

# THE CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Union Organizer Killed

Two weeks ago, in a phone booth in the lobby of a loft building in the heart of New York's garment center, Willie Lurye, an organizer for International Ladies Garment Workers Union was fatally stabbed. The three assailants escaped in the crowds of workers that throng the district during the daytime.

Willie Lurye, the organizer, was a young man, twenty-nine, married, the father of four children. Like his father before him, he was a strong union man. Through their efforts and the efforts of others like them, they had brought the ILGWU a long way since the days of The Triangle Fire, the sweat shop, the home contractor and the eight and ten dollar a week family wage for fourteen hours work, six days a week. They had built their union into one of the most progressive in the United States, with free health, sickness, birth and life insurance benefits for its members. They had helped build co-operative housing projects for the members, organized cultural, study and recreational group projects, summer camps and vacation resorts. They had built the union big (405,000 dues paying members) by demonstrating to the workers that when you have honest leadership, solidarity and militancy in a union you have a chance for better life, as better lives are counted under our system of production: a greater share in the profits, more time for leisure, if not a sense of pride in one's work at least the knowledge of dignity that comes from membership in a large labor organization, one whose demands are treated with respect and consideration by the employer.

They had demonstrated to the big dress houses that it was good business to treat the worker as a human being, bargain with him collectively, allow him to run his union without employer interference, boost his wages. It made him more co-operative, less resentful, a better workman, a greater source of profit for the employer, actually, both as a worker and consumer. But not for all employers unfortunately. For some employers, no matter how greatly they may desire to cooperate with the worker, no matter how decent and honorable they may be as individuals, the simple economics of their business force them to act otherwise. Big corporations, long established, firmly entrenched, with large amounts of liquid capital on hand, can afford the employer luxury of progressive unionism. Barring a major depression the naked fact of worker exploitation is so skillfully disguised behind a facade of "good" employer-employee relationships—bonuses, no speedups, paid vacations, time-and-a-half for overtime, decent working conditions—as to be scarcely apparent to any but professional busybodies, sociologists, political economists, union leaders, progressives and, of course, the employers themselves.

But every big industry has its hangers on and camp followers. The shoe string operators who are working out the classic American dream of "a little business of his own." The wild catters, the fly-by-nights, the "entrepreneurs" in the phrase of the political economist.

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## THE STORY OF THREE DEATHS

### Peter Maurin

I want to write all the details before we forget them,—not the kind of obituary which Time magazine is printing this week, nor the kind that appeared in the Times and the Tribune, and the Brooklyn Tablet, or the Catholic News. The kind of story I want to write will be a letter to all Peter's friends around the country who want to hear the details of his death and burial.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints," and the details of such a death are precious.

Plato said: "Other people are not likely to be aware that those



ST-VINCENT DE PAUL

who pursue philosophy aright study nothing but dying and being dead. But if this be true, it would be absurd to be eager for nothing but this all their lives, and then be troubled when that came for which they had all along been eagerly practicing."

And St. Paul said, "We will not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that are asleep, that you be not sorrowful, even as others who have no hope."

So it will be understood that it is with a spirit of joy that we write this month, because Peter is no longer suffering, no longer groaning within himself and saying with St. Paul, "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?"

No, we are sure that he welcomed Sister Death with joy, and that underneath him he felt the Everlasting Arms.

I am writing this in New York, up in my room on the third floor, and all winter before last, that hard winter, he waited up here for the weather to clear so that he could go to the country. He had to lie in bed much of the time, and the plaster is all picked off the wall by the side of my bed where he slept while I was down in West Virginia with my daughter. Marge and Joe took care of his needs and the children ran in and out of his bedroom. He must have been very weary of lying in bed, he who had travelled north and south, east and west in this vast country. Up on the farm he had become worse these last two years. Everybody was always so reassuring, exclaim-

### Lawrence Heaney

When we get to heaven, God will say, "Where are the others?" Charles Peguy wrote. Jesus said to the tenth leper, "Why didn't you bring the other nine?" Fr. Buckley told us on our last retreat. Peter did not die alone. This same month there were two other deaths; Larry Heaney, one of our leaders in the midwest, an agrarian, of great supernatural virtue, and Willie Lurye, a trade union organizer, and of great natural virtue. Here are the stories of all three.

ing how well he looked, how bright he was, but we who had known him these past seventeen years felt only the tragedy of the death in life he was living. Truly he practiced for death a very long time.

We have written this before, and we repeat it again. Peter was the poor man of his day. He was another St. Francis of modern times. He was used to poverty as a peasant is used to rough living, poor food, hard bed, or no bed at all, dirt, fatigue, and hard and un-respected work. He was a man with a mission, a vision, an apostolate, but he had put off from him honors, prestige, recognition. He was truly humble of heart, and loving. Never a word of detraction passed his lips and as St. James said, the man who governs his tongue is a perfect man. He was impersonal in his love in that he loved all, saw all others around him as God saw them. In other words he saw Christ in them. And everyone loved him, I am sure, though there were some strange criticisms.

He never spoke idle words, though he was a great teacher who talked for hours on end, till late in the night and early morning. He roamed the streets and the countryside and talked to all who would listen. But when his great

### Fritz Eichenberg

Appearing in this issue of the CW are the pictures of an artist who has illustrated Dostoevsky, Poe, and Dickens, and whose work is filled with compassion. There are two saints, one usually associated with the cities and the other with the countryside. And though Peter Maurin was an agrarian, and often compared to St. Francis, he lived a good part of his apostolic life in cities. Peter has written about both these saints and held them up to us to emulate.

The other two pictures are of the poor: the city poor and the rural poor, the deserving poor and the undeserving poor, to both of whom God extends his mercy and his love. Perhaps we need most to be reminded of the love of God for the prodigal son, for the Lazarus who sat at the gate of the rich man waiting for crumbs. (Only yesterday one of our visitors, looking at our breadline, remarked that they ought to get psychiatric and medical care and put to work. Processing and redistribution to reduce the case-load.) We are intensely grateful for these pictures, which were a gift to us in time for this memorial edition of Peter Maurin.

### Willie Lurye

brain failed, he became silent. If he had been a babbler, he would have been a babbler to the end. But when he could no longer think, as he himself expressed it, he remained silent.

For the last five years of his life he was this way, suffering, silent, dragging himself around, watched by us all for fear he would get lost, as he did once for three days; he was shouted at loudly by visitors as though he were deaf, talked to with condescension as one talks to a child to whom language must be simplified even to the point of absurdity. That was one of the hardest things we had to bear, we who loved him and worked with him for so long,—to see others



treat him as though he were simple minded.

The fact was he had been stripped of all,—he had stripped himself throughout life. He had put off the old man, to put on the new. He had done all that he could to denude himself of the world, and I mean the world in the evil sense, not in the sense that "God looked at it and found it good." He loved people, he saw in them what God meant them to be. He saw the world as God meant it to be, and he loved it.

He had stripped himself, but there remained work for God to do. We are to be pruned as the vine is pruned so that it can bear fruit, and this we cannot do ourselves. God did it for him. He took from him his mind, the one thing he had left, the one thing perhaps he took delight in. He could no longer think. He could no longer discuss with others, give others in a brilliant overflow of talk, his keen analysis of what was going on in the world; he could no longer make what he called his synthesis of cult, culture and cultivation.

It is a temptation to go on and on, but what I want to do is to give our friends an account of his death.

He was sick for five years. It was as though he had a stroke in his sleep. He dragged one leg after him, his face was slightly distorted, and he found it hard to speak. And he repeated, "I can no longer think." When he tried to, his face would have a strained, suffering expression. He had cardiac asthma, a hernia (as many hard workers

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## Death Of an Apostle

Rhineland, Mo., May 2.

Saturday morning we buried Larry Heaney, the first of the Catholic Worker leaders to die. He had headed the Holy Family House of Hospitality in Milwaukee; after his marriage he had lived with us at Maryfarm, Easton; he had been with our conscientious objector camp at Keane, N. H.; then worked in Milwaukee to save money for a farm for his increasing family, and for the last two years he had been associated with Martin Paul, another of the Catholic Worker leaders, on Holy Family Farm, Rhineland, Mo. He met Ruth Ann Boylston, from St. Mary's Ind., college, when she came to help with the work in Milwaukee; married her a few months later, and, when he died, his sixth child was two months old. This morning, on the feast of St. Athanasius we were present at the first communion of his eldest child, Mary, who is seven.

Friends and co-workers from Milwaukee, St. Louis and New York, and his and Ruth Ann's family from Milwaukee and Nebraska, three Precious Blood sisters from O'Fallon, who teach in the school and the school children and the neighbors, sang his requiem Mass. God gave Ruth Ann, his wife, the strength to sing it, too, beginning with the Psalms which met us at the meadow gate near the house, and continued through the patch of woodland, down the hill, past the shrines to our Lady, where pilgrims come all summer, and up past the stations of the Cross to the Church. The little church was full, though it was Saturday morning and this is a farm parish, and the neighbors stayed for the Psalms sung at the grave. It was the neighbors who dug the grave, as Larry himself had dug graves for two of his neighbors the year previously. And it was friends who bore the coffin the quarter of a mile through the woods. Larry died in St. Mary's Hospital in St. Louis, which is seventy-five miles away from Rhineland, and his body was brought home to rest in the living room for the two days before burial. He died after an operation for an abscess on a lung, following pneumonia. Ruth Ann was with him.

All nature presents the "breasts of her consolation" to us these spring days, and the saints of the Church rejoice. Larry was buried on the feast of St. Catherine of Siena, and in this most beautiful Easter time, in the little graveyard next to St. Martin's church, the steeple of which you can see from his farm kitchen. All around him the dogwood is in bloom, and red-birds play in the new green of trees and shrubs.

I was at Maryfarm, Newburgh, when the news came of Larry's death. Tom Sullivan telephoned me from New York, and said, "A telegram has just come; this is it," and then read it. We were all too shocked for thought. But at the same time, up there at Maryfarm, where many of us knew him well, it was the shock of awe as well as grief that we felt. It was as though we had heard that one of our number had been crowned, had been overwhelmed with high honor and

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## Peter Maurin

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have) and he was in pain when he coughed.

For the first couple of years of invalidism, he lived at Easton with us, and when we were about to move to Newburgh, New York, he went to stay for the winter months with Mrs. Teresa Weider, who was the first Catholic Worker of Rochester, New York, and who had always run a House of Hospitality of her own. When we finished the moving, I brought him to the farm at Newburgh. The house too cold for him to live in in winter as we burned only wood in our furnace, so he lived in a rear house, a house of poured cement built originally as a chicken coop, and which was divided into three rooms, one of which Fr. Faley has, another Alan Bates, and the third was shared by Peter with Hans Tunneson. Hans was with him to keep the room warm and clean, and to watch over Peter at night, but also it was typical of Peter never to ask anything for himself, of course not privacy, that greatest of all luxuries. He had never had a bed of his own, really, until it came to his last illness. He just took what was available in the House of Hospitality.

He had always been a meager eater, getting along on two meals a day, never eating between meals. He used to say when he was offered anything, "I don't need it." But towards the close of his life, he was inclined to stuff down his food hastily like a child, and he had to be cautioned to eat slowly. Perhaps there was a hangover from the hunger of a childhood in a large family where there was never enough to eat. There were twenty-three children in all, over the years.

Other habits clung to him. When I'd go in to see if he were warm enough, I'd find him lying in bed with his pants folded neatly and under his head, and his coat wrapped around his feet, a habit I suppose which he got from living in flophouses where clothes are often stolen. And once I found him sleeping in the dead of winter with only a spread over him, in a dead cold room. Someone had taken his blankets.

One thing we can be happy about too, and that is that he felt he had finished his work before his mind failed, as St. Albertus Magnus' great mind failed. He used to say, "I have written all I have to say, I have done all I can, let the younger men take over." So he suffered but not with the feeling that there was much still that he could do.

We tried to make a record of Peter's voice on a wire recorder, and we had him read aloud all his essays on Houses of Hospitality. His voice strangely enough was louder and clearer as it came over the wire, than it had been for a long time. We spent quite a few days over this, Dave Mason and I, because Peter tired easily, and then, after we had triumphantly made a fifteen-minute spool, someone else tried to work the machine and erased it all.

We wanted to have Peter's book

finished before he died, so that we could place it in his hands, and though the galleys were all done and the page proofs are being set up now, and Ed Willock of Integrity is making the illustrations—that too, was denied Peter, and he never could hold this finished work of his in his hands.

For the past two months I had been at the farm while Jane O'Donnell was away at Grailville, and then while returning from the funeral of Larry Heaney, I received a telephone call about his death. Just before I had left, I had told him of Larry's sudden death, and he said yes, to my question as to whether he remembered Larry. He had loved him much, had sent him his quotations listed as cult, culture and cultivation over the years, and rejoiced in his total acceptance of his teaching, and when I said to him, "Now you will have someone waiting for you in heaven," his face lit up in a radiant smile. He had not smiled for months; there had only been a look of endurance, even of pain, on his face.

That was our goodbye. Over the telephone out in Avon, Ohio, at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, we heard the news.

It was midnight and I had already fallen asleep. Dorothy Gaudin and Bill were not yet asleep. They had been saying the rosary for Ruth Ann and Catherine Reser, they said, because Catherine had lost another baby a few months ago, and Ruth Ann had lost her husband. When we hung up the receiver, Bill suggested we say Vespers of the Office of the Dead for Peter, so we knelt there in that farm living room and prayed those beautiful psalms that are like balm to the sore heart. No matter how much you expect a death, no matter how much you may regard it as a happy release, there is a gigantic sense of loss. With our love of life, we have not yet got to that point where we can say with the desert father, St. Anthony, "The spaces of this life, set over against eternity, are brief and poor."

Peter had been sitting up for supper that Sunday night, and had sat out in the sun all afternoon. There had been visitors from Friendship House that very day, and on Saturday Lydwine von Kersbergen from Grailville had been at the farm, and had told Peter with love and reverence, all he had meant to the lay apostolate throughout the world. It was like a benediction from Europe, she might indeed have been representing Europe at that moment in saying farewell to him. His writings have been published there, he has been recognized there as perhaps he never has here in this, his own adopted country.

John Filliger had shaved him Saturday, he remembered, and Michael Kovalak had dressed and cared for him on Sunday, conducting him to the Chapel for Mass that morning, taking him to and from his room to rest. He had looked in again at Peter at nine

Sunday night and found him sleeping rather restlessly on his side instead of on his back as he usually did. Eileen McCarthy had given him, as she did every night, a glass of wine, and I suppose Hans made his usual facetious gesture with the water pitcher, asking her to fill it for him. It makes me happy to think how everyone was caring for him. And honored to do so, Jane always said, when she spoke of Peter's needs. He was surrounded by loving care. Fr. Faley brought him communion the days he could not get up, and it was impressive, day after day at that sick bed, to hear those prayers, to witness that slow dying. A King, a Pope, could have no more devoted attention, than Fr. John Faley, who has been with us this past year, gave Peter.

At eleven that night, Hans said, Peter began coughing, and it went on for some minutes. Then he tried to rise, and fell over on his pillow, breathing heavily. Hans put on the light and called Father Faley and Jane. Michael, Eileen and others came too, and there were prayers for the dying about the bedside. He died immediately, there was no struggle, no pain.

He was laid out at Newburgh the first night, in the conference room where he had sat so often, trying to understand the discussions and lectures. Flowers were all about him from shrubs in our garden and from our neighbors. He wore for shroud a suit which had been sent in for the poor. There was no rouge on his grey face which looked like granite, strong, contemplative, set toward eternity. There was a requiem mass in our chapel sung by Michael and Alan and the rest.

The next morning he was brought to Mott street and laid out at the end of the store we use as an office. Tom Sullivan's desk was moved to make way for it, and all the tables taken down at which the paper is usually mailed out. The room had been scrubbed the night before by Rocky and Tony and



they had painted the rooms only a month ago, so everything was fresh. (Rocky is a seaman, somewhat of a wandering monk, who had been with the Trappists for a while. Anthony Aratari is a writer, painter and craftsman who hopes some day to open a craft school in connection with the C.W. It is his painting of Peter which hangs on the wall of the office.)

All that day and night people came from all over the city, from the neighborhood, from different parts of the country and filled the little store and knelt before the coffin. Whenever we were sitting in the room, we saw them quietly, almost secretly pressing their rosary beads to Peter's hands. Some bent down and kissed him. My daughter, Tamar Hennessy, came from West Virginia. David, who had accompanied Peter on one of his last trips, stayed home with the three children, since Tamar had known Peter the longest; since her sixth year, in fact.

The neighbors, three of them, sent tremendous floral pieces, made up of carnations, gardenias and all around the coffin were the branches of flowering shrubs they had sent down from the farm. The sweet smells filled the room, and it was hot and fresh outside, clear weather, which was lucky, since the house overflowed all through that day and night. Priests came, from different orders, and led in the rosary. And all that night we sat with him.

The funeral was at nine at Transfiguration Church down on Mott

street. Peter always loved the Salesians, and had always urged them to continue opening craft schools and agricultural schools throughout the country. He looked a bit like Don Bosco, their founder, himself. They were both peasants.

The pall bearers were John Filliger and Joe Hughes, both of whom came to us during the seaman's strike in 1936, and have been with us ever since; Bob Ludlow, our chief editorial writer, who more than any other takes Peter's place here as a thinker and man of vision, and David Mason, who is the editor of Peter's writings; and Arthur Sheehan, former editor of the C.W., and Hazen Ordway, both dear and devoted friends. Arthur had been one of the heads of the Boston group and St. Benedict's farm at Upton, and Hazen had been librarian at the Marist Seminary in Washington, when he heard me speak of the work there in 1937 and left immediately to join us, being associated with us ever since.

Everyone, of course, wanted to be pall bearer, the church was full of them, and the pall bearers themselves wanted diffidently to give way to others. I had asked Tom Sullivan and Jack English, but there was only room for six around the coffin.

Fr. Francis Meenan, Holy Ghost Father from Norwalk, Conn., sang the Mass, with Fr. Divisio and Fr. Faley the deacons, and they and a group of other priests, headed by Msgr. Nelson, met the body at the door and ushered it into the Church. Everyone sang the requiem Mass together, the organist, the priests, the seminarians, the parishioners, and all the crowd at Mott street and at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and Ade Bethune, and Jane O'Donnell and Serena and Stanley Vishnewsky and the group from Easton, Victor and Joe and Chris—you could almost hear their individual voices, and it was a loud and triumphant singing, with a note of joy, because we were sure Peter heard us in heaven, were sure that angels and saints joined in.

Peter was buried in St. John's Cemetery, Queens, in a grave given us by Fr. Pierre Conway, the Dominican. Peter was another St. John, a voice crying in the wilderness, and a voice too, saying, "My little children, love one another." As the body was carried out of the church those great and triumphant words rang out, the *In Paradisum*.

"May the angels lead thee into paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming, and lead thee into the holy city of Jerusalem. May the choir of angels receive thee, and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who once was poor."

### Who Once Was Poor

Which brings me back to some of the criticisms, the most strange criticisms made of Peter—that he neglected the things of the spirit, that he was always thinking in terms of the social order. "Only one thing is needful, Peter," I heard one of his critics say brightly to him one day. But Peter never saw affronts.

"We need to make the kind of society," he said simply, "where it is easier for people to be good." And because his love of God made

him love his neighbor, lay down his life indeed for his brother, he wanted to cry out against the evils of the day—the State, war, usury, the degradation of man, the loss of a philosophy of work. He sang the delights of poverty he was not talking of destitution) as a means to making a step to the land, of getting back to the dear natural things of earth and sky, of home and children. He cried out against the machine because as Pius XI had said, "raw materials went into the factory and came out ennobled and man went in and came out degraded"; and because it deprived a man of what was as important as bread, his work, his work with his hands, his ability to use all of himself, which made him a whole man and a holy man.

Yes, he talked of these material things. He knew we needed a good social order where men could grow up to their full stature and be men. And he also knew that it took men to make such a social order. He tried to form them, he tried to educate them, and God gave him poor weak materials to work with. He was as poor in the human material he had around him, as he was in material goods. We are the offscourings of all, as St. Paul said, and yet we know we have achieved great things in these brief years, and not ours is the glory. God has chosen the weak things to confound the strong, the fools of this earth to confound the wise.

Peter had been insulted and misunderstood in his life as well as loved. He had been taken for the plumber and left to sit in the basement when he had been invited for dinner and an evening of conversation. He had been thrown out of a K. of C. meeting; one pastor who invited him to speak demanded his money back which he had sent Peter for carfare to his upstate parish, because, he said, we had sent up to him a Bowerly bum, and not the speaker he expected. "This then is perfect joy," Peter could say, quoting the words of St. Francis to Friar Leo, when he was teaching him where perfect joy was to be found.

He was a man of sincerity and peace, and yet one letter came to us recently, accusing him of having a holier-than-thou attitude. Yes, Peter pointed out that it was a precept that we should love God with our whole heart and soul and mind and strength, and not just a counsel, and he taught us all what it meant to be sons of God, and restored to us our sense of responsibility as lay apostles in a chaotic world. Yes, he was "holier than thou," holier than anyone we ever knew.

"Do not forget," Mary Frecon, head of the Harrisburgh house said before she left, "Do not forget to tell of the roots of the little tree that they cut through in digging his grave. I kept looking at those roots and thinking how wonderful it is that Peter is going to nourish that tree—that thing of beauty." The undertaker had tried to sell us artificial grass to cover up "the unsightly grave," as he called it, but we loved the sight of that earth that was to cover Peter. He had come from the earth, as we all had and to the earth he was returning.

Around the grave we all said the rosary and after the Benedictus we left. Ade de Bethune will do a stone for him.

Dorothy Day

## From the Mass for the Dead

It is truly meet and just, right and availing unto salvation, that we should at all times and in all places give thanks unto thee, O holy Lord, Father almighty and everlasting God; through Christ our Lord. In whom the hope of a blessed resurrection hath shone upon us, that those whom the certainty of dying afflicteth, may be consoled by the promise of future immortality. For unto Thy faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not taken away; and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared in heaven. And therefore with the angels and archangels, with thrones and dominions, and with all the heavenly hosts, we sing a hymn to thy Glory, saying without ceasing:

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy Glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.



## Mott Street

When the May issue came off the press it was immediately brought to our attention that we had failed to run an article or a cut on the Blessed Virgin. Such an omission in our May number is somewhat of a catastrophe around here since we are very much aware that the month of May is dedicated to Our Lady and all of us around here are quite orthodox in our devotion to Mary. God knows that we are deeply conscious of the fact that devotion to the Mother of God is a sine qua non of every Catholic. Perhaps some of us have taken her too much for granted due to the fact that we were very early linked up with devotion to Mary by the good nuns upon entering the parochial grammar school. Innumerable prayers and hymns to Our Mother were taught to us at an early age and the month of May was charged with spine tingling devotional hymns all of which was entered upon with a great deal of enthusiasm. A strict liturgist and a lover of top drawer church music would have rapidly greyed at the quality of the hymns. However our child-like emotions appeared to be matured to the point of readily assimilating those hymns whereas our intellectual development was in need of a great deal of cultivation in order to absorb the knowledge required in arriving at a necessary devotion to Mary.

### True Devotion

Since there seems to be so little mention of Mary in the Sacred Scriptures most of us may be inclined to fashion our own concepts of Our Lady. Whereas there are a great number of books dealing with Mary by saints and scholars all of which should be of immense assistance to everyone in acquiring a general or intimate knowledge of Our Blessed Mother. One of these books we have around the house has been heartily endorsed by Pope Pius XII. It is written by Saint Louis Grignon De Montfort, "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary." Even though one is not of a mind to follow the exact method of devotion prescribed by De Montfort still the book should aid us in having more devotion to Mary. I am sure that most of us are in want of more devotion to Our Blessed Virgin Mary. Not only does the present Pope strongly urge the devotional exercise of St. Louis De Montfort, but so did the five preceding popes.

### Humility

Unfortunately the sophisticated and the worldly wise generally tilt their noses with a pained expression at the mention of De Montfort and the True Devotion. However, a requisite for any kind of devotion to Mary entails humility, and sophistication plus humility are seldom found in any one person. Whoever is devoid of some kind of devotion to Mary will realize how badly off he is when he stops and considers that Mary is the Mother of Our Lord and the channel of all graces.

### Peter Maurin

Twelve years ago I boarded a bus in Chicago and traveled about a thousand miles to come to New York. I wasn't motivated by all the Big Town had to offer such as the Great White Way, the Statue of Liberty, Grant's Tomb, etc., but strictly for the purpose of seeing and hearing Peter Maurin of whom I had read and heard about. Nor was I ever disappointed in Peter since he was all I expected and hoped he would be, a poor and holy man besides being a veritable walking encyclopedia of Catholic social thought. He never seemed more happy than when he was spreading the word of God. It was a great joy to sit up to all hours of the night listening to Peter give out from his fabulous fund of knowledge. As I sat and listened to Peter that first night I began to feel slightly disconcerted as I compared his creaseless suit coat and baggy trousers plus his ditch digger shoes to my own fastidious attire. I knew then that he was a

man who had succeeded in putting first things first. It was Peter who led me to understand that Catholicism was something more than a police code and that it should and could be integrated with our everyday life. At first meeting Peter presented me with a list of books that I should read and in the following life. At first meeting, Peter he would have a mission for me to perform. Once he suggested that I go to Pittsburgh to a priest retreat where he claimed a modern St. Paul was the retreat master. I wasn't anxious to make the retreat and I pointed out to him that the retreat was exclusively for priests. He countered that objection by stating that he knew a priest who would get me in. Well I didn't go. And I didn't heed the numerous other missions that Peter offered me down through the years—from raising a rumpus on the campuses of the Universities around the country to opening houses of hospitality in several cities. For all this lack of cooperation on my part I want to apologize to Peter. They were all excellent projects and would have added to the honor and glory of God.

### Intermediate Militants

While reading the very fine book *France Pagan?* by Malsie Ward, I was frequently struck by innumerable passages throughout the work. One section dealt with a somewhat twilight division of the lay apostolate labelled as the intermediate militants. They are a type of individuals who are very close to their own social strata, who are very imperfect, often enslaved by their bad habits, yet sufficiently devoted to God to want to bring others to Him. These militants are further described as Christians who are not strong enough to avoid dangerous environments yet prove to be Christian enough to be apostles and are able to do a surprising amount of good. In most instances a saint could not take their place. Yet these militants intermediaries upset the more perfect apostles and make the entire lay apostolate movement suspect. Throughout the history of the Catholic Worker movement this same type of intermediate militant has been and can be observed quite frequently. The alcoholic division of these apostles seems to be the most aggressive and zealous type of militant. Recently one of our alcoholic friends through frequent indoctrination succeeded in bringing back to the Church a couple, man and wife, who had been out several years. Another semi-alcoholic frequented bars night after night talking nothing but religion to those he drank with and accomplished numerous conversions to the Faith. A periodic alcoholic seaman that we knew would hurry over to the Bowery after a trip to sea and spend his entire pay buying drinks for himself and others, however he demanded that the individuals that he bought a drink for would promise to say three Hail Marys for him, otherwise he would refuse the treat. Another apostle confided in us once that throughout his complete life his soul had been continuously ulcerated with sins against purity however he had been the instrument of converting about twenty people to Catholicism and had brought back about as many to the Church. We could fill a book with similar cases to those just listed. In the book *France Pagan?*, a strong plea for understanding these intermediate militants is made to those who seem unaware of the number of times the just man falls, and we heartily endorse that plea.

### Lice

A ruddy faced man of fifty stood waiting in our courtyard for a bowl of soup and a piece of bread just as the afternoon line had begun. The rest of the men in the line stood off at arm's distance from the poor individual because his clothes were literally crawling with body lice. Some of the men murmured that the unfortunate should not be permitted to

sit at the same table with them since they too would be infested. It was quite a problem for a moment since we didn't feel justified in subjecting the others to that type of affliction yet we couldn't bring ourselves to refuse this man a bowl of soup. There was prudence and the jeopardizing of the common good on one hand and on the other was this hungry man. Was the man unworthy of a bowl of soup because his clothes were undergoing a saturation bombing by body lice? Someone suggested that the outcast be fed at an unused table in a corner of the courtyard and the suggestion was agreeable to our itching friend since he was well aware of the situation.

### Shoe Shine

During one cool Sunday evening we wandered over to the Bowery to see the movie "Shoe Shine." They had upped the price from thirty-five cents to forty cents because this was considered an outstanding film. This particular theatre is patronized by the neighbors and the residents of the skid-row hotels and is frequently referred to as the dumps, a flea bag and a scratch house. Despite these complementary sobriquets we were able to see, hear and catch the full impact of the picture. We hadn't bargained for such a grim picture of the lives of children in Italy which is caused by the last war. The movie consisted of one huge heavy black cloud of poverty and crime that permeates the bodies and souls of those poor Italian children, nothing too appalling to portray. All of the most horrible things that could happen to those destitute did take place. We departed from that depressing movie house feeling extremely low and somewhat caught the spirit of the psalmist who



cried out, "My heart is become like wax melting in the midst of my bowels."

### Brooklyn Justice

Last week we subways over to a Brooklyn Courthouse with our friend Joe who is being tried for inviting himself into a stranger's home while he, Joe, was intoxicated. It was our third appearance at that particular courtroom over a period of three months, the trial having been postponed on the first two attempts. We sat in a packed courtroom from nine in the morning until three in the afternoon with one hour recess in between. From the district attorney on down we observed innumerable individuals scraping and bowing before the judge who was the presiding high priest. None disagreed nor spoke out of turn to the judge, that gentleman reigned supreme. He smiled at odd moments, had his little jokes and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying his role as much as any feudal lord. This semi-comedy went on for sometime until one woman, thank God, let him have both barrels of a legitimate complaint. She destroyed every vestige of his ice water composure, so much so that he lost his temper and finally felt it necessary to make an apology to her. When our case was finally called the courtroom day was nearly over with. A very brief summary was presented to the judge as he scanned the police record of our friend Joe, all of which consisted of being arrested about a half dozen times for being drunk during a period of several years. And in the most pharisaical manner as one could conceive the judge vent his spleen on Joe. He failed to stick to the police record and drew from his own imagination in his ap-

## Poverty's Progress

### Lament for a Chief

We were in a little, one operator crossroads telephone exchange in the uplands of New Hampshire when we learned, in the course of a routine phone call to Maryfarm, that Peter had died the night before. Our mind registered the fact mechanically while we watched the girl beside us weaving the worries, the gossip, the hopes, the private lives of a whole county into an intricate pattern, as though the switchboard before her were an enchanted loom. No sorceress of old ever dreamt of such power at her fingertips, but it was exquisite boredom and a drag if the expression on the operator's face was valid. And yet she was living and young and apparently healthy.

When the call was over we thanked her and went out and started the long drive back, down out of the mountains. The mountains of New Hampshire are lovely in any weather and the weather of that day suited our mood, the mist shrouding the giant pines so heavily that the slopes seemed forested with ghosts, standing forever sentinel at the sides of the lonely, narrow, dirt roads.

On the way back we thought much about Peter. We had only known him briefly, in the past few months, when the walls of his mind had long since crumbled in ruin on his dream of a new society where "it would be possible for men to live and die as men, not as tortured animals." But even then, in his old age, uncaring, crippled in mind and body, he still had the power to attract, to seize the imagination. At Mass in the chapel at Maryfarm he would sit quietly in his seat by the window, seemingly oblivious, an old man, thickset, whose shoulders were still bowed with the heavy yoke of peasant muscle, but at the Sanctus he would rouse and force himself, unaided to his knees. It was excruciating to watch, but an object lesson in spiritual discipline not easily forgotten. An old man, who all his life and now with his age on him and in great pain did not fail to render homage to his God.

An old man who all his life had sought to bring God and the vision of a Christian life into places that are usually left to themselves in our society: into flophouses and work camps and market places, among the foolish, the failures, the fanatics, those broken on the iron wheel of our time, the poor, the destitute, the homeless, the unwanted, the forgotten, the "weaker vessels." Those were Peter's apostolate and to the world that had formed them he addressed his mission.

Looking at him in the last few months, an old French peasant, sitting beneath the crabapple tree at Maryfarm, wrapped in a worn blanket and wearing a yellowed, ancient and donated panama, he might have been any old man sunning himself. . . . There was nothing especially saintly about him, one sees hundreds such on park benches in big cities; the survivors, the ones who have outwitted their great enemy, Winter, who sit warming themselves in the weak sunlight of a city spring. The ones who will, or will not, in the late afternoon go home to the meals cooked them by the wives of their sons, who will talk about their sons

praise of the defendant. It was the most vicious and cruel advantage I have ever witnessed any judge take of his position. Thank God the trial didn't take place in that man's courtroom but is scheduled to be heard sometime in June, another postponement but a welcomed one. If I ever can get around to it I must copy what St. Thomas has to say in the Summa on Fraternal Correction and mail it to that dispenser of justice. We once heard someone claim that people do and say horrible things when they are unhappy; could be the judge is unhappy.

TOM SULLIVAN.

to you if you give them a chance, perhaps show you pictures of their grandchildren. The ones who will, or will not, be there next spring, and if they are not, the grave will be closed on them and they will be quickly forgotten.

But the old man underneath the tree at Maryfarm was different. He had no blood sons, no pictures of grandchildren to show and the grave closed on him but he will not be quickly forgotten. He preached a mission clothed in language so simple that it appeared the speech of a fool or a child. Years ago, when I first read an essay of Peter's I laughed and tossed it aside and the second time in impatience and the third time in anger. Did the man think he was talking to idiots? Did he actually believe anyone with the sense God gave a chimpanzee would spend their time reading such drivel, much less acting upon it? You would have to use better bait than that to fish for the minds of our time, minds that had slipped through the nets of prose cast by masters of the art, not once but many times, without effort. And yet, and yet. . . .

He was speaking to fools, to minds weighted down by the dross of our time, the big ideas shouted from radio and forum, from newspaper and magazine, book and newsreel until the brain was dulled, surfeited, corrupted, unable to tell gold from glitter. The total of Peter's writing showed the same poverty that stamped his life: there is scarcely enough to fill a slender volume. Peter left as a legacy no weighty, hernia creating tomes to be carried about by the future students of social action, no ponderous, inflexible terminology, merely a handful of ideas; but ideas of value, capable of buying many hours of reflective thought.

He was not an innovator, a prophet. The ideas and the ideals he preached were very old, the never realized ideas, the ones that got lost in the shuffle centuries past and have been wandering in the wasteland ever since. The ideas of the Christian Revolution.

He was an agitator primarily, a very good one and fortunate. Fortunately because his star rose before him very early in life and all his life he followed it steadfastly and believed in it and never lost faith. Count on the fingers of one hand if you can those agitators of our time who followed into their old age the ideals of their youth without taint of either cynicism or opportunism. And the ideals of Peter's youth led him into some very strange places, with many opportunities for either.

He was poor by choice all of his life, eating by choice the poorest food, sleeping by choice in flophouses, on park benches, bus stations, content to wear any hand-me-down. And with all that keeping his humor and tolerance, his charity and understanding, the original force of his vision. Count on the finger tips of one hand the men who could do it and doing it could, incredibly, bind others to him, by force of personality, to do it also.

In the eyes of the world a man like Peter appears like a sorry joke. He wouldn't have fitted into a handsome office, his ideas didn't glitter, they didn't appear to have drive, worst of all, they weren't practical. They left out too many buts and ifs and whereases and perhaps. The heads of corporations would have laughed at him if he had attempted to sell them his program, even ordinary people, those with a minimum stake in the system, often laughed. But Peter carried his ideas into the streets, explaining, exhorting, teaching, and there were those who listened. He had no car, no house, no speedboat, no stocks, no television set. He had nothing. And yet he had, in the end, what the heads of corporations do not have, people not

(Continued on page 6)



# CHURCH IN RUSSIA

(Continued from May Issue)

All this we say in connection with some thoughts expressed in the Foreword to God's Underground.

As regards the book itself, one simply wonders why it should bear this title: God's Underground.

Father George joins the partisan movement. True, he is with the movement, according to the book, as a medical man and as a priest whenever and wherever he can function as such. Nevertheless, the fact remains that he had cast his lot with the bands expressly organized for shedding human blood, for killing, for murder, for doing all the harm—and all the evils they could to the enemy, in which task they couldn't avoid doing harm and evil, and even causing death to those whom they considered friends—their own people, or friendly nations; if they set barns, granaries, whole villages on fire to deprive the enemy supplies and of dwelling places and refuge—from these atrocities and crimes all had to suffer—friends and enemies alike—and all alike were apt to lose their lives and to be killed!

According to the book, Father George celebrated the Divine Mysteries, in secret, for the partisans, preached to them Christ's Gospel, read the Imitation of Christ, explained the doctrine of St. Thomas. But in what light could all these things be interpreted in the circumstances? Christ plainly condemns force and violence and blood shedding and killing and murder, especially in modern times would He do so when wars and partisan movements take place simply for mutual extermination and are promoted and carried out by the money barons and oppressors of the poor and helpless masses whom they said went to war like herds of cattle to slaughter-house. Christ emphatically tells Peter: "Put up again thy sword into its place: for all that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

## Thou Shalt Not Kill

Christ dies on the Cross and renews His sacred Sacrifice on our Altars not that we have wars and live in hatred, but that we have peace and live in Christian love. And then there are Christ's Sermon on the Mount, the spirit of His whole Gospel, as well as God's great Commandment: Thou shalt not kill—how can all this be interpreted in a priest's preachment to the partisan bands, or in that to the soldiers in their flying "Missions" or other engagements for killing their fellow creatures, destroying their villages, homes, cities, everything, and nothing else?

In our casuistic moral theology there are arguments without end about ever so many things, as though we were back to the days of old Pharisaism in Our Lord's time, deserving probably the same reproaches from His adorable lips . . . "And in vain do they worship Me, teaching doctrines and precepts of men. For leaving the commandments of God, you hold the tradition of men, the washing of pots and cups; and many other things you do like these." Indeed, we count our slices of bread and measure our food on fast days to avoid a mortal sin by violating the ecclesiastical law of fasting, but we don't consider killing people in war and partisan movements as a sin at all—nay, we consider it a duty of patriotism, and something virtuous and heroic! We preach the Gospel to the soldiers and partisans engaged in war, in a quite special way to make them brave, courageous, fearless, remorseless—Lord, dearest Lord, have mercy, have mercy on us! Enlighten and convert us lest we all perish in the end together with the money-autocrats and makers of war!

Mauriac

Mauriac wrote:

"But you would never admit to yourself that the Gospel condemned these ideas . . . 'One must

not take thing literally . . . ' you would stammer. Whereupon I triumphed with ease, and overwhelmed you with examples to prove to you that saintliness consisted precisely in following the Gospel literally. If you had the misfortune to protest that you were not a saint, I quoted you the precept: 'Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.' What a lesson for all of us!

Father George was in the partisan movement in Slovakia and elsewhere until the end of the war. He came in contact with the Soviet young people from the Red Army, boys and girls. His impression of them was very bad—they simply wallowed in beastly vices and committed crimes! And this brings to the reader's mind the idea that Father George's partisans must have been very virtuous, nay, austere youths!

So must have been also the French, the British, the American soldiers! It was only those godless people from the Red Army that behaved so outrageously!

Finally, Father George succeeded in entering, as a partisan officer, the Soviet Union wherein he at once came in contact with God's Underground, religious or otherwise. It seems he mostly observed what was going under the ground, failing to observe what was taking place on the ground. Hence he doesn't say in his book a single word in praise or favor of the Soviet Union, and its tremendous social and economic and cultural changes, as though its leaders and people did only evil, evil without end! And the Russian Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union is, according to him, the puppet church of Communism, just as it is the stooge of Communism, according to the author of the book's Foreword.

## Growth in Church

Father George, failed completely to notice, or, at least, to report what has been going on, for some time already, in "the puppet Church of Communism"—the Russian Orthodox Church ruled by the Patriarch of Moscow. The fact alone that so many Orthodox monasteries, for men and women, have been opened in the Soviet Union since the end of war, is quite worthy of one's notice and at the same very significant, even if the Communists start persecuting the Church again, as Father George seems to imply, what government is not ready to do this, and where are the governments which do not persecute the Church of Christ? And isn't this the Church's lot? "Remember My word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted Me, they will also persecute you." We must not court the persecution, but if it comes despite ourselves, we must be ready to suffer, and pray now that the Lord may sustain us in the midst of trials and persecution.

What is going in the Russian Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union now is very consoling indeed; it is a rebirth of the Russian Orthodoxy and against godless materialism. If persecution comes again, the Russian Church will be able to withstand it, even better than before.

Father George didn't write the book in question. He told his story to Greta Palmer, an American journalist. While reading the book, one strongly feels how all the details to Father George's story were supplied by the journalist in question. The book came out, in final completion, not as a book of truth undiluted, but as a book of propaganda against the Soviet Union and the Patriarchal Church of Moscow, pure and simple! Why it should bear the title of God's Underground, is hard to see.

The present writer met people, priests and monks among them, who were elated by perusing Father George's God's Under-

ground—they believed that it is a grand revelation and bound to do much good, nay, hasten the conversion of Russia! The present writer can only exclaim: O holy simplicity! and say that he himself was completely disappointed with the book and hopes no conversion of Russia from it, despite Father George's utterance, in the preface, of the great prayer: Savior of the world, save Russia! First we must become converted ourselves before we can ever dream of converting Russia!

Chrysostom Tarasevitch, OSB.

## Invincible Ignorance

Because of the notoriety of the Boston affair, it hardly seems necessary to add further proof that the Catholic Church does not consign all who are not visibly united with Her to perdition. However it may at least shed some light on the matter to give the words of Pope Pius IX in an allocution of



the 9th of December, 1854, as found in the English translation of Karl Adam's "Spirit of Catholicism":

"It must be regarded as true that he who does not know the true religion is guiltless in the sight of God so far as his ignorance is invincible. Who would presume to fix the limits of such ignorance, amid the infinite variety and difference of peoples, countries and mentalities, and amid so many other circumstances? When we are free from the limitations of the body and see God as He is, then we shall see how closely and beautifully God's mercy and justice are conjoined."

The Latin is found in the Denzinger-Bannwart-Umberg "Enchiridion" No. 1647, where, after recalling the dogma that "outside of the Church there is no salvation," Pius IX goes on to explain it in these words:

"... sed tamen pro certo pariter habendum est, qui verae religionis ignorantia laborent, si ea sit invincibilis, nulla ipsos obstringi huiusce rei culpa ante oculos Domini. Nunc vero quis tantum sibi arroget, ut huiusmodi ignorantiae designare limites queat iuxta populorum, regionum, ingeniorum aliarumque rerum tam multarum rationem et varietatem? Enimvero cum soluti corporeis hisce vinculis videbimus Deum sicuti est (I. Io. iii., 2), intelligemus profecto, quam arcto pulchroque nexu miseratio ac iustitia divina copulentur . . ."

It might be well to add a brief explanation of the term, *invincible ignorance*. If a man, honestly thinking that he is pressing the button to call an elevator, rings a fire alarm, his action would be due to invincible ignorance; but if some little suspicion entered his mind that he ought to inquire about the button before pressing it, then his ignorance would have been vincibile, and he would have been guilty of negligence according to the strength of his suspicion.

ALAN BATES

# Grow Your Own Food

(The following was written some time before Larry Heaney's death).

All farmers are thinking of spring plowing and planting now that the days are growing longer. While it is yet three months before the ground will be workable it is certain that farm folks everywhere have the "itch to get at it." If we are able to feed ourselves and the animals this year we will be doing well, considering restrictions as to land and our own capabilities.

Feeding the animals—well that's a question of pasturage, hay making and so many bushels of grain to the acre. But with the human population its not such a simple thing. Persuasive advertisements and undisciplined tastes form a rare combination to effect bad food habits. The ordinary American is a suicidal eater. It takes mortification of the sense of taste to balance food and man, man and his food. God makes plants and animals so they are good. And some are especially tasty. But man is fallen. The catch. It all started with Adam: since his days the pleasures of the board have captivated countless numbers along the way. Today tastes are unrivalled and fancy, exotic foods are sought after as the pearl of great price.

Confectioners capitalize on the wild tastes of modern people. Hosts of various sweet meats flood the market and the health of young children is taxed especially, but people of all ages are enthralled by all sorts of candies and pastries. "Food-faddist" is the epithet hurled at anyone who speaks a word of protest. "Would you refuse taffy to your own little Susie?"

No, we shall not break candy-store windows or picket the most cream-puffy bakery. Neither will the complaining spirit of the Anti-saloonists avail us anything. It's man and his food we are discussing and there's simply food fit for man and so-called food that is unfit for man. The real usefulness of the food to man is what counts. Wholesomeness is a necessary quality, the first quality. How whole is the food we are purchasing in those oh-so-nifty six ounce packages? Dieticians are beginning to reveal the facts of diminished food value in commercial products. The most certain way to get wholesome food is to grow it oneself. It's a self-evident thing then, its realness. You can grow your own tomatoes or you can purchase part of a shipment of California oranges to get the same sort of food. Let good sense dictate what you do.

Commercial firms interested in profit and nothing much else "turn on the heat" with their most appealing ads. The messy stuff eaten by the average person today is startling. It all goes by the name of food, but everything that goes down the throat in lump form is not necessarily good food for man. They process foods to death. The

finished article may be a pretty white but its food value is questionable. People are vulnerable. To the grocery magnate this spells profit as his advertising ropes in unwary consumers. After all, this is a commercial system. Its the profit that counts. If it pays, and that is the only criterion, an article is put on the market and advertised to the skies. No such thing as a sense of decency enters in. Why there are even food "factories," places where they "make" food. They use words such as Pure, Sanitary and Wholesome in the corporation titles.

To get to the bottom of this thing. Point one is that food is grown. Yes, food is grown, most of our foods are vegetative. The rest are animal except for salt which has the status of a food. You do not manufacture food then—you grow it or raise it. Fine. The air is clearing. Somebody must grow your food. You might think about growing your own and even raising some animals. That's a lively thought.

Think of it. Most Americans are working in factories and offices to "make money" and then buy all their food. And one-third of the population the government tells us is ill-fed, ill-clothed and ill-housed. A logical step is a stride into the garden. That's elementary.

Of course a few, a relatively few, farmers can feed us and all the rest of us can make pea-shooters or something on the production-line. That's the state of affairs in this broad country today—just slightly over-sketches.

The truth of the matter is that the tilling of the soil is primary work for man. Of course the commercial farmer is a freak. The turning of farming into a business—well, choose your own terminology. Its such complete blindness. In the most real sense man is a co-creator. He makes carrots grow where there were none growing before. Food should be given full credit for the creation of this life but the tiller of the soil is His assistant. The good, full growth of the plant is due too to the plowing, planting, cultivating and weeding of the husbandman. These are noble functions, these manual works. The man working on the land who "has a soul" can see something in the living, growing things with which he is constantly occupied. What is more earthy than food. Yet the God invests its coming into being with beauty.

Those who do not see holiness, a certain beauty that the mind delights in, in living reality are themselves in a way, dead. Where there is life men are blind to it. God gives man his nature and one of his desires is for food. So God gives man a paradise of creatures, plants and animals. And man counters by going into business.

Larry Heaney

## Peter Maurin Said:

A politician is an artist  
In the art of following  
The wind of public opinion.  
He who follows  
The wind of public opinion  
does not follow  
his own judgment.  
And he who does not follow  
his own judgment  
cannot lead people  
out of the beaten path.  
He is like the tail of the dog  
that tries to lead the head.  
When people stand behind  
their president  
and their president  
stands behind them,  
they and their president  
go about in a circle  
getting nowhere.



## Holy Family Farm

(This letter was received the day we heard the news of Larry Heaney's death.)

Rhineland, Mo.

Dear Friends:

The Scripture saying of Genesis "And God blessed them saying, increase and multiply, and fill the earth and subdue it" is being very much fulfilled here at Holy Family Farm.

Last month we had two new babies born on the farm. Thomas Edward Heaney was born on the 10th of March and James Mathew Paul was born on Laetare Sunday the 27th of March. So much rejoicing on that account.

In the animal kingdom here, too, we had several new litters of pure bred Duroc hogs, thirteen new ones that squeal and scamper around. Also acquired three hundred and fifty new baby chicks, that are now almost six weeks old and doing fine.

And so we still go on from day to day in our attempts to "Subdue the earth." That part is being taken care of little by little. Our gardens are started. The logs for the new home are all cut and waiting to be hauled to the sawmill some time this month. Potatoes and oats are already sprouting, and the strawberry blossoms lift their white heads above their bed of green leaves.

That's the good news in our Spring renewal of life and vigor. On the more solemn side, Larry is still in the hospital. Today ends the eighth week which he has spent in a hospital bed.

Although, beginning Friday, he had a change of scenery. He was taken into St. Mary's Hospital in St. Louis, to be under the care of a specialist in lung cases. His illness has been a very perplexing one and very persistent. The wonder drugs—penicillin, streptomycin and cromycin—saved his life in all probability, but in the process just about ruined his blood. He had to have four pints of blood in transfusions while he was in the Washington Hospital.

Now there is talk of probable lung abscess and surgery, although the congestion in the lung seems to be finally clearing up. We all pray for the best.

Dave and Mignon are keeping up his morale at that end. Dave made all arrangements for his transfer to the St. Louis Hospital.

I hope to get into St. Louis within the next few weeks to give a talk at Holy Cross Parish, but I hope Larry will be home before that time.

Ruth Ann and Larry were in the hospital at the same time. The

children were at the rectory until she came home. We were fortunate in obtaining a young lady from the Grail, who stayed with us about a month, taking care of the mothers and babies. This is to say nothing about cooking for one of the fathers.

It has been and still is a crisis in the existence of the Holy Family Farm. Perhaps we are being chastised by God to prove our worth as instigators of a communal farm. So many things have plagued us these past two months. A cow dies, the horses don't want to work and practically kick the barn apart. I finally did buy some new horses, nice and gentle and friendly, too. The weather—again that weather—was bad, so that Spring plowing and disking was late.

Along with all that, Larry's illness, which, of course, is the most serious trouble at this point. It has taught me something. No, as yet I have not acquired the virtue of patience. The lesson has been more far-reaching, something outside of myself. This job of being provider for two families—for two women and nine children—has taught me the significance of communal life. I am my brother's keeper, no one need ask the question—the answer is here. In the city such a relationship could hardly exist. Here there has been neighborly help and neighborly offers of help.

We had some interesting discussions with Mary, the young lady from the Grail, and we all profited by them. It is often the case—the eyes and ears from outside can point out things that are a stumbling block to one seeing and living among them every day.

During all this crisis I had a letter from the Displaced Person Bureau, notifying me that the D. P. that I had applied for was on his way. Again the hand of God seemed to move the figures. Although I answered promptly by special delivery, they received the letter too late, and he was sent to someone else. The application still stands, and we are fixing up an old army building (16x16) for his living quarters. Dave had bought it last year for a guest house. We never did get around to putting it into any decent shape. With an aluminum roof, some wall board and a little lumber, it will make a comfortable dwelling.

If any of you get the time to write, we would appreciate some word from you.

Pray for Larry and the Holy Family Farm.

In Christ,  
Marty Paul.

## Our Lady of the Wayside Farm

Avon, Ohio

I've been trying to write a letter for a long time, and this week I was determined to write it. I'm usually tired at night from throwing feed and fertilizer sacks on a truck all day and then taking them off, and when I try to read or write I usually end up dozing.

At home here we've had a continual series of colds, chicken-pox, and sinusitis. Anita would usually bring something home from school and inevitably it would pass down, until it reached the baby, and then begin all over again. By the way, we are "infanticulating" the middle of July. We hope it's a boy, or anyway a girl.

Between times, we are making rosaries, and trying to keep the place in repair. I am using the horse to spread manure. There is the planting. The two cows are doing well, and the chickens too.

We try to get into Bl. Martin House of Hospitality for the meetings every Friday night. The Junior Third Order is still doing good work there. Especially, with the neighborhood youngsters.

Either I'm changing, or the last issue of the CW was exceptionally full of spiritual dynamite. The article on the grave-diggers' strike struck me as full of the fire of love and justice. McKeon's story of Suzuki made me want to drop him a line of congratulation. Tom Sullivan's article was "out of this

world" but his style is so surely his own. I wanted him to go on.

Jack English's account of the various groups throughout the middle west, despite the bloody ferment of war, and corrosion of easy money, gave rise to many thoughts of the depth of the movement. And to see John Cogley's name in the CW made it seem like old times. But the old times would be easy times now. The new problems seem as insoluble as the old ones did, during the first months I lived at the house of hospitality.

There is courage to face antagonism, there is a reward in facing hospitality. But it takes more courage to face indifference, the muscular or intellectual effort is lacking. It leaves only the spiritual struggle with oneself.

While I was writing this, Dot has been trying to get a doctor on the phone. Aldaberto's two-week old baby contracted Thrush-mouth at the hospital, and his little mouth is so swollen that he cannot eat. Everyone is worried. That is except the doctors. The doctor who delivered the baby, having been paid his seventy-five dollars in advance, was conveniently ill; his wife, we presume, gave us the name of another doctor, but he was too busy, he said. They sounded interested until they heard the name, "O Mexicans," and then produced the excuse.

Meanwhile, Lupe waited tensely

By ROBERT LUDLOW

This is the cry of night, the lonesome, the cry of the lonesome, the cry of the children of man, the deep blood cry of the children of man. The cry of the murdered and those who are left solitary. Who are left to witness death. Who are left to witness the closed earth, the warm kiss of the brown earth. The earth welcomes the dead. It is with our consent that the dead are welcomed. It is a triumph and a joy. It is assimilation. In matter and in God. It is a vindication—the final argument in the tossup with technology. The death of Peter Maurin is a dignity. It is the dignity of failure. It is the dignity of the transcendental—the sacramentality of the earth.

There is bitterness in technological death. It is death pursued in



logic. It is the contribution of the State to the dignity of man. It is the dignity of Rousseau. It is death by the will of the majority. It is planned and prophylactic. Bitter, indeed—as the fruits of technology are bitter.

### Technocracy and Teleology

Bitter fruits, indeed. The technocratic earth has a leveled dull bitterness. This has been the end-product of progress, this has been the destiny of man—a destiny written with dung. It is man's destiny for man. It has finality in spilled blood. The technocratic earth! And a papier mache sun over Manhattan Bridge and the doll death of non-teleological existence. State clothes, State doctors, State employers, State funerals, State air. The State alone can manage this technological phenomenon—otherwise it would get well out of hand, and if there were no State, how would we have wars to relieve technological unemployment? Technocracy and teleology don't seem to breathe together, the same air can't feed them both. It becomes, then, a matter of choice; it is akin to the great decision of Adam. Shall we have a canned future or shall we recognize pur-

beside Dorothy at the telephone. (Lupe is short for Guadalupe which is a hill in Mexico where the Mother of the Creator of Heaven and earth, and hell, and the sun and moon and planets and Milky Way, appeared to a poor Mexican Indian—a half-breed—by the un-Nordic name of Diego, many years ago.)

And I wondered then that Our Lady came to Mexico's Guadalupe; to Italy's Loretto, to France's Lourdes, to Portugal's Fatima, but neglected Scandinavia, Germany, and the Nordic parts of the British Isles among other places like Philadelphia and New York City. Was it because of the desert tan from her Semitic blood that she felt more kindred to the "Dagos, Wops, Frogs, Niggers and Greasers"?

At the end we called our own good "Doc" O'Brien, and he told us what to do.

In Christ,

BILL GAUCHAT

## ETERNAL MAN

pose? And if we recognize purpose, does it not imply that we prefer human values to economic values? There, then, would end your technological civilization. You can't turn the clock back. But you can—any clock can be turned back. Neither do you have to run ahead, always in the same direction; you also can turn round and start running the other way. You make a mistake—are you stuck with it? Is there no redemption from mistakes? There is redemption from sin, why cannot there also be redemption from mistakes? It is true the scars of the technological mistake will remain, as the scars of sin remain. But we can get rid of both. Or is it that we don't want to give up our toys? They have become pretty dangerous these days—mighty dangerous, indeed, these atomic joy rides. But it could make for painless extinction, and perhaps that is all man looks for these days—why not all of us go with ease? It will, after all, be a State-directed affair, and it must be our patriotic duty to perform for the State. The boys in the Pentagon can tabulate results as they come in, until it catches up with the boys in the Pentagon. Kropotkin, Bakunin, Tolstoy, Gandhi, Peter Maurin—what voices they were! With what clear vision did they not see the end-point of the technological age! They wanted a blood red sun over the hills; they had no stomach for papier mache. They are all dead now and we have our atomic age. But there will always be those who will listen to the dead, because the world of the living tells false tales. The dead thrill in God. The dead know.

### The Dead Know

The dead know in God. They know what was purposive in the abnormal. Why the state of the thyroid may be a predisposition to sanctity. Or the extent to which man is accountable in the area of conscious behavior. Accountability is the crucial point, it is the deciding factor of survival. For what, after all, is culture? From the Christian standpoint it must be moralistic, it must be essentially non-nationalist. At the basis of culture, irrespective of what local form it may express itself through, is the matter of self-mastery. Socially it exists to the extent that individual assertiveness sublimates itself to the love of God and neighbor. Culture, therefore, is essentially a non-intellectual and non-provincial entity. I cannot recall who has defined it as the repression of the ego. I would say it is the sublimation of the ego—it is the only concept that transcends national and provincial considerations. Therefore it is the concept that conforms to the international character of Catholicism. I suppose the dead know.

The dead know that we are infinite; the dead know the stupidity of the world and the sacramentality of matter. The non-projective character of the Deity. God is the projection of a father fixation, but only in relation to man. As such He is loved, but it is only an aspect of the whole. It is part of the worship of God by the whole man which, in its perfection, transfers temporal attachments to God. It is a legitimate and normal procedure. It is a recognition that we are infinite. It is the utilization of the psychosomatic to the worship of God. Fundamentally, in relation to man, God is non-projective, and we understand Him to the extent that we divest our concept of Him from anthropological habits of thought. The complete accomplishment of this is a psychological impossibility. But the dead know; the dead are conscious of infinity. The dead know that truth is a discoverable entity.

For what are the dead, and in what respect are we accountable to them? The dead are the fulfillment of hope. Our responsibility is a responsibility of hope. It is the solidarity of human hope. There can be no indifference to misery or our responsibility for it. So how can we be pacifist when there are people in concentration

camps? There is no answer to this that does not partake of the same difficulties involved in the general concept of the mercy of God and the reality of pain. There is no answer that does not have the appearance of callousness. If because of it you support war, you are callous towards those innocents who will be killed in the war. If because of it you support pacifism, you are callous towards those in the concentration camps. Either way you are callous towards suffering. Therefore your decision must be on some other basis. On a consideration of transcendental values. On the values of the Gospel. And there the whole argument is in favor of pacifism. It is a heartrending decision, but it is the best that can be done. It is again in hope that such a decision is made. And it is hope that outstrips time and the body and the passions of the body. It is not without reason that the liturgical color of hope is the green of the non-sentient earth. For there are two great and imponderable realities—matter and God. And as you ascend the scale to God or descend the scale to matter, so is there an harmony of function; it is only in midstream that concupiscence has its disruptive role. A role which, nevertheless, can be overcome in grace.

Why do we cry alone in the night when there is hope? Why did God cry over Lazarus? For the millions who live without hope, for pain that goes unexplained, for sorrow that seems without purpose, for ripped flesh, for tyrannical glands, for the pain of exile. Yes, for the technocratic earth. The loss of love. Love can have no place when man is a purely economic entity. You do not barter love over the counter the way man is bartered in our capitalist society. Love can grow only when man is the prime factor in economics, when economics is accountable to man and man accountable to God. It is nonsense to talk of Christianizing the capitalist system. You Christianize with love, but love will not penetrate capitalism. Love will only dissolve it, love calls for its overthrow. When man is divinized in Christ, when man lives in love, there will be a speedy end to all the systems of oppression. And relevant for us in America, there will be a speedy end to our capitalist society. Do not come with the objection that Christianity is concerned exclusively with individual salvation and that the capitalist can go to heaven if he lives a good life. If the capitalist lived a good life he would not be a capitalist, for to be a capitalist is to live on the labor of others, to be an exploiter. If a capitalist goes to heaven it is because of ignorance and lack of accountability. The full realization of Christianity involves of necessity the establishment of social justice, and social justice and capitalism are antithetical. The mechanization of man involves in its whole psychology the denial of God. Our economic system and our State is built on this denial. Our economic system and our State crystallized from a denial of purposive transcendentalism. To support them as lesser evils is to adopt the mediocrity of contemporary liberalism. It is, to "New Republic," the Faith.

Sartre's philosophy of existentialism is a philosophy of nausea. As such it is the product of the age. It belongs to the age and describes the age. The age has nauseated man and man has become nauseous. It has produced wholesale and mechanical vomiting. Freedom has ended in suicidal compulsion, annihilation has become an attractive proposition. And Christ has compassion on the multitude. As even in the natural order we, too, have cause to show compassion. The natural basis of Christian compassion is found in Freud.

Man exercises his freedom in the realm of the conscious, hampered with the compulsive depths of the unconscious, and, indeed, the cry of night echoes the world over

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## Death of an Apostle

(Continued from page 1)

glory and happiness that no earthly joy can approach. "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what the Lord hath prepared for those that love Him." We thought of that; we thought with swelling hearts of Larry in heaven before we thought with sorrow of Ruth Ann and the children on earth.

The first time I heard Larry called a Saint was when I was speaking in Chicago and cities through the midwest, and John Cogley and some of the others around St. Joseph's House of Hospitality in Chicago were talking about him.

"Larry Heaney's a saint," they said, matter of factly. "You should see the effect he has on the men he comes in contact with in the house. They'll never be the same again. Not that he makes instantaneous conversions, and so on. But he gets them. He never turns anyone away. He forgives seventy times seven. He doesn't judge." There were lots of things like that they said. I know I looked at Larry more closely the next time I met him, pondered him, and thought to myself, "How wonderful to have saints amongst us, and what a privilege it is to have been called in this work by a saint such as Peter Maurin, and to be inspired and lifted up by associates and fellow workers such as Larry. It's the kind of thought that warms the heart, and encourages and lightens the work."

We all of us have always been convinced that Sanctity is the only thing in the world worth striving for, the only quality which is of any value whatsoever to God, to us, or to the world. "He has no need of our goods." And when it comes down to it, we haven't so much to give the poor. Except love. And it takes a saint to love, to know what love means, natural love, and supernatural love. Grace builds on nature, they say, and I know you must love naturally, too, to learn what supernatural love is. All this talk of loving people but not liking them is bosh. The Little Flower knew that when she showed such natural affection towards a nun she was tempted to dislike.

When we talked about Larry being a saint, it was no light talk. One doesn't live in community all these years without knowing each other's faults. We are not deceived by one another. We know each

other, we know each other "in the breaking of bread," and we have lived intimately together, sharing the same purse, the same house, the same food, the same clothing, to a very great extent. How tremendous this intimacy is. And how we know one another. Our very painful striving for sanctity can get on each other's nerves. Stanley, for instance, used to say, "There are the saints and those who live with the saints, the martyrs." One of his wisecracks, but it meant something.

Sharing the same purse! I remember how shocked everyone was when they saw Larry and his wife living up to the ideas Peter Maurin was always talking about in connection with farming communes. For instance, Peter used to say, "Eat what you raise, and raise what you eat," and when you ponder that one you see it means you don't raise tobacco, coffee, tea, cocoa, pepper, various condiments, luxuries such as oranges and lemons (apples, and tomatoes and berries take their place) and there right off the bat your grocery bill is cut down and your luxury bill, you are beginning to practice voluntary poverty and incidentally you have more to feed your growing family with.

If you don't raise sugar, you use honey, or maple syrup, or just get along with the natural sugar which is in corn or beets or carrots or onions. So you cut down on your sugar bill, and incidentally your dentist bill, and your children don't grow up with habits of candy, chewing gum, pepsi-cola, movies, radio, etc., etc. And not to speak of the voluntary poverty, the economy of it; there is also the asceticism of it.

Larry was the consistent member of the group who very quietly cut out of his life all superfluities, attachments. Ruth Ann was telling me yesterday that she was looking around the house for something by which she could remember him, some little thing that partook of him because he loved it, "was attached to it," and there was nothing—his rosary was a cheap old one, one of a heap of rosaries. His missal even, did not have his name in it—it was indistinguishable from other missals in the house. He had no books—books belonged to the community.

He enjoyed voluntary poverty, and he suffered from involuntary poverty too, the poverty which means trying to make ends meet, saving money for the farm payments, accepting help from relatives to make a start on the land, for in addition to the money he saved from his work in a brewery in Milwaukee, he had to accept money from generous brothers-in-law, to help stock the farm and get feed to fatten them the first year.

There were no washing machines, no electricity, no bath and toilet, no kitchen sink, no radio, no coal since they burned wood—every non-essential was put to one side, was cut out of their lives. There was the hardship of night watches with teething children, of helping with the family wash, of keeping up a wood supply to heat the large kitchen-living room where the family spent its days in winter. The bedrooms of course were never heated except for an emergency.

I spent a few days a little over a year ago in that farm kitchen, and it was a winter day and too cold for the children to be out for more than a little while at a time. They would bundle up, take each others' hands, and the four of them race around, blown by the wind, trying to keep warm. Most of the day they played in the house, and I remember marvelling at how good they were. There were Mary, Ann,

Therese, Joseph, and baby John then. It was advent, and they were playing Christmas already. At night after supper they would clamor for Larry and Ruth Ann to sit on the sofa with baby John in their laps, and the other four would be shepherds coming to worship, all dressed up as shepherds are in pictures, with crooks in their hands.

When they wanted to play the Three Kings, there was great embarrassment. They had one King too many, so one child had to be a King's wife. And they didn't like to ask it, but they had to have a Herod, and there was no one else there but me. Would I be Herod. None of them would. And then these babies, five, four, three and two, would kneel around their mother and father and the "baby Jesus" and say their evening prayers together, praying for all children in the world who were orphans, and who were hungry and cold.

As was said of the early Christians, how they loved one another!

That was what everyone remembered at once at Maryfarm. Ruth Ann and Larry, how they loved one another. And I know John Filliger, our farmer, was thinking of how many times he saw them coming daily down the hill at Easton, hand in hand, on their way to the Church, three miles off.

They took care of an extra baby that first year at Easton (one from Mott street without a father) and a number of single men, in addition to their own new baby.

And now there is Mary, Ann, Therese, Joseph, John and little Thomas, two months old. The first five were taken care of in the rectory of Fr. Minwegen's Church by Loretta when Thomas was born. Both Larry and Ruth Ann had to go to the hospital. Ruth Ann had had many of her children at home, but the doctors refused this time. The dangers of complications, the bad roads, and so on. Martin Paul and his wife were having a third child at the same time, so the two mothers were in a terrible predicament and no one came to help. After the first baby was born one of the friends let the school of the apostolate at Grailville know, and Bridget came from there in time to take care of the children while Martin Paul's wife had her third, and to help Ruth Ann when she came home from the hospital. It was a month's visit, and it was a godsend. If only we could persuade all young women to give a month a year to take care of situations like this, what a family apostolate could be built up!

Yes, there is suffering in such dedicated lives as these, but there are joys unutterable and love as perfect as any found on earth.

It will be said without doubt, by well meaning friends in the body Catholic throughout the country, that Larry Heaney died of hardship, of overwork, of combating our industrial system, of tilting at windmills. And they may quote T. S. Eliot, "this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends, this is the way the world ends—not with a bang, but a whimper." "This is all that comes of beating your head against a stone wall, of trying to turn the clock back, of opposing our man-made hell of industrialism which we must sanctify and use."

And we will reply in turn that unless the grain of wheat fall in the ground and die, itself remaining alone, but if it die, it will bear much fruit. "And he who saves his life, shall lose it, and he who loses it shall gain it a hundred-fold." No, we do not believe that Larry died of hardships and overwork, but because he had reached that stage of perfection pleasing to God, as his pastor said at his funeral Mass and so He took him. And we rejoice in the suffering and know it to be the gentle rain to water the crop. He is with God.

## Union Organizer Killed

(Continued from page 1)

The ones who, by incredible luck, discipline, foresight and connivance, have gotten together the one, two, three, five thousand dollars necessary to their venture and have launched it on a basis as broad and firm as a razor's edge. For them, the facts of their economic destiny are immutable and can be summed up in a phrase, "Root hog, or die." To gain a wider area of security they must have capital: you can't control the cost of raw material at the source, or transport, or productive machines or the prices of big competitors if you are an entrepreneur, the only thing you can control is the wages of those working for you, and that is your margin of profit; the more you sweat them the more profit, the more profit the more capital, the more capital the more expansion, the more expansion the greater the chance of survival until you can get within shooting distance of the highest honor that the system can give: "Security," that mythical concept on a materialistic level that Americans pursue with all the love and ardor of a knight errant in his search for the Holy Grail.

Of course, not all Americans pursue it the same way. Some, like Willie Lurye, give up \$180 a week jobs as dress pressers (counting four hours a day overtime, but then if you have four kids it's worth it) to take \$80 a week as organizers. You believe that people should not be sweated so that they die before their time. You believe that people should have decent housing, decent plumbing, decent clothes and decent food, time to read, think, relax. You believe it so strongly that you feel the only honorable thing to do is to go out and do something about it so you don't do it by worrying about what's going on in Europe, or the other side of the world, or in the South, or just talking it up at a party, you do the obvious instead. You go home and tell your wife (and maybe your four kids) that you're going to fight it out on familiar ground, among the people you work with and that to do it you'll have to give up the \$180 a week job to take one that pays less than half as much. And then if you have a good wife she'll say, go ahead, and quietly strangle any doubts she may have behind a cheerful smile, because she'll know, if she's a good wife, that you can talk a map out of almost anything, but when he's got his teeth in an idea there isn't anything you can do except give him his head and pray that he stays lucky.

But sometimes he doesn't. Sometimes he's like Willie Lurye and runs up against the raw facts of our economic system, where you either leave your dreams of a brave new world and go back to the safe job or step down into the murky underworld area at the foundation of the system, where anything goes and a man who holds that an ideal is a higher unit of value than a dollar signs a promissory note for his life, payable on demand.

If you're one of the good ones, like Willie Lurye, you step down, remembering that you never would have had that \$180 job if it hadn't been for other good ones before you (Remember the Chartist, the Knights of Labor, the Molly Maguires, Homestead, Gastonia, Tom Mooney) and then you just go forward, doing what you have to do, what you believe in, until maybe, like Willie Lurye, you look up out of a stuffy telephone booth in the crowded lobby of a loft building to see what's suddenly blocking the light and looking up you know that now there will never be any turning back, not even if you wanted to and your kids will be someone else's problem from here on in. So you make the best try possible, bare hands against knives, but a phone booth is merely an up-ended coffin in size to a man fighting for his life, you can't maneuver, and the end is certain.

But you get one break: you don't die right away. You die late that night, time enough for your wife

to visit the hospital where you're lying on a stretcher in the emergency ward waiting for the operation that will attempt to stitch ripped intestines back into some semblance of shape. In the movies or the history books there's always a fine deathbed phrase from the hero, but if you're like Willie Lurye you just play it simple right up to the end and your last words to your wife are "There's no sense hanging around here all night. I'm O.K. Why don't you go home and see how the kids are?"

And in dying, Willie Lurye highlights a fact and does a job bigger than the one he started out to do: a system of economic production based on the exploitation of human labor inevitably leads to violence because it puts material values above human values and a man, when it comes to the acid test, is held less valuable than a favorable balance sheet.

John McKeon

## Eternal Man

(Continued from page 5)

from the children of man for deliverance in Christ, who, in bringing man to the consciousness of God, liberates him from the tyranny of mechanized living. Purpose as an explanation of life is the Divine therapy that bestows harmony. Perfect mental balance is attained in the supernatural.

Peter

Peter Maurin was the apostle of integrated life. He lived in the supernatural; the society he envisioned presupposed the supernatural. We achieve personality, we become free men as we manage our collective unconscious toward purposive and conscious life. Peter was a free man. He achieved to a remarkable degree the liberty of the Christian. When he returned somewhat to subliminal life there was still the gentleness and submission with which the supernatural had accustomed him. He was the same kind of failure that Christ was. That Gandhi was. Peter opposed Statism—it has increased. He opposed militarism—it has increased. He opposed intolerance—it is alarmingly prevalent. He opposed red-baiting—the Communists are now being dragged through the courts. He opposed capitalism—it is as dominant as ever. He died, as the Divine Jew died—a failure. And it is this failure we must present as the salvation of the world.

Peter died on the feast of St. John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the Christian Brothers, to whom he went to school. He died in the month dedicated to the Most Blessed Virgin. And Peter is eternal—there can be no end to his life as there is no end to ours. Science nor religion know nothing of annihilation. Neither of the body nor of that which gives life to the body. Peter is eternal.

## Lament for a Chief

(Continued from page 3)

of their families, not even acquainted with them, or who have ever seen their faces, who love them, for themselves and for their ideas and their lives.

There are tens of thousands living today who when they were hungry were fed because of Peter's efforts, and when they were naked, were clothed because of Peter and when they were homeless were harbored because of Peter.

He was an old man, dying alien and childless and a failure in the world's eyes, in a land not of his birth and yet the spiritual seed of the poor French peasant, flung random on a hostile and uncaring world bore fruit, and many were the sons of his spirit who wept at his coffin and who walked behind it to his grave.

There is no stone to mark his grave, but if there were, it could bear a memorable epitaph:

Peter Maurin

Because of Whom There is a Lay Apostolate

### HERE IS A BOOK—

AND HERE IS A QUOTATION FROM THE FOREWORD OF THE BOOK:

"SO, DEAR GOD, LET THIS BOOK PRAISE YOU, TOO, AND ALL THE WORK OF MY HANDS, WHETHER IT IS BREADBAKING OR WRITING. IT IS A WOMAN'S BOOK, AND I MAY REPEAT MYSELF, BUT MOTHERS ALWAYS DO THAT TO BE HEARD. I HAVE TALKED ABOUT MANY THINGS, AND MANY THINGS ARE IMPLIED. IT IS NOT A TRUE JOURNAL, BUT WRITTEN FROM MONTH TO MONTH IN THE MIDST OF MUCH TOL. BUT IT DEALS WITH THINGS OF CONCERN TO US ALL, THE FAMILY, THE HOME, HOW TO LIVE, WITH WHAT TO LIVE AND WHAT WE LIVE BY. THERE ARE ACCOUNTS OF NEW YORK, WEST VIRGINIA, PENNSYLVANIA . . . AND IT DEALS WITH THE HUMBLE PEOPLE OF THESE PLACES, AND THE THINGS THAT CONCERN THEM."

SO BEGINS A 175-PAGE STORY THAT WAS TOLD, IN PART, IN THE COLUMNS OF THIS PAPER, MADE EVEN MORE INTERESTING BY MUCH UNPUBLISHED WRITING. YOU MAY ORDER IT, FOR ONE DOLLAR, FROM CATHOLIC WORKER BOOKS, 115 MOTT ST., NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

## ON PILGRIMAGE

DOROTHY DAY'S STORY OF A YEAR

## PAX IXTI





## My Trip West

After an all night bus trip via Pittsburgh, I arrived late Tuesday afternoon at Mt. de Chantal Academy in Wheeling, West Va., which is run by the Visitation nuns. It was a joyful reunion for me with Sr. Mary de Chantal, Rita Papin, with whom I went to school. There is a group there very interested in Integrity and the Catholic Worker, and several of them plan to take a course at Grailville this summer.

I spoke to the girls on the subject of women and jobs, from the viewpoint that Peter always emphasized, that there is too much go-getting in the world and not enough go-giving, and "To give and not to have is what makes man human." And also from the viewpoint that Bob emphasized, "Let's have a lower standard of living and a higher standard of loving." The best job is usually the lowest paying job (aside from the whole question of the family wage). When you examine a prospective job carefully, to see whether it is one of those jobs "with blood on it," through the exploitation of our fellowman, through killing our fellowman in war, through the making of useless even harmful things, you will eliminate many jobs. The alternatives are voluntary poverty, "lower your standard of living and heighten your standard of loving," apprentice jobs towards the land, towards home-making, towards carpentry, shoe-making, in cooperatives, work with children, and the like.

The nuns were most hospitable and gracious. They have a farm and make their own butter, and it was a delight to my city palate.

Marie Baker, who is a graduate of Mt. de Chantal, drove me to her farm home that evening, since my bus did not leave until almost midnight. With her merry little two-year old niece, we went on a sight-seeing tour around Wheeling. The city is built on a number of abrupt hills, looking down on the Ohio River. Suddenly, as we rounded a hill, the picturesque view would be spoiled by the vision of a nest of smoke stacks belching smoke, set in railroad tracks winding around and criss-crossing a yard, ugly factories, a sense of a dark smudge on the landscape, Wheeling Steel, or some other industrial centre. We passed some coal mines, surrounded by broken down shacks on the hills, a rather long two-story brick building with gaping windowless windows. There were miners' families living there, Marie said.

There is a little Negro ghetto in Wheeling too, where an old woman had burnt to death the previous day. Shacks and ghettos, everywhere you find them. God's poor shoved out of sight in the derelict parts of our cities.

Marie's father and mother showed me their well-kept farm. The moonlight seemed to bathe us like milk under a West Virginia full moon.

### Strip Mining

They told me of the strip mining that is ruining much of West Va., Ohio, and other mining states. A machine scoops up vast shovelful of earth, leaving holes like bomb craters, and ruining the land as farm land for generations. All the people roundabout, they said, are indignant about this, but do not know how to do anything about it. Everybody knows that law is practically inaccessible to the poor man. In our times law has become an instrument in the hands of money to maneuver the poor man. Marie told me of a farmer who had a fine piece of bottom land about five acres surrounded by a U-shaped creek. His neighbor sold out to the Mining Co., who strip mined, with the result that the earth they scooped out filled up the creek, and deflected the stream through the middle of the land. They paid some slight indemnity or other, but the countryside is pitted and fruitless.

I was very much struck by Juenger's comment in "The Failure of Technology" (published by Henry Regner & Co., Hinsdale, Ill.), that what we so euphem-

istically call production nowadays is really consumption. The mines, the steel industry, the automotive industries, all industry, really consuming the products of the earth, and the very soil on which we depend for food, with a gnawing rapacity, so that, humanly speaking, famine is bound to result. Even though it may not be in our generation, we shall have to answer to God for it. Vast man-made deserts, dust bowls, the result of commercial farming, bring increasing barrenness to the face of the earth, and now strip mining.

As my bus went through, the night on the way to Grailville, a vast fire roared into the sky, like a plumber's torch magnified a thousand times. The Gulf Refinery burning waste, a passenger explained. A picture came into my mind of mothers nearby pacifying the floor, pacifying a baby terrified by this vision of hell, little children with its red glow reflected in their fearful eyes, tired workers trying to regain their strength for the next day's toil kept awake by the roar and the lurid glow of the fire.

As you go through the country, so many factories, so many mills are ablaze at night, and many are very noisy. Someone explained to me that the reason for this is that once the fires for smelting ore, etc., have been made, it does not pay to let them go out. So night shifts are very numerous. But if we really believed in the dignity of man, in the holiness of the family, and the need for the father of the family to share with the mother in the education of the children, to give his family companionship, we would see that the home is disrupted by the sort of eating and sleeping schedule which night work necessitates, and we would not permit it for any reason. It is part of the whole process by which man has become a tool for industry and for war, and all human and Christian values have been set aside. The Holy Father said that man has more and more come to be regarded as merely a tool for profit-making and for war.

And here I was on the night bus for Cincinnati. The driver, too, should have been home with his family! Peter Maurin always said that we should be personalists, applying our convictions first to our own lives, so I shall travel by day in the future, and call on the good friends who offer us hospitality through the country by night. Usually, as in the Irish rune, they have "food in the eating place, drink in the drinking place, and music in the listening place."

That was my experience when I arrived at Grailville. There was music in the listening place because I had been lucky enough to stop in on an evening of folk dancing. They are preparing for the summer courses, which promise a real vision of whole-hearted Christianity. The whole countryside is lush with May, and the birds and the silence alternated in delighting me.

The next day I visited Grace and Jim Rogan, and their little ones David and Judith. They are living in a remodeled country schoolhouse, and Grace has a good garden. Jim teaches school nearby. It was a joy to see the Hutzels too, with their two babies, Bernard and Peter. They said that all the babies go to Church on Sunday, and sometimes join their vocalizing with the Gregorian Chant. Dorothy told me that in Mexico the churches are full of babies.

### St. Louis

In St. Louis Saturday, and had a wonderful visit with Mignon McMenamy of "The Living Parish" and Pio Decimo Press. Certainly Msgr. Hellriegel's Holy Cross Parish, where we went to Mass, is a living parish. Either Holy Mass sung by the children or dialogue Mass every morning at eight. One of the boys reads the Epistle and Gospel in English while the priest is reading them at the altar in Latin. "The primary and indispensable source of the true Christian

(Continued on page 8)

## Life at Hard Labor

By A. HENNACY

"You Can't cheat an honest man." This saying of the late W. C. Fields was quoted to me by one of my day to day employers in discussing his predicament when he had a building erected by a Phoenix contractor and found that this contractor had not paid \$5,000 to subcontractors, so there were liens on his property when he came from the north to live in it. He found some property hidden away by this scoundrel and was able to come out even on the deal. The contractor was a professing Christian.

Thinking back over the employers for whom I have worked a sufficient length of time for me to know them; from the Ohio pottery in 1912 where I was told to sort small porcelain fixtures and put the good ones in a barrel for shipping and then was scolded because I didn't shovel them in without looking (This was when I belonged to the I.W.W.) to the orchards where I worked in the southwest where I was told to place the big apples on top and inferior ones beneath, each trade has snaky tricks peculiar to itself. Leo, the Yugoslav, would say that this was all caused by the capitalist system, and in a measure he is right, although I have a feeling that it will take something more positive than the changing of the system to uproot trickery from both worker and employer.

One of my employers who had himself played many tricks—and lost his fortune in a bank failure—told me that the dishonest and greedy man was the easiest to cheat, only you had to be one step ahead of him. An honest man was not looking for easy money. I had one honest employer. He was not a church member, but believed that it was foolish to build up a reputation of dishonesty. He told of the custom in the old days of Arizona, when in order to secure a homestead the rancher had to produce five witnesses who would swear that he had occupied his claim continuously for the required time to prove it. Most ranchers were away working on the railroad and had no immediate neighbors who ever saw them, so a group of men who were loafers and hangers-on around the court would swear for all and sundry who approached—for a monetary consideration. These were called "affidavit-men." And in later years to call a man an "affidavit man" was the worst insult. One of the most wealthy men of this valley based his fortune on staking any roustabout to a claim and then gathering in the claim for a few more bottles of liquor, when it had been legally acquired by the fraudulent homesteader.

### Broccoli

This vegetable comes as near to looking like a tree as you will find. Huge green leaves which, even in this dry country, always seem to be wet. Around Thanksgiving work commences on the broccoli. It is 4 to 5 ft. high and in between the big leaves the succulent broccoli shoots up. Scores of rubber boots and aprons are in the truck. The morning is cold, so I pick out what seems to be boots which are not for the same foot, and an apron, and go over to the fire to try them on. The frost is now off the leaves and two of us get on each side of a cart and two behind. Each armed with a big knife with which we cut the ripe shoots, which are discerned by their purple color. The right way to do is to keep going straight ahead and not turn around for then you will get wet from the leaves. Hands are cold at first and the feet never do really get warm. There was little stooping as in lettuce and the work was not hard, except for the coldness. By the time the field was covered it would be ready to be worked over again, for new shoots of broccoli came up constantly. As long as the price was good cutting continued, often

until March. I had broccoli for supper while I worked there. The workers were nearly all local Mexicans and a jolly crew to work with.

### On the Street

The week now before Christmas it rained for the first time in months, so I took several days to make copies of my tax statement and write to friends, for there was no work in any of the fields if it rained. Going home one evening from the date grove I was selling CATHOLIC WORKER'S while waiting for the bus. I had gone to a corner where I had never sold before. A young man bought a paper and asked if there was a Catholic Worker group in Phoenix. I replied that there was not, and that I was not a Catholic, but sold the paper because I thought it was the most Christian and the most revolutionary one printed. He was not a Catholic either but had met followers of that paper in Oakland, California. He wanted to know if there were any Tolstoians in this vicinity. I told him that I had not found any. He asked if there was not a Tolstoian, an Irishman who had come from New Mexico and who did not pay taxes—he couldn't remember his name. I wondered if the name was Hennacy. "That's the fellow," he exclaimed. He had read the CATHOLIC WORKER and CATHOLIC C.O. in CPS; had formerly been a Socialist leader but was now anarchistically inclined. He invited me to his home to meet his wife and children.

### Dates Again

Christmas morning was cloudy but no rain as yet so I picked the scattered dates on a few palms. Now in the afternoon it is raining slowly. Last night upon entering the store I met my colored boss of the cotton truck who asked if I was coming back to work when this rain was over. I told him I would meet him some morning at Lateral 20 as usual. I gave him a copy of the December CATHOLIC WORKER which told of my work with him. From about Dec. 10 to 20 was a busy time with the dates. My job was to pack the processed dates in pound containers and cover them with cellophane kept in place by a rubber band. If packed too far ahead they would dry out. These were shipped in special containers by customers who bought them for friends in the north and east. The best-eating dates were the ones which could not be shipped. They were brought as needed from the cold storage room. The nice dates you pay a good price for in the stores are generally processed with gas and are therefore not as pure as the ones which may appear wrinkled but have been processed with more natural heat.

"Nonsense, you can't 'catch cold' any more than you can 'catch hot,'" said my boss at the date grove when informed that a fellow worker had not come to work because he had "caught cold." (I do not know if this is in line with Tom Sullivan's ideas of treatment of a cold or not.) This boss is a vegetarian and the fine dinners which are my portion each noon I work here are something to write home about.

### Arizona's Only Absolutist C.O.

Several months ago a young man who had been picking fruit all summer in California knocked at my door one evening. He had grown a full beard and I did not know him at first. He had written four letters to President Truman as he had traveled in his work, saying that he was refusing to register and giving his home address in Phoenix. He said that thinking over the life and death of Gandhi had made him ashamed to do anything else than refuse to

register, although he had been exempt last time because of heart trouble and would likely be exempted this time if he registered. The day before I had visited a young Mexican in the county jail but was not allowed to see him as the only day for friends to call was a Wednesday. I sent up a note, candy, and a CATHOLIC WORKER for him. My bewhiskered friend, Joe Craigmyle, offered to visit him the next Wednesday. I could not leave some special work which I had promised to do on that day for a farmer.

Later in the week I saw that Joe had given himself up and was placed in the county jail in lieu of \$10,000 bail. The paper referred to him as a "draft evader." I wrote to the paper giving these definitions:

"evade—to get away from by artifice; to avoid by dexterity, subterfuge, address or ingenuity."

"resist—to stand against; to withstand; to stop; to obstruct; to strive against."

And I asked them why they did not call things by their right names, but of course they did not print it. I sent a copy to Joe by mail and in due time he received it. The next Wednesday I visited both Joe and the Mexican. The latter liked the CATHOLIC WORKER and said, if he had known that he was not alone and that there was a group of Catholics opposed to war he would have stuck. He asked for more "good Catholic papers." A patriot from the draft board came up and asked Joe to register rather than go to jail. He asked him how he would like to have the Russians come over and destroy his church. Joe replied that he was an anarchistic vegetarian and did not belong to any church that had a building so the Russians nor anyone else could not destroy his church or the truth which he believed. After much protest of pacifists in the south west Joe was released on \$500 bail. He at once put signs on his truck reading:

"GOD'S PASSIVE RESISTER TO WAR AND THE DRAFT SENT TO JAIL," and toured the town with his truck. A patriot saw him and called a cop, saying, "Arrest that man." The cop laughed and replied "This is a free country; have you never heard of the freedom of the press?"

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# THE POPE SPEAKS

## To the Craftsmen

Dear sons and daughters: From all over Italy you Christian representatives of the crafts have met in Rome for your first National Congress. As you gather before us here we sincerely bid you welcome.

In the last half-century, through force of circumstances, the church's social action has been chiefly though not wholly directed towards industrial workers, but this does not mean that the Church has lost anything of the interest and affection she has always felt for the small craftsman.

For this there are in the first place historical reasons; in the social order of times past, craftsmen and their guilds had a most beneficial function which lasted for centuries and included activities directly touching the Church. These guilds indeed were religious brotherhoods too, and performed tasks which are now the special concern of Catholic organizations.

But relations between the Church and the small craftsman—as between the Church and the small farmer—go deeper than this and are more fundamental. The Church wants some limit set to the dwarfing of man himself in these days through the emergence and dominance of the machine and the continued expansion of large-scale industry. Among small craftsmen, personal work, till now at least, has kept its full value. The craftsman transforms his raw material and carries through the whole of a work; to that work he is closely linked, and in it there is an ample field for his technical skill, his artistic capabilities, his good taste, his deftness and delicacy of touch in making things that, from his point of view, are greatly superior to impersonal and standardized mass-produced things. And therefore small craftsmen as a class are, one may say, a picked militia defending the dignity and personality of the workman.

Again, there is that unnatural struggle between employers and employed—how bitter it often is! From such strife as this the craftsman class has generally been kept free. Their small workshops very often retain a family character. Workmen and apprentices, under the guidance of the head man—the “master of his trade”—work harmoniously together to make the desired thing. Craftsmen, then, are a picked militia also for the renewal and prosperity of the national economy.

But as with all other works of civilization, so with this—the craftsman class cannot perform its social and cultural function unless it is permeated still by the spirit of Christ. The Cross must never

be taken down from your homes and workshops—it must be visible there as the sign of an ever-living faith and a holy fear of God. This faith, this fear must guide and direct your thoughts, words and deeds. Do not fail to have prayers together in your shop or working place, giving always thanks for all things to God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ (Eph. 5:20).

Dear sons and daughters, there are two heartfelt wishes we foster on your behalf. For a century and more, small craftsmen have had to struggle for their existence against powerful and invasive big industry, but they have shown staying-power and vigorous life. Even in the most industrialized parts, where great factories are thickest, craftsmen in the last decades have regained ground and may look to the future with auspicious assurance.

You are fighting now for the Christian character of your association. Should that character be lost, it would mean the quenching—and the powerlessness in national life—of the strong religious and moral forces that naturally belong to the class of Christian craftsmen. Never lose from sight how important and significant your activities are, and act with prudence indeed but also with firmness and pride and Christian courage.

In pledge of the superabundant grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who is over all things, God, blessed for ever (Rom. 9:5) and who followed himself a craftsman's trade; in token of the protection of your heavenly patron, St. Joseph, and the motherly love of Mary, his pure spouse: we freely bestow our blessing as Pope and Father on yourselves, your families, and your Association.

## My Trip West

(Continued from page 7)

spirit,” wrote the saintly Pius X, “is the active participation of the laity in the Sacred Mysteries and public solemn prayer of the Church.” Active participation of the laity. One felt the truth of those words in Holy Cross parish, and also what St. Catherine of Siena said, “All the way to heaven is heaven, for He said, I am the Way.” What a sense of true security too, of the Holy Ghost brooding over the Church, “with warm breast and, ah, bright wings,” as Gerard Manley Hopkins wrote. “And under his wings thou shalt be secure,” we say each night in the Church's night prayer, Compline.

The address of the Pio Decimo Press is Box 53, Baden Station, St. Louis 15, Mo.

On Sunday, the Benedictine Oblate group to which Mignon belongs, met at her house, Johnny Gabala, who helped us so much on several visits to Mott St., last year, was there. He is studying at St. Louis University. Also Frank Lakey with his fiancée Margaret Meers. Frank is a conscientious objector, and the group had a discussion on Pacifism, and also on the difference between Paradise and Heaven, and the manner in which the soul lives after death until the Last Judgment and the resurrection of our bodies. We had some fun going over the Benedictine rule, and were particularly taken with the rule which says that a monk should not sleep with his knife on, lest it injure him. St. Benedict thought of everything. The meeting finished with sung Vespers, and a beautiful redbird coming very near and reminding us of St. Francis' power over the birds, perched on a tree near the window and sang with us.

On Tuesday morning Bob Isaacson, just a month old as a child of God, is driving me out to Rhineland, and I am to have the joy and the privilege of a few weeks' visit with Ruth Ann Heaney and her six little ones.

Irene Mary Naughton

## To the Peasants

[Letter of Pope Pius XII for the 24th session of the Canadian “Social Weeks,” held at Rimouski, Canada. Addressed to the President of the organization, Father Joseph Archambault, S. J.]

The subject to be discussed at Rimouski is one of very real importance in which we cannot but take a vivid and fatherly interest. “Life on the land” is a matter deserving special concern and consideration, though too often our sociologists and politicians tend to turn their minds instead to the problems raised by the concentrations of large-scale industry. These latter problems have indeed an urgency and acuteness which we are far from questioning, but haec oportuit facere et illa non omitttere, it was right to heed the one, wrong not to heed the other (Matt. 23:23). Hence we believe that the social discussions at Rimouski will do good and useful work by presenting the fundamental problem of the land with its rightful emphasis and in all its actuality.

There can be no disguising that one cause of the unbalance and indeed the general confusion that has overtaken the social economy of the world and with it our civilization and culture as a whole—one cause is undoubtedly the lamentable distaste, if not the contempt, felt for life on the land and its many-sided and essential activities. Yet history surely teaches us—in particular by the fall of the Roman Empire—to see in such an attitude the herald of a civilization's decline. And it is significant that we hear sent up from the heavily industrialized regions an appeal that sounds like a cry of distress—an appeal to the countryside for the bringing up of a peasant population that shall be healthy, strong, deeply and intelligently Christian, acting as an impenetrable barrier against the rising flood of physical and moral degeneracy will spend itself in vain.

Your first concern, of course, will be with the moral and religious side of the question. And one cannot repeat too often that work on the land makes naturally for well-being both physical and moral. Nothing so invigorates body and soul as this healthful contact with nature—nature fresh from the hands of the Creator. There is no deception about the land; it is innocent of the whims, the false glamour, the feverish and meretricious lure of predatory towns (villes tentaculaires). The stability of the land, its steady well-ordered course, the patient majesty of its seasonal rhythms, are so many reflections of the divine attributes.

But your interest will also be engaged by the economic and technical side of the problem of the land, in so far as it touches the common good and social justice. You will be considering—and rightly so—improvements in pleasant life through rational organization—both of farming methods, so that more may be produced, and of selling methods, so that a fair profit may be made. In this time of all but world-wide scarcity it is not a matter of indifference that a higher yield from the land, an increased output of farm produce should help to ease the burdens now lying so heavy on whole continents brought to distress by our late calamities. It is no less needful to set going social activities that will watch over the rightful interest, the material and moral progress, the security and the future of the peasant class. This should help not merely to stem the pernicious flight from the countryside, but to make all who work on the land better aware of their function, prouder of the dignity of their life and mission and the grandeur and holiness of their task.

## What Price Pacifism?

No one can be a true Christian pacifist until he has embraced certain basic, spiritual truths (virtue is its own reward), and set about sincerely to incorporate these into his daily living. He may be far from perfect, but he has taken a path which, even from the beginning, opens new vistas ahead. Henceforth, his thinking on war will have clarified, its theology will be understood, and the great law of love will appear in new light, with all its beauty and magnificence.

At the outset, such a one realizes what it means to be a Christian—that by Holy Baptism he has been elevated to the life of God, the supernatural life. This truth defies description, for who can fathom a mystery whereby mere humans are divinized? Yet by meditating in his heart, such a one becomes so impressed by this truth that he experiences a sort of second conversion; he sees a vision. Then he knows that he can no longer act as a mere human but that all his life's activities, down to the minutest detail, must harmonize with the demands of his elevated status as a Christian. He cannot now perform mere natural actions, or pursue pleasure for its own sake, or be enamored of the world; for such conduct is opposed to the love and homage due the Most High God. Love, then, with all its exacting implications, unfolds itself unto his innermost soul. Detachment from creatures, abandonment to Will of God, love of the poor, the down-trodden, the persecuted, zeal for the works of mercy, these keep love aglow.

Habitual preoccupation with these truths make for the formation of what is called a Christian mentality. The individual now,

far from thinking, acting, judging, with the world, thinks with the Spouse of Christ, the Church, and with the saints, always mindful of St. Paul's words: “I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me.”

Gradually, then, yet effectively, the vulgar concept of war, its alleged inevitability, necessity, justice, gives way to the power of the weapons of the spirit and the dynamism of the meekness of Jesus. The utter folly of so much bloodshed asserts itself inexorably; the conviction arises that the religion of Jesus, given at the price of His Blood, once having been tried, can withstand the assaults of any enemy, carnal or spiritual, nay, can even convert him!

Light succeeds light. The traditional stumbling blocks to all out Christian pacifism vanish as smoke. Now one perceives that the wars of the Bible, fought by the command of God in the Old Dispensation, are no argument for war in the New Law. The great Christian battles and crusades, led by saints, ratified by popes, and in a few instances, it seems, by Heaven itself, cannot be adduced to justify twentieth century massacres. Present day warfare has assumed its own proportions; it has created a moral problem peculiar to this our age. Instigated by imperialistic greed, and carried on with demoniacal weapons, war as we know it can never accord with the Gospel of Jesus.

Verily Christianity has never been tried. In practice, we Catholics attribute more power for good to the atom bomb than to the dear virtues of our Christian calling.

FR. ROBERT A. BROWN,  
S.S. Mary and Elizabeth Hospital,  
Louisville 10, Kentucky.

## BOOK REVIEW

**IMMORTAL DIAMOND: Studies in Gerard Manley Hopkins.** Edited by Norman Weyand, S.J. Sheed & Ward, \$5.00.

If the Distributist-Agrarian movement has a poet to set alongside the prose prophecies of Cobbett, Chesterton and Gill, he is surely Gerard Manley Hopkins. The poet who found God in “the especial rural scene,” who was delighted with country pleasures and the rural proletariat (“Harry Ploughman,” “Felix Randal, the Farrier,” “Richard, the Shepherd”) and “all trades, their gear and tackle and trim” was no country excursionist. He knew the back-breaking work that “makes plough down sillion shine,” and the pride of the craftsman at his “random grim forge, powerful amidst peers.” His country characters are four-dimensional, not the saccharine caricatures of Wordsworth, as his nature observations are acute. For him Nature was charged with the grandeur of God, not the pantheistic reflection of the city-dweller on a country hike in the Lake District.

At the same time, he was one of the first to realize in his poetry the soul-destroying impact of the Industrial revolution:

“Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade;  
bleared, smeared with toil;  
And wears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel,  
being shod.”

He compares the caged skylark to modern man “in drudgery, day-labouring-out life's age”—

“Yet both droop deadly sometimes  
in their cells

Or wring their barriers in bursts  
of fear or rage.”

And speaking of the Sea and The Skylark

“How these two shame this shallow  
and frail town!

How ring right out our sordid  
turbid time,

Being pure! We, life's pride and  
cared-for crown,

Have lost that charm and cheer of  
earth's past prime:

Our make and making break, are  
breaking, down

To man's last dust, drain fast  
towards man's first slime.”

In only one poem does he touch specifically on the poverty and hunger inherent in the System (although he deals with it obliquely in *The Wreck of the Deutschland* and *The Loss of the Eurydice*): in *Tom's Garland: Union the Unemployed*. In a letter to Robert Bridges in explanation of the poem he writes: “But presently I remember that this is all very well for those who are in, however low in, the Commonwealth and share in any way the common weal; but that the curse of our times is that many do not share it, that they are outcasts from it and have neither security nor splendor; that they share care with the high and obscurity with the low, but wealth or comfort with neither.” Hence—“This, by Despair, bred Hangdog dull; by Rage, Manwolf worse; and their packs infest the age.”

*Immortal Diamond*, which is within its limitations an admirable book and one which will increase the understanding and appreciation of Hopkins, fails to deal with this poem, or to mention Hopkins' revulsion against the town. It is nevertheless very well-worth reading if only in its rescue at the hands of its 11 contributors (all Jesuit priests as Hopkins was) of the poet from the previous picture of him as “a frustrated voluptuary, a genius blasted by asceticism, a soured and disappointed man.” Perhaps in doing so they have over-compensated and underplayed Hopkins' world-weariness and distress at the shapes into which the Industrial System twists God's Creatures

“loves worstliest, were all known;  
“World's loveliest—men's selves.”

DONALD DEMAREST

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