he made his written report. His first question was the stopper, "What is this Catholic Worker?" I have a hard time answering that one on a clear day. He stopped taking notes when I tried to answer. He didn't understand a word I said. He quickly tired of that and asked me how the fire started. Another question that I was unable to answer. When he began to tell me about fires starting through criminal negligence and the procedure of turning it over to the district attorney—I fled into another room.

A young newspaper reporter cornered me in the office and with the very human interest feature mentality shot one question after another.



other. I told him how deeply impressed I was with the Fire Department's action in this case. I also gave him the names of individuals that I had heard of who had been quite outstanding during this drama packed ordeal. There was John McKeon who had set off the fire alarm system throughout the house and had gone from bed to bed waking people. Roger O'Neil had climbed into a smoked filled room and helped lead smoked-choked Steve McDonough down the fire escape. Bob Ludlow helped Slim, who was dazed by it all, down the fire escape. Charlie McCormick who phoned the Fire Department and also helped people out of the house. Bill Harder had awakened several people besides preparing the morning coffee for the line. Smoky Joe also got several people out of bed in time and had tried to put the fire out. Little Jimmy Rooney, who is sixty-four years old tried unsuccessfully to persuade Bill Thebon and George Lockhart to follow him down a blazing corridor to an exit.

The story that appeared in that young man's newspaper failed to print any of these heroes names.

We were touched no end by the number of friends who phoned and came in personally to offer their help and sympathy. A few poor working people came in and handed us money that we were sure

they could ill afford. Some offered to take in as many as they could to their homes which we knew were overcrowded as we were.

Time and time again during these past few days we were literally choked up by these sincere acts of Christ-like charity. This all served to indelibly mark in our mind the essential goodness of mankind in general and especially among our friends who place such confidence in our terrible stewardship.

An hour after the fire had been brought under control I was being asked by firemen and policemen and others if we were insured. I thought this was a ridiculous question to ask in view of the terrible things which had transpired during the past hour. I felt silly telling these officious individuals that I did not know.

It wasn't until late that night that I had collected myself sufficiently to go through our papers and discover whether or not we were. The dear dear papers told me that we were insured. It turned out that when we bought the house we had also purchased among everything else the unexpired premiums of an insurance policy carried by the former owner. I don't remember whether or not we were aware that we were buying this insurance when we took over this house some three years ago. But we were in such a terrible state of need for a house when we bought in here that we broke our backs trying to make this sale go smoothly, probably would have made the deal even if there were a couple of plantations with slaves that had to go into the transaction.

However now that we know we are insured I don't know how it is going to work out in our favor. After several talks with the insurance agents and their explanation of the terms of the policy I am not going to be terribly surprised to find ourselves paying for the complete repairs to the house besides making a substantial contribution to the funds of the insurance company. Still it has been a pleasure meeting all these fine men associated with the insurance business. You know there is much vigorous handshaking and hearty salutations about what a joy it is to meet you.

Father White

(Continued from page 3)

mality" gives way to that of "integration" and the task of the analyst becomes that of mediator or translator fits in very neatly with the following statement of Father White on the function of psychotherapy for Catholics: "We Catholics ask of psychotherapy, not to make us good, nor to tell us what to do or not to do in order to be good, nor even to make us 'normal' in accordance with any given norm, however estimable; but only to help us to achieve a greater freedom through a better knowledge of our necessity and compulsions. We must decline to be 'made' anything by psychotherapy; we want to be able to make or mar ourselves."

Some of the most intellectually stimulating parts of this book are those in which the author traces the myth of the dying God, so important in the psychic development of man, to its fulfillment in the fact of Christ, the dying man who must also, in rising from the dead, be the dying God who "dieth no more." The integration of this thought with that of human and divine sacrifice and their interrelation in Jungian analysis makes for fascinating and very satisfying reading.

In everything Father White writes there are challenging and unselfish suggestions for further research. We who know his work can only hope that the acclaim given this, his first book, will spur him on to handle these provoking problems in the near future in his own inimitable manner.

Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 6)

to have an examination by the doctor and took different kinds of medicine. I had planned to go to the Hopi with Joe Craigmyle on Feb. 28th and when I came back he was going to the hospital, but that day he felt worse and his son took him in.

I called him on the phone several times when I returned and the day before I picketed, March 13th, I visited him. I had sent in the Arizona Sketchbook by my banker friend Frank Brophy for him to read and it was the last thing he read. (Brophy had good naturedly inscribed it to "The One-Man-Revolution from a Pipsqueak.") The Old Pioneer's ulcers had healed and formed scar tissue which closed the duodenum so that he would starve to death if not operated upon and there was only a chance that at his age of 80 he might stand the operation. He wanted to know about the chickens and told me to eat all the cracked eggs I liked "and even some good

them from conversation I had about them previously with Mr. Orme. As his wife had been, and son and daughter-in-law were Episcopalians it was thought best to have the funeral under that auspices; they were glad that Father Dunne had been there to give him the peace of mind which he desired, they said.

The papers spoke of him as being an Empire Builder and of his fine services to the Valley. But up to the very last he was just as much an enemy of the bankers and industrialists who sought to commercialize the Valley as he had been 20 years before when these local papers had made fun of his "one-man-revolution" saying he could not overturn the bankers who had control of the Water Users' Association. The old man had denounced this control which they had gained by subdividing big holdings into dummies who thus had more votes. He got the rules changed and was president of the Association for 14 years. They forgot to mention that in 1916 when the I.W.W.'s were driven out of Bisbee by the copper owners Mr. Orme resigned in protest from the local Rotary Club which approved this action, saying "If they can drive I.W.W.'s out of Bisbee they can drive Ormes out of Phoenix. To hell with you." He it was who also told me when I offered to leave his place rather than to have him bothered with tax men nibbling at me for my anti-tax attitude, "stay right here and fight them." He knelt to no man. Now, belatedly, he knelt to God.

Young Orme desired me to stay on here and take care of the chickens and keep the place in good condition until I would leave in August for the Maryfarm retreat after my fasting and picketing. Chickens are worse than people. Throw them something to eat and one will grab a morsel and all the others will run to take it away from that chicken instead of taking more of the same which is right there. In a long chicken house there are pans of water at each end. Chickens that are used to drinking water at one end will go thirsty rather than go to the other end. There are 40 nests yet the hens will pile on each other three to a nest. There are enough cracked eggs so that I eat many every day. The Old Pioneer was sort of an "egg miser" in his day but he would be glad to see me "living off the land" as he says, for he did the same when he took care of the chickens.

The contrast with the life of integrity of the Old Pioneer was evident recently when a big shot lawyer here was arrested the second time for drunken driving. Not one of the judges would hear his case so they called another of their weak sisters in from Bisbee and this judge gave the lawyer a suspended sentence because "his clients would suffer" if he was not there to plead for them in court. The same day another lawyer was arrested for drunken driving and let off with a fine. Those on the other side of the tracks do time.

When Art was bringing me home from irrigating the other morning he bemoaned the fact that an ewe was drowned in the lateral. "Sheep can swim, but when they get in the water their wool gets wet and weighs them down and they soon drown." This morning (April 20) I noticed hundreds of huge sacks of onions standing in the field. "No market for them," Art said. I will be irrigating for the next five nights but it will be in alfalfa fields and not so difficult. I may even have a few hours to pull weeds in my own garden where the Irish potatoes, carrots and onions are doing fine and the other plants are growing.



ones." He was operated on the 14th and came out of the ether alright. Several days later when I had worked all day and all night and was very tired and was sleeping soundly I awoke feeling that something was wrong with him. I prayed for him. The next day his son said they had been called and he had nearly died at just that time. He held on and did not get worse for a few days. I phoned Father George Dunne whose name the Old Pioneer knew from my mention of him before, and asked him to call at the hospital. Father Dunne called that evening and said something about him being an "old timer" who had many things to do yet. Mr. Orme corrected him sharply, saying, "Old Pioneer sounds better." He then asked to be baptized. A doctor and a Catholic nurse and a Catholic woman who happened to be visiting just then were witnesses. When Father Dunne left the Old Pioneer said "God bless you, Father Dunne." Two days later on March 26 the Old Pioneer died in his sleep.

Both of the Phoenix papers and the ARIZONA FARMER had editorials about his death. While I was waiting in the funeral parlor I became acquainted with the secretary and vice-president of the Old Pioneer organization, recognizing

Peace

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would offer nations caught between the two power blocks to build strong, third force economies.

But we cannot call this peace.

On the one hand, the character of the Soviet Union has not changed over-night; indeed, it could not. Those now involved in the new "peace" line owe their positions to long service in the ranks of the Stalinist repression. Beria, for example, was one of the chief purgers of the thirties and the head of the secret police. Russia itself has undergone profound changes in the course of Stalin's rule. Local democracy has been ruthlessly destroyed. A bureaucratic class has been created which has a vested interest in the status quo.

The Soviet line may well change. It may be necessary for it to do so because of internal problems. This change should be welcomed as having positive effects leading toward peace (and it would be a tragedy if a priori thinking about Russia would stop us from taking advantage of the change). But there have been peace lines before, and our experience with them must make us cautious. Have we forgotten the story about the British Communist who was addressing a pacifist rally in that fateful June of 1941, and who joined the picketers against the rally when he heard of the invasion of Russia?

That we accept the opportunities created by the Russian peace proposals should not blind us to the fact that we are dealing with a totalitarian state which exploits its own workers and exists in an imperialist relationship with its satellites.

The United States

Neither should President Eisenhower's speech make us forget about the nature of the United States. That has not changed—perhaps its bad qualities are now to be intensified.

The United States is still preserving the status quo, for example, in the Philippines and in Spain; it is still propping up Chiang on Formosa. In recent statements of John Foster Dulles, it has been made clear that it is in retreat from the profitable idealism of Point Four. Point Four was originally thought of as a pilot-project operation in which the bulk of funds would come from private capital. Dulles only asked that the whole effort eventually be turned over to private foundations and corporations.

Unpopular as it may be to use the word, the United States is still a capitalist country. Despite sizeable changes in its economic structure, America sides with its natural allies in every country: the interests of status quo and of

business, be they feudal or capitalist. This was true of the Marshall plan (whose benefits were largely for the industrialists), and it is true of the "bold new program," Point Four.

Peace for the world does not mean a division of spoils between American capitalism and Soviet totalitarianism. Both must be rejected as long term solutions of the problem.

Peace for the world would mean the freedom of the peoples of the world to rule their own destinies without fear of war. Peace for the world would not mean the fiction of a Chiang on Formosa defended so ably by the China lobby, or the fiction of a peoples democracy in Eastern Europe. Peace does not belong to the two great nations, but to the people.

Yet it would be hopelessly sectarian to deny the value of a diminution of the cold war and a settlement in Korea. This could create the conditions for the beginning of a genuine peace by allowing the world to carry on its fight for freedom without the polarization of the two power blocs.

As such, rapprochement between Russia and the United States must be supported, but cautiously, with a full realization of the nature of the two powers involved.

Peace and the U. S.

One interesting concomitant of the peace negotiated is the problem it poses for the American economy.

Wall Street noted it immediately. The financial sections of the Herald Tribune and Times looked like caricatures from Krokidill, the Soviet humor magazine. "Peace Scare Shakes Wall Street."

American capitalism has much to fear.

"Doctor New Deal" did not solve the depression. "Doctor Win-The-War" did. In 1939, the unemployed were still counted in the millions. But more than this, the armament effort of World War II doubled the productivity of the American economy.

Given the fact that the workers who produce the wealth are not paid enough to buy it back as consumers, there have been two capitalist solutions: depression and war. Even conservatives, like Herbert Hoover and Eisenhower, have noted that Korean arms production came at a propitious time, for the savings and pent up demand of the war years had been exhausted and stresses and strains were showing in the economy.

Given even a limited peace, a cut in arms production, what will the United States do? How will it utilize that tremendous productive capacity (since it refuses to utilize it in the interests of the people?)

Lest we forget the nature of a capitalistic depression. It is not

due to acts of God or underproduction. It is not a shortage. There are, for examples, factories to make shoes. And leather. People who want to work in the factories. And people who need shoes. And the factories do not work.

Will this be a consequence of "peace"?

Peace

In short, peace without political democracy and economic justice is not peace at all but war in another form. Peace as the division of spoils between two gigantic powers is not peace at all, but the destruction of innocent peoples by economic suffering and political suppression.

Peace is neither American or Soviet, capitalist or totalitarian. It belongs to the people in their struggle and not to the world powers.

But even limited peace, the possibility that the world can at least be free from its annihilation so that it can work toward these ends, must be welcomed. But only in the spirit that we will use the time granted us to struggle toward a real peace.

APPEAL

St. Francis College
Box 258
Loretto, Pennsylvania
April 23, 1953

The Catholic Worker
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, New York
Gentleman:

A few days ago I received an appeal from the Christian Brothers in Poland. These Brothers are in need of food, clothing, and shoes for the boys of the orphanage which they conduct and for themselves. The Brothers are especially in need of habits. I appeal especially to the Christian Brothers and to your reading public to do what they can for this very worthy cause. I am attending college, and I am unable to assist them. I would deeply appreciate you placing this plea in your paper. The address of the Superior is as follows:

Frater Alphonse, F.S.C.
Ul. Pulaskiego No. 71
Czestochowa 1
Poland

The Brothers asked me to make this appeal to the generous American hearts.

Sincerely,
Peter T. Kolton



ST. LEO THE GREAT

Mgr. Couturier

(Continued from page 2)

say Mass in his Lyons home. On March 24th, 1953 Mgr. Couturier was found dead in his room, the chalice still on the altar, the cruets half emptied, and "the bursae still full of his dearest intentions." Thus writes Fr. Maurice Villain in the "Temoignages Chretiens" Obituary. We dare add nothing to this radiant epilogue of a radiant life.

Helen Iswolsky

The THIRD HOUR editorial staff, extend our thanks to all our generous friends whose contributions will help us publish our issue Vth. We shall devote it to a special article to Mgr. P. Couturier. Address: The THIRD HOUR Foundation, PO Box 6 Lenox Hill Station, 221 East 70th str.

All gifts gratefully accepted!

New Beginnings

(Continued from page 5)

which we have not, you are going to be a salaried worker, a "proletarian." Nearly all people start—and remain—like that today, so it is hardly reasonable to object that country life is insupportable because you are not starting with an unmortgaged farm. Anyway, given one, most city people would lose it forthwith for a lack of skill. Most farmers acquire and keep a farm only through the lifetime practice of one of the most difficult of the arts. So do not ask the impossible. Short of personal effects concerned with hygiene and grooming, I have never owned anything in my life, but I am bound to add that only since I came to the country have I ever seriously considered actually sharing in the institution of "private property," in the sense of owning that from which I would derive a living.

Finding a job in the country is a topic unsafe upon which to generalize. From what I can gather from farm publications there seems to be a pressing need for farm labor. However, these organs dealt with the New England area exclusively, and that may not apply in other sections. Most of the farmers in this locality agree that "they never saw a man starve who was willing to work." My first job in Vermont was with a couple who could not afford the salaries asked by "experienced help; and what wages they paid me, considered in the light of my lack of skill, can only be fairly described as a gift. Except for tobacco and odds and ends, I saved every cent of it, something unprecedented in my city experience. It seems safe for me to say that, granted the willingness to work, you will not starve.

According to where you go, something like a diversity of labor should present itself to those headed for the country. At present, I am working as a logger, a saw-mill hand, and a general farm laborer. What skills I have learned, not very many but a beginning, serve to underline the fact that we are still living in the industrial age. Therefore, something like a knowledge of mechanics is handy; the ability to drive a tractor and truck will be very serviceable. Any ability with tools is good. But it cannot be emphasized too strongly that farm work is of the most strenuous sort; hewing of wood and drawing of water form the large part of the rural day.

Jeanne and I were married in late autumn, almost at the outset of a New England winter. Even though it was a mild one, and it is still not over, we feel a little pleased that we came through it in good shape. Keeping warm had hitherto been a problem solved for us by flicking a thermostat or passed onto a janitor, and possibly the idea of actually chopping and burning wood seemed an unlikely and primitive pass to us at one time. Now a wood stove seems perfectly natural and altogether comfortable. Our house, a three roomer which on energetic days I feel I can pole vault, has been better than anything we could have expected in the city. (We got mar-

ried with about a hundred dollars in the bank and with largely borrowed or donated furniture. We now have two hundred dollars, a dog and cat, and have bought some house articles.)

There have been some difficulties. Pumps are not always as agreeable as they might be; getting up to light a fire in sub-zero weather is not rollicking fun; living at the edge of a woodland stream ceases to be idyllic when it floods to your doorstep in spring—but I feel it would be impertinent to go on in this vein. We have met what difficulties have come our way so far and overcome them and we are not exactly pioneer stock. There will be more—who could doubt it—but could anyone say otherwise?

It is something more than gratitude which makes me mention our neighbors. And here we can touch on what might be in back of some minds when they put quotes around farm and city people. Unfailing and consistent charity has been extended to Jeanne and me in every one of our emergencies, needs, and fiascos. With no strings attached two different men have helped me saw our winter wood. Our house has been given to us rent free for a year by an extraordinary act of kindness on the part of our landlord, a man who is also building a church across and up the road from us. In the small and large considerations of domestic living, the loaning to us of tools, taking us to town for shopping (we have no car), help with the laundry, all of the household things which surprise a new groom (but not his bride) in the first enchanting steps of married life, we have felt the warming touch of brotherhood and charity.

This, along with our convictions, has been our greatest encouragement. Jeanne and I do not know if all those planning to come to the country can expect this assuring aid, but we think that it may not be a typical of rural parts. We have started on a small scale with neither the skills, money, nor great inclination to make our whole living on a farm of our own. But we have had many valuable experiences in learning to adjust to different ways of living and doing things—that is, "learning the country ways and people." We can feel ourselves growing, ideas becoming part of us which before had been only in books. With flexibility and ingenuity, plus God's grace, a simple start at life in the country can be made. Perhaps after we learn the first basic lessons of working with tools and our neighbors, sustenance gardening, and working with a handful of livestock, we may some day feel ready to own some land of our own. Meanwhile, we are learning that many virtues, which, if not extinct in the city, are rare, flourish in the country.

And so it should be.

"I believe I shall see things of the Lord in the land of the living."

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