

ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY LIBRARY
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

CLARA GLENN
1013 HALL ST
ST PAUL 7 MINN

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XXII No. 10

May, 1956

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c

ST. MEINRAD
LIBRARY OF
ARCHABNEY
INDIANA



FEICHENBERG

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT
PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:
CHARLES McCORMACK ROBERT STEED AMMON HENNACY
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-9180

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one
hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879



May Day—1956

Recognizing May Day as a workers' feast day, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, last year designated May first as the feast of St. Joseph, the Workman, and for many reasons we are delighted to celebrate this feast from now on. We used to think of May Day as our old radical holiday; the anniversary of the first issue of the Catholic Worker to appear on the streets of New York in 1933; the beginning of Mary's month, when little children walked in procession dressed in white veils, laden with flowers, crowning our Lady, Queen of the May. A joyful time, a time when winter is over and gone and the buds are bursting out on all the trees, the spring peepers are heard down by the brook at the Staten Island farm and there is promise of warmth in the air. May is also Peter Maurin's month, not only because he is responsible for The Catholic Worker movement but also because he died on May 15. He fought the good fight and gave everything to God, body, soul and mind and now he is in the company of our Lady, and St. Joseph and St. Therese and St. Francis and celebrating May Day with them. Oh, the joyful doctrine of the communion of saints!

Peter Maurin was born in May and died on May 15th, 1949 and we hope many of our readers will remember him in their prayers. It is the best way for all of us to pay the enormous debt of gratitude we owe him for the work which he gave us to do. He set us on a particular path, outlined a particular program, built up a theory of revolution which will last us as a guide for the rest of our lives. Truly Peter was a man who walked with God, who practiced the presence of God, who prayed without ceasing, who never uttered an idle word, who never judged others, who lived a life of utter poverty on the Skid Rows of our country, who practiced the works of mercy at a personal sacrifice, and yet his whole stress was on the primacy of the spiritual. Poverty to him meant freedom, and he rejoiced in giving away his coat, his bed, his food because it left him freer for the spiritual work of mercy, enlightening the ignorant. Strangely enough, our attempts to put into practice his teaching worked out quite differently for us. When we gave away clothes, furniture, food and lodging, when we made St. Joseph the household patron, he took care of things so that we were kept on that level. He sent us goods to distribute, property to administer, food and shelter for our brothers in Christ who came to us. There was not much room for pride of intellect in us when we are so busy running houses of hospitality and farms, and doing it so badly too. The work itself clarifies Peter's teaching. St. Joseph never fails. He always answers petitions. He found homes for the Blessed Mother and Child, protected them in exile, worked for them with all the strength of young and vigorous manhood. He was a man, and a saint, and we who believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting, can go to him now today in thanksgiving and joy and ask him for the same abundance of spiritual favors that he has granted us materially. In our recent difficulties the press was kind to us of course and so was Judge Nichol in an upside down kind of way. But it was St. Joseph who provided the wherewithal to keep our House of Hospitality and Catholic Worker headquarters going. We thank him, and thank God for giving him to us.

D. D.

The Daily Worker

There has been much bitter criticism of our stand with regard to the Daily Worker incident; it has either been considered as stupid or malicious cooperation with the Communist Party. People say that we criticize the Franco regime but say nothing about the crimes of the Soviet Union. The truth of the matter is that it is a far greater crime for a regime whose members profess to be Catholics to commit these crimes than for a professed atheist to do so. But to hold this position does not mean in any sense that we experience anything less than horror at the crimes of the Stalinists and this week Life magazine published an article by a former high ranking NKVD officer which reveals, if it is true, the ghastliest chapter yet, the career of Joseph Stalin.

Our protest at the attempt to shut down the Daily Worker did not mean that we approve of their position (indeed we are mystified that anyone could think this) but was aimed at the fascist techniques of the United States government. In this country it is the Democratic and the Republican regimes which are the enemies of the working class and not the Communists simply because the Communists have no political power and very little ideological power. But the main point is that we should love the fascist and totalitarian whether he is a professed Christian or a professed atheist. And if we approach the sacraments without this love then we are worse than either one. This is what we were trying to say.

R. S.

Chrystie Street

Last Friday night we had an overflow crowd for our weekly lecture and since the speaker was decided on only a few days before and was not announced I am sure many were surprised to find out that he was a former editor and writer of this column, Tom Sullivan.

As most of our readers know Tom has been a Trappist for the past nine months. He has had to give up his vocation to the religious life for a time in order to look after his father who is ill. He explained the contemplative life and vocation, their daily duties and their prayer life and defended their vocation against the opinions of those who think that contemplatives are leading a selfish life. Tom is living up in Yonkers with his father.

Beth Roger's aunt died a few days ago and Beth has gone to Cleveland for a short time to attend the funeral. Since Beth was the only one at Peter Maurin Farm who knew how to drive an automobile Al Gullion went out from Chrystie St. to drive people to Mass. This week there have been quite a few friends at the farm, Joe Fratelli, who spent eight months working at Maryfarm, George Carlin, who has written for the paper, Jim Shaw, an old friend of Dorothy's and our new helper here in the city, Frances Ferguson. Stanley Vjshnevsky and Jordan Heday came into town yesterday from the farm. Stanley brought us a stack of cards he had printed which we use to write thank-you-notes to our benefactors and then he went on his monthly tour of the second hand book stores along Fourth Av. You can find very good books there sometimes for almost nothing.

We want to take this opportunity to thank all of our friends who responded so generously to our appeal for clothes. The clothes room is so full now that Roger can hardly get in and out and the same can be said for the little closet where Anabelle stores the women's clothes. The line for men's clothes that forms at ten each morning is not so long now that the weather has taken a turn for the warmer. You really sense that Spring is here now that the big, floor to ceiling windows in the office are open to let in the warm fresh air and a new coat of paint has been applied to the sign outside on the porch over the statue of St. Joseph.

Duffy had hardly gone to his dog's reward when the fellows in the kitchen got a new one, a small brown and white beast who never misses an opportunity to snap at our trouser's leg. He generally keeps things in an uproar at the dinner table chasing one of the three cats around under the table or jumping up unexpectedly into someone's lap but he spreads a lot of cheer around the house too on those dreary, rain filled days.

Everyone was elated to hear from Mrs. Elizabeth Mayer, our good friend, who has found a publisher for the Ger-

(Continued on page 8)

In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

The sprinkler system was tested and a few of the outlets that leaked were tightened. Dorothy was in court and we are given two months to complete the fireproofing and are going ahead with it. As of today (April 21) \$27,235.50 has been donated for the Fund. One Puerto Rican reader noticed that no contribution had come from that vicinity and sent us a donation. A lady had never previously worked on Good Friday but had to do so this year, so she sent us the money she earned on that day. A lady in the deep south sent us the milk check due that week. Another lady found some old dividend checks and a refund from a mail order company and sent the three checks to us. Three more Bishops sent contributions. The article by Donald MacDonald in the Davenport MESSENGER about us has brought much response.

Practical Christianity

Several readers have asked me to write something for the May Day issue on the practicality of Christianity and the Sermon on the Mount upon which we base our activity. Anyone who reads the 5th, 6th and 7th chapters of Matthew prayerfully and then reads the daily papers must recognize the great discrepancy between what we as a Christian nation are doing and what we are supposed to do. Likewise in the Missal nearly every day we read of martyrs who refused to put even a pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar. On April 14 we learn of the brothers Saints Tiburtius and Valerian who showed such fortitude when executed that their executioner Maximus became a Christian at once and was also killed. We read on March 10 of the Forty Holy Martyrs who were tortured, and finally their execution was set on a frozen pond where they waited their turn naked. One of their number weakened and a guard took his place making his conversion a baptism of blood indeed. The coming atomic tests now scheduled for May 8 and the air raid drill for July 20 are a challenge to all Christians. We intend to demonstrate against this "pinch of incense on the altar to Caesar." This with our non payment of income taxes for war and a refusal to be a part of the war system is positive evidence that we are trying to understand and practice the Sermon on the Mount.

The argument that the idealist hears from the opportunist is that we are not practical. I submit that our program of the one-man-revolution is the most practical of all. Others who believe in bullets and ballots must gain a majority before they can begin to practice their beliefs and thus postpone indefinitely anything but conversation about their views. We do not need to wait upon others for we have succeeded about 90% from this exploitative system and are already practicing our ideals.

Word comes from the Committee

for Justice to Puerto Ricans that Don Pedro Albizu Campos, a practicing Catholic, and President of the Nationalist Party there, who has been in solitary for the past two years in the Insular Penitentiary, suffered an attack of cerebral thrombosis in the latter part of February resulting in partial paralysis. He has now improved and is now in the Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan. It is felt that a return to solitary will be fatal to him. Appeals to President Eisenhower on his behalf should be made by those interested. I accompanied A. J. Muste and Julius Elchel to Washington in September 1953 in protest against the torture of Albizu Campos in solitary, and through other protests also he was released, only to be imprisoned later at the time of the Congressional shooting in 1954, with which he could not have had any possible connection.

The subterfuge by which the Government persecutes union organizers, radicals and pacifists on technical violations such as incorrect passports, tax reports, refusal to be informers, etc. is proven again in the case of Paul A. Brown of Minneapolis and Milwaukee who is now out on \$7,500 bail, after spending 450 days in jail on a technicality involving the changing of his name, which is o.k. in Wisconsin, but must be done by the court in Minnesota. Brown visited our office the other day and explained that his being a Communist organizer in Minneapolis is the cause of his persecution by the Police. His trial comes up in Milwaukee before Judge Steffes May 7. In taking away the social security and old age pension of employees of the Communist Party and DAILY WORKER the Government has reached a new low in petty thievery unworthy of any Government.

Meetings

Mrs. Kitty Shenk, a pacifist in Lancaster, Pa., had read my book and had organized several meetings for me there. The first one was at Sacred Heart Academy, a girls high school, where they crowded around for an hour and a half after my talk asking questions. The Sisters had been stressing the necessity of the individual to think and act as responsible individuals and so had prepared the way for my one-man-revolution message.

David Dunn, Dean at the Evangelical and Reformed Seminary, whose brother I had known as a conscientious objector in Leavenworth in World War I, introduced me to a Fellowship of Reconciliation meeting there which was well attended. The morning INTELLIGENCER JOURNAL had a headline reading: "Anarchist, Fascist, Bewilders," ending a column and a half with the assertion that I had made the audience think to a remarkable degree.

The next afternoon I spoke to St. Joseph Academy, a girls school, (Continued on page 3)

God and Mammon



ESUS said to His disciples: No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will sustain the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more

than the meat, and the body more than the raiment? Behold the birds of the air; for they neither sow nor do they reap, nor gather into barns, and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are you not of much more value than they? Be not solicitous therefore, for your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and His justice and all these things shall be added unto you. (Gospel of St. Matthew, Chapter the 6th).

CAPITALISM

It is capitalism, vicious, corrupt and inhuman which separates God from man, which enervates the worker by the terrible struggle for everyday goods so that he enters the state of marriage depressed, almost unable to observe the divine precepts of domestic life. It is capitalism, so opposed to the order of nature and the order of God's will, that the Church condemns and always will condemn. (Archbishop Desranleau).

This way of life, already contrary to nature in its very origin, only maintains itself by a series of abuses which include "the domination of gigantic enterprise in the economic order and the prevalence of an uncontrolled spirit of expansion in the political order, all without the least concern for morality. (Pope Pius XII).

PROGRESS IN EAST HARLEM

By EILEEN FANTINO

A new city hospital has opened on 97th Street and First Avenue which is the medical center for our neighborhood. It's a beautiful white modern building with large clear windows, sharply contrasting the slum areas near it. We've been there often and still marvel at its spacious and cheerful atmosphere. Hospitals are important and we are all sensitive to their faults. Often we have a tendency to emphasize the long lines waiting at emergency and clinic centers, the occasional gruff inconsiderate nurse or curt unsympathetic doctor.

Hospital employees are among the lowest paid in the city, are not organized in a labor union because of pressures from the hospitals and public opinion. The work is hard and often emotionally as well as physically exhausting, the hospital understaffed, and courtesy might seem an added strain after long hours of such work.

One of our neighbors was admitted to the new hospital after an epilepsy attack. She spent 12 days in a sunny, six-bed ward with constant care from the nurses and doctors. When we went to see her she never neglected to tell us how good the staff was to her and what acts of kindness had helped her to make her stay a real tonic. It's a sign of health in our community that progress is being made in medical care for the poor and that home relief cases can get good medical care at no expense and with a minimum of humiliation.

Recently a four year old girl who lived upstairs from us died of spinal meningitis in the same hospital. The doctor who took care of her called in several specialists and they made every attempt to pull her through. They failed; however, the child's family knew that she received all the help medi-

ST. COSMAS & DAMIAN



cal science had to offer, again at no cost to them. The only jarring bit of routine in the case was the telegram which the mother received telling of her death. It was delivered "collect." As the mother trembled at the door, knowing that the telegram could tell her whether or not her daughter would survive the disease, she begged the Western Union messenger to allow her to read the telegram before she went for the money. He refused, "Give me the money and I'll give you the telegram." As I understand it a hospital usually advises close relatives of a death by sending them a message or calling them saying that the patient is critical, and when they arrive at the hospital and medical care is available in case of severe shock, they are told the patient has died.

In the city hospitals when a patient dies a telegram goes out, "Collect." This seems a cruel and expensive saving. If the reason behind it is to assure delivery they can be signed for or some other solution can be found so that people don't have to "bargain" or be delayed in receiving a message like that.

The clinic operation at the new hospital is smooth although waiting is sometimes long and tedious. The doctors are friendly and concerned as well as efficient. Pleasant, light, well laid out surroundings take much of the strain from the patients. Waiting with some of the children in Surgery and Pediatrics, and expectant mothers in the Pre-Natal Clinic, we saw the usual hospital scenes, young faces showing signs of pain and fear, bandaged heads and feet, an expectant

The Little Flower In Russian

Reviewed by Helene Iswolsky
Just another miracle of Saint Theresa of Lisieux: "The Story of a Soul," translated in so many languages already, is now presented in Russian. All translations, however good, are not necessarily a miracle. But in the case of a Russian version, there were so many, almost unsurmountable difficulties. In Soviet Russia, the publication of Saint Theresa's life-story would be simply impossible. As to countries outside Russia,

there were many technical obstacles. Russian refugees, living in these free countries mostly belong to the Russian-Orthodox faith, which venerates its own Eastern saints, and knows but little about the Western ones. Some of these Russians in exile are Catholics, and have taken "The Little Flower" to their hearts. But they can read French, or English, or other languages in which the Saint Theresa story had been published. And yet, a Russian translation of this

story became imperative. Why? Because we have now with us the Russian D.P. and escapee readers, who have not as yet mastered a foreign language, and who—whether Orthodox or Catholic, or even perhaps, unbelievers, do want to know something about this great saint. But even more important, no doubt, is to have this great saint's autobiography made ready to be brought to Russia. This can happen any time: today? tomorrow? In a year or two, or later? How can we tell when time is ripe? But the word "never" is not in Saint Theresa's vocabulary. And so, Saint Theresa found the ways and means to have this Russian version prepared in good time. And she likes her work to be perfect. So she found an admirable translator (anonymous), a linguist who rendered in fluent Russian the style of a typically French saint.

Next, Saint Theresa found the man to write the preface for this translation: V. N. Ilyine, a Russian scholar and religious writer, deeply attached to his own Eastern Christian tradition. Mr. Ilyine explains in his excellent preface what are the spiritual trends which the Russian reader will in particular value in "The Story of a Soul." He describes the Little Flower as a "Western Saint," and he points out at the same time that regarding its profound essence, Eastern and Western sanctity has very much in common. And what is this similarity made of? Not of methods of prayer, asceticism, spiritual direction, forms of worship, which may vary. There is infinitely more in sanctity than all this: it is what actually happened to these men and women who were called. Mr. Ilyine tells us, that the saints all the world over are kindled with the fires of the Burning Bush. They are "taken out" of themselves, "ravished" from their ordinary environment by the Holy Spirit. This is why we should approach saints with fear and trembling; not with vain curiosity, psychology tests and questionnaires. This is a good warning to those who treat their favorite saints with familiarity, as casual acquaintances, or place them under the microscope of scientific research.

The spirit of reverence is required in our relations with the saints. Now this reverential attitude is very typical of Eastern piety; even today in Russia, in spite of almost four decades of godless propaganda, sanctity is preserved and exalted in shrines, and relics, and icons, attracting devout crowds. This spirit of reverence will open the gates of St. Theresa's inner sanctum to the Russian reader; like Moses he will say, beholding from afar the burning bush: "I will go and see this great sight." But this is not all. Mr. Ilyine reminds us, that Saint Theresa's particular message in our days is her spiritual infancy. She is so great, because she is so little, as little as the Infant Jesus whose name she added to her own. This too, the Russian reader will readily understand. "Littleness," simplicity, humility, all these are attributes of Russian sanctity. Let us recall Dostoyevsky's words: "Humility is a terrible force." All Russian saints practiced humility, and chose the "little way," which Saint Theresa followed. Saint Theodosius of Kiev, Saint Sergius of Radonezh, were humbled and despised even when they were abbots of their respective communities. And Mr. Ilyine recalls that Saint Seraphim, one of Russia's most venerated saints, spoke of himself as "an infant." We know that Saint Theresa longed to serve Christ far from her native France, in foreign countries. But her health was so fragile she could not leave the Lisieux Carmel. Now, after her death, the Holy See has chosen her to protect Russia. So, reading her life-story, retold in my native tongue, it seems quite natural to me, or super-natural, that she wishes now to speak to my own people.

IN THE MARKET PLACE

(Continued from page 2)
run by the Sisters of the Precious Blood, on the Hopi Indians, relating also about the CW. Some of the girls were from Mexico and South America and were especially interested in the subject.

Then I spoke to the nuns at the Catholic High School in York. The York daily had reported my Lancaster meeting with the headline: "A-Bomb is Viewed as One Great Sin," with a column and a half of good factual reporting. Barbara Sheffler, our young CW nurse friend of York had planned the meeting. Vincent Tortora, who has written articles for the CW, who lives in Lancaster, had driven me to York and back. I slept these nights at the home of Dr. Williams, a Quaker, whose 100 year old big house always had several bed rooms open for strangers. His small daughter Ellen went to mass with me mornings.

The Amish

The Amish are an off-shoot of the Mennonites from the 18th century and the Palatinate in Europe led by Jakob Ammon. For over 150 years they have developed the farm land here until it is the most valuable in the country. I noticed on a sign board the ad of an auto dealer whose first name was Ammon. This is a name common also among the Mormon's in the west.

Vincent took me through the "House" Amish country where over the rolling fields I saw the Amish farmers plowing and harrowing with horses and mules. You know the "House" Amish because they had windmills and no wires of telephone or electricity, and no tractors in the yard. They are called "House" Amish because they have prayer meetings and services in their homes instead of in churches, like the "Church" Amish who have churches and use tractors and automobiles. They are called "the hook and eye" Amish because they use no buttons and are very strict. They vote and pay taxes and are allowed by the Government to stay and work on their farms instead of going to war. To them the outside world is called "Gay," much as the Mormons call all others Gentiles. Their children are taught in parochial schools or in public one-room schools where the teacher

is sympathetic and where all the children are Amish.

Vincent took me to one such school where he knew the teacher and children. I played some Hopi records and told them Hopi stories. The girls in their blue dresses on one side of the room and the boys in their broad hats and long cut hair on the other side listened with bright faces to my talk. Lunch time came and the older girls crowded around Vincent asking him to bat on their side in the ball game outside. He knocked a homer. These sweet children of course reminded me of the Molokans I had known near Phoenix, the Doukhobors I had visited in British Columbia, and the Hutterites in Montana in their unspoiled attitude toward life; all being of the pacifist tradition, and all of the Green Revolution.

There are 10,000 Amish around Lancaster; none of them need sign a note for they are absolutely honest in business; some put money in banks and others do not. This is in contrast to the "David Harum" snaky business dealings said to be practiced by other pacifist groups. The Amish have very little heart trouble or tuberculosis. They do not carry insurance, and if a building burns all the Amish get together and have a "be" and the new building is up in a few days. They do not live in town or carry on any business. Dairying and chicken raising occupy them for long hours each day. Their land grows in value for they use only natural manure from cattle and horses and no commercial fertilizers, hence their land is never worn out but grows deeper top soil as generation after generation of these old-country Christians continue their culture in our atomic age. The Amish do not go to court under any circumstance. If any one steals from them they do not report it to the police. Vincent told me of cases where outsiders had been caught stealing from the Amish and the Judge doubled the penalty.

I was permitted again to visit my friend at the Eastern Penitentiary in Philadelphia. He was in good spirits and has been spending his time studying history. I plan to visit him about once a month if possible.

mother in the last stages of labor being flown across the aisle of the Pre-Natal Clinic in a wheel chair with a frantic nurse shouting for a passage to be cleared. I still wonder if they made it to a delivery room.

Scores of Puerto Rican mothers waiting their turns for scheduled examinations are assured of a safe birth by the excellent pre-natal care the hospital offers. When we think of the hundreds of infants who die in Puerto Rico because of disease and the lack of precautions in the care of expectant mothers we appreciate things like the chest X-rays, blood typing in case of unforeseen complications, tests for negative RH factor, examinations to detect kidney infection or other common pregnancy complications, dietary instructions to enable them to bring a sound life into the world and give it a better chance for a normal life. If this care were available to all the poor of Puerto Rico and the poor throughout the world we would have gone a long way towards having a society that has regard for the sanctity of life. Watching the Negro mother too, we picture the segregated hospitals of our South where care is inferior and many times out of reach to the non-"white" population.

This new hospital gives us hope. There is an interracial staff eager to work to alleviate the suffering around them. A block away there are overcrowded slums. There the poor are weighed down by the same economic and spiritual problems as before, but now there is less fear of sudden illness and isolation because help is closer, more receptive and more able to dispense the medical care and consolation that is needed.

FOR A NEW ORDER

An Easy Essay
By
PETER MAURIN



THE AGE OF REASON

1. In the seventeenth century a Frenchman by the name of Descartes discarded Thomistic philosophy and formulated a philosophy of his own.
2. St. Thomas' philosophy starts with Aristotle and helps the reason to accept revelation.
3. For St. Thomas Aquinas reason is the handmaid of faith; not so for Descartes.
4. The eighteenth century became known as the age of enlightenment or the age of reason.
5. An American by the name of Thomas Paine wrote a book entitled: "The Age of Reason."



THE AGE OF TREASON

1. The use of reason was discarded by the intellectuals of the nineteenth century.
2. Romanticism, positivism, pragmatism, one after another became the fashion in the nineteenth century.
3. In a book entitled: "The Treason of the Intellectuals" Julien Benda, a French Jew, says the intellectuals gave up the search for truth and consented to become the paid propagandists of nationalists as well as capitalists.
4. So the age of reason of the eighteenth century was followed by the age of treason of the nineteenth century.



THE AGE OF CHAOS

1. And we are now in the age of chaos.
2. In an age of chaos people look for a new order.
3. What makes for chaos is lack of order.
4. Because people are becoming aware of this lack of order they would like to be able to create order out of chaos.
5. The time to create order out of chaos is now.
6. The germ of the present was in the past, and the germ of the future is in the present.
7. The thing to do is to give up old tricks and start to play new tricks.



THE AGE OF ORDER

1. If we make the right decisions in the age of chaos the effect of those decisions will be a better order.
 2. The new order brought about
 3. The thing to do right now is to create a new society within the shell of the old, with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.
- by right decisions will be functional, not acquisitive; personalist, not socialist; communitarian, not collectivist; organicist, not mechanistic.

Weaving

THE ART AND CRAFT OF HAND WEAVING by Lili Blumenau, published by Crown Publishers, 419 Fourth Ave. New York City 16. \$2.95. Reviewed by Dorothy Day.

Lili Blumenau is familiar to some of the Catholic Workers since she made a retreat with us some years ago at Easton, Pa. and in the ten years since then has taught three or four of our number the fundamentals of weaving. She has a studio on Tenth Street, off Fourth Avenue, and she is an instructor in weaving at Teachers' College, Columbia University, and the Fashion Institute of Technology. This book she has written tells of the evolution of spinning and weaving from thousands of years before Christ, and there are beautiful illustrations of basket weaving, Egyptian spinning implements, wall paintings of spinners and weavers in Egypt down to present day photographs of girdle looms among the Indians of Guatemala. One illustration is of a Coptic child's tunic of natural linen, plain weave, decorated with tapestry woven motifs in bright colors, which dates from the fifth century. This tunic is in Cooper Union Museum not far from the Catholic Worker and I must certainly go to see it. It is very like the baptismal robes some of our friends are making today. There are not only pictures of every kind of loom and tool but a clear explanation of their uses. There is one section of the book given to design. At the end, a buyers' guide for looms and accessories, yarns and a very good bibliography and index.

Every one who has come to Peter Maurin Farm has been very much interested in our loom and spinning wheels, one from the Hutterites of Montana, one from French Canada and two from India. We are also, Tamar and Susie and I, familiarizing ourselves with the spindle, that small wooden stick with a round wheel which is the earliest of spinning implements and has been made of stone, metal or wood. By twirling this stick Tamar has been able to make very even thread from wool and flax. The children are beginning a scrap book of pictures of sheep, their sheering, the carding, washing, spinning and weaving of wool and it is a fascinating compilation which takes in discussion of village industries in India and in Israel, and the latest, today, a picture of a loom clipped from the Catholic Charities Drive folder. You hear a great deal about these crafts in jails and veterans' hospitals and mental hospitals. "After the horse is stolen the barn door is locked." We need to use our hands, to develop skills, to rediscover the sacramentality of things. To whittle, to knit, to crochet, to mould in clay, to weave, to darn or mend also,—all of these are the quiet occupations which make for Peace. Besides, as Peter Maurin used to say, men make their millions by the machine and spend them for hand made articles, rugs, drapes, tapestries, linens, clothing.

One of our friends who made a retreat with us, who

was not at all satisfied with her office and clerical work, began to learn to weave with Lili Blumenau and became so proficient that she was able to design and weave samples for manufacturers (all of which work can be done in the home on a small loom) so that perhaps she will one day attain to rural living and have her own sheep and produce her own wool.

Lauren Ford, the artist, of Sheep Fold, Bethlehem, Connecticut, every year has given us fleeces of wool which we have washed, dyed, teased, carded, spun and woven and sometimes knit into various garments. And we are only beginners, who do this in odd moments with visitors and friends.

Do get the book and start to weave your own drapes, couch covers, towels, scarves and hand bags.

CULT :: CULTIV

THOMAS MERTON

THE LIVING BREAD by Thomas Merton. Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy, New York. 1956. 157 pages xxxi. \$3. by John Stanley.

The first thing to take into consideration when taking up a book written by a monk or other religious is that it has been written under obedience. A good monk does the will, joyfully, of his abbot; it is just about the most important thing in his life because the will of his abbot is for him the will of God, and it is by doing the will of God that he expresses his love for Him. Fr. Merton has explained this frequently in his many books. The monk never ceases to hear read to him the Holy Rule of St. Benedict and other masters of the spiritual life who constantly stress the theme of love expressed through the sacrifice of one's own desires to do the will of the Beloved. Self-will is indeed the work of the Enemy. And the work of the Enemy is to render the monk unfit for his supreme vocation—the vocation of all human beings, actually, and angels and the Trinity—the glorification and adoration of God. So, the good monk is always at the ready, donning the bright armour of obedience and casting off the sloth of disobedience ut in omnia glorificetur Dei—in the words of St. Benedict.

This spirituality has and can produce saints; it need not necessarily produce good art; in the present case it has not produced a good book. And this is not a matter of transcendent importance for the monk; art must be sacrificed many times for advancement in the spiritual life. Fr. Merton has pointed this out in his essay, "Poetry and Contemplation," which appeared in the book of poetry, *Figures for an Apocalypse*.

The Living Bread sounds weary and labored. Perhaps someone said to the author: (and this is conjecture, of course) Father, the Reverendissimo (Abbot General) is interested in spreading among priests the devotion of the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament; it would be good if it would be possible for you to write a book on it. So, the book was turned out—which is not to say that Fr. Merton does not have a real devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, himself,

and would like to see it spread among priests, his fellow priests. The present work is directed very much to priests; he loves the priesthood, and thinks of himself very much as a priest—a group set apart and with more than ordinary obligations and, oh, prerogatives.

The best part of the book is the last chapter in which the author describes the Mass as a banquet to which all are invited—and, invited to take part in a communion of love to unite all men to each other in the love of God through Christ. He is intent on emphasizing the importance of the participants to truly love each other as brothers and friends in spirit and in matter, so to speak.

The participants in this Mass and Communion are missing the point if they are not loving their friend-brother; but not only his soul, because he is not a soul, he is a person, and he has a body, and good must be done to the whole compositum. But one must really love; not like the woman who said: Of course I love her—in Christ, that is!

Love, we are told, is an act of will; but can it really end there, like a mathematical formula? "... without sincere and warm affection for our brother, without interest in the spiritual and physical needs of his members, ones spiritual life will remain stunted and incomplete." Add, one might add, the economy of love by which God has intended the fruits of the earth—and the very earth itself—to be distributed with equity is destroyed; this economy is pretty much of a ruin today; and that is why there are the rich—and the poor. And Fr. Merton quotes St. John Chrysostom: Give Him then the honor which He Himself has asked for by giving your money to the poor... what God wants is not golden chalices but golden souls.

For the most part, though, the book is a colation of warmed-over material that one has been served previously in tracts about the Blessed Sacrament. In some place it is offered as a nostrum for the cure of the ills of the world, personal and social. There are many who have received Holy Communion for years without feeling at peace with God or themselves or their fellows; one has never expected that one would; but one should not have it promised by such a respected man that one should expect such sweetnesses here and now; you get your pie in the sky when you die. To receive Communion means for the person an increase in Grace which means, for one important thing, a correspondingly intense participation in the life of the Trinity; but this doesn't mean that your going to be loved in peacefulness. In fact this increase in Grace might help bring about an internal revolution through an opening of the eyes of the soul amidst great suffering and tribulation.

And is it not unfortunate to call the Blessed Sacrament the "heart and focus of the whole Christian life?" This encourages a type of pietism that we've had too much of already. Of course, people are always saying that something or other is the heart and focus of Christianity: The Holy Cross; the Blessed Virgin Mary; the Indwelling of the Trinity; Scripture, and others. And you would have difficulty proving that these things weren't pretty much at the heart of

CULTURE ATION ::

Superstition Or Religion

If it is true that the faith transcends the cultures which embody her, no one ought to imagine that the Christian is a docile pupil reciting word for word, and haphazardly, fragments of Jewish mysticism, slices of Greek metaphysics and revised and corrected chapters of Roman Law.

The complex system of dogmas, precepts and rules of every sort that have been imposed upon him, or rather which he has imposed upon himself, exists only to be used for the sake of transcendence and under the sign of adoration. If he lacks the courage or the intelligence to do this, if he neglects to transcend where he cannot but transcend, he is reciting formulas and feigning gestures, but he remains at the level of superstition and never elevates himself to the plane of religion. If he accepts the Creed through spiritual sloth or routine, without recreating it for himself with a maximum of intelligence and effort, he no longer is in search of his salvation but on the way to losing it.

Henri Dumery
"Cross Currents"
Winter, 1956

You Can Serve God and Mammon Says N.A.M.

ETHICS, ECONOMICS AND CHURCH . . . Observations by Noel Sargent, Secretary of the National Assoc. of Manufacturers. Nov. 1954. 64 pages. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.



attempt this is to link religion and business. The acme of Christianity is given in the analysis of three important truths: "Fraud is an evil; agreement between individuals should be observed; individuals should proclaim the truth as they see it."

The death of Christ on the Cross, his resurrection and ascension, and His entire teaching of love might as well never have happened, for not only is morality brought to the level of the loan shark as quoted above but it is stated of modern man that "the higher his material stand, the higher will his qualities be able to reach." In nearly the same breath our dollar diplomacy and gun-running south of the Rio Grande is smoothed over by the statement: "Consider also, the achievements of the United Fruit Co. in helping to develop new crops in under-developed countries."

Bringing out the atheistic beliefs of Engels, Liebknecht and Dietzgen and the Socialist plans in England as proof that capitalism and the profit system are different and therefore must be of God is the kind of logic the author uses, forgetting that there was once a Hoover depression in this country when capitalists asked for help.

But the real blasphemy commences when scripture is quoted to prove that the profit system comes from Christ's teaching. St. Matthew 25:2-26, the parable of the talents is given but the context says, "reaps where he did not sow, and gathers in fields he never planted." When inheritance is sought to be glorified the context says, "Don't covet . . . The life of a man does not consist in having more possessions than he needs." Nowhere in this booklet is it hinted that Jesus said: "Woe to you, scribes and pharisees, you hypocrites that swallow up the property of widows." And it is also recorded: "Then Jesus went into the temple of God, and drove out from it all those who sold and bought there, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of the pigeon sellers."

Lip service is given to "Academic freedom, religious freedom, free speech, economic freedom" to justify free enterprise and absence of government. No one has ever heard of the captains of industry being excited about the denial of freedom to workers who seek to organize, especially in the South. Neither has there been sympathy for those who do not wish to inform on their fellow workers, or for the struggle for free speech that goes on all the time between those who exploit and those who are exploited.

Peter Maurin's Heritage

5 Pinehurst Avenue
New York 33, New York
April 12, 1956

Dear Dorothy:

Here are the pictures of Peter's home at Oulet and the village church of the commune of St. Julien de Tournel. Oulet is one of the many villages of the commune. The mayor, Monsieur Richard, a friend of Peter's brother sent me the pictures. He marked the Maurin home with an X which you can see.

As you know I have been delving into Peter's childhood in order to understand how he came to his views. What I have discovered has helped me immensely to know his thought better. For years I treasured every word he said for he was, in my opinion, the greatest Catholic of our times.

In fact his greatness is so towering that others who are doing very fine work have more and more seemed less great beside him. But having known him so well and so closely, I am prejudiced.

My plan was to gather everything about his childhood which you had discovered. I added to that my own knowledge, then read Brendan O'Grady's fine Ph.D. thesis on him and took a short course in the history of Languedoc, his homeland. When I had sifted all this together, I wrote down my ideas and sent them to his brother in Belgium who is a member of the de la Salle order. His name is Brother Norbert. I sent along a list of questions which he very graciously answered.

As I write a long litany of names of universities, colleges, parish groups, open air discussions on Boston Common and at Columbus Circle come to memory. At these I hear Peter repeating and clarifying his thought. Sometimes I had to attend a meeting for him. Somehow the one at Thoreau's and Emerson's grave returns to memory most vividly. I was kept there for hours answering comparisons between his thought and that of Thoreau.

Peter's Easy Essays were written to be chanted. A Columbia Broadcasting scout once told me she was having a class she conducted use them in a Greek chorus.

Good writing, an English writing expert once said, is like good speaking or good singing. Prose is like speech and poetry is like singing. In between, there is chanting and Peter's writings fall into this field. He evidently was carrying forward an ancient tradition from his homeland. Languedoc was the famed place of the troubadours where each year courts of love were held and famed prizes were given for poetry. Dante got his inspiration from these poets. In fact, it is believed he was imitating them when he wrote the love poem about Beatrice. It was the seed for the great Divine Comedy. Languedoc in ancient times was part of Provence. Nowadays, Provence is separate, nearer to Italy. The area was once called provincia romana, hence Provence.

The wealthy Romans used to build their homes there. The place was covered with magnificent public buildings, mostly built by Greek slaves who carried Greek culture into Roman civilization. Thomas Jefferson would sit for hours watching the Maison Carree at Nîmes, not far from Peter's home. It is one of these ancient buildings. Jefferson copied it in designing the State Capitol building in Richmond, Virginia.

Peter was a peasant and it is easy to picture him behind a plow. That was the way it was when he was twelve years old. The family farm was on Mount Lozere, facing north. The mountain is a kind of boundary mark between the cold, northern country and the sunny south. It also marks a sharp break between the Catholic country of the north and the Protestant France of the South.

Mount Lozere is over five thousand feet high. Peter's brother said he knew the land well. It is easy to

imagine Peter climbing the high Pic de Finiels, the high point of the mountain, and looking down at the southern territory. Some say you can see as far as the Mediterranean at times.

Robert Louis Stevenson travelled through the country when Peter was two years old. He describes the country vividly in his *Travels With a Donkey in the Cevennes*. As he climbed Mount Lozere, he hears the wind hissing, a giant blowing from the south. Finally he reaches the top and gazes at the magnificent panorama. "I took possession in my own name of a new quarter of the world," he said. He had slept in the open, a la belle étoile and had been so impressed he had left coins on the ground as a token of gratitude. His description of the place on arising is superb, a classic bit of writing. He may well have been sleeping on Peter's family's farm.

This part of Languedoc is somewhat secluded. On the other side of Mount Lozere, southward, lies Nîmes, and Montpellier. To the east is Toulouse where St. Dominic worked and Carcassonne. The old proverb says you must see this last named place before you die. It is the best example of a walled medieval city.

To the west is Avignon, once home of the Popes. Northward is Le Puy, the place from which

OUR LADY OF CHICKENS



Urban wanted the First Crusade to start. It actually left from another part of Provence.

Writers like Albert Jay Nock and Henry James have described their journeys through Languedoc in fine prose. They recreate the amazing Roman architecture, the elegant baths, the Arena at Nîmes, the Temple of Diana and the fortified church at Albi with its peculiarly red brick.

Leo Larguier of the Academie Concourt says of Languedoc, his homeland — "The whole region bears the marks of Rome, and on the hard, white roads, edged with plane trees, the wind raises a dust that is like powdered marble fallen from the chisel—the pale ashes of history."

Albi. That name surely awakens a memory. Albi of the Albigenians. Peter could look down from Pic de Finiels and see the valley of the Tarn river. Up this valley fled some Albigenians in the thirteenth century. They were escaping the murder bands of Simon de Montfort. Some of them married with the inhabitants, descendants of the ancient Ligurians. The area is still Protestant to this day, one more proof of Peter's position, the futility of force.

The high mountains offered excellent places to watch advancing enemies. Forts were built along the rivers. Oulet was the location of a Roman camp. That is probably where it got the Roman name.

Peter was one of a family of twenty-four children. His father, Jean Baptiste Maurin, married twice. Peter was seven years old when his mother died in 1885. She had had five children of which Peter was the eldest. He was born on May 9, 1877.

His mother's name was Marie Pages. His father's second wife

was Rosalie Bousquet. She had nineteen children, Marie Pages and Peter's father are buried beside the parish church shown in the picture. There Peter was baptized.

The Maurin farm was large but the soil was poor. In the slow seasons when the fields were brown and lying fallow, Peter, as the eldest, accompanied his father to market, across the high plateaus which are called causses from the Latin word calx meaning limestone.

Father and son would marshal the animals carefully along the white roads which had sharp stones as markers. They would be careful to see that oncoming ox-carts were avoided. These would be coming down from the mountains with fuel, usually pine trees.

On these walks, there would be many questions and answers. The child asking and the father replying. Peter's father always emphasized his points with examples from the Gospels. He was very pious.

The Maurin home was a simple farmhouse. It had two rooms on the first floor and two rooms on the second. In the basement there was a place for sheep. Next to the house was a stable with a haymow and another building for farm tools, firewood and odds and ends.

Much of the large farm was untillable, even unrentable. It had considerable wood on it but Peter's brother had no way of knowing how valuable the place was.

The farm had been in the family's hands for fifteen hundred years, almost back to the time of St. Augustine. This took it back centuries before Alcuin and his schools of which Peter spoke so much.

The family had six or seven cows, a pair of oxen, a mare and thirty sheep. Peter once remembered when they had eighty.

Winter here is terribly cold and life then is lived mostly indoors. Animals are brought down from the hills to live in the valleys. Sometimes, the communal sheepherder takes the sheep southwards to the warmer land. Deep gorges are cut through the mountain land and streams rush down them. The water is excellent for the sheep and the valleys have trees and protection.

Peter went to the village school until he was fourteen. Lessons were simple, reading, writing and arithmetic. While quantitative knowledge was lacking there was a wealth of contemplation. No wonder Peter stressed the need for developing the contemplative faculties of the mind more and the acquisitive faculties less. His own mind had ample food for reflection in watching the changing seasons, the play of light and shadow on the mountains, the exhilaration of Spring when brown earth crumbled before the plow in his hands. Mountains are made for reflection. The Fathers of the Church consider them the symbols of the saints.

Once I jokingly told Peter that people couldn't return to the land. Chesterton had answered that remark sagely by saying that most of the world still lived on the land. I waited for Peter's answer. He replied, "The industrially minded ones say you can't turn the clock back. I say they are in a blind alley. They can't go ahead. They are in a rut."

Compulsory education, that dubious invention, began in France in 1882, when Peter was five years old. Nine years later, Peter's father took him across the causses to the little town of Mende where there was a cathedral and a school run by the French Christian Brothers. Peter lived with them but never in the town itself. It is amazing how his father managed to give such good education to so many of his children but he did. Five entered religion and some reached high places in their groups. Some brothers became carpenters and farmers.

Peter's family life was simple and pious. The children were

(Continued on page 8)

ST MARTHA



Christianity. What we need today—especially from such very special people as Fr Merton—is not a breaking up and isolation of parts as seeing the whole thing in a re-kindled light . . . warm and soaring and alive and fearless and a steady gaze.

And we are not extensions of anything, not even of God; each man is sui generis. Probably something else was meant, but it sounds very bad.

WAR AND PEACE

A GUIDE TO PACIFISM, a pamphlet by J. F. T. Prince. Michael Shelton & Murray, Publishers, London. Price: 1/8 post free. Reviewed by Robert Steed.

"The heresy of Communism lies primarily not in the fact that it wants to upset things: every Catholic living today should want to do that." This statement of J. F. T. Prince, which will surprise some and gladden the hearts of others, must have been the thought foremost in the author's mind when he wrote this small but excellent treatise on one aspect of the Christian message which is being batted back and forth among many of the more serious thinkers in Catholic circles now-a-days.

Some people object to what they consider the will to failure in the thinking of pacifists; they think that this is in some sense a sin against the virtue of hope. But on the contrary the pacifist approach would seem to necessitate a rather extraordinary exercise of this virtue, though not so extraordinary as to place it beyond the scope of the average Christian who has been educated to think along these lines.

Mr. Prince (I use Mr. advisedly since I have a vague notion that he may be a priest—the publication did not place any title before his name) begins by quoting some of the earliest Christian sources on the subject and it might be well to quote them here too in case they are all together unknown to some of our readers. The first contains the words of Tertullian (A.D. 200) to the powers of Rome: "We are only of yesterday, yet in every place among you we are to be found, in cities and towns and market places, in palace, senate and forum, etc. . . . for what wars should we not be fitted, eager to combat even unequal forces, if it were not accounted in our religion better to perish than to slay." And Lactantius only a century later: "If one has slain a single man, he is regarded as contaminated and wicked; nor do the Romans think it right that he should be admitted to this earthly dwelling of the gods. But he who has slaughtered endless thousands of men, deluged the fields with blood, and infected rivers with it, is admitted not only to a temple, but even to heaven. If God alone were worshipped, there would not be dissensions and wars; for men would know that they are sons of the One God . . . for they would know what sort of punishments God has prepared for those who kill living beings." (Divinae Institutiones, I, xviii, 8-10, V, viii, 6). St. Gregory Nazianzen (d. 390) carried the Sermon on the Mount even to the point of appeasement: "As to those who have attacked us let us call even them by the name of brothers . . . Let us concede . . . that we may receive that which is greater, assuredly, concord. Let us suffer to be conquered, that we may conquer" (Orat. 22). The author also quotes a "distinguished French Latinist," Mgr. J. de Mayol de Lupe, who in our time when commenting on the text of the martyrdom of St. Maximilian said: "We must not suppose that this horror of the army affected merely a few fanatics" and referring to the anti-militarist attitude of the early Christians added: "I fear that if I stressed this further I might provide arguments for conscientious objectors." (Revue des études latines, 1939, pp. 92 & 101.)

Mr. Prince allots one chapter to the efforts of the modern Popes and some of the bishops to instill a more pacific attitude of mind in their flocks. One statement of Bishop Ketteler in 1866 is especially worth mentioning: "It is a deplorable tendency to expect the ministers of religion to give a religious consecration to political deeds of violence. For how many victories have Te Deums been sung from the unjust wars of Louis XIV to those of Napoleon! These official prayers and feasts of

jubilation and thanksgiving do no good."

The author does not espouse the absolute pacifist position but he very readily concedes that modern war on a large scale is impossible to justify, even the defensive type. He gives a list of conditions compiled from St. Thomas, St. Augustine and Francis de Victoria which



are needed simultaneously to justify war:

1. Gross injustice on the part of only one party.
2. Gross formal moral guilt on one side—material wrong is not sufficient.
3. Undoubted knowledge of this guilt.
4. War may be declared only when all means to prevent it have failed.
5. Punishment may not exceed the measure of guilt.
6. Moral certainty that the innocent party will win.
7. Intention to further the good and shun the evil in the conduct of war.
8. War must be conducted within the limits of justice and love.
9. Avoidance of unnecessary upheaval of countries not concerned.
10. Declaration of war by lawful authorized authority exercised in the name of God.
11. The belligerent must have appealed to a supra-national power or court of arbitration if one exists.

He unfortunately does not mention the condition that no innocent person may be killed. The lax interpretation of this condition is one of the most unfortunate aspects of modern casuistry.

In speaking of World War II he cites a number of instances where the Allies, supposedly Christian countries, acted solely from brutal, realistic self interest and laid down impossible conditions before they would condescend to negotiate. A number of bishops and Catholic publications condemned these actions but Catholics gave very little heed and blindly followed their respective flags. In the matter of obedience to the State in regard to war, a matter which is hardly ever questioned he quotes Bishop Ketteler again who said that while a limited notion of the sovereign state has some justification, the idea of the sovereign spirit of man has an absolute and far higher justification and that "when they are irreconcilable, we should renounce the state rather than the dignity of man; better conscientious men without a state than a state with conscienceless men."

Mr. Prince takes an attitude toward Communism that is not a popular one but one that is certainly Christian. "There can be nothing more futile and more dangerous than the belief that Com-

(Continued on page 8)

WEALTH

To see what God thinks of the goods of this world you have only to look at the people He gives them to; He can hardly have bound Himself to give them to His friends since He gives so liberally to His enemies as well. The inequality with which the goods of this world are distributed, which has no relation at all to the order of merit, is proof that God attaches no importance to them, and that the real goods are the goods of the spirit. **Pope Pius XI.**

ST. MARY THE VIRGIN

MARY MOTHER OF GOD. Introduction by Henri Gheon. Critical Notices by Renee Zeller. Henry Regnery, Chicago. \$10.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

Here is a collection of 164 reproductions of paintings or details of paintings that have reference to the life of Our Lady. It is a stunning array ranging from early mosaics to modern French work, many reproduced in color.

The pictures have been arranged so that they fall into four sections: Ave Maria, the life of the Virgin before marriage; Mater Amabilis, Mary as the young mother; Mater Dolorosa, the mother sorrowing; and Regina Coeli, Mary in glory. For each section the editors have chosen appropriate paintings from various periods of western art. Naturally, then, there is a great variety of style and considerable fascination in observing the artists' conceptions of Mary.

It is a far cry, for instance, from the austere Queen of the Ravenna mosaics to the delicate, almost sentimental, "Immaculate Conception" of Zurbaran. And again from the formal, portrait-like "Repose on the Flight" of Lucas Cranach to the intense and unusual portrayal of the same subject by Henri Rousseau.

The greatest masters are represented; Raphael, Michelangelo, Botticelli, Fra Angelico, Duccio, and of course, the incomparable El Greco in whose paintings the natural and supernatural mingle in a mystical luminosity. I was particularly struck, in this volume by his "Visitation." Renaissance, Gothic, Flemish, the French and German schools, the Spanish with their highly individual conceptions, the Siennese, and even a Gauguin make up this wonderful potpourri of studies of Our Lady.

The excellent introduction by Henri Gheon and the notes on the individual paintings increase the value of the book. And the price, for what you get, is very reasonable indeed.

LIBERATION

A New Independent Monthly
HOPE IN THE MIDST
OF APATHY

Editorial Board:
Dave Dellinger, Roy Finch,
A. J. Muste, Bayard Rustin,
Charles Walker.

\$3 a Year 30c a Copy

110 Christopher Street
New York 14, N. Y.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST

By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

Something New is Needed on the Docks

SHAPE-UP AND HIRING HALL by Charles P. Larowe. University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal. \$4.50. Reviewed by John C. Cort.

As I read this book I was reminded of one night back in 1936 when I tried to interview Joe Ryan as he was coming down from the platform after officiating at one of the less harmonious meetings of the Central Trades and Labor Council up in Beethoven Hall.

"I'm from the Catholic Worker," was all I was able to get out before Joe stopped me.

"You go back," he said, "and tell Dorothy Day that she's no lady." End of interview.

In those days Ryan was president of the Central Trades, the friend and confidante of mayors, governors and chiefs of police, and soon thereafter he was elected president-for-life of the International Longshoremen's Association.

Joe didn't quite fill out his term. After the AFL had expelled the ILA in 1953, the mobsters who control that organization threw Ryan overboard with nothing to keep him afloat but a pension of \$10,000 a year. Sometime later he was convicted, and did time, for taking bribes from employers.

I always admired Joe because it was reliably reported that he never said anything stronger than "Jiminy Christmas." On other counts he was less admirable and one might even say "no gentleman."

Charles P. Larowe in "Shape-Up and Hiring Hall" does a good job of analyzing the history of the shape-up, the major source of corruption in the ILA, and comparing it with the hiring hall system used on the West Coast, with special reference to the port of Seattle.

He also analyzes conditions on the New York waterfront after more than a year under the new Waterfront Commission law which resulted from the sewer dredgings which the N.Y. State Crime Commission conducted along the docks in 1952-53. His conclusion is that good things have been accomplished, but that the much-heralded abolition of the shape-up, which was to be the keystone of the arch of reform, is in fact little more than a business of moving the shape indoors and putting a roof over it.



The reason for this is that the law failed to provide for the establishment of an objective, discrimination-proof system of hiring based either on seniority, rotation or both. In short, the hiring bosses are still free to pick the men they want and as long as that freedom exists the road is open to kickbacks, bribery, fear and intimidation. The Commission acknowledges this in its first annual report.

By contrast conditions on the West Coast are lovely indeed. Unfortunately, the West Coast picture has been clouded by the fact that the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union is a

Communist-dominated union expelled from the CIO and led by that controversial old leftie, Harry Bridges.

It is too bad that Larowe himself compromises the great value of his book by not facing up to this fact more boldly. In fact, he almost implies that anyone who thinks it a matter for concern that the leaders of the ILWU are more loyal to Russia than to the USA should sit in the corner with a dunce-cap on his head.

It is really a sad commentary on something or other that the only American labor leaders who can hold the allegiance of longshoremen are partial either to Communism or crookery.

All the powers of press, pulpit, city, state and federal government, plus the AFL, combined in an effort to crush the corrupt old ILA in the historic Labor Board election of May 26, 1954. Out of 18,551 votes cast the ILA retained control of the docks by a scant 263 votes. All the hard and courageous work of the ACTU and Father Corridan appeared to have been wasted.

Nothing good is ever wasted. But it seems to me that something else is needed before we can hope that the light of Christian justice will dawn on the New York docks. That something, I submit, is a conscious, deliberately-planned, and intensively-carried-out program of education combined with spiritual formation among the longshoremen, along the lines used by the Catholic Labor Alliance of Chicago in their study-action outline, "You and Your Job."

The usual criticism is that this technique, (the same as that used by the Young Christian Workers and the Christian Family Movement) will not work with adult manual workers. After two years of experimentation with workers both white and blue-collared, the Catholic Labor Guild of Boston can report that this just isn't so. It works with all manner of workers, just as Christianity works with all manner of workers.

I wish Father Corridan could be persuaded to try it. He is the best possible man for the job. What have you got to lose, Father?

Boycott Kohler

Kohler workers of Sheboygan, Wisc., have been on strike since April 5, 1954. They are walking the picket line in protest against a paternalistic, anti-labor, profit-hungry Kohler Co. These are the issues which keep the union and the company apart: reinstatement of all strikers without discrimination . . . workable arbitration, including arbitration of discharges and disciplinary actions . . . seniority on transfers, lay-offs, and recalls . . . lunchtime allowance for all 24-hour operations . . . general wage increase of 10c per hour for all employees plus additional 5c per hour for those employed on hourly-paid basis . . . recognition and check-off of dues similar to provisions in 1953 contract. Those who were never employed by the Kohler Co. prior to the dispute and have crossed the picket line to steal the jobs of workers on a legitimate strike are committing a great moral wrong. And the present unrealistic management of the Kohler Co. which has prolonged the strike by refusing to bargain in good faith, engaged in scabbing and strikebreaking, and purged its workers in a deliberate attempt to bust the union has no consideration for their workers' lives or the welfare of their families.

—from the "Daily Strike Bulletin"

Kohler Local 833, UAW,
CIO-AFL
Sheboygan, Wisc.

ON PILGRIMAGE

Reactions to Publicity

In a way it is a matter for rejoicing when suddenly a great deal of attention, unsolicited, is given to the work, by newspapers, radio, television and news weeklies. It demonstrates the fact that the words of the Holy Father calling on all men to perform the works of mercy, to share their goods with the poor, find a response; that there is a great store of goodness and generosity in everyone. At the same time, there is something distressing too about publicity. As the philosopher said when he received a great deal of applause—"what have I done wrong now?" The normal life of the Christian is one of suffering and failure, the folly of the cross, and in the acceptance of these there is growth and progress and fulfillment and unspeakable joy. The beatitudes, the blessings of the sermon on the mountain are all for the poor, the sufferer, the persecuted, the despised. And when we are getting so much favorable attention, we are not the blessed, according to the gospel! Oh, the paradox of Christianity!



But there are plenty of thorns in the roses and I'll enumerate a few. Just as I always talk about Peter or Ammon, when I am illustrating ideas in relation to the work (and about others too), so the reporters chose to write about me. Since I also have written about myself, and used the personal approach as all women reporters are taught to do, I should not object. But one always does. (One can do oneself justice, perhaps, and no one else can. Undoubtedly pride enters in here, but I hasten to disclaim this (some more pride!) and say that it is the work and the ideas of the work which are not presented correctly. Which is very true too.

If some aspects of my past life are brought out (the reformed sinner) I should not object or even reply as to whether what is said is true or not true. "We never get a lick amiss," my mother used to tell us when she had slapped the wrong child in some family fray. So if I am blamed for what I did not do, I have too often escaped blame for what I did do.

As for my daughter and her family being brought into it: if they objected I would not write about them as I do in the pages of *The Catholic Worker*. But they lead so retired a life, David with his job in a factory and his tremendous library of distributist books and Tamar with her children and her crafts (spinning, weaving, hooked rugs and basket making this last winter), that such publicity only brings them a sense of community with other families with similar ideas around the country. There is a community of correspondence set up and so the good life is furthered still more.

College Students

Then as to the people themselves with whom I work and with whom I live. The recent *Daily News* article did speak of the hundreds of young people from colleges all over the country who have kept coming to us over the years for periods of three months to five or ten years. During the Easter vacation there was Al Lingus from Chicago (now in the seminary) who has spent summers with us. There is Frank Lakey, a member of the St. Louis group of Catholic Workers, now in a prep seminary. There is Frances Ferguson, 19, who came with a weekend case and a volume of Donne's poetry. "I didn't write for fear you would not let me come." And another young girl of 18 is coming soon. Mostly it has been young men because they are freer to pick up and leave city and family and job. "The News" wonders what they find with us. One way to explain it is to remind people of the Quaker work camps which are made up of young people working in centers in Europe, Mexico, South America, and here in this country, among the poor, doing them some service, living with them, eating as they do, learning from them while they try to give in exchange some

of their youth and strength. People come to the CW in the same way, only not for a weekend, but for much longer periods. Some feel that they wish to dedicate their lives to the work, or some aspect of it; others are never sure, and stay on indefinitely, waiting for inspiration of the Holy Spirit, or just "for something to turn up," like Micawber. Anyway, they bring youth, beauty, stimulus and also their muscle and blood to the movement. Also they bring an element of war, the war between worker and scholar. The worker feels the "treason of the intellectual" and the scholar does not understand the reserve and the criticism of the worker. "But the workers must become scholars and the scholars workers." Peter Maurin used to say.

Another thing, we would not be having so many young people coming to the work, nor the steady cooperation of the workers if I were in any sense a "boss" as the *News* said. I'm the mother of a family, it is true, so I suppose there is some authoritarian aspect in my attitude. But everyone knows how the children get around the mother. We don't believe in the use of force, people voluntarily give their cooperation to the work, and they do their job as they please, when they please. The one realm in which I do have the last say, is the *Catholic Worker* itself. I do choose what is to be published and what is to be left out. The mistakes we make, I am responsible for, and many an editorial slip I have made, many a mistake. We can just pick ourselves up and go on.

Derelicts

The greatest misery of the newspaper articles however, for me and for others, is the categorizing of our fellow workers as derelicts. In our houses of hospitality we do not use the word bum or derelict. As little Sheila Murphy, eldest child of Louis Murphy who heads the Detroit work, said last time I was there, "Bum is a bad word."

The Murphys live with the people they receive at the St. Martha House and the St. Francis House. I brought up my own daughter with those men and women who have been so categorized, and only yesterday Tamar was remarking on what a sense of security she had as a child in such a community as ours. (John Filliger, our farmer, used to take her for rides on the horses and the hay wagon and she followed him and the plough, even as her own children are doing now.)

We protest this attitude toward the poor, the poor in health, in mind and body, the poor in bodily and spiritual goods. We have lived long enough with them, (for we are now beginning our 24th year) to realize more and more that to love our brother is to love Christ in them, to see and find Christ in them. "They knew Him in the breaking of bread." All men are brothers. "Call no man Master for ye are all brothers," Jesus Christ said. In reviewing my books on two occasions it was suggested that mine was a perverse and morbid love of the gutter. On one occasion I was called a Necrophiliac! But if you look for Christ you will find Him; (seek and ye shall find) and we have found Him, and found Him quickly, in the poor.

Fr. Regamey in his famous book *POVERTY*, said that Christ left Himself to us in the Blessed Sacrament, in "when two or three are gathered together in My name" (community) and in the poor, "inasmuch as ye have done it unto these my least brethren, ye have done it unto Me. He has said these things Himself, and He is Truth.

There is great talk about the Bowery these days and what to do with the poor. Push them around until they get lost? There are suggestions of turning Ellis Island into a vast shelter for the men of the Bowery. Here is imprisonment indeed. Stay here, or else! I suppose that would mean another island, Riker's Island, where there is a prison for 5000 men, most of them the poor.

This month I picked up two books, *Down and Out in Paris and London*, by Orwell, and Tolstoy's *What to Do?* The beginning of the latter is the discovery that in Moscow the man who begs is put into prison. That discovery so shocked Leo Tolstoy that he began his book with a discussion of how a man can be imprisoned for asking help from his brother in the name of Christ. The Orwell book contains the terrible story of his starvation in Paris and in London, and the jobs he held in Paris in sub-basements of great hotels and restaurants which brought him enough to eat but which also brought him work under such inhuman conditions that it could be only considered a major cause for the dereliction of all the men the authorities are discussing who live along the Bowery and the Skid Rows of the country. Orwell discusses the lodging houses in London with their common kitchens and the homeliness of such community but there is also the unspeakable dirt and filth, and crowded conditions so that it was impossible ever to get a good night's sleep. The malnutrition after years of bread and tea, the lack of sleep, the exhaustion attendant on just wandering around from pillar to post—all this graphically described by Orwell so that one would never forget it. All these men who are in the Welfare Department should pick up this book as required reading.

The conclusions Orwell comes to are my own. Provide many more, smaller, cleaner and more comfortable lodging houses where men came can sleep in cubicles rather than in hordes or even with one or two others. A man needs to be alone when he sleeps, Orwell says. God bless him for his love and understanding of the poor, even though he never mentions the word love. Provide them with enough decent food so that they are not always hungry and thinking of food and drink. Forgive them seventy times seven. A man has a natural right to food, clothing and shelter. Of course they will fall again and again, as we all do in this life. The just man, that is the holy man, falls seven times daily, scripture says. But keep up this sort of treatment and you will see men working again, finding work to do, if only the work, the honest work of keeping such hostels going. Orwell also suggests

rural hostels where the men could work to grow their own food.

Peter Maurin used to say that a man should not have to work more than four hours of manual labor a day, and that more hours should be spent in study, in discussion, in doing the things he wants to do. When there is a synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation there beauty and peace and truth spring up.

I have only to look around me as I write this article on the feast of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, to see the illustration of what I am writing about. Here at Peter Maurin farm we have a chapel, we have the Blessed Sacrament. Those who chose come to pray the rosary and commune at night. Half of them leave after the rosary. When we have Mass there, the attendance is usually eighteen of our twenty-two residents. If only a few came, there still would never be any questioning. In the realm of religion, none is asked what he believes, no one is asked to participate. But we have grace at meals of course. If you don't want to say grace, come in a little later, or hang around in the hall outside until it's over. Besides the city only the CW believes in such religious freedom. The missions have services.

There is a good library of every kind of book from St. John of the Cross to Agatha Christie! There is enough discussion of books at meal time to constitute a course in the thinking of the day. The discussion of many issues such as war and peace, man and the state, the racial problems of the world, all can bring about intense discussion. There is some music, when Hans Benning, or Hans Furth or someone who sings is visiting. We have a recorder, too, and a good symphony library, and there is always the radio. (No television here.)

There is sculpture rather than painting. There is Chris' crucifix, Eve Smith's carving of our Lady and the children, Hal's Holy Family, Tina's St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother. There is Rita's first piece of stained glass, and Sister Prisca's of the crucifixion. She used to be with the CW group in Rochester and is now at Regina Laudis. There is Leonard making a loom and a potter's wheel, and Chris making a rear seat contraption out of the trunk of the Mercury convertible recently given us which reminds one of a pony cart and can hold five children. There is the spinning and weaving and knitting and baking and cooking. Not to speak of the collecting the children are always doing in the woods, fields and sea shore.

Yes, all of us derelicts have a rich and beautiful life, this life of voluntary poverty on the land. And as for us derelicts in the city, I assure you there is no mission smell, no smell of disinfectants and if there is the smell of the poor, it is brought from the miserable lodging houses which are like those Orwell describes in his book. It is not native to our own House of Hospitality which is scrubbed freshly in the morning and well aired what with the bread line, the clothes line, the soup line and all the visitors coming in and out. It has dignity, that old house, and it is painted clean. The \$25,000—that gigantic sum which is the cause of our success story—is going to install our sprinkler system and self closing doors, new stairs, etc. We have raised that sum before, five years ago, to be exact, when we purchased the place. And we have always tried to feed well, and keep a comfortable home. After all, we are a community, a family, and God so loved us that as the psalmist said, He considered us little less than the angels, not as derelicts.



Well, everyone in the house sighs and says, "If it is saving the house, and keeping the city from closing us down, let them call us what they chose." But just the same, Houses of Hospitality are dealing with men, temples of the Holy Ghost, men made to the image and likeness of God, men made for happiness, and in our houses of hospitality, we are finding it, together.

PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 5)

taught to learn by heart the gospels of the Sundays and feast days. The Rosary was said at night before the statue of the Blessed Mother. The Bible was often read. Peter's fathers was always quoting the "shock" maxims of the Gospel to his family. Remember when Peter so often would speak about using a shock technique to get people thinking?

Meals were simple. *Pain de seigle*, cabbage soup, potatoes, seasoned with lard, some butter, cheese and occasionally candy.

Peter told you the family sold their calves. He emphasized their use of salt pork. Languedoc is famous for its pork recipes. He also spoke of the codfish which came from the Grand Banks off Newfoundland.

The country about is a land of lace making. When weather permits women sit in the outdoors, fashioning it. They wear gaily colored shawls and white caps, trimmed with ribbons. At one time, lace-making paid well.

The land is famed for its flowers. The air is filled with the sounds of cattle and sheep bells.

Peter's program called for simplicity of living, frugality and voluntary poverty but not destitution. In his childhood he had known this simple living as a good thing. France is a frugal country of careful cultivation. Each lump of earth of farmland has been handled and worked and loved, turned and broken and treated with reverence. It has known little of the luxury of unkept land.

Peter carried to Mende recollections of chestnuts meticulously collected for animal fodder, branches broken for firewood and left piled neatly for the oxcart. Trees were so respected that branches were cut only every three years. The animals got the leaves.

Once the land about had been richly wooded. After the French Revolution, the trees were cut down in great numbers for smelting purposes. Peter would carry to Mende memories of evenings in front of the family fireplace where meals were cooked. His mother was very kind to the poor and to travellers. She would never turn anyone away. She suffered greatly in her last childbirth.

Two sad years followed before the father married again.

Peter only occasionally spoke of his family. I used to question him from time to time but he would merely bring out information which explained "points."

He once wrote:

Mussolini's word is discipline.

Hitler's word is restoration.

My word is tradition.

I am a radical of the right.

Tradition. That word explains so much about him. He came from a land with an amazing tradition. There is a school of writers. (Ford Madox Ford was one of them) who contended that you couldn't consider yourself a cultural person until you had studied the history of Provence, the ancient.

One famed American writer said he couldn't get an education until he had gone to France and seen Chartres. To understand Chartres, a knowledge of ancient Provence is immensely helpful.

I asked Peter's brother if the father had taught Peter much history. He knew so much of it. The brother said he didn't think so but he did say that Peter went through the South country, studying the people and their traditions very profoundly in later years.

I often wondered why he wanted us to read *Love in the Western World* by Denis de Rougemont. It is all about the troubador tradition and makes a sharp distinction between Christian love and romantic love. It takes on meaning when you know the history of the country. Albert Jay Nock travelled through Languedoc on a sentimental journey to Montpellier to retrace the steps of Rabelais

who went to school there. Nock wrote and Peter approved:

Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message.

Peter added:

To blow the dynamite of a message is the only way to make the message dynamic. If the Catholic Church is not today the dominant social dynamic force, it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church. Catholic scholars have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology, placed it in a hermetic container and sat on the lid. It is about time to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

Peter once told us he found only three Catholic editors in this country who understood the Mediterranean tradition. "I am of that tradition. I am a medievalist and a peasant. I cannot understand the class struggle."

He often pointed out the lack of perspective in historians who wrote so much about the Paris Commune and never mentioned the life of the many other communes in France.

If ever a person wanted to get ample proof of the futility of force, he should study the Protestants of the Cevennes. I mentioned how Peter could look down on the Cevennes country from Pic de Finiels. Simon de Montfort had tried to crush the Albigensians and some had fled to the woods near Mt. Lozere. Centuries later, Louis XIV revoked the Edict of Nantes which had given freedom of religion to the Protestants in France. He declared war on the people of the Cevennes. One of the inquisitors sent against them was Francois du Chayla, arch-priest of the Cevennes. His cruel suppression of the people led to his death. A band of Protestants under Spirit Segulier dragged him one night from his home and stabbed him over fifty times. Each stroke came from a different person who mentioned the person tortured whom he was revenging. Then all night long, the group sang hymns over the body.

Louis sent his dragonnades against the Protestants but they fought him with visions and cannon balls. At night they tented around the camp fires, despising sentries for they said they were the children of the Lord and the angels would protect them.

One Protestant is quoted: we flew when we heard the sound of psalm singing, we flew as if with wings. We felt within us an animating ardour, a transporting desire. The feeling cannot be expressed in words."

Spirit Segulier was burned alive when captured. Asked if he had any remorse, he replied, when accused of crimes: I have committed none. My soul is a garden full of shelter and of fountains.

After a futile century of fighting, the kings had to give in and leave the Protestants alone. History is strange. The first Christian persecution on a large scale was made in Provence by the good Emperor, Marcus Aurelius. Later the French Catholics were persecuting their own countrymen.

No wonder, with this history before his eyes, Peter was such a firm believer in the power of the word and not of the sword.

Peter often told us about the communal shepherd and his way of tending the sheep. At two in

the morning, he would move them from one place to another so that a larger area could be fertilized. I thought of that when I read Robert Louis Stevenson's description of his waking on what may well have been Peter's farm.

Stevenson described the strange hour when Nature first arouses the animal from slumber. The cock crows, the cattle awake, the sheep break their fast on the dewy hillsides. He ponders: even shepherds and old country folk who are deepest read in these arcana have not a guess as to the means or purpose of this nightly resurrection. Towards two in the morning they declare the thing takes place; and neither know nor inquire further.

Peter was of that peasant wisdom.

I asked Brother Norbert for anecdotes about Peter. He could remember none. Peter, he said, wasn't sickly nor was he strong. He was much given to contemplation and loved to be alone. At times, he would be full of ideas, ready to "explode" with them.

This, Dorothy, was Peter's childhood. I thought you might like to read it. It is maybe too long to print. However, you may if you wish.

Arthur Sheehan.

Peace

(Continued from page 6)

munism can be destroyed by military war—that you can fight to a finish in the spiritual arena with anything but spiritual weapons. Foster this illusion, and (you will) make certain of a victorious communism rising out of the ensuing carnage. It is the insincerity of generations of Christians, pharisaically declining to make their faith effective, that is what we have to thank for the red menace: generations of Christians loudly proclaiming their faith, but living as if there were no God. Are not most Christians suspiciously interested in the goods of this world, striving for a little more security, a little more luxury? Is there not a little truth in the sally that what distinguishes Communists from us Christians is that they are quite frank about their godlessness and we are not?"

In this line of thought the story of Abbe Pierre comes to mind about the man who was arrested because he was digging a hole in the ground in a public park to house his family in because his unemployment cheque was too small to pay for both food and housing. And Abbe Pierre remarks that the churches were full that morning and the altar rails too and yet what good does it do people to honor Christ in the Eucharist and not in the Poor. This type of religion is truly the opium of the people.

At the end of the work the author comes to the conclusion that the virtue we all need the most is humility; that the notion of the sovereign state and patriotism cannot escape suspicion. The Church did not use armies of war to subjugate Europe and impose religion and order but armies of martyrs who died with the Name of the Prince of Peace on their lips and a little later armies of monks whose motto was PAX—ORA ET LABORA.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In keeping with the aims of the *Catholic Worker* we hold meetings each Friday night for the clarification of thought: first the speaker and then a question period. After the meeting coffee and tea are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. The meetings begin at 8:30 p.m. Everyone is invited.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

man translation of Dorothy's book, "The Long Loneliness." It is already available in English, French and Portuguese. Although there is usually an ad for Ammon's book in each issue we have not had one for Dorothy's "Long Loneliness" for some time, but they can be purchased here for \$3.0 plus postage. Also we have eight copies of Dorothy's journal for the year 1948, "On Pilgrimage," left at \$1 a copy.

The house is unusually quiet today, which is a minor miracle, because all the men in the house are glued to the television set in the kitchen which breaks down every other day, watching the opening game of the baseball season which is almost upon us. And now that the weather is warmer, old Anna, who has been sleeping in our hallway on the floor next to the radiator has taken to sleeping in doorways around the neighborhood and sitting in all night restaurants as is her custom. She still sits in our library in the daytime tho, talking to the other women and exchanging practical words of wisdom on survival in the streets of New York. She has gotten into the habit lately of sweeping the library floor about four times a day even when it doesn't need it.

Larry O'Donnell, who did the carpentering around the house, fell down the stairs and broke some ribs about a month ago and now the doctors at St. Vincent's have discovered that he has TB and he is being transferred to Seaview Hospital on Staten Island. We hope all our readers will remember him in their prayers. Another victim of a fall but thank God not a serious one is Hattie, Veronica's room mate, who sprained her leg and has been in bed for two days recuperating. We are glad that it

didn't turn out to be more serious which in a person of Hattie's years it could be. Hattie and Veronica are mothers to all of us in the house, looking after the sick and putting up clean curtains, etc. I was up to their parlor this afternoon for a cup of tea and some honey buns (one of their agents sneaks out all sorts of sweet things when Divine Providence Convent sends bread and pastry to us). Hattie was laid up in bed surrounded by pots of ointment and medicines along with cream, sugar, tea balls and water boiling on a stove nearby. I gave Veronica a little flower pot in the form of a cart pulled by two donkeys. She named one Bob (for me) and one of them Al (for Gullion). Reprisals will be forthcoming.

So life goes its merry way here at the "Worker." Fire proofing and picketing, reading and writing and talking, working and trying to do a little something for our brothers, trying to prove to God that we have not forgotten what He has done for us, hoping that the "revolution" is just around the corner, the revolution that will bring about a society where in Peter's words it will be "easier for people to be good" and if in the end we have not accomplished in the material order what we had hoped we can still say we enjoyed trying.

Robert Steed

AFRICAN CONVERTS ASK FOR BIBLES

We have had quite a few requests from new converts in Africa, especially Nigeria, for Bibles. If any of our readers could send us copies we would greatly appreciate it.

The Editors

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1

Secular Institutes

★ Secular institutes are one the most important developments in the life of the Catholic Church today. As communities of lay-men or ecclesiastics who desire to acquire Christian perfection and to work for the apostolate while still in the world, they fulfil a real need as an underground army which penetrates society and penetrates where nuns and regular clergy cannot. This handbook is a useful work of reference, quoting the Constitution of Pius XII; it explains the government, canonical position and the variety of work of these lay missionaries whose communities have, since the end of the last century, spread rapidly throughout Europe and America.

★ Payment may be made by an International Money Order or by a check drawn on an American Bank.

THE COMMONWEAL

A Catholic weekly magazine which deals directly with the issues of the day and attempts positive, concrete suggestions. Competent evaluations of current books, plays and movies.

15 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

THE COMMONWEAL
384 Fourth Ave.
New York 14, N. Y.

30th ANNIVERSARY YEAR