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## VISITATION

Mary was in prayer when the angel visited her (Feast of the Annunciation). She did not wait until Christ had been brought forth before she set out as an apostle. On hearing the word, she arose and went with haste and visited Elizabeth, her cousin, who was with child also, about to give birth to that great apostle known as St. John the Baptist. This picture is for the Feast of the Visitation which occurs in July. Our Lady of the Visitation is the patroness, for us, of lay apostles. The Holy Ghost overshadowed her, she conceived by the Holy Ghost, she is the spouse of the Holy Ghost and she is the Mother of God. Wife of God, Mother of God—a profound mystery. What we do understand is that "the flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary," as St. Augustine said, and He shared our human nature, because she consented with her Fiat that He should. God made subject to man—an inconceivable humility. We who are "pative to nothingness," are raised to divinity by this sharing. The seed of divine life planted in us by our baptism. John's baptism took place at this Visitation. When Mary greeted Elizabeth, the infant leaped in her womb and Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost and cried out with a loud voice, "Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb." (We have added the name "Irene" to this salutation in our Hall Mary. The angel too had said, "Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou amongst women." These beautiful words which we repeat so often through the day, are the words of an angel and the words of Elizabeth, and some people when they finish one rosary with its second verse, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death," begin again to say still another rosary with only the first part of the prayer which is purely scriptural. A phrase of such prayer sufficed the saints often to raise them to heights of contemplation. At the same time it is hard to understand why people object to repetitive prayer, when our natural life too is made up of such repetitive acts as breathing.

"Doth it not irk me that upon the beach the tides monotonous run? Shall I not teach the sea some newer speech?" (Sister Madeleva).

Help us to say that great Magnificat of Mary's that revolutionary anthem, with joy and exultation:

My soul doth magnify the Lord.  
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

Because He hath regarded the humility of His hand maid.

For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

Because He that is mighty hath done great things to me, and holy is His name.

And His mercy is from generation unto generation, to them that fear Him.

He hath showed might in His arm.

He hath scattered the proud in the conceit of their heart.

He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted the humble.

He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath sent empty away.

He hath received Israel His servant, being mindful of his mercy.

As He spoke to our fathers, to Abraham and His seed forever.



EICHENBERG



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PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors: TOM SULLIVAN AMMON HENNACY  
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY  
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## Our Failure Towards Our Japanese Brothers

By GEORGE CARLIN

The American government and its people are in part responsible for the passage of laws legalizing abortions in Japan which have resulted in the murder of more than 1,000,000 babies a year for the past five years. In addition, America is in part responsible for government-sponsored birth control in Japan, which has been adopted, as were the abortion laws, in an attempt to "limit" the number of people in that country.

American responsibility is three-fold:

(1) The Japanese Eugenics Protection Law, providing for abortions was passed by the Japanese Diet (similar to Congress or Parliament) on July 13, 1948, during the United States Occupation headed by General Douglas MacArthur. At this time the United States was for all intents and purposes running the government of a defeated and helpless Japan. Government machinery and trade were run by the Japanese under American policy-making control of SCAP (Supreme Commander Allied Powers, the name of the Occupation). The Emperor was told what he could do and what he could not do. Hotels, movies, factories, stores, were taken over and operated with Americans, civilian and military, in the key positions.

(2) The Eugenics Law was amended on May 31, 1949, to greatly expand its birth control program after what amounted to a semi-official campaign by Occupation staff members, and economic advisers urging birth control for Japan. One sample of this campaign may indicate its scope: "EXPERT RULES JAPAN NEEDS BIRTH CONTROL" (headline in Stars & Stripes, December 30, 1949), story by Rutherford Poates, United Press correspondent: "Japan has the choice of 'conscious and deliberate' birth control on an unprecedented scale, permanent dependence on U. S. aid, or a future of 'bare subsistence' even lower than before World War II. That is

the frankly pessimistic conclusion of an exhaustive two-volume study survey of 'Japanese natural resources' prepared by Chicago University professor Edward Ackerman and published Friday by SCAP's Natural Resources Section . . .

(3) Thirdly, at a time when some Japanese were protesting these laws as an "inhuman" way to solve the problem of Japan's large number of people crowded into four tiny islands, the United States passed the McCarran-Walter Act at home effectively barring any immigration from Japan. Under the Act, only 100 persons a year from Japan, a nation of 85,000,000 people, are admitted as immigrants to the United States. Australia and New Zealand refuse to admit a single Japanese as an immigrant.

The Japanese Eugenics Law provides for the following: (1) The legalization of abortions (ryuzan), or, as the Japanese refer to it officially, the Artificial Interruption of Pregnancy (ninshin chu zetsu) for "economic" and other reasons. An abortion can be performed simply because a mother is poor. (2) Birth control apparatus to be distributed through 800 government Health Centers in all prefectures. (3) The sale, without restrictions, of contraceptives at low prices.

Official statistics from the Welfare Ministry in Japan record the following number of abortions legally performed: 246,104 in 1949; 489,111 in 1950; 638,350 in 1951; 805,524 in 1952. Official sources also indicate that the actual number should be three times the government figures, due to abortions privately performed and not recorded. This means that more than 1,000,000 abortions were performed on Japanese mothers each year from 1950 to 1952. Later statistics have not been available but the laws are still in effect and if anything the number of abortions has increased rather than decreased according to unofficial reports from Japan.

## ON THE ROAD...

By AMMON HENNACY

Denver

Eliot Wager met me at the station and I was happily received by his wife and children who remembered the Hopi record I had sent in 1952. We had a fine meeting of Catholic young couples one evening and I am sorry that I am not able this year to work on farms near here as I had planned, for the appreciation of the CW is not entirely squelched in this town where the clergy bless war and capitalism more ardently than elsewhere it seems. After mass I offered the CW to two priests who refused it ungraciously, while the third accepted it but argued that we needed the atom bomb against atheistic Russia.

Bill and Crystal Fogarty of the War Resister's League had planned

a meeting of FOR, Catholics and who ever among the radicals that were interested, in their home. Here we had an interesting discussion until very late. Bill had done time in Ashland, Ky. A trip toward the mountains with Helen Ford and Mildred Mowe, old time FOR friends, was a lull in my round of meetings.

St. Benedicts  
Atchinson, Kansas

Invited by the dean to speak here on a Sunday night assembly I was glad to walk with seminarian Roger over the fields of this thousand acre place on the banks of the winding river. We passed a cemetery where the old time owners of the ranch were buried, slaves being buried outside of the fence. Brothers raise pigs, cattle, (Continued on page 7)

## The Fifth Commandment Brooks No Exceptions

By MARTIN J. CORBIN

Father Johannes Ude is Professor of Moral Theology at the University of Graz in Austria, author of an imposing list of books on Thomistic philosophy, and an absolute pacifist, who contends that it is always immoral to take human life. For some time, he has been importuning the Holy See for an ex cathedra pronouncement on the subject of pacifism.

Father Ude writes: "The two statements (1) you may not kill under any circumstances and (2) you may kill under certain circumstances, are plainly contradictory and cannot both be true Christian doctrine. In my book *Thou Shalt Not Kill*, I have put forward my view that the Fifth Commandment admits of no exceptions. I based this opinion on the demands of Christ's Gospel, whose heart and center is the Sermon on the Mount. But those who hold the opposite view can put forward only their own reasoning in support. My book is an appeal to the Holy See to make at last a final decision . . . But so long as the Holy See makes no final pronouncement, and so

long as those who hold that killing is permissible are unable to refute my proofs, I will and must continue to say: God's Fifth Commandment is binding without any exception whatsoever and every war, even the so-called just war of defense (that no longer exists today) is to be condemned as un-Christian.

"Rome will have to decide whether Cardinal Ottaviani is right with his new book *Forbid War Completely*, or whether Cardinal Frings of Cologne is right with his new book *Create Order by Force*. One of these views must be deemed contrary to the Catholic Faith, in other words, un-Christian.

"Therefore, those who hold the view that one may kill under certain circumstances, and those who hold the opposite view that one may not kill under any circumstances, are both deeply interested in this demand that the infallible Holy See at long last make an ex cathedra pronouncement as to which is right. For there are mil-

lions and millions of Catholic and non-Catholic Christians in great difficulties over this question and they have a right to demand that their conscientious needs shall be helped in their decisions by an infallible pronouncement. This cleft in the Church must be brought to an end. I am not afraid of the outcome."

(Ed. note: The English translation of Father Ude's book *"Thou Shalt Not Kill"* is in preparation).

Those of our readers who are investigating the vital problem of forming a conscientious attitude in regard to contemporary warfare may have overlooked two articles of import dealing with the problem:

1. *War and Christian Conscience* by Rev. Franziskus Stratmann, O.P. (Cross Currents, Winter 1953, 3111 Broadway, New York). Father Stratmann recalls to us the intransigent opposition to war on the part of the Church up to the (Continued on page 7)

## CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

About two weeks ago I had the opportunity to visit a member of our household who was a patient in Bellevue Hospital Psycho Ward. This poor soul had a complete mental breakdown. I wilted in the presence of this patient as he raved on in an irrational manner. I made the mistake of trying to follow every word he said in order to determine how badly off he really was. This exhausting visit was over in forty minutes and I was relieved to bid goodbye and make for the nearest exit. As I was in the midst of shaking hands with the patient an attendant approached me and suggested that I should join a group of patients who were forming a line for their supper. At first I was puzzled by this expression of hospitality until it dawned on me that the attendant had mistaken me for a patient. If I had not been fortunate enough to have a fellow visitor who reassured the attendant that I was simply a visitor I might still be there. My fellow patient was transferred to a mental hospital on Ward's Island where I visited him again last Sunday. I witnessed no

improvement in the poor fellow and the head doctor was very discouraging regarding a quick recovery for our friend. The visit was no sooner started when the patient asked me for a cigarette which I handed to him. I was going to light the cigarette for him but discovered that I had no matches. I approached the nearest attendant and asked him for some matches. He gave me a stern eye and said, "You patients are not allowed to have matches." He finally handed me a book of matches when I convinced him that I was not a patient.

On a recent Sunday afternoon, two drunken men fought viciously in front of our house against the side of our station-wagon. We hurried out of our office on to the sidewalk and tried to pull the men away from the windows of our car. They had already cracked one window and we didn't want anymore damage. One of them held the other against the window of the wagon with one hand and hammered him with his free fist. The (Continued on page 8)



## THE MAYOR-PRIEST OF FLORENCE

"A Christian Is Always in Revolt"

By VINCENT R. TORTORA

Millions of Catholics in the Western world look with no small degree of concern and alarm at the kaleidoscopic political scene revolving around the seat of Holy Mother Church . . . Before the Italian national elections of last June, Dr. Alcide De Gasperi held the leadership of the Italian government made up of Christian Democrats, or Centerist Catholics. After the elections, however, De Gasperi fell from power as did other members of the Christian Democrat Party like Pella, Piccioni, Fanfani, et al . . . The political stability of Italy had become as dubious as that of France . . . No party in Italy spoke for anywhere near a majority of voters . . .

Where De Gasperi and the Christian Democrats lost large chunks of the popular vote last June, the extreme parties gained them. The Monarchist and neo-Fascist vote, on the one hand, reached rather disturbing heights. The Communist and left-wing Socialist coalition vote, on the other hand, reached shocking heights. . . . A little less than one person in two voted for extreme parties and about

eighty percent of these voted for the Communist coalition.

In the five years since the national elections of 1948, the Christian Democrats have lost between 3 and 3.5 million votes. This, despite the fact that they were in power and controlled the facilities of education and public information.

Since many members of the Roman Catholic hierarchy and parish priests have directly or indirectly supported the Christian Democrats right along, it would appear that the Church has suffered a rebuff.

Try as it might, the clergy has not been able to dissuade millions of essentially faithful Catholics from voting Communist or supporting Communist activities and programs. The average Italian worker or farmer will forcefully justify his sympathy for the Communist cause with this type of argument . . .

1. The government does nothing for us. It is made up of reactionaries. The Communists have a much better program.

2. The priests are much too withdrawn from the realities of life to

know what they are talking about. They, too, are reactionaries. How can they know if Communism is good or bad?

Within the Christian Democratic Party and the Church itself, however, there have been developing influential elements that are clearly aware of the growing gap between the laboring citizenry and the Church. They have taken heart in pronouncements by Giacomo Cardinal Lecaro of Bologna, Monsignor Domenico Tardini, Pro-Secretary of the Vatican State, Father Riccardo, advisor to the Pope, and His Holiness himself, that society is in the state of flux and the position of the Church and government should constantly be re-examined.

Father Primo Mazzolari, a Jesuit, echoed the sentiments of many colleagues who write for the official Jesuit publication, *Civiltà Cattolica*, when he said: "The poor of Italy are nailed to the cross of a capitalist economy. We must take the people down from the cross, and we cannot wait until the eleventh hour when there is only a dead body to take down."

Sincere Catholics and members (Continued on page 8)





ST. VINCENT DE PAUL

## MISTAKEN IDENTITY

A congressman introduced three papal quotations into the record of a Congressional hearing and asking the witness on the stand to identify them.

The witness said the anonymous quotations closely paralleled communist writings.

The congressman said it was a very good lesson in the danger of lifting sentences and paragraphs out of context.

Objecting to certain practices he said were being followed in a House investigation of tax-exempt foundations, Representative Wayne L. Hays of Ohio read three quotations and then handed them to Thomas M. McNiece, the investigating unit's assistant research director, and asked him to comment on them.

Mr. McNiece said the anonymous quotations were all "closely comparable to communist literature I have read," and that "the objectives cited parallel closely communistic ideals or socialistic ideals."

### Pope Leo XIII

Congressman Hays then disclosed that two quotations were from Pope Leo XIII's Encyclical, "Reconstructing the Social Order," issued in 1891, and the third was from Pope XI's Encyclical on "The Condition of Labor," published in 1931.

The first quotation from Pope Leo XIII was as follows:

"But all agree that there can be no question whatever, that some remedy must be found, and quickly found, for the misery and wretchedness which press so heavily at the moment (1891) on a very large majority of the poor."

"The ancient workmen's guilds were destroyed in the last century, and no other organization took their place. Public institutions and the laws have repudiated the ancient religion. Hence, by degrees it has come to pass that workmen have been given over, isolated and defenseless, to the callousness of employers and the greed of unrestrained competition."

"And to this must be added the custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, so that a small number of the very rich have been able to lay upon the masses of the poor a yoke little better than slavery itself."

### Pope Pius XI

The second quotation, from Pope Pius XI, was as follows:

"Every effort must therefore be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs."

"If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workman just such a wage."

# Mid-Summer Retreat At Maryfarm

By DOROTHY DAY

Baron von Hugel talks of the necessity of living on several levels.

My interests on the spiritual level have included the reading this month of Guardini's *Faith and the Modern Man* (Pantheon, 1952) and *The Rich and the Poor in Christian Tradition*, a copy of which was sent us by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. I was much struck in my re-reading it, on the call of Pope Pius XII to all to work on the material level for those about us and our obligation to do something about the problems which confront us.

I would say that having Puerto Rican children all summer on the Peter Maurin Farm, was an attempt to do something on that immediate level for those who are victims of our social order, and the impulse to act in that connection came as a result of the shooting in Congress in the Spring, that desperate act by young people who felt that all protest against exploitation by United States' interests had been made again and again, and that it was time for terrorist action to call the attention of the world to their plight. They were rotting away in poverty, and birth control was offered them as a solution. Their blood was thinned by starvation and disease, so they would shed, they decided, the blood of their masters. These unfortunate young people are going to spend practically the rest of their lives in prison as a result of their act, continuing to work by their suffering, for their brothers. They will remind us, if we pause

to think of it, that if we do not do our Christian duty of loving and serving, the poor of the world will take by force that which is denied them by justice. The world revolution creeps nearer, and we who consider ourselves the just will be judged first. We Americans have failed in justice and in love.

All the activities of the Catholic Worker, all of the works of mercy performed throughout the country on farms and in houses of hospitality, are reparation and practices in the work of loving and the smaller the houses are and the more numerous the better. We must love humanly as well as spiritually. We must like as well as love people.

Usually we are too busy. There is much hard work, physical and mental. There is just the work of listening to people day in and day out, and of course, a great deal of talking. There is bearing with one another and being mindful of one another, a whole group of us living together in community. Just because we live so close together, we are apt to pull away from each other, isolate ourselves from each other, each go his own way. We do not love and understand each other enough. We do many things we ought not to do and leave undone many things we ought to do, as the Episcopalian confiteor has it.

We all feel the need of recreation, not in the sense of play, but in the sense of renewal, increasing our knowledge and our love, and many of our interests do this for us.

My interests,—what are they? They are all tied together of course, but listing them separately there is, aside from the Catholic Worker activities, my own family, my daughter, son-in-law and six grandchildren. Through them, I am

more about the family, about education, about property and poverty. I learn about material things in looking at things through the children's eyes. There is the soil, the animals, all growing things, even to the life of insects (Larry Evers has brought this close to us by his interests.) There is the life of the sea, seining to catch specimens, and the children find

the smallest horse-shoe crabs, pipe-fish, killies. Hisaye introduces us to seaweed and that on our beach is of exceptional quality, she says, and would be much appreciated by Japanese people. We press some kinds of sea weed, we collect jingle shells, little whelks, snails, clam borers, boat shells, and Eric Hennessy came to me and said, one day, "Why are we collecting these shells?" (One can see the intellectual life growing in them!) I told him,—"The heavens show forth the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." There is something so good, so beautiful about these things that they make us know God and love Him more. Besides we are going to make up a little box of them to send to Lauren Ford, who also collects shells and gave us some. She gave us our wool from her sheep at Bethlehem to spin. And they in turn remind us of God's good provision for us always.

My conversation quite contented Eric. I read the Psalms to the children sometimes out under the mulberry trees and they all stand silent, suddenly quiet (for a moment or two.) One certainly has to take advantage of each shining moment with children. There cannot be lifeless plans, schedules. They may seem idle (these vacation days), noisy, disorganized, frustrating, destructive and so on and so on. "Children's work is to grow," Jane O'Donnell of the Grail said once. And my daughter Tamar says, "Children have their own order."

And other interests, what are they? Lee Perry has tuned the piano at Peter Maurin farm, that piano which was given to us by the sisters at Forsythe street, the mission of the Nativity church, and carted down to us by Peter Asaro, and Lee plays Bach on it.

our delight. From all around the country there are evidences that the integration of Peter Maurin's program of Cult, Culture and Cultivation is taking place.

Betty Lou Geenty is baking the bread, milking the cow, practicing the recorder (among many other things). Rita Corbin comes down and does a little calligraphy, copying out some verses from the mis-

sal for our bulletin board. Bill Everson, now Brother Antoninus, formerly with the Oakland House of Hospitality sends us a long article on printing and contemplation. Bill was a poet, and Brother Antoninus still is, and a printer besides, and he is now doing a job on a new psalter, the first copy of which is to go to His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. I remember with wonder how Bill printed a book of poetry, bound in vellum, in the dung hill which was the Peter Maurin House in Oakland, stark destitution there, not decent poverty, and yet from it springing this beautiful flower of work. There is the stained glass windows of Carl Paulson, now gracing so many windows of churches—not to speak of Ade Bethune's, stations of the Cross, her mosaics, her own stained glass and wood cuts.

Every now and then one reflects on our friends and their interests, their most interesting vocation, and it is good to see people self-centered in this way, so that they find their vocation, train themselves for it and then try to live it. They must concentrate on their human life of growing, procreating, living the life of the family, earning a living, and recreating and also as men play their part in restoring all things in Christ.

During the month I thought of John Cogley and his interest in public life and in politics, and Ammon Hennacy on the other hand and his interest in a stateless soci-

(Continued on page 6)



ST. JOHN - GOD



ST. ALEXIUS

## WASHING AND MY MOTHER-IN-LAW

SHORT STORY

By DONALD PURCELL

For years I haven't let myself get so puffed up as I did on the day the new washing machine came. I forced my mother-in-law to watch me caress its sides and run a clean handkerchief through it dry. I subjected her to a shameless parade of aren't-modern-times-great banalities. Maman agreed with every word I said. When I'd exhausted myself, she ostensibly admitted defeat by launching a modest account of how they did the wash in her "corner" of France half a century ago.

In the first place, on Maman's farm they didn't do the wash too often. Now that we have the machine, we have to wash clothes once a week; indeed, the washer's slick-paper instruction book informs us suggestively that "many people" launder "several times" a week. At Maman's farm, somewhere in La Drome, washing took place four times a year; and many of her neighbors, considering that too frequent, laundered twice or even once a year—a matter of taste, Maman added parenthetically.

Maman's household numbered a dozen or more persons, all of sober character, who didn't permit themselves any follies, who made doubly sure that apparel was dirty before they consigned it to the wash. Even so, the quarterly wash loaded a goodsized wagon.

The principal equipment was an elevated tub of about the size, I gather, of the bottom quarter of a silo. The first step in the process was to lay grape-vine prunings, known as les sarments, in a thick layer on the bottom of the tub. How the present inhabitants of Maman's corner use up their old sarments, I don't know. I suspect, however, that unless the question has been settled, modern methods haven't come in. Anyway, the layer of grape prunings was covered with a sheet or two.

Next a layer of wood ashes was sifted in. Sifted, Maman explained patiently, for metal rusting objects—old nails, pieces of wire, and so on—but not, she added impatiently because the point was so important, not eggshells!

Then another sheet was placed over the sifted ashes, and the dirty laundry was piled in, first the dozens of heavy linen sheets, then heavy outer clothing, then towels, linen underwear, and the rest in an order fixed by the irrelevant intercrossing demands of the economic struggle and human modesty. Finally water was poured in.

The water ran through the clothes, through the wood ashes, out a hole in the bottom of the tub, and into a cauldron which rested over an open fire. The layer of sarments provided space between the bottom of the tub and the malleable, heavy contents so that the water could always drain out.

The water and wood ashes produced lye, which was heated boiling

hot in the cauldron at the base of the tub. When the cauldron was nearly full, the lye was dipped out, carried to the top of the tub, and poured back over the wash in scattered dipperfuls. There was a continuous circulation of liquid through the clothes, through the wood ashes, through the heating element, and back through the clothes again. When the lye became too strong, new water was added; when, in some years, the ashes weren't so good and the lye seemed weak, the cauldron boiled longer than usual before the lye was thrown back over the clothes.

The whole process, known as *couler la lessive*, started at five in the morning and lasted until six at night. The next morning the wet linge would be piled into a wagon and hauled to town where washerwomen, working in contracted gangs, finished it off at the river bank.

The drive into town the next day was the best part, Maman says. Long—very, very long as she now recalls—before the wagon arrived at the village, the road passed between walls of blinding-white drying wash. The gangs of washerwomen had strung their drying ropes from plane tree to plane tree along the double row of trees that marked the national highway. It was like driving through a silent city of linen walls long before you got to the mortar walls of the real city. It was the part Maman liked best, the seemingly endless road banked solid with lazy swelling sheets, wind-freshened farm jackets, and sunny gestulating underwear legs.

When she was a little girl, the wash ranked with minding the sheep as Maman's favorite farm activity. Examining our new machine, she wondered if our children would ever retain memories of wash day as vivid as her memories. She sighed, and the tone of her sigh had me imagining myself as a child in that farmyard; I was smelling early-morning wood smoke and staring at the tub that loomed like a pagan altar against the sunrise; I was helping the hired men fill baskets from a wonderful soft mountain of dirty wash, and with elaborate care I was carrying up a wooden stile a long-handled dipperful of steaming lye to be scattered as my tribute over a quarter of a year's hard living. The familiar acrid barnyard was energized with new savors, biting and musky. I imagined myself hunched in the wagon the next morning, catching the first view of the distant town that, drowsing on its plain, extended a glistening linen arm of greeting to the walking and horse-drawn voyagers who passed that way.

After a long pause Maman said uncertainly, "Of course, the modern machine is far better—of course." For a minute she had relived the enchantment of the past in another land, an enchantment that I could only fancy. All I could do was imitate a Gallic stiffening of the shoulders and wonder if Maman hadn't had the better of me again.



# THE DOCTOR WHOSE TEACHING IS AS SWEET AS HONEY

**THE LAST OF THE FATHERS.** By Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.50.

By ALICE K. CASPER

Whenever a new book comes from the pen of Thomas Merton—and there are to be no more books, rumor says—it is cause for rejoicing, for Merton always brings us the good news, the call to sanctity, the invitation to run after the "fountain of living water." He was commissioned by the late Abbot Dunne to make the spiritual life attractive to his readers, and he has been faithful to his charge.

In "The Last of the Fathers" the author has used the great Saint Bernard to awaken our hearts to the "one thing" necessary. The purpose of this little book is to make the recent papal encyclical, Doctor Mellifluus, more widely known and understood; for this encyclical, written on the occasion of the eighth centenary of the death of Saint Bernard, is, in the opinion of Thomas Merton, "one of the most interesting and significant documents issued by His Holiness Pope Pius XII." The book consists of a commentary on the encyclical and a complete translation of the encyclical itself, together with "a few pages on Saint Bernard's life and on his written works."

At the very outset Merton goes to the heart of his message: the sanctity of Saint Bernard and its far-reaching effects throughout the Europe of his day and the entire Church ever since. Merton feels that the Holy Father has done a great service in giving "a whole and integral" view of the saint.

ard, with his "ordinary and extraordinary" career, but on the most important thing of all: his sanctity, his union with God, his conformity to Christ by perfect charity, and his teaching inspired as much by his study of Scripture and the Fathers as by his own experience of mystical union. The author has many things to say about the various facets of Saint Bernard's life and doctrine, enough to make the reader desire to learn more about "The Doctor whose teaching is sweet as honey." His interpretation of Saint Bernard's preaching of the Crusade will prove thought-provoking to the pacifist readers; excerpts from his letters will send many to the recently translated book by Bruno Scott James; other quotations from his works will arouse the hope that more of his writings will soon be translated into English; the brief section on Saint Bernard's love for the Blessed Mother will inspire many to pray for "the dogmatic definition of Our Lady's universal mediation," a doctrine dear to the saint's heart.

These and other qualities will attract readers to "The Last of the Fathers;" but, for this reviewer at least, the real merit of the book lies in Thomas Merton's message: our call to sanctity and the great importance to the Church of the overflow of contemplative charity in one holy soul. In former books, Merton has dwelt at length on various phases of the search of the soul for God. He has drawn not only from his own experience, but also (like Saint Bernard) from the Scripture and from the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, particularly from the greatest of all mystical doctors, Saint John of the Cross. He has pictured for us the awakened love of the soul for God and its desire for union with Him, as well as various steps along the way, in the light of consolations and in the darkness of trials and the terrors of the night—all written with a sincerity that reaches beyond the power of the written word. Now in this his latest book, he seems to accent the full development of the spiritual life, which is the perfection of the Christ-life in

the soul, and its sacrificial overflow of love into action, a complete giving of self, which, in the case of Saint Bernard, amounted to tremendous undertakings for the Church. Saint Bernard was truly a man of the Church, a Vir Ecclesiae, as Merton calls him. Those words have little meaning unless we have been thoroughly grounded in all that goes before them in the life of a "Vir Ecclesiae," and it is to our author's credit that he is very clear in teaching us that priceless lesson. He is always careful to preserve the hierarchy of spiritual values; and, while highlighting in this book the inestimable value to the Church of Saint Bernard's wonderful works, he quite forcibly returns to first-things-first by reminding us that of primary and vital importance is the

union with God for which we were created. His last words are:

"What could be clearer than this great message? It is a call to sanctity, to divine union, uttered in our troubled time by the Vicar of Jesus Christ with all the impassioned ardor of the great Saint Bernard himself. We are called to be saints, not by our own power because we have no power: but by the power of Christ's grace, and 'lest the Cross of Christ be made void' (I Cor. 1: 17). We are called not merely to fear God or to honor Him, but to love Him with all our strength, love Him to the point of utter self-forgetfulness and identification with Him. And why all this? There can be no other reason than this: God is charity, and charity alone gives Him the highest glory."

## Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

### The Pluralist State Secularism Is a Pest

"What ails modern society is the separation of the spiritual from the material," says Glenn Frank. That separation of the spiritual from the material is what we call secularism.

"Secularism is a pest," says Pope Pius XI. Education without religion is only information. Politics without religion is only factionalism. Business without religion is only commercialism.

ard, with his "ordinary and extraordinary" career, but on the most important thing of all: his sanctity, his union with God, his conformity to Christ by perfect charity, and his teaching inspired as much by his study of Scripture and the Fathers as by his own experience of mystical union. The author has many things to say about the various facets of Saint Bernard's life and doctrine, enough to make the reader desire to learn more about "The Doctor whose teaching is sweet as honey." His interpretation of Saint Bernard's preaching of the Crusade will prove thought-provoking to the pacifist readers; excerpts from his letters will send many to the recently translated book by Bruno Scott James; other quotations from his works will arouse the hope that more of his writings will soon be translated into English; the brief section on Saint Bernard's love for the Blessed Mother will inspire many to pray for "the dogmatic definition of Our Lady's universal mediation," a doctrine dear to the saint's heart.

**Futilitarian Economics**  
The Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School thought that the general interest of human society would be well served if everybody was always mindful of his material interest. The Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School thought that everything would be lovely if everybody took in each other's washing. The Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School believed in the law of supply and demand and could never conceive of the possibility of too much supply and not enough demand.

**Futilitarian States**  
The Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School thought that business is just business and that politics should keep out of business. The Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School thought that the State is only useful when it helps business men to collect their debts. The war of 1914 and the peace of 1919 are the logical result

of the foolish notions of the Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School. England, France and America, our Futilitarian States, are now busy trying to solve the problems brought about by the lack of understanding of the Futilitarian Economists of the Manchester School.

**Totalitarian States**  
England, France and America think they can muddle through with their eighteenth-century politics.

Russia, Italy and Germany have given up the idea of two, three or more political parties and have adopted the idea of one political party.

**Pluralist Thought**

Humanists believe with Robert Burns that "a man is a man for all that." Theists believe that God created the world, that He is our Father, and that we are all brothers. Protestants believe that God, our Father, sent His only begotten Son to save the world from sin. Catholics believe that Jesus Christ established a Church, and that this Church is the Catholic Church. Humanists are just Humanists. Theists are Humanists plus Theists. Protestants are Humanists plus Theists plus Christians. Catholics are Humanists plus Theists plus Christians plus Catholics.

**Pluralist State**  
The belief in human personality is the common belief of Humanists, Theists, Protestants, Catholics. On this common belief of human personality Humanists, Theists, Protestants, Catholics, could very well build up a Pluralist State. Futilitarian States, as well as Totalitarian States, are not based on the cultural tradition of the Western World. The Pluralist State is a State where Humanists try to be human, Orthodox Jews try to be Jews, Christian Protestants

## THE THIRD HOUR issue VI

After a long interruption, due to innumerable difficulties,—this the SIXTH ISSUE of the THIRD HOUR is out at last; and so we may do some tentative "summing up," to see where this publication stands, and especially what it stands for. The words which immediately came to my mind as I was planning this review, were: "How can so few be so different?" Few indeed are the authors, priests, religious, laymen and laywomen, who so generously contributed to this issue, as well as to the previous five ones; few, because most are reluctant to "fit in," as long as the pattern is so poor and so thread-bare! A pattern of mutual understanding, cooperation, team-work, in which a Catholic philosopher (Jacques Maritain), or a Russian religious thinker (the late Berdyaev), or the Protestant ideological writer, Denis de Rougemont, suddenly find themselves in the company of some unknown young champion of Christian social justice, or some obscure monk or missionary, who is scarcely willing to reveal his name. Then, again, the THIRD HOUR sores "higher yet and higher," with Auden's poems which he gave at a time, when issue VI was scarcely certain of surviving. Indeed, there were so very few capable of standing this acid test of "the poor means," as defined by Maritain. And how different they are! Glancing through issue VI, we might perhaps quote from "To our readers," a few lines introducing the set of articles presented in these 96 pages. "THE THIRD HOUR," this introduction reminds us, bears the name of that hour of the Pentecost when the Holy Spirit came down." As usual, in the eight years of its existence, THE THIRD HOUR No. 6 "offers articles by authors belonging to various churches. Their dogmatic approach, religious training, tradition and psychological pattern are naturally very different" . . . yes, they are, as we have said, very different indeed, but, the introduction goes on to say, they have proved that they can work together, and yet each strictly adheres to his own creed. They do have a few things in common, however,

try to be Christians, and Catholics try to be Catholics.

**Allied Techniques**  
Social movements based on personal responsibility are not hindered by the Pluralist State. The Co-operative Movement, the Guildist Movement, the Agrarian Movement, the Communitarian Movement, find themselves at home in the Pluralist State. The Pluralist State does not try to solve the social problem by passing laws or creating bureaus, but by removing from the statue book all the laws that hinder the activities of the social movements based on personal responsibility. The Pluralist State stands for leadership, not dictatorship.

and these are most comforting: they all strive toward UNITY, and its "painstaking and loving preparation." They defend social justice, founded on Christ; they are devoted to "the values of spiritual culture, all the world over." The introduction compares the work of the THIRD HOUR to a sea voyage, by a ship which sails with fortitude through troubled seas, manned by the "generation of those who seek Him." (Psalm 23-3). This passionate search of God is the key-note of the THIRD HOUR issue VI. To be sure, there are experienced pilots aboard, like Jacques and Raissa Maritain, whose essay: "The Call to Contemplation," is a model of contemplation in itself. Rev. Alexander Schmemmann, Russian Orthodox, and Lutheran Pastor B. von Schenk tell us a great deal about the true meaning of Liturgy. His Grace John Bishop of San Francisco, Russian-Orthodox again, discusses "Wealth and Poverty." Rev. Michael Scott, apostle of South Africa (Anglican) gives us a magnificent poem, a psalm in its own right: "The Spirit of the Lord." Anne Fremantle presents the "Little Brothers of Charles de Foucauld," and her paper is followed by one of the little brothers, today their leader: Rev. R. Voillaume: "excerpts from a lecture." Maria Sulzbach discusses Karl Barth in a dialogue with Catholics. Gerda Blumenthal analyses Albert Camus' book, "The Rebel." Denis de Rougemont offers one of his most convincing essays concerning our times. Rev. George Tavard writes about the "Form of the Servant, the most humble, the greatest friend of Christ. Dorothy Day, 'pilgrim of the Infinite,' writes about another pilgrim, the Russian wanderer, who knew but one prayer, the 'prayer of Jesus.' These it seems to us, are the good pilots of the Third Hour's sixth issue, and W. H. Auden is its bard in his two poems: "Hunting Season" and "The Moon Like X." And there are others among these few we want to bring to your attention. They are the "generation of those who search Him," and whose claims are so great because they love Christ so much: "Victory and defeats" by George Ivask, "From a Log Book" by J. P., Basilé Yanovsky's "Pros Cons," whom nothing will satisfy, except sanctity. Erik Lankjaer writes in his "Propositions": "Antennae stretching to high heavens do the praying for us. Did you see the cross?" And Anne Taillefer says: "The Strong are Lonely."

Are the contributors of the "Third Hour" strong? We do not know, but they are no doubt lonely. However letters of appreciation have come to the THIRD HOUR recently, from all states of America and from Canada and also from France and England, from India and Japan.

Just to remind you: if you want a copy of THIRD HOUR No. 6 or of preceding issues, write to THIRD HOUR FOUNDATION, P. O. 6, Lenox Hill St., N. Y. 21, N. Y. Prices.

Issue No. 6: \$2.  
Back numbers No. 3, No. 4, No. 5: 50 cents. No. 1 and 2 out of print.  
Helene Iswolsky

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# Missa Pro Amicis Meis

By SUE GROSS

## I (Introitus)

Look down, O God, my God,  
Pronounce a peace upon my friends.  
Bend down, O God, and lift them out of agony.  
They have praised you severally;  
Now let them hear the sound of song.  
They have loved you in their hidden hearts:  
Turn not away.  
They have fought your battles carrying their hearts  
like shields before them;  
Let bugles blow.  
Fleeing you they found you:  
Reach out, O God, my God, and take their fleshless  
hands.  
Measure their nobility,  
And bear them up in this their death.

## II (Graduale)

They die, O God, my God, remember them.  
Wrap their naked bones in beauty,  
House them in your hands;  
They are the riches of my life.

## III (Tractus)

Break them out of their chains, O God,  
Whose holocaust has killed them.  
Crown them with their tears, O God, my God,  
And give them joy.

## IV (Sequentia)

They have made friends with death;  
And they have taken their doom upon them.  
They have gone out like flames upon the world;  
They have lighted the dark places of earth with  
solitary love.  
Truth was their armament, their banner beauty.  
They were made in likeness of your splendor;  
And their glory was their shroud.  
I saw them come like constellations;  
I saw them lean together like shattered javelins;  
And I have seen them go away out of mine eyes like  
shooting stars.  
Their journey was toward you, O God.

They have made friends with death;  
And they have taken their doom upon them.  
They have sought sanctity, O God, my God.  
And they have given all their work to that clean  
magnitude,  
Achieving the holiness of stars.  
They have spread their love like sunlight;  
They have poured forth compassion like the moonlight;  
And they have borne the fallen in their arms.  
They have breathed forth their wisdom like incense;  
They have made of their bodies hyssops;  
And they have shaken out the rivers of their love  
upon all men.  
They have broken their hearts like bread to feed the  
hungry.  
I have eaten of their heart, O God, my God,  
And I cry out in their name,  
Who am but dumb and desolate.

They have made friends with death;  
And they have taken their doom upon them.  
They had been cursed from birth,  
And crowned with iron.  
You had set a fire upon their face and sent them into  
darkness;  
They have gone forth like lightnings.  
They have gone out like angry stallions on the wind;  
Your golden spurs are buried in their flesh.

They have ventured into silent nightfall;  
Somewhere day stands over against their face.  
Yet they have harbored secret splendor,  
And they have worn the mantle of magnificence.  
Lions draw their chariot through the night,  
And golden serpents coil upon their breast.  
I have heard the muffled drumming of their pride;  
And the distant trumpet of their arrogance has shaken  
men like thunder.  
They have been proud, O God,  
They have been proud with cause.  
You who see the naked glory of their souls,  
Forgive them their pride,  
Who had for years no other staff to lean on in their  
loneliness.  
They have been alone forever;

## IV (Sequentia)

And the face of God was shut away from their eyes,  
Who sought him everywhere.  
Look where they die like scattered coals!  
Arise, O God, O gold omnipotence! Go out,  
Collapse the clouds that mount upon their death;  
Set constellations at their lonely heirs,  
Who have made friends with death,  
And carried their doom like bright banners.

## V (Offertorium)

The golden deer have stopped upon the fountain's edge;  
They have come through the forest of terrors;  
They have eaten all the weeds of bitterness;  
And they have drunk at the seven wells of grief.  
They have known the horror of the starless night;

And they have breathed the anguish of the moonlit  
dark;  
And the hounds have belled behind them from their  
birth.  
Their little running feet have made a silver music  
We have heard through all our days not understanding.  
Their lungs are burst with that running;  
And their voice is a broken flute in the hover of  
morning.  
They have cracked the ivory cage of their bodies on  
the mountains;  
And the joy of their legs is broken forever.  
They have split their hooves upon the rocks;  
And their eyes are wounds that widen.  
O God! They die! The golden ones;  
Have pity on their beauty, and their death.

## VI (Sanctus)

Silence, and there is no tongue to tell their greatness,  
O my God,  
Who told your own,  
But beauty where there blood has gone to earth.  
You had sent seraphs with diapason in their eyes;  
We looked away.

## VII (Agnus Dei)

They have heard the hungered tiger,  
And their belly has writhed with fear.  
They have seen the terrible tiger,  
Striped with blood and gold, O God, a blaze!  
They have lain down with leopards,  
But the tiger was a terror in their path.

Blood, gold, and the sweetness of doves.  
And look! Love is in his mouth.  
They have lain down with leopards,  
But the tiger was a terror in their path.

He shall follow like a young lamb,  
Whom they saw a tiger, and terrible.  
He shall crack his bones upon the ground;  
And he shall put his head beneath their feet.  
They shall drink blood from his broken breast,  
Who now lie dying.

## VIII (Responsory)

Deliver me, O God, my God, be with me.  
Bear me up so that I shall not die to see them dying.  
The fire of their face has struck me blind;  
And I go without eyes from a city of ashes to all  
bleakness.

They have left their shredded banners in my hand,  
And crushed me with their iron crown;  
And I go without eyes from their holocaust to mine.  
I am afraid, O God, my God;  
Be with me.

## IX (In Paradisum)

You had made them mighty,  
Flaked and flawed with gold,  
With veins of gold, O God.  
You were their father, and their mother pain;  
They have begotten beauty of your seed.  
They were doomed to greatness;  
And they have gone candle-eyed to death,  
And to their heritage of hells.  
Music is where they have been;  
The distillation of their perished loveliness.  
Where have they gone?  
In what incalculable darkness do they burn again?

# Revelations of St. Gertrude

As the Saint prayed one day for some persons who had formerly injured the Convent seriously by their thefts, and were again committing depredations, our Lord appeared to her as if suffering much pain in one of His arms, which was so drawn back that the nerves were seriously injured: and He said to her: "Consider what torment he would cause Me who should strike Me with his closed hand on this suffering arm: and reflect that I am outraged in like manner by all those who, without compassionating the danger to which the souls who persecute you are exposed, do nothing else but talk maliciously of their sins and what they have suffered in consequence, without reflecting that these unhappy people are members of My Body; while all those who, touched by compassion, implore My mercy for them, that I may convert them, act towards Me as if they soothed the pain of My arm with healing ointments: and I consider those who, by their counsels and charitable warnings, try to induce them to amend their lives, as wise physicians, who endeavor to restore My arm to its proper position."

Then Gertrude, admiring the ineffable goodness of God, said to Him: "But how, Lord, can these unworthy persons be compared to Your arm?" He replied: "Because they are members of the body of the Church, of which I glory in being the Head." "But, my God," exclaimed Gertrude, "they are cut off from the Church by excommunication, since they have been publicly anathematized for the violence they have done to this monastery." "Nevertheless," replied the Lord, "as they can be restored to the bosom of the Church by absolution, My natural goodness obliges Me to care for them, and I desire with incredible ardour that they should be converted and do penance."

The Saint then prayed that the monastery might be defended from their snares by His paternal protection, and she received this reply: "If you humble yourselves under My mighty Hand, and acknowledge before Me in the secret of our hearts that your sins have merited this chastisement, My paternal mercy will protect you from all the efforts of your enemies; but if you rise up proudly against those who persecute you, wishing them evil for evil, then, by My just judgment, I will permit them to become stronger than you, and to afflict you still more."

# APPEAL

Durban, South Africa

Dear Dorothy:

Although airmail reaches us in a week or even five days, surface mail takes six weeks so we are that much behind with the Catholic periodicals we receive.

I am enjoying a 13-day holiday from King Edward VIII Hospital. We are using the time to see some of the missionary work that is being carried on in the Garden Province. One of our visits has been to Ekukhanyeni, just thirty miles from Durban. There, a Dominican medical missionary is in charge of a three-room clinic, serving the Zulus and Indians of the surrounding area. She is Sister M. Gertrudis Birkner, a graduate of the University of Wuerzburg, who came to South Africa in 1949. Two years later she opened a one-room clinic at Oakford Priory, which attends nine hundred natives a month. You would have loved the mission, where there is a school for African children in addition to the medical center, which is dedicated to Our Lady, Help of the Sick. Kerosene lamps are used at night; the water supply depends on rainfall alone. The plumbing would be considered primitive by any United States standards, I suppose. It was a joy to spend a few hours at the mission. Dr. Birkner pointed out the districts which are served from Ekukhanyeni and mentioned several where she hopes to establish new clinics. If any of your readers would care to help her, the address is:

Sister M. Gertrudis, O.P.,  
Oakford Priory,  
Verulam, Natal,  
Union of South Africa.

I am often reminded of the C.W. in my work at King Edward VIII. I began in one of the large medical wards, where there are about eighty-eight beds. Often we had up to one-hundred forty patients; the overflow slept on mattresses on the floor. It is impossible to give adequate nursing care when there is such overcrowding. After four months I was transferred to the V.D. ward. I am the only nurse in the ward with four African orderlies, two Zulus and two Basutos. We have from ninety to one hundred patients a month plus a large number of out-patients from the special clinic. So we see the fruits of bad housing, illiteracy, lack of religious training. No expense is spared in medical treatment, but if only the money were used for preventive medicine, for better housing, higher wages and a better standard of living, the Africans would be so much better off.

Two Maryknoll nuns visited us a short time ago en route to their mission in Tanganyika. Both of them are nurses and how good it was to hear some American idioms again. We visited them aboard the Robin Lockley before they sailed for Dar-es-Salaam.

Please remember us to all at the C.W. We receive Tom's occasional greeting on the wrapper of our paper.

In Christ,  
James & Grace Rogan.

(Jim was once head of the Baltimore House of Hospitality.)

## MARYFARM RETREAT

August 8-13—Father Brown of Louisville.

August 14—Discussion on Work and Poverty led by John Stanley. Through the week.

August 24-27—Study of Gregorian Chant led by Ethel Thurston.

For information write to Jane Judge, Maryfarm, Newburgh, Rt. 3, N. Y.

## Friday Night

Speakers at 223 Chrystie St.

July 30—Arthur Sheehan

August 6—Helen Iswolsky

August 13—Stephen Bridges

August 20—Don Considine

August 27—Dorothy Day

September 3—Ammor Hennacy



## Mid-Summer Retreat

(Continued from page 3)

ety and in peaceful community. The latter has had to abandon his life at hard labor and to replace that discipline of work he is fasting Fridays; during our recent retreat he fasted, and again in August for nine days he will picket and fast in reparation for Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the cruel weapons of destruction which we have made. All men are responsible, but Ammon by not paying income tax, and by penance, is doing reparation.

George Carlin who was a flyer in Japan is going to pass out leaflets about birth control and abortion in Japan,—which we are now responsible for this present day. This month a friend had to go to the hospital for psychiatric treatment, and visiting him and suffering with him over his condition made me appreciate the vocation of Dr. Karl Stern who visited us this past month. During the month I had telephone calls from two far distant parts of the country, from mentally disturbed people, and many come in to visit us, and this misery that pours out upon us in waves makes us long for more with vocations to work for the mentally ill, if only as ward attendants, and more to train for this work in hospitals, as nurses, doctors.

### Retreat

Our physical, material and mental life is a full one, and this month it was wonderful to try to put all these concerns, so engrossing, the beautiful and the ugly, all aside for a time, to make a retreat at Maryfarm, Newburgh. It was Father Casey's third annual retreat with us, though he would rather call it a little school of spirituality, recalling an article of Jacques Maritain from an old Commonweal in which he pointed out a need for houses of hospitality on the land where schools of the spiritual life could be conducted for the laity.

There will be another retreat in August, from Sunday, August 8 until Friday, August 13, conducted by Fr. Brown of Louisville, and perhaps my account of Fr. Casey's retreat will make others long for it and come to make it. We never worry about numbers or reservations as God takes care of that, it seems, quite directly and we never have more than we can handle. If people are willing to endure the hardship of crowding eight in a room, for instance, and washing out of a basin for a week, and using outhouses, the rest makes up for it.

People came from St. Louis, Chicago, Akron, Pittsburgh, Wilmington, Boston and so on, for this last retreat. One girl brought her eleven year old nephew. Hisaye Yamamoto brought her six year old son. Another friend came with an eleven year old and a six year old boy. So the boys had each other to play with. Jane Judge and Lucille Lynch, Margaret and Mary, Dean and Cecilia, all had worked like Trojans, or rather like Christians, to make the place ready. All the blankets were washed, for about fifty beds, all the sheets, pillow cases, towels; dormitories cleaned, fumigated, screened, so much work done that during the days of the retreat all the cooking and serving seemed like nothing in comparison to the work which went before.

The silence of the retreat was beautifully kept. "Cease not to put from you all creatures until you are alone with God," St. Bernard said. Pretty hard to do of course but all the creatures around us were helps to rise to God, and we stored up enough beauty during the retreat to make up for months of ugliness and the suffering that comes upon us in the work.

Newman said that one of the first needs of a university was a grove of trees such as the ancient Greeks had. Here at Maryfarm we wander between hedges of wild cherry, making the Stations of the Cross, or out through the fields, those well cultivated fields which give evidence of the hard work of John Filliger, John Stanley, and

Charlie Petrillo our neighbor who rents some of the fields; or out under the ancient oaks and maples and pines. It is a pleasure even to watch the traffic speeding by which has the fascination of a stream of water.

While the retreat is going on, the work of the farm goes on, and the good smell of bread baking and canning by Joe Cotter and Mike Fitzgerald. Retreatants did dishes, cleaned their rooms, helped with the weeding. There was enough physical labor to rest the mind and soul. And how beautiful silence is. Max Picard wrote a book on the subject. Aldous Huxley once sent me a check to help the retreat house, saying, "anything to further the cause of silence." And his wife once visited Maryfarm with her sister, and made the Stations with us down through that same wild cherry grove. To work in silence to take care of bodily needs and then to sit and listen to heavenly truths, to ponder them, to pray about them, not to read or to write except for the taking of a few notes, not to think of past or future, but to dwell in the moment, this was all a foretaste of heaven, a showing that "all the way to heaven is heaven because Christ said, 'I am the Way'."

And now that the retreat is over, I must go back to my work of writing because that is my particular vocation, and try to give a picture, an impression, an atmosphere—in other words to give a little of what has been given to me.

A writer gets much criticism. He sees things one way, and writes about them and others who do not see with the same eyes, read what he has written and say he is not true, that what he has written is a lie. Or one is accused of exposing one self, one's soul, one's ailments. Or of violating confidences which makes one examine one's conscience and lament and try to be careful and leave the rest in the hands of God. Often a person thinks he is being written about when it is someone quite different. When Stanley Vishnewsky used to read the Imitation of Christ at table, many would feel that a particular chapter had been with malice directed at them; until in self defence he used mischievously to preface his reading with, "This is for Dorothy," or "This is for Peter," and so on.

I read this week in the psalms: "I have proclaimed thy justice in the great assembly; behold I have not restrained my lips; I have not concealed thy justice within my heart; I have declared thy faithfulness and thy help; I have not kept thy mercy and faithfulness hidden from the great assembly." It was important, evidently, so it is repeated. On the one hand silence, on the other speech. One has to learn the one to do well the other.

Here are some of the writers or writings that Father Casey referred to during his retreat. Their juxtaposition is amusing and I hope many of our readers will read them and think of them as we did.

**The House that Jack Built**, the nursery rhyme that refers everything back to Jack as we should refer everything back to God.

**The Flax**, by Hans Christian Andersen, which tells the story of the seed in the ground, illustrating the idea of necessity of assimilation and the suffering entailed. Pinocchio, the story of the puppet is on the same idea. In this story if the puppet, by his good acts, does not develop into a boy, he falls backward into a donkey, into something he does not wish to be. Fr. Casey referred to Cinderella and to Job, to Thomas Merton and his books, and quotes him as saying that there are very few vocations to the religious life because people are too surrounded by noise to hear them. A shocking thought.

"In the midst of a deep silence, Thy Word leaped down."

"God has spoken only one word and that is His Son." He read to us from Garrigou Lagrange, from St. John of the Cross, Tisnot, St. Frances de Sales. He quoted Kierke

gaard as saying that the mystique of worldliness turned wine into water. St. James said that true religion was to keep one's self unspotted by the world.

Most of all Fr. Casey urged us to read Holy Scripture. The four points of the retreat all referred back to Scripture. These four points were,

1. Man's elevation by grace and what it entailed.
2. God's Glory.
3. The folly of the Cross.
4. God's Providence.

Here are a few notes: We must cultivate a great respect for Holy Scripture and read it habitually and with relish. St. Jerome said "Ignorance of Scripture is ignorance of Christ." Pope Pius XII said that ignorance of Christ is the greatest enemy of Christ. Not Communism. Nothing takes the place of Scripture, no reading, no sermons. It is God's love letter to men. We worry about the godlessness of others, and do not worry about our own Christlessness, our secularism.

"Our citizenship is in heaven," St. Paul said. Two loves have built two cities. The essence of the Bible is Love. The New Testament is concealed in the Old and the Old is revealed in the New. (St. Augustine). The Law was pregnant with Christ. The Sermon on the Mount was the constitution of our new life. The beatitudes are its preamble. We must beware of the old mentality, of sentimentality, of pagan mentality.

When we say only to avoid sins, to stay in the state of grace, it is as though we were living in the Old Testament and we gave up the Sacrifice of the Mass and went out into the fields and sacrificed one of our goats and poured out his blood as an oblation.

The commandments are the old law. All these things I have done since my youth, the young man told Christ, and then He gave him the new law, the law of love, the counsels, which are given nowhere else but in Christ.

Christ is not a code of ethics but the living Word of God. The counsels are the continuation of the commandments. The old law says: Thou shalt not steal. This is natural justice. The new law says, Let your neighbor take your cloak too. The old law says, Do not covet your neighbor's goods. The new law says, Hold loosely to what is yours. Do not covet even your own. Natural justice would permit self defense. Moral theology permits it. But Jesus counsels non-violence, forgiving seventy times seven. Honor your father and mother; you call me Lord and Master and so I am, and then Jesus washed the feet of his disciples. He counsels obedience to every living creature.

When we get the first point of the retreat, man's elevation to the supernatural life, we can say with the blind man, "Now I see."

Pius XII said, "The state of mind traditionally considered Christian is rapidly disappearing from the world." Be imitators of God as most dear children. Imitator of the Church. We must be holy before we are apostolic. The basic rule is to know Christ and Him crucified. St. John of the Cross is called the doctor of nada. That is a half truth. He is also the doctor of all. If you wish to have everything, desire nothing. If you wish to know everything, desire to know nothing. One must empty one's self, strip one's-self to put on Christ.

First let him have a habitual desire for these things. Do not let anyone tell you St. John of the Cross is not for all of us. He is one of the doctors of the Church and there are only about fourteen of them. There are those who will tell you also not to read the Imitation of Christ, not to read the Gospel even.

Up to Galilee everyone thought the earth was the center of universe. Man was humbled by science, bitterly disillusioned to find the earth but a speck of dust, and the sun the center of the universe. (As the dwelling place of man

earth has its importance). We too must try to find a new center. Not our ego but God. We must be God-centered, not egocentric. We are native to nothingness. God created us from nothing, he sustains us. Through Christ's incarnation, He has elevated us. If we could only begin to understand this. We must read Fr. Gadeils "Gifts of the Holy Ghost," (Blackfriars) and pray constantly for these gifts.

### The Cross

The Cross antedates sin. It was offered to the angels and they rejected it. They were given a trial to mortify their judgment and some of them failed. The Cross was offered to Adam and Eve. They were seduced by the use of reason. Satan offered the same thing God did.

It was an intellectual temptation,—they asked "Why?" The question, why they should not eat of the fruit was presented to their reason. Their loss was primarily of the supernatural order besides many of their natural perfections and immunities. We must always remember the two fold aspect of the cross which is not just atonement for sin, but a testing. The Law of the Cross is in Mary's life and she was immaculately conceived. Jesus is the Supreme Example of the Folly of the Cross.

### Will of God

In trying to do the will of God, start at the bottom, keep the commandments. The spirit of the counsels is obligatory on all. God speaks and our response is obedience. This is the manifest will of God. The will of good pleasure is everything else and is on the passive side. It is all that happens to us. It is all the unexpected, seemingly accidental things. The unlooked for, sorrowful and joyous. Submission, surrender, acceptance. "Here burn, here cut, but spare me forever." Rising from nature to the supernatural, the song is never done. In the will of good pleasure, we have less responsibility. The spirit blows where it will.

We put up the sails, that is our job. The wind blows us along.

### Poverty

Poverty is not a virtue. It is rather the underside of a virtue. It is not a good, but an absence of good. It is removal of baggage which is holding us at the border when we are going to our heavenly home, to God. We are citizens of heaven. All Scripture shows God's providence. In the book of Job we have the problem of evil, evil as the absence of good. Job was stripped of everything, family, material goods, health, but he never denied God. Job's comforters tried to make him think his troubles were because of his sins, rather than the permissive will of God. "Do all you can," God said to Satan, "but you cannot get into his will." And Job's Theophany came out of this trial. In the book of Tobias, "Because he was acceptable to God, it was necessary that temptation prove him." St. Teresa said, "Let nothing frighten you." St. John of the Cross said "even if the world is crumbling under your feet." Fr. Casey added, even if hydrogen bombs are falling around you. "You are Christ's and your life is hid with Christ in God."

### Signs and Wonders

It is an adulterous generation that seeks a sign and the only sign Christ would give is the sign of Jonas—to die in order to live, to go into the whale's belly, to go into the ground and die and bring forth much fruit. We too often are exchanging our faith for superstition in a hunger for religious excitement. Pure dark faith is needed. Faith is the only proportionate means of union with God in this life. We believe in miracles but do not depend on them. "One Word have I spoken, my Son," don't look for prophecies. To ask for more is to insult Christ. Purification takes place all down the line. Faith is beyond reason.

God is a circle whose center is everywhere, and whose circumference is nowhere.

All things are yours and you are Christ's and Christ is God's.

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# ON THE ROAD

(Continued from page 2)

chickens, grain, etc. here and there is very little that has to be bought. I took a somewhat lagging part in the monastic life for my knowledge of Latin and tunes and Thomas Aquinas was far behind my radicalism. About the best position that I could muster as dozens of the seminarians sought to entangle me in the dialectic of the Right was that if Thomas Aquinas had been as absolute and forthright in his attitude toward war and civil authority as he had toward the girl his mother sent to his bedroom, when he chased her out with a burning torch and made the sign of the cross on the door, we would not have all this quibbling about a just war and a good bomb. At the meeting I spoke for 45 minutes and answered questions for two hours. It was the largest and most interesting meeting of my trip so far. One student who had hammered me the strongest came to my defense at the end when a seminarian felt that I should not have ventured to speak before I had studied Thomas Aquinas for several years. He said that the early Church got along alright with only the evidence of the Resurrection and Pentecost. I felt that the onslaught of exploitation and war was now so great that while I would likely have a better knowledge of Thomas Aquinas within a few years I could not hide my light under a bushel meanwhile.

## Omaha

Here I met my old time friend from Milwaukee who is now the Unitarian minister. Rev. John Cyrus introduced me to his Catholic priest friend, Father Markoe, an old friend of Father George Dunne in Phoenix. I also met some C.O.R.E. folks at the Negro YWCA that evening, and on the phone spoke to CW friends whom I could not reach otherwise. Although I kid John to the effect that a good book review is not religion and that his group is the jumping off place to nowhere, he appreciates the Catholic religion and had less criticism of my being a Catholic than many who are outwardly more religious. Della Cyrus, and her pretty daughters Holly and Kathy made my stay a pleasant one.

## Fargo

I had been anxious to meet Father Bob Hovda for years so now I was happy to see him at the bus station. He went to CPS camp, was converted to be a Catholic, and now had a group of interested Catholics to meet me that evening in the basement of the parish house. One boy had been denied CO status by the draft and appeal boards and asked me questions about jail. I welcomed communion from another priest who had been a CO and look forward to an increasing friendship with Father Hovda.

## The Hutterites

Prof. Jos. Eaton was co-author in the December 1953 SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN of an article about the Hutterites in South Dakota, Montana and Canada. These descendants of the Anabaptists in Transylvania had been tortured, robbed and exiled by Catholic civil authorities and the clergy. Driven from town to forest and given seclusion now and then by some noble, they were driven out again and again. Many recanted but in 1874 102 families came to the Dakotas. They were persecuted because of their pacifism in World War I and most of them are now in Canada. I had corresponded with Prof. Eaton and visited him for an hour at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. He suggested that a visit with the King Colony Ranch at Lewistown, Mont., would be the nearest within reach of a bus. I had written to Rev. Joseph Stahl and accordingly his bewhiskered son Joseph met me at the bus in the midst of an unusual snow storm on April 30th. He is the manager of this 7,000 acre ranch where 81 Hutterites live. There are three other ranches in the vicinity of thirty miles—living with all in

common as is the Hutterite pattern.

Rev. Stahl greeted me kindly. He is an old man who after illness two years ago relinquished his position as minister of this community to a younger man who was just recently ordained by the religious head of the Hutterites in Canada. He knew of my pacifist history, but in a forthright manner he was disconcerted at three things: (a) Why I had waited until 59 years of age to be baptized; (b) how I could be a Catholic and a pacifist; (c) why I did not live with my wife. I had given him a copy of my book and showed him one about the Hopi, and Dorothy's book, and he remarked "Did Jesus have any books?" and looking at the medal of St. Francis which I wore, he said, "And would Jesus wear a medal?" Nevertheless he gave me a doctrinal book on Hutterite history and theology which I was glad to receive. His daughter, Mary, asked questions about the CW, and other teen agers and men and women of the community came back and forth. The women dressed plainly with polka dot kerchiefs over their heads. The family in this house of children and grandchildren ate in the dining room, but I ate with Rev. Stahl in my alcove near his room, his wife having passed on five years ago. He folded his hands in a German blessing and thanked God after the meal. Services are held each day about 5 p.m. and for two hours on Sunday morning.

During the evening I was asked questions about Catholic faith and customs, and later when the older folks had gone to bed the teen agers freely discussed the world outside and their happy life within this community. They had met some sweet nuns at a hospital but the reading of Maria Monk stories left much to be learned. I asked the youngsters about discipline in this community. They said that a certain boy who stole something from an outside neighbor, and it was not possible to replace the articles, was paddled, had to stand ashamed before all in church. The community repaid the value of the stolen articles in wheat. If a person of adult age did evil he confessed his sin before all in church and if it was possible to repay an injury he did so. A more serious crime where there was no repentance resulted in the person leaving the community. No cases were ever taken to an outside court. Seven boys from this community were in CPS in World War II, none have been sent to date to alternative service, and one boy enlisted for the army, but as he had been a problem of discipline here, he now writes back that he has learned to obey and when he comes back he will consider himself lucky and will behave. Some rabble-rousers led by a newspaper man from the city tried to use KKK tactics after Pearl Harbor, but as the Hutterites have the respect of the community this soon died down. Of course, in World War I most went to prison, the Hofer brothers, as I mentioned before, died in prison and were buried in army uniforms, which they had refused to wear.

There are 98 communities of the Hutterites, divided as follows in the 1954 Almanac shown to me: 7,264 in Alberta and Manitoba, having 88 ministers. 372 in South Dakota with 24 ministers, this number including those in Montana who have 12 ministers. There are 472 in Paraguay with 7 ministers and 124 in England with 2 ministers. Each colony is on its own, although they may trade produce if they desire. This King colony has 200 cows, 700 sheep, over 2,000 chickens, 20 hives of bees. No tobacco is used but beer and wine is made and consumed without drunkenness. No ornaments, musical instruments, radio, television, dancing or going to movies. No photographs are ever taken. There was not much sickness until 15 years ago. They do not like being called Mennonites, for they are Hutterites.

Rev. Stahl read to me from Acts telling about obedience to authority, the payment of taxes to Caesar. (Here they pay \$5,000 local taxes for roads and schools, and some federal income tax). They liked my idea of simple life on the land and did not mind my vegetarianism. They are not out to disturb the world as the Doukhobors are, telling me that I would make a good Hutterite, and wondering why I did not come to them instead of joining the Catholic church. Here I slept in a feather bed with a woollen quilt for cover. They use no cotton and spin wool from their sheep. The manager for buying and selling is elected by the group and also a work manager to act in unison with him. No one can go outside and work for wages without permission and if they do they give the income to the common treasury. As I left the house the last words were, "Tell Dorothy Day she is welcome here whenever she can come." The local school teacher where all the children attend, the district being administered by non-Hutterite elected township officials, rode with us to Lewistown.

## Anaconda

A few days in this mining town with Ed Heustis and family, friendly conversation with nuns and Irish priests, and a talk about the CW and related radicalism to the seniors in the new Catholic high school and I am on my way to visit Helen Demoskoff and the Doukhobors in Canada.

The inspector at the border opened my grip and wanted to know what I was reading, and when he saw the Life and Essays of Terence MacSweeney which Father O'Sullivan of Anaconda had loaned me, he chuckled and let me pass. I visited Peter and Lucy Maloff and family at Thrums where their home is nestled next to a high mountain where a waterfall among the pines makes a far away sound and the water comes in a small stream nearby.

The word Doukhobor means "spirit wrestler" in Russian. I had read in 1941 the book Slava Bohu by J. F. C. Wright, a Vancouver newspaper man, and knew of this group which had been persecuted in Russia for 300 years for their pacifism. They were also anarchists, vegetarians, and were not supposed to use tobacco, liquor or very little medicine.

Helen Demoskoff had been in jail 11 years off and on for demonstrating against war and refusing to send her children to government schools. I had known her in 1941 as she was my interpreter when I spoke to the Doukhobors. She was released from prison last year. In prison Helen and other Doukhobor women led in strikes against the ill treatment of Indian girls and other barbarous incidents of prison life.

Helen and her husband drove me to Slocan Valley where mile high mountains enclose this small fertile land where are grouped a few dozen houses. I had thought that in these 13 years she would show a nervousness or weariness and so I was pleased to see the calmness of her grey eyes, the lucidity and spirituality of her conversation, and the warmth of her love which the hounds of the government could not lessen. She told me of the hundreds of children which the government has now taken again to the New Denver sanatorium, and of the parents who are now in prison because they will not send their children to the government schools. Some true Doukhobors came in and we visited until nearly daylight. I could always sleep in the States so 3 hours was enough and we walked along the river where I saw my first water wheel lifting water for irrigation. Helen and Peter refuse to own land privately. Helen remains true to every Doukhobor ideal. She neither takes nor gives as far as the government is concerned. She is free, courageous, and her letters contain a spiritual depth seldom reached by more educated and sophisticated people. As I left at noon I felt that if I was free I

# Fifth Commandment

(Continued from page 2)

time of the Crusades, the later progressive accommodation of the Christian conscience to the "lawfulness" of war and the nascent reorientation among present-day theologians. He concludes that "like will not be conquered by like, nor the sword by the sword, nor total war by total war. The inferior—and this includes every war—will only be conquered by the superior, the evil only by good, Mars only by Christ."

**2. War in Tradition and Today.** by Rev. Conrad Pepler, O.P. (Blackfriars, Feb., 1954, 34 Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1, England). This study examines the actuality of modern war in the light of the five major conditions that have been traditionally required to legitimize war. Father Pepler reminds us that all these conditions must be present to justify war and demonstrates that while this is possible in theory, "the concrete present renders such a possibility scarcely realizable."

From the statement of a young Catholic conscientious objector in New York City to the Selective Service System:

"As I remember it, I did not accept the extreme pacifist position of the Catholic Worker immediately; I defended it to my friends, admitting the arguments. My only reservation at that time was that it was impractical. But I found that by admitting that war as we know it is immoral, I could not then object that to act on this judgment was impractical; rather I eventually had to admit that it was necessary so to act. If my intellect so informed me, and my conscience so directed me. And so I became a C.O., my position in degree of objection being 1AO (willing to enter the Army as a non-combatant).

"My primary religious objection to war was based on the just war requirements—that the means used in war today necessarily lead to the killing of innocents (any bombing raid), it was murder, and could not possibly be reconciled with a concept of just means; and also that the evils incurred by resorting to war in the twentieth century outbalances in a vast and fantastic way any possible good derived from it.

"Slowly my thinking began to change; it became more and more apparent to me as I discussed the matter that I had made at best an uneasy compromise. More and more as headlines announced bigger and better weapons and further threats of war, I was forced to examine my conscience closely—it was becoming clearer to me that I was being inconsistent and violating my own integrity on the one hand to denounce war as morally indefensible and at the same time participate in the Army. Or in any measure allied with defense or armament. . . . In conclusion, I would like to affirm my position:

would not leave another 13 years to go by without another visit to this valiant woman, spiritual sister to Dorothy Day and myself, and to the Hopi whom she has never met.

Waiting for a bus in Trail, B.C., a man who knows the Doukhobors and had just learned of my tactics in picketing the tax office said, "Why you are a Spirit Wrestler: a Doukhobor, for the true translation of 'Spirit Wrestler' means that a person answers violence and vituperation with well chosen words of peace and wisdom."

A few weeks later near Red Bluff, California, I met an aged Doukhobor, Fred Sokoroff, who at the age of 12, saw the burning of guns, knives and tobacco pouches, after which the Cossacks beat the Doukhobors with thorny rose bush switches day after day until they died. His son Bill was in CPS with Rik Anderson. They have a small fruit and nut ranch and were glad to learn of the CW. Here I heard records of the Doukhobor singing.

As a Catholic, I cannot in conscience, participate in, or encourage participation for war in any form. For me, there is a special urgency in the Gospel message of Love; an urgency to incorporate it and realize it in myself to the extent I can. Equally, there is an urgency in our present desperate situation; it must be resolved."

Speaking at a communion breakfast of Schraft workers in New York City recently, Bishop Joseph F. Flannelly, administrator of St. Patrick's Cathedral, warned that peace is not contingent upon the use of force. He described himself as "depressed" by many of the speeches at Armed Forces Day celebrations. He particularly cited government officials who said that "we have reached the point where peace depends upon force." He contrasted such sentiments with the views of the Holy Father as expressed to the British Ambassador to the Vatican in January. At that time, Pope Pius XII commented that "people are missing the point by looking for peace through atomic bombs, through the convocations of diplomats, haggling endlessly over technical details." Bishop Flannelly concluded by reminding his listeners that the principles of Christ found in the natural law and the decalogue are the only things that can bring peace in our souls, in our nation, and in the world.

Speaking in Brussels to an audience of 1,700 people including Queen Elizabeth of Belgium, the Abbe Pierre referred to a comment by Professor Einstein who said that there was a greater danger for humanity than the hunger that threatened the world or even than the atom bomb. This was the "psychic arm" by means of which those who govern a nation or a group of nations can condition populations to an acceptance of the necessity for a war.

The entire June issue of the Catholic periodical "Integrity" (157 E. 38th St., New York City) is devoted to the subject of "Mercy." One of the contributors, "Jerem O'Sullivan-Barra" shows vividly how modern war of necessity totally excludes any operation of the virtue of mercy. The article establishes this by citing three examples from World War II: (1) the unconditional surrender slogan (2) blockades, which imposed intense suffering on both enemy and ally and (3) the use of weapons of indiscriminate destruction. After relating a few of the harrowing effects of the atomic bomb in Japan, the author points out that "Catholics who are drafted into modern war must be prepared to cause even greater holocausts. But our moral acuity is so blunted that we can face such a denial of Christian mercy without seeing its implication."

"A Note on Atrocities" by Helen Mears in the first issue of the new quarterly, Dissent, treats the same problem from another aspect. Miss Mears analyzes the atrocities against American soldiers attributed to the Chinese during the Korean War and demonstrates that the vast majority of them resulted from military conditions produced by the Americans themselves and which are an integral part of any present-day war. She remarks on our moral callousness which enables us to be revolted by the atrocities perpetrated against our troops while remaining unmoved by the horrors we have caused in our systematic devastation of Korea. ("Dissent" is a new quarterly of which two issues have so far appeared. It is broadly socialist in outlook, but includes an anarchist and a pacifist among its editors and presents a fairly wide range of opinion from Marxists to Catholic liberals. While neither as radical nor as literate as Dwight MacDonald's "Politics," it should interest those of our readers who lamented the passing of that publication).



## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

victim against the wagon struck out in all directions with both fists. For all their punching they didn't appear to be hurting each other. It took all the strength of two of us in this house to separate these two fighters. We separated them three times before it was finally broken up for the day. I caught myself telling one of the belligerents that it was not right to be fighting on Sunday. After the battle was over, Roger, who has charge of our clothes room, gave one of the men a clean white shirt. The replacement of our shattered station-wagon window cost us six dollars. All in all it was a costly afternoon with no one enjoying the fight but the two participants.

This summer as every summer we begin the battle of the century with our bedbugs. These pests at the Catholic Worker appear to sneer at all the insecticides that we have sprayed upon them. We scour the beds one day and three days later the bugs are grinding us under. One very good friend of ours, an overworked mother with six children, came to spend a few days with us. She spent the first night here pacing the floors, the bugs refused to permit her to sleep. This good woman was happy to return to her home in Ohio.

In one way these insects serve as a test of a vocation to the Catholic Worker—if only for the summer. We had one young man from the midwest come to work with us for the summer. The bugs gave him a rough working over the first night and the welts raised on the poor fellow's arms were tremendous. After a few nights of this the boy went home.

In order to rid ourselves of these bed bugs I suggested that we employ an exterminating company despite the expense. I was quickly hollered down by our household. They said that these companies use materials that would poison our food; besides the fumes would drive us all out of the house for several days. All believed that it was better to put up with the bugs and our ineffectual efforts to rid our home of them. This goes on constantly around the Catholic Worker. People are foreverlast presenting problems that they don't want solved. However it is just as well that we avoid this expenditure of money since we can't afford it. Besides if we got rid of the bedbugs we feel that the Catholic Worker would be less attractive.

Our backyard which is completely enclosed with high walls used to be a sanctuary for individuals in our house to sit and breathe some fresh air. Now that is somewhat changed since the children in the area discovered that they could get a rise out of us by heaving tin cans, stones and house bricks from the yards next door. You never have any idea when a brick is going to come sailing over the walls. We have talked nicely to these dear little children; other times we have chased them in anger. As the common saying goes, "They will only stop when someone gets hurt." This we don't want to see. One day when we thought that we had caught two little boys in the act of tossing stones we trilled them to their tenement home next door. We knocked on their door and decided that we would speak to the mother about them.

The door opened into a tiny two room tenement, where the mother was frying hamburgers for her five children, the dad had yet to come home from work. When we saw the inside of their home we dropped the point that we wanted to bring to the attention of the mother and agreed that her boys must be innocent.

One day in mid-June, Tom the Carpenter departed from our home for a job in a hospital on Long Island. All of us owe a tremendous debt to that good man for all the wonderful work that he did so cheerfully around the house. Tom is in his seventies and has been a former prize fighter, seaman, circus worker, etc. While he was with us he worked day and night. Although he had several opportunities to take various jobs outside of the house when he was here, he said that he wouldn't leave us until he had cleaned up a number of things that were badly in need of repair. He said, "After all you people are working for God and so am I." He said on another occasion that he never really had trouble getting along in life despite a badly damaged foot and hand. "I trust completely to God and his Divine Providence. Even when it comes to hitch-hiking, it seems that I can always get a ride when others cannot."

It has always been thus with us when we lose one outstanding worker another springs in his place. Now it is Larry the Painter. Larry did a master's job in painting a part of the women's section of the house. Recently he completed painting the ceilings and the walls of our library. Now the library is the most beautiful room in this house and everyone is extremely pleased with Larry's work of art. Although congenial, Larry appears bent on keeping silence while he works. The product of his labors is obviously that of a skilled craftsman.

A bearded young man with a well worn Bible under his arm walked into our office. He was poorly dressed and looked as though he might be sleeping on park benches. He stated that he wanted to contribute the dollar and a half that he held in his hand. "I am not a Catholic," he said, "but I see the work you do here in feeding and housing the poor. I lived on the Bowery at one time and led a rather aimless life. I saw the light and removed myself from that sort of existence. Now, I move from one city to another. I usually find a room in a cheap skidroad hotel where I preach the Word to whomever will listen. At times I am able to give a dime or a quarter to someone in need. I realize that my mission is to preach the Word and help those down and out in many little ways." This young man spoke slowly but surely and his sincerity was very convincing.

Our fellow worker, Dick Charpentier, left our household this past week and he will be sorely missed. Dick tended to the circulation department of the Catholic Worker besides answering our daily mail. Dick contributed much to all here during his comparatively short stay of nine months. Our very best wishes go with Dick and we hope that he keeps in touch with all of us. A part of Dick's work in the Circulation Department is being ably handled by Sue Coffield and a summer worker in the person of Jean Wal-

lach of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. Jean teaches school out in Wisconsin during the school year and has fitted in beautifully here on Chrystie Street. Then of course there is the inimitable Ammon Hennacy, our fellow editor, who arrived at the house last Friday night. Ammon expects to settle down here with us for an indefinite period and we are more than happy to have him. Already Ammon is proving to be a great help with all the work that goes on around this house.

A few days ago our attention was called to the sad fact that a man was lying dead on a park bench directly across the street from our house. A couple of us went across to see if we could identify the man. Several policemen were standing around with their backs towards the corpse. We failed to identify the man and phoned our parish church, Nativity. Since we did not know if the dead man was a Catholic or not we didn't quite know what we were going to say to the priests at Nativity except that a priest go and bless the man, if nothing else. Our cheery young Puerto Rican Jesuit priest Father Janer answered the phone and said he would be right down. Father Janer was standing at the side of the deceased man within five minutes. He was unable to determine whether the man was a Catholic but did administer conditional absolution. In one sense we were sorry that we had to call on Father Janer for this mission since he is so terribly busy working with the numerous Puerto Rican people in our parish and surrounding vicinity. This priest is an exceptional man and we all have been deeply inspired by the terrific job he is doing. At present Father is hoping to take eighteen Puerto Rican children to a summer camp some three hundred miles upstate. We urge any of our readers to come to his assistance. His address is Father Janer, 44 Second Ave., in care of Nativity Church.

In this issue we are running an article about La Pira, the Mayor of Florence, Italy. We have been greatly impressed by this great man since we first heard of him several years ago. We liked the exchange between La Pira and Don Sturzo the priest statesman, that appeared in the newspapers some two months ago. It seemed that La Pira was asking for government aid to help the unemployed in Florence. Don Sturzo commented upon this request that the government should steer clear of this situation and pointed up some lofty concepts about the less government interference the better. La Pira said he would be most anxious for Don Sturzo to take over the Mayor's job and apply his philosophy. Of course La Pira's response to Sturzo did not answer Don Sturzo's question as to the role of government in the life of its people and yet Sturzo failed to meet the concrete problem that faced La Pira. It would be good to read a more lengthy discussion on this role of government.

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## Mayor-Priest

(Continued from page 2)

of the Christian Democrat Party of Florence, the seat of the glorious Italian Renaissance, have drafted the proclamation: "... a Christian is always in revolt. Our society must be changed."

It was these very same Florentines who in 1946 prevailed upon a professor of Roman law at the University of Florence to go into politics as a member of Italy's first post-war cabinet. This was the first such venture of Dr. Giorgio La Pira, originally from a poor family in Sicily. He greatly impressed everyone he met at Rome and made many lasting friendships.

In 1951, Dr. La Pira, at the insistence of his friends, ran for mayor of Florence. Up until that time, Florence had been in the hands of a Communist administration headed by Mayor Fabiani.

In one of his classic speeches before an enormous throng in Piazza della Signoria, La Pira said: "... How can you reconcile a system so pointedly materialistic (the communist) with this luminous, transcendental culture, this almost heavenly architecture? Florence, with its poetry, its painting and sculpture, has brought forth a supernatural beauty ... This is the art that can never be lost because it derives essentially from Christianity."

Though the Communists remained stoutly entrenched in much of the countryside around Florence, Dr. Giorgio La Pira won a resounding victory in the city.

The people of Florence have come to love this profoundly Christian man whom they have elected to office. He is diversely called *il Santo*, the Saint; *il professorino*, the little professor; or *il sindaco-prete*, the mayor-priest. Even the Communists regard him highly. Palmiro Togliatti, leader of the Italian Communist Party, once said that he hated to argue with La Pira because "that look of his has a way of making me give in."

Giorgio La Pira lives very much like a religious and puts into exemplary practice the most noble of Christian virtues ...

He is a third order Dominican and considers as his home in Florence a cell in the impressively serene monastery of San Marco where such illustrious figures as Fra Angelico and Fra Savonarola preceded him.

He has never married and many of his closest friends say that he has taken a vow of chastity.

He is deeply charitable. Almost all the money he earns and all that he can petition from his friends, associates and people who come to visit him, goes to the poor. As he goes to church or about his official duties, hundreds of needy Italians slip up to him and ask for alms. None of them has ever been refused. On many occasions, when he has already handed away all the money in his pockets, he turns to a friend or associate, focuses his penetrating eyes on him and asks, "Do you have something for our friend here?" No one has ever been known to refuse.

Every morning the route he is known to take on his way to church is lined with the poor and needy. They whisper in his ears and stuff notes and holy pictures into his hands. He seems to know them all by name and ask them warmly about themselves and their children. Then he gets to his office, he spends several hours making arrangements to give some manner of help to every one who has asked for it.

For many years, La Pira has been the champion of the poor. During the Mussolini regime, while he was but a bright-eyed professor at the University, he started the program called *Messe dei Poveri* (Masses for the Poor) at the old, almost forgotten Church of San Procolo in Florence. After each Mass, bread and a few other necessities were given away.

When the Masses for the Poor became so overwhelmingly successful and the little professor, who fervently spoke out against

Fascism, became legendary among Florentines, the Fascists severely denounced him. ... He was forced to go into hiding until the liberation.

The next time the people of Florence saw him, he was riding into the city at the heels of the retreating Nazis and Fascists atop a truckload of Vatican flour for the poor.

And yet, La Pira's work for his people is by no means limited to handing out alms in the street and bread at Mass. ... He has said; "God gave us the present in which to do things and not the future. People who have no homes, no money, no food don't care a whit about red or white, EDG or imperialism. If you come to me out of work and hungry, I can't simply tell you to recite an Ave Maria. ... Without a doubt, Italy is in a situation where numberless masses of the people need to be liberated from uncertainty. They need food, housing, and the essentials of life. This is not Marxism or theory. It is fact."

Since La Pira has been mayor, he has built thousands of low-rent houses, new schools, hostels for the poor and so forth. He has instituted the program of free milk to school students. All this he has done with money he borrows on excellent terms from his friends in the government at Rome.

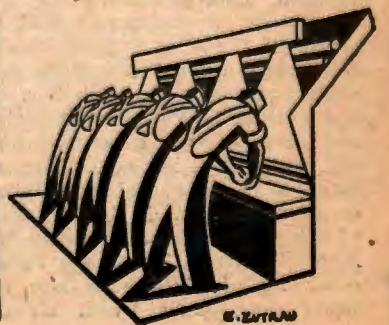
He has tried to encourage tourism in Florence by cleaning and beautifying the city. The thousands of unemployed, regardless of their ordinary professions, have been put to work at the wage of \$1.05 a day and the noon meal in improving the city. Those who work on such projects are free to leave as soon as they find work in their own field.

Dr. La Pira has commented on the subject of employment; "... A man who works is happier than one who doesn't. Every night before I go to sleep, I think of Italy's 1,800,000 unemployed. Some day the Lord will say to me, 'Come here, Mr. La Pira. Just what did you do for these people?' ... Unemployment is like slavery. Jobs and houses are necessary, regardless of cost. Practical things are as much the essence of democracy as liberty and spirituality. Those who do not recognize this are not true democrats."

When the workers of one of the major factories of Florence, in the Pignone district, staged a sit-down strike, La Pira arranged, much to the chagrin of the owners, to have Masses celebrated and food brought in daily. With the mayor arguing eloquently on the behalf of the workers, as he had so often done in 1948-49 when he was an assistant to Secretary of Labor, Amintore Fanfani, the strike was soon settled. If it had not been for La Pira, the owners would have closed the factory and thereby created sizable new unemployment.

The good works of Dr. Giorgio La Pira, are legion and can scarcely be recounted in so little space. Hundreds of bishops from Italy and the rest of the world have written him long letters, blessing his efforts.

About the present struggle of Christianity against Communism, he says; "... to defeat the Midianites, the Lord tested Gideon's followers. Only 10,000 out of 22,000 were unafraid, and only 300 were finally worthy to fight. We only need a few, but the few will be better than thousands, and with them, how can we help but win?"



### BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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