

CATHOLIC WORKER



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On Pilgrimage

The Story of Jack English's First Mass.

The sun is pouring down and melting the heavy frost on the fields around me and the mocking birds are singing on the fences. Song sparrows make a clamor in the ivy on the gate house where the women are put up. But otherwise it is quiet down here in Conyers, Georgia, where the Trappist Monastery of our Lady of the Holy Ghost is situated and I'll try to write the story of Jack's ordination and first Mass. Jack is the first editor of *The Catholic Worker* to be ordained a priest, although men who worked in Houses of Hospitality have gone to the priesthood and into monasteries all over the country. I'd have a hard time counting them. I can't talk about women entering the convent because practically all the houses have been headed by men and this has been from the beginning, thanks to Peter Maurin being the founder and teacher of a movement of men.

I've known Jack English since he was a boy in college, the John Carroll University in Cleveland, and he was one of the first to start a house of hospitality. There was another house in Cleveland, the Blessed Martin House started by a bunch of high school kids, who got the house under way which was then headed for years by Bill Gauchat (who is still active in Avon, Ohio). This house that Jack started was the Sacred Heart House in a store and basement, in a colored section of Cleveland in one of the worst slums. I can remember to this day going down into that clean white-washed basement, brightly lit and lined with beds covered with neat spreads (Monica and Carlotta Durkin were helping) and the big rat that scurried across my feet as I went down the stairs. Another ran squealing along the wall at the end of the room. It was in the thirties and we had not started to climb out of the depression. (But now there are five million unemployed again).

Our readers are well used to my digressions so they won't mind if I jump around and tell here how yesterday at six a.m. when I was waiting half asleep for a car to drive me over to the monastery for early Mass a few hours before the ordination, Jack burst into the room to talk to me about integration in Georgia, and the editorial writer on the Constitution who has done so much for the cause. I was in no mood to talk about social justice and interracial justice at six in the morning, after four hours sleep and a twenty-six-hour bus trip from New York, non-stop. But just like with God, there is no time with Jack English, now Father Charles. I'll keep calling him Jack through these pages, because this story is specially designed to reach all those who knew him in the past, to let them know how it is now with him. After all, with 63,000 copies of *The Catholic Worker* going all over the world, and him writing for it for some years right after the war, there are many who will be interested.

When the war struck Jack was in it. His main interest had been interracial justice and the works of mercy, and books and reading and writing as well as tearing around and having a good time all the while. Somehow or other Jack missed out on the sadness and bitterness that struck other Catholic Workers when there were great

arguments about war, "just wars" and whether conditions which made for a just war could be fulfilled, and about "purification of means" and means and ends; all of which discussion split up our houses and groups around the country. Or maybe it was just because John Cogley was the more articulate then, heading the house of hospitality in Chicago, as he was, and editing a fine paper, the *Chicago Catholic Worker*. Anyway, it seemed no time at all that Jack was in uniform and of all things gunner on a bomber and on his way to England. He ran into an old Communist friend of mine in London, Charles Ashleigh, who had been one of the hundreds of I.W.W.'s arrested in Chicago during the First World War, and who had served a term of several years in Leavenworth (he had been sentenced to fifteen years, and then pardoned after the war. He had continued his Communist activities and had gone over to Russia, edited the Moscow Daily News for a time and then when the Second World War broke out, was doing public relations work in London, selling the Russian ally to the English people as it were. Jack ran into him in an English pub, and the two of them sent me a postal from that London bar. Jack with his usual effervescence had been telling the old Communist all about *The Catholic Worker*, and was delighted to discover one of my old comrades in Ashleigh. This morning I remembered him at Jack's Mass, wondering if he were alive or dead, but knowing just the same that those potent spiritual weapons of Father Charles would be reaching out to him, reaching farther than any intercontinental ballistic missile, but life-giving rather than death-bearing.

Jack was shot down over Russia.
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Plea for Conscience

"There is something more terrible than the disintegration of the atom: that is the disintegration of consciences. The Atomic Era, the era of absolute physical force, urgently demands, as a counterpart, conscientious positions that are pure, irreducible and absolute themselves. Whatever happens, this will be our only means of overcoming folly and despair. Whatever happens (let it be any invasion or any horror), those who preserve intact in the depth of their soul faith in the sacred principles of life will be the strongest. Their voices will be stifled, they will be thrown into prison, they will seem to be helpless and crushed, but in reality, even under such conditions, they will be invincible, because they will be in harmony with the immortal powers that govern life. And, in the end, they will be the victors. The world, if it continues to exist, will be rebuilt according to their credo. Once again we shall see the triumph of Athens and Jerusalem, the triumph of the spirit overcoming the Empire, the triumph of life over brute force and death."

Ignazio Silone

The following canon was applied by Bishops against the Emperor Phocas, who wished to have all soldiers killed in war blessed as martyrs:

"Although our forefathers evidently did not rate among murders the murders in their many wars—making, in my opinion, a concession to those fighting out of robust sense and devotion—nevertheless it likely holds good to so advise those unpurged hands to hold off (from communion alone) for three years."

St. Basil the Great,
Letter 188, Canon 13



Di Fiore

ACTU Members Arrested For Exposing Racket Local

On Ash Wednesday six members of The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists were hauled into court on charges of disorderly conduct and littering. They had been arrested and held in jail some hours on January 31 for distributing leaflets in front of the PDQ Car Washing Company at 92-73 Queens Blvd. in New York City's Borough of Queens.

The PDQ Car Washing Company employs seventeen men, mostly Puerto Ricans, who do not speak English. Four of these men were "laid off" because the boss found out that they had contacted ACTU in an effort to free themselves from exploitation by the company and by a "phony local," 224.

Local 224 was the original local that was used by Johnny Dio, the extortioner who was so much in the news some months ago and who is now serving time in the Auburn penitentiary, to build up his paper empire.

The conditions against which the workers are rebelling are: a seven day work week, a fifty-nine hour-a-week work load, no compensation for rainy days on which they nevertheless have to remain on the job, no sick leave, no medical coverage and on top of all this none of the workers have ever seen a representative of the union or a copy of the contract. No one even knows the address of the local.

As soon as the ACTU members began to hand out their leaflets five out of six prospective customers drove away without having their cars washed. Upon this development the employer called the police. They arrived, and warned the leafleteers that if they continued to hand out leaflets they would be issued summonses. ACTU defense attorney Robert Mozer was called and he said that the section of the administrative code dealing with littering and distribution of handbills had only to do with those of a commercial or business nature. They continued to distribute the leaflets. They were then issued summonses and arrested for disorderly conduct. The order for the arrest was given by a lieutenant of the precinct who was at no time present on the scene. This brings to mind the comment George Orwell made somewhere in his *HOMAGE TO CATALONIA* to the effect that the working class must always expect to find the police on the side of the exploiter, for the obvious reasons.

It is estimated that there are 25,000 victims of these phony unions in the New York area alone and The Association of Catholic Trade Unionists is just about the only organization giving any real, practical, grass roots aid to these people. No metropolitan newspaper so far as we know reported the arrest which points up the apathy which allows such exploitation to continue. And the greatest shame of all is the fact that it was ignored by the Catholic press of this city. It seems to be thought that to be arrested for the fulfilling of your Christian duty is only admirable when it happens in a nation other than your own.

ACTU is a pitifully small organization; it is also poor, receiving no monetary aid from Fords or Guggenheims or Carnegies and this assures its purity but it goes without saying that they are in a continual financial crisis. Cheques may be sent to: 327 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y. Their newspaper, *The Labor Leader*, may be ordered from the same address; the price is \$2 a year.

R. S.

Ammon's Fast

Thy traditional means used throughout the Old and New Testaments to meet a crisis, a threat of destruction, were always prayer and fasting. The two went together. We hear a great deal of prayer, but very little of fasting these modern times. The Lenten fast has been mitigated, the fast before communion also. The faithful are flocking to the table of the Lord and there were never so many daily communicants. Doubtless many are doing penance, knowing that God alone can save us. Preparations for war, discussion as to who will strike first, deadlines over the Berlin crisis, all these are in the news from day to day. The popes have spoken of the fallacy of an armed peace. More and more billions of dollars are being spent in preparation for war.

Scientists have said that the laity do not seem to realize the horror of the threat which hangs over them—the immanence of the destruction of civilization. Once during the Second World War I saw an electric lettered sign over a night club on the way to our farming commune at Easton, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." That seems to be the attitude today, if one may judge by the search for distraction, for entertainment, for pleasure, in our big cities.

The little children at Fatima knew what penance meant. When the Blessed Mother called upon them to pray the rosary devoutly, and to do penance, they immediately began to fast—to offer up their meager lunches of bread to others poorer than themselves.

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Ammon's Fast

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To give up one's food, to fast—this is in a way laying down one's life for one's brothers.

Ammon Hennacy, one of the editors of *The Catholic Worker*, known for his life of hard labor through the southwest, for his refusal to pay income taxes for war, for his fasting each year as penance for the dropping of the Bomb on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, is now fasting again, during all of Lent, for love of God, and yes, for love of country. Sometimes when unthinking people on the street where he sells the paper five days a week, taunt him with a lack of patriotism, and ask him why he does not go over to Russia, he always states that he is born in America, that he loves his country—that he would rather stay here and make it what it ought to be, following his sense of personal responsibility. So he is fasting, while his fellow Catholics fail to fast, and fasting to the extreme, eating nothing for the duration of Lent.

When sarcastic comments have been made that he should make it a 39-day fast, he has pointed out that he has only done in his last year's 40-day fast and this year's 46-day fast, what an athlete like Harry Wills the prizefighter did before a big fight. This vegetarian athlete used to fast thirty days before every big fight to keep his weight down! Many have fasted for health sake for the same length of time, and longer.

And of course Moses and Eliseus and others in the Old Testament fasted in preparation for their mission. Our Lord was not initiating something new in His forty days fast. He was merely repeating what prophets and holy men had done before him. The Desert Fathers lived to a great age on what would be considered a starvation diet and in our own day, all over the world poverty itself has brought about enforced fasts.

Ammon is not talking about his fast, but he is a living witness among us at *The Catholic Worker*, of the heroic struggle in which he is engaged with principalities and powers, with the great of this world as well as with the lethargy and indifference and luke warmness of the majority. We esteem him and are grateful to God that he has so high a vocation, that he makes so impressive a witness. And we pray to God that He will raise up many more such apostles who will use such pure means of prayer and poverty and fasting.

Light From a Lumbertown

By Joseph Heintzkill

Walt Whitman's verse, spoken of the prostitute, "Not till the sun excludes you do I exclude you," sounded clear as a bell the night I happened to be reading *Leaves of Grass* for another session of the Great Books.

It brought to mind an incident during my stay as a teacher in a northern Wisconsin town, at that time in the heyday of logging operations. The community counted a handful of Easterners, who moved their families to Rib Lake upon purchase of the lumber mill, and who wished their children to learn Latin, later to enter finishing schools in the East. The native townspeople worked their farm or dairy, tavern or store, and helped in the season's rush of operations at the mill.

Autumn each year brought migrant lumberjacks to the town, as early as the first flurries of snow. These men soon disappeared as crews in the hemlock woods for the winter, except to come back into town at pay-time regularly for an all-out celebration.

As for myself, it was a pleasure on Saturday mornings sometimes to wander down the country roads surrounding the town. One such morning early in April, I became alarmed to see billows of gray smoke in the distance, lifted to the sky by the wind. I hastened on, to find that a sprawling fire was burning its way across a wide field

of stubble and brush, toward a brothel well known to lumberjacks of the region. Just as I approached, decked out as I was in my bright blue woodsman's jacket, which every one of my students and every townsman would recognize, the girls of the house, aroused from their slumber and greatly in dread of forest fire, as was the whole community, appeared in the doorway—some with shovels to fight the flames, some with brooms.

Here I worked in a line with these girls—my face streaked black as was theirs—to beat the fire back to a plowed field, thus to save the house, their barn, and the farm buildings.

Townspeople on the way to the markets early that Saturday morning truly wondered, as they drove by, to see me—for certain me—because of the bright blue jacket I wore, the teacher of Latin to their children, a fire fighter at the most notorious house of the countryside.

The weeks following, until the close of school in May, these girls often hailed me when they drove through the town in their open car, for I comically had become their hero. I acknowledged them in turn, as did almost everyone in the town. Nor did the annual class-day exercises at the high school that year overlook my deed, for some of the students contrived

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Meaning Of Work

Thirteen was my father's lucky number. So it was all right when my time to speak here at Spring St. fell on Friday the thirteenth. I tried to open up the topic of work. What are some of the deeper meanings of physical work? How can we keep working for peace when the cause seems so hopeless? Here are a few of the ideas discussed at that meeting.

Cooking is one of our heavier tasks. Larry has a day off on Monday so I help out. We start at 3 o'clock and make a casserole aimed to feed over 160. It has twenty pounds of meat in it, five pounds of cheese, tomatoes, mushrooms, and unlimited noodles. The recipe comes from Mary Richie and Quaker work camps. One Monday at supper time I was worn out and sat down to serve the plates. I had made it, it was good, and people liked it. My spoon gave two big dips to each plate. And then during the process came an experience of joy, ten seconds perhaps, but real.

It helps to remember that God has this same sense of joy when He looks upon something good that He has made. God made the earth and "saw that it was good." He made man and woman and saw that "they were very good." God made Christ and said, "This is my be-



ST JOHN OF GOD

loved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

My ten second joy wasn't a chance fly-by-night. God meant life to be more like that for us. We need to change our work or our way of working so this joy can come more often. This is one reason we do physical work, to share God's joy in the making of good things.

Another of our steady works is for the cause of peace; writing, speaking, and picketing. Miss Day's and Ammon's going to jail is also a work for peace. What keeps a person working for an ideal that seems so distant, vague, and hopeless?

My interest in peace started in college at Lehigh when I debated a year in favor of a stronger United Nations. The speaking and effort for peace made me aware of forces acting against peace. A government teacher on campus wanted an immediate aggressive war against Russia on moral grounds and taught this in class. I went to the college minister to do something about it, but he felt it wasn't his duty and didn't want to cause friction among the faculty. This incident and others gave me the impression that God might help us in personal, soul peace, but that he had no real interest in social, world peace.

Soon afterwards I gave a talk to

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In The Market Place

By AMMON HENNACY

"Catholic Worker, no imprimatur! Free copy!" shouted a tall Irish drunk as he stood beside me at 43 and Lexington recently as I was selling CW's on a Friday noon. When three women bought from me instead of taking a free copy from him he told me that they were stooges sent from our office to show off in public. After about ten minutes of this, knowing that there is no use arguing with a drunk man, I walked down the street a block, around the corner and half way up the other side and sat down for a cup of coffee in a restaurant. Before I could place an order he was beside me, saying to the waiter as he shoved a CW at him, "Free copy! No imprimatur!" I walked out quickly without any coffee and up to where we had started. He followed me muttering, "I am your persecutor." I guess he was. As two thirds of my time for selling CW's had elapsed I called it a day and went home in defeat.

Larceny-Minded

"Make it lie," said the man at the hot dog stand when I asked him to give me a dime for ten pennies in order that I could use the phone nearby. The old saying of W. C. Fields that you can't cheat an honest man comes to mind here, for the evil in the world does not come through honest men but through those who want something for nothing. We read of big shots in unions and government who steal money and deplore their action but it is well to remember that many of the poor are just as larceny minded as the Ford's, Guggenheim's, and Rockefeller's. A letter in a local paper recently told of a man in the subway late at night at an entrance where no tokens were being sold asking another man if he would sell him a token. "50c," smiled the man as he held out the token. In the Epistle taken from *Ezekiel* xviii 1-9 in the lesson for Thursday the first week in Lent the man is praised who, "hath not lent upon usury, nor taken any increase." The Good Samaritan spent money on the poor Jew who lay in the ditch bleeding, and praise is heaped upon those who help folks in need. This was the tradition in the early Church when it was said of Christians "Behold how they love one another." Since Calvin justified 6% Catholics and Protestants now vie with each other to get as much interest as possible on loans and to take advantage of the weaknesses and vices of their brethren. Meanwhile Mohammedans and Hindus do not allow this usury. It is to be expected in a pagan society such as ours that we should render unto Caesar rather than to God, and of course to do it in God's name.

Wall Street

Peter Schmidt, a young seminarian from the Home Missioners in Glendale, Ohio, hitchhiked to visit us between semesters. He comes from a farm where he is one of twelve children, six boys and six girls. At first he balked at our complete pacifism and anarchism but soon he was interested. A former seminarian who was his friend had worked on Wall Street and was now teaching school. He had stopped for a year on Tuesday's to talk to me as I sold CW's and I guess had got weaned away from this robbers nest of exploitation. Peter took him to see the play about Joe Hill. Peter wanted to help me sell CW's and he sold fifty while I sold ten. Naturally people were attracted by his clerical garb. We visited the Stock Exchange and the War Resisters League. Another day John Ingersoll, who had become a pacifist while a minor officer in the navy and had quit, and who has been on various peace walks with us, went down also to help me sell CW's on Wall St. He also sold more than I did. John has that virtue which very few Christians seem to under-

stand, and hardly any radicals. This is, like the Buddhists and Hindus, we should sow the seed and leave the results to God. "Seek not the fruits of action," Arjuna was told by Krishna. Our own gospel tells us not to be concerned for the morrow for "all things work together for good for those who love God," but we trust in stocks, bonds, insurance, and guns instead of God. Very few young folks can even understand this idea. I didn't until after many years in jails, but John has it firmly in his mind and it should make him a reliable radical.

Although the following verse has been printed before in the CW and in my book it explains the matter of exploitation succinctly and is worth printing again. I read it around 1910 in the *Appeal to Reason* and I wrote it on the wall of my solitary cell in Atlanta prison in 1918.

Surplus Value

The Merchant calls in Profit and winks the other eye;
The Banker calls it Interest and heaves a cheerful sigh;
The Landlord calls it Rent as he tucks it in his bag;
But the honest old Burglar, he simply calls it Swag.

St. Francis Minor Seminary, Milwaukee

Father Thomas Hickey recently subscribed to his class at the above school for copies of the CW and 27 members of the class wrote to us saying what they thought about us. Most of them appreciated the work that we do living in voluntary poverty. Many of them liked the article of Barbara Graymont about the injustice to the Indians. Many also could not understand how a person could be a Catholic and take part in anti-missile demonstrations and hold the pacifist position toward war. They felt that Russian Communism was the enemy and we had to defend ourselves against this terrible atheism. These young folks of course, reflect the attitude of the families in which they are brought up and of the Churches where obedience to Caesar is never questioned.

A short summary of the CW position will help them to understand and perhaps lead them to think. I met a teacher on the street today at 14th and Broadway who also teaches in a Catholic high school. He wanted to know how I would answer the statement of St. Paul that we should obey the civil authorities. I replied that St. Peter also told us to obey the magistrates, but when arrested twice for speaking the name of Christ on the street he did not cease such action but, "Peter and all the apostles said to obey God rather than man." So we follow Peter when he followed Christ and not when he denied Him. A Catholic hangman likely has a conscience that tells him it is o.k. to hang people. We of the CW have a different kind of conscience that tells us that all man made laws return evil for evil in courts, prisons and war. We follow Christ who said when the woman was caught in sin and He was asked if she should be stoned: "Let him without sin first cast a stone at her." If we serve on a jury or go to court we feel that we deny Christ. The early Christians were not allowed to go to Communion for six months if they went to court. Likewise we refuse to have anything to do with war or war preparations and we follow the early Christians, for if a soldier became a Christian he was not allowed to go to Communion for ten years if he killed anyone.

Christian teachings have been watered down until now clerics can find an excuse for atom bombing. This is monstrous and a denial of Christ. All men are brothers and if in each country a Catholic is blessed to kill a Catholic in the enemy country this is the direct op-

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Parish Credit Unions

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Peter Maurin some years ago when living in an upstate New York city, had the habit of dropping coins in a box near the cash register of the restaurant in which he ate. The money was for those who might need a meal and who wouldn't have the money to pay for it. Others took up the habit and in this very simple way many needy persons were fed.

There are a few stores today which haven't some sort of a box nestling close to the cash register, waiting the customer's pennies. There are appeals for countless reliefs. What more obvious thing than to pass along a few coins to needy persons without benefit of a lot of organizational red tape. That was my friend's idea and he was logical with the logic of a Frenchman.

His action reminded me of the spirit of the early Christians who put their goods in common so that no one might go without help. It also reminded me of the spirit that can animate a well-run credit union and especially a parish credit union.

Most persons have some acquaintance with credit unions, at least from reading of them. Arthur Ham, in his book *People's Banks*, defines a credit union as "an association of persons, united by some common bond or community interest, joined together in a co-operative endeavor, for the following purposes:

"1. To encourage thrift . . .

"2. To promote industry, eliminate usury and increase the purchasing power of its members by enabling them to borrow for productive or other beneficial purposes at a reasonable cost."

The Christian Motivation

All this sounds very business-like and business-minded, yet behind these credit unions there is a spirit of mutual aid. This spirit can be engendered by the mere natural desire to save money or it can be strengthened and deepened and made more Christian by its members motivating their actions by a spirit of fraternal charity.

This last can be seen in a parish credit union, where the religious motive is more apt to be brought forward.

The parish credit union will help married couples in particular. They are often in need of financial help for family emergencies, and the loan companies are quite eager to lend at their own high rates of interest. The cost of hospitalization of the mother when the baby is born is one item which tends to disrupt the family budget. Few families can meet a big hospital bill without recourse to borrowing. Through the parish credit union a loan can easily be arranged and paid back in small installments each month. The parents have the added satisfaction of having borrowed the money from an association in which they have a part ownership.

Multiply the number of families in a parish by the number of needs for credit and it can easily be grasped what an asset a credit union will be to a parish. It will lead to a better realization of the spiritual unity of the parish and to a deepening of the common brotherhood in the Mystical Body of Christ in which all the parishioners are members.

Credit Union Beginnings

Writers tracing back the history of credit unions tell us that they had their origin in Germany. The Napoleonic War and the revolution of 1848 were followed by a period of terrible economic distress. Wages were unbelievably low, and out of a meager salary of a dollar and a half a week a man was supposed to support his family.

It was out of this need that the idea of a credit union came. Its mode of operation with few minor changes has remained the same to this day.

A member buys a share usually

costing five dollars. This gives him a membership in the union and the privilege of borrowing from it.

Regular weekly or bi-weekly savings are encouraged, generally some small sum, often as low as a quarter a week. The idea is to encourage the habit of saving and to show at the same time the power and social value of group saving.

A quarter a week is a small sum, but when joined with the quarters of other depositors soon adds up to a formidable amount against which loans can be made.

In Nova Scotia, where the credit union and co-operative movement have a remarkable vitality, study clubs in conjunction with the unions are held, and always look



ST. FRANCES of Rome and her Guardian ANGEL

outward to new co-operative possibilities.

The stories of families which have been aided by credit unions would fill many a large and interesting volume. Financial worries are usually the accumulation of many small worries and a lack of knowledge on the part of the average citizen of cooperative technique. Provide the instrument for credit and that citizen is on his way to be educated into correct buying methods. One no longer will say of him what Father Coady of the Nova Scotia movement used to say of the fishermen who almost tipped their hats to a bank, so mysterious and above-the-human did its workings seem. Speaking of these fishermen one time, he said, "Why when these poor men had to approach the financial powers who purchased their stuff they walked meekly towards them, fish in hand, and genuflected." A slight touch of Gaelic imagination but illuminating clearly an attitude of mind. Father Coady should know the power and some of the glories of the credit unions. He was an originator and continual worker in the dynamic co-operative movement sponsored by St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, Nova Scotia, Canada. Under his aggressive leadership and that of his co-workers, a people dispirited were raised to a thrilling new adventure in living.

Provident Loans

Loans in a credit union are made only for provident purposes. It is strictly against the spirit of the credit union movement to lend money to buy luxuries. In this way, a brake is put on the temptation of the shareholders to borrow and spend unwisely. Often when appearing before a credit union board for a loan, a member has been

shown ways to buy more wisely. The cumulative information gained from many cases is at his disposal, and this is how the educative processes "get going."

Montes Pietatis

A subject of pleasant historical speculation is this: did the credit union idea come from an institution popular in the Middle Ages and still existing as government pawnshops in some countries today? This institution was the *montes pietatis*, a form of pawnshop much encouraged by the clergy of those times, especially by the Franciscans in their devotion to the poor.

These pawnshops were started from sums of money collected by the clergy. Loans were made on household goods and articles of clothing.

The word *mons* then meant an accumulation of money, as in a present-day trust. The word *pietatis* was added to connote the religious significance.

The Catholic Encyclopedia tells us that the first of these *montes* was started by an English bishop who left a sum of money to be used for loans to the poor and needy who might apply for them. The division of episcopal revenues into three parts, for the support of his cathedral, his clergy and his poor had a long tradition, and it is probable that this bishop was just carrying the spirit into a new technique. However, the sum he left dwindled away and nothing was done to supplement it.

The loan sharks were as rapacious in those days as in ours and it was to break their grip on the common man that the Franciscans resolved to spread this new and good idea.

Pro and Con

The *montes* became very popular. In Italy especially they spread rapidly. Some preachers of the day made sermon crusades on their behalf. All this activity did not come about without opposition. It could not have been otherwise when we consider the special privileges of the money lenders they were attacking. Besides, many of the so-called noble families were not averse to owning shares in the money lenders' businesses, although the Church spoke so strongly against their usurious practices. That trade with its noxious influence was supposed to be left to non-Christians who had no religious views on the matter. The combination of noble families and money lenders fought the new idea with all their power.

There was some opposition too from a few theologians who were afraid that the charging of interest in any form was opposed to the spirit of the Gospels. The friends of the *montes* claimed (and rightly so) that the small charge of two to four per cent on the loan was to pay the salaries of the workers in the pawnshops. These included ordinarily a *depositarius*, an accountant, an appraiser and salesman or salesmen.

To show further the spirit of the *montes*, their advocates pointed to the fact that when an article was unredeemed and later sold, the difference between the original loan and the selling price, minus costs, was given to the borrower.

The question was finally decided by the Holy See. The tenth session of the Lateran Council (May 4, 1515) declared the institutions to be in no way illicit or sinful, but on the contrary meritorious, and whosoever preached against them or wrote against them in the future incurred excommunication. Henceforth, it was decided, they should be started only with apostolic approbation.

To keep the funds from dwindling away as had happened in the first one started in England, money was added from time to time to the funds. Well-to-do persons might leave an offering as a token for some spiritual or material favor. It was the duty of notaries in many towns to suggest to their clients the worthiness of this work.

At Easter time in many dioceses, the Ordinaries ordered special collections for the pawnshops.

The question of usury, difficult as it is to understand, is still with us. It is a great subject for discussion. One needs a scholarly mind to weave a balanced way through its complicated study. In the credit union, as in the *montes pietatis* before it, the emphasis is on an opposing method. The Chinese have a saying: "Better to light a candle than to curse the darkness." A credit union is a candle lighting the way out of all sorts of financial darkness.

Positive Approach

Seen in the light of fraternal love, the credit union shows this virtue in action. One instance will demonstrate how it can offset evil. A young man and woman starting their married life on a financial shoestring are faced with temptations to commit the fashionable sin of birth control. They would like to have children, but those hospital bills terrify them and they succumb. How easy it is to meet the bill if they have a membership in a credit union. Denunciations of birth control might more effectively be channelled into founding a unit in a parish.

The doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is more and more on the lips of educated Catholics. This doctrine, the great "secret" of St. Paul, given to him to give to the Church, will gain a richer meaning for one who will become an apostle of a parish credit union. Many are reading and trying to grasp this doctrine intellectually. It would aid them much more, I think, if they would come out into the sunlight and do something about it. The American Bishops have told us to study the implications of the law of love. It is the same doctrine.

In studying this doctrine in the actions of a credit union, new aspects, rich and pregnant with thought are seen. The loaning and borrowing and the mechanics become very secondary to the primary

PERPETUA & FELICITAS



study, the problem of social solidarity in Christ. Seeing Him in each credit union member immediately lifts the consideration of credit union work from a natural to a supernatural plane. There and there alone do we find the true lights and insights.

In helping to bear one another's burdens, the credit union clears away a multitude of natural impediments which might hurt the practice of spirituality of its members. St. Thomas Aquinas comes through as always with the guiding principle: "A certain modicum of material comfort is necessary for the practice of virtue." That is what the credit union helps to provide.

Q. Must a credit union be in-

corporated? A. Yes. Each credit union must procure either a state or federal credit union charter.

Q. Why are there two types of credit unions? A. Some states have no credit union laws. Credit unions in these states must be incorporated under the Federal Credit Union Law.

Q. How many persons may start a credit union? A. The New York State credit union law says that seven persons or more residing or employed in the state may start a credit union if they belong to a group with a common bond, such as having the same employer or membership in the same church; or are persons who are members of the same trade, profession, club, union, society, or association; or are residents of a town, village or other political subdivision having a population of not over 10,000 persons, who, in the judgment of the superintendent of banks have such a community of interest as will insure proper administration of the credit union.

Q. Must a credit union have by-laws? A. Yes. The laws should explain (1) the purpose of the credit union, (2) qualifications for membership, (3) the date of the annual meeting, (4) the manner of conducting meetings, (5) the method by which members shall be notified of meetings, and (6) the number constituting a quorum.

It should state (7) the powers and duties of the officers, (8) their compensation, also (9) the manner of buying, transferring, and withdrawing of shares, and (10) the conditions concerning fines and interest rates.

In all this, the state credit union regulations must be followed.

Q. Should a credit union be started by a group without preliminary study? A. No. A group should study the matter for at least several months before starting a credit union. A meeting each week or at least every two weeks is desirable. One of the functions of a credit union is to teach good financing methods to its members and this requires study.

Q. Can speakers on credit unions be easily obtained? A. Yes. Contact your state credit union league headquarters and ask them to provide a speaker for your meeting. These leagues are supported by fees paid by the credit unions in the different states.

Q. Are there any limitations to the number of members a credit union may have? A. Only the limitations laid down by the by-laws.

Q. How many votes do members of a credit union have? A. One and one alone.

Q. How much does it cost to join a credit union? A. An initial share qualifies for membership. It usually costs \$5 and may be paid for in twenty-five-cent installments. A regular weekly amount should be deposited besides even if the sum is as low as twenty-five cents a week. The money may be withdrawn as in a bank.

Q. How many committees does a credit union have? A. It must have: (1) A board of directors, (2) a credit committee, (3) a supervisory committee.

Q. What is the function of the board of directors? A. The board from its members chooses (a) a president, (b) a vice-president, (c) a treasurer and (d) a clerk. The board also chooses the bank where funds are deposited and sees to the bonding of the treasurer and any other collectors of money besides the treasurer.

Q. What is the function of the credit committee? A. It passes judgment on all loans.

Q. What is the function of the supervisory committee? A. It checks the books regularly. This should be done every three months. The committee sends an annual report to the proper state or federal supervisory department and the credit union is examined annually in the same way as banks are examined.

Q. Is there a point in starting a credit union on a small scale? A. Yes. To enable the officers, directors and committees to learn the (Continued on page 6)

There's a Moral

A blackbird took the largest piece of bread
And flew up to the branches overhead.
There he began to eat
The bread, in balance neat.

Then, from the patch of earth where bread was thrown,
A second blackbird, when the first had flown,
Rose opposite to him
And swayed another limb.

A passing blackbird then abandoned flight
(It vanished with his shadow out of sight)
And made the company
Of blackbirds one, two, three.

The first ate bread; the second and the third
Looked on the first; and then a sudden bird,
As black in every feather
As all of them together,

Disturbed the balance to enjoy the bread.
In mid-air, while the other blackbirds fled,
Or flew, that is, in back
Of them the sky went black.

John Fandel

THE NIGHT OF THE HAMMER.

By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75. Reviewed by Bette Richart.

It is reassuring that the Lamont Poetry Prize for 1958 has gone to a poet. I've been reading Mr. O'Gorman's work in magazines for some time without recognizing the special quality of his impact — a quality which he has himself (perhaps consciously) defined in his title poem. The night of the hammer is, among other things, the dark night of the soul in which the forms are born.

"These laws the hammer teaches:

To destroy is to create.
To create is to destroy.
Break up the thing."

Yeats' Crazy Jane comes to mind. "Nothing can be sole or whole that has not been rent." Yeats and Mr. O'Gorman do not belong to the New School of Gentle Poets, and I must say his violence is much to my taste. It is not violence for its own sake, of course, as his art is not art for art's sake; Michelangelo, whose hammer has such implications for Mr. O'Gorman, knew that strength must be found before it discovers form. (It is in this really quite terrible knowledge that art and religion are so intimately bound.) A sense of mystery, energy and surrealism informs the work of this rich young man, and I should grieve to see it impaired; he has kept Spender's brightness in trust, and saved the final innocence from dust too.

The sense of mystery shines co-existently with his lavish surrealist visions; in "A Poem About A Prince," a cardinal brings a grizzled hound and a livid equatorial tree; in "L'Annunciazione" (my personal nomination for Best Poem—a difficult choice) the gifts of the angel to Mary will remind you of that unexpected partridge, those turtle doves, French hens et cetera. In one kiss Mr. O'Gorman found Tristan, the crucifixion, the Ancient Mariner, Blake's tiger, the guillotine. His invention is inexhaustible and never labored. (I mean, not apparently labored; his real labor is the hammer's secret). The charm of the twelve surreal days of Christmas "dangles through all": delight does not begin his poems and wisdom end them; delight and wisdom are co-presences.

The language techniques are the kind that would engage Dame Edith Sitwell's attention: vowels in "The Tunnel" evoke an actual music, as, less lyrically, they do in "I Am a Dull Mosaic Boy," where artful consonants thud hopelessly (quickly redeemed by wit that only poets know. He says of St. Theresa, "She knew that only God would argue on the bias.") But he knows that wit is a means, not an end, and is unabashed before the concept of nobility. What is a hero? "Simply no fear in him, no meditated ugliness." "Poetry begins where rhetoric ends. When poetry speaks a theater lamentation, when it seems Lear did mightily by the hurricane." There is often a quality of incantation (I am thinking

especially of "The Rose and the Body of the Rose"), a quality found only in poets very sure of their techniques.

Technique, of course, is not the whole story of a poem, important as it is. Mr. O'Gorman's additional gifts are chiefly these: he does not hesitate to write of holy things as if they were holy rather than merely fashionable, and he is able to follow the noble Indian counsel to walk in another man's moccasins—or even more remarkably, in a woman's. Simone de Beauvoir, who enumerated all the weaknesses and faults of women so accurately in "The Second Sex," left some of us feeling that the book should have been called "The Second-Rate Sex." Mr. O'Gorman has redeemed us, or at least has acknowledged our level of effort, in "L'Annunciazione," which shows, without a condescending pat on the head, the true glory of the unspectacular female tasks.

After the annunciation which forever denied her the comfort of mediocrity, Mr. O'Gorman's Mary is not exalted.

"She said: I will behave as filling jars were all my life; I will decide to have a walk, and incident, I shall not dance again

nor tremble when some doubtful thing steps on my sill. And fell from heaven then a dominion in her womb."

At first I thought of that Rabbi long ago, who, when he heard the Messiah was born, looked out the window and quietly remarked, "I see no change." Anyone, of course, can say "no" to revelation, to the painfully enlarged horizon, but on second thought I saw that Mary was not quite doing that. Her sobriety was not refusal of revelation, but acceptance of duty. "I have no truck with incidents," she told the angel, and most of us, I know, can hear our own mothers saying it. They too would require an interval before their souls could magnify the Lord, before they could recognize the truth in the bizarre miracle. Frost's line; "Take up the task beyond her choosing," has always seemed stunningly relevant to the life of Mary; it seems even more so after reading Mr. O'Gorman's version of the annunciation.

Another unusual (but not impossible) human predicament is compassionately interpreted in "The Complaint of a Young Priest." Nothing is alien to a serious poet; as Wordsworth could inhabit the mind of a child, Mr. O'Gorman inhabits the mind of a priest, the mind of a woman, while being himself, he tells us, a dull mosaic boy. This universality of his is encompassing, but never diffuse; it is memorably explicit when the priest cries:

"When the sun comes up behind the Lady of the Seven Sorrows - I hear the music of the hoodlum in the night. I see the flower in his hat."

To see the Cyrano in the saint could be a facile insight; it is a

popular thing to do, ever since Connolly's Mr. Blue. Mr. O'Gorman's priest, you might guess, doesn't leave it at that. "Without tune, without alphabet . . . he finds the white dove sulking in the tabernacle." He too says "Sacrifice is the thing I do," and again we see glory as a duty. The stern daughter of the voice of God has become interesting, her reprimands have become perceptive, so that we must listen to her. Mr. O'Gorman has done a lot for responsibility — a psychiatric service made lyrical! I should not have thought it possible.

Agreeing with Mr. O'Gorman that thinking on a work changes it somehow, I have returned to his book again and again, thinking it would be dignum et iustum to offer a cautionary word or two. But I can't think of a one. His saints and hoodlums are not coy. His techniques are never self-conscious. He is an unassuming philosopher, and I wish him joy of his enlightened stoicism.



Raise up in Thy Church
O Lord, the Spirit
wherewith our holy
Father Benedict, Abbot,
was animated: that
filled with the same,
we may strive to love
what he loved, and
practise what he taught.

ISLAND IN THE CITY by Dan Wakefield, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. \$4. Reviewed by Eileen Fantino Diaz.

Island in the City deals with the Spanish-speaking community of East Harlem in New York City. What you can expect to gain from reading this book is summed up by the author in the conclusion of his introduction:

"I told you what I think in this introduction, and now it is up to you to think. May you think well, and may you become involved in this life. May its faces haunt you and its dialogues disturb you. May its tragedies sicken you and its love make you glad, and may you, if only in your mind, if only for a moment, become a part of Spanish Harlem."

Once you set out for this island of crumbling plaster, there is no turning back. The author's skill and the compelling realities of his story force you to complete your voyage and you do not return to the mainland unchanged.

It is obvious from the very beginning of the book that the involvement which the author requests from his reader has indeed taken place in him. He has lost the protective coating of objectivity, as is substantiated by the depth of his observations and the analyses he makes. This involvement does not lessen his ability to think clearly and correctly. Instead his thoughts have taken on form, color, feel, texture, warmth and vigor. The truth unfolds, not in syllogisms but in flesh and blood, in heroin solutions, in drums and laughter, in the words of the suffering, in the weak protests of children, in the arrogant yelp of the gangs, in

the smash of gunfire and the small silences of prayer.

He brings us to a spiritualist meeting, to the schools and churches, the dank tenement apartments, to political headquarters, the hospital for young narcotics addicts, rehabilitation meetings in parish centers but his tour in no way resembles a sightseeing tour of Rockefeller Center, not in content or in method. The reader is not asked to look but to live and he allows the people we see to do the talking.

Guilt is disturbing and in this book guilt falls where it will, often on the readers' own shoulders. It is pointed out that the migrant Puerto Ricans have inherited from us many of the baser aspects of our own culture and have not invented drug addiction, idleness, slum buildings, gangs, violence, but that the pressures of poverty, rejection, forced segregation and exploitation have made it very easy for their patterns to become chaotic and "anti-social" in this "city of opportunity."

This work will probably not find favor in the "all is well" circles because it has said in great round tones that if we are to be worthy of our humanity it is time for a good look in the mirror and a revaluation of ourselves as persons and as a society. The author points out that we are very concerned with what the Puerto Ricans are costing us but not with "what are we costing the Puerto Ricans." An awakening of conscience is accomplished by "Island in the City," but it also brings us face to face with the ageless paradoxes of the spirit, the quest for good and the attraction of evil, the tug of war that exists in all cultures and economic levels. It exposes the dilemma of the person, but never loses touch with the fact that any group, given pressures like those heaped on the Puerto Ricans in East Harlem, will necessarily erupt as a great sore on the flesh of a city. The cultured and wealthy man who exploits a worker, bludgeons him with prejudice and disdain, and forces him to live in such depressing slums is surely a greater blight than the much publicized teen-agers who steal their way to their daily bread or daily dose, whichever they happen to need most.

The author has looked upon the degradation that exists in the slums of the city but sees it in context with the social and political evils which nurture it. He has a respect for the Puerto Ricans which has enabled him to see intelligence in the addict, honor in the thief, and suffering in the boastful. He has seen the countless people of East Harlem that are struggling for a good life and are praying that their children will see a kinder sky. He sees them as brothers and looks forward with them to an easing of the floods and the new earth that sleeps.

THE HIDDEN FACE: A Study of St. Therese of Lisieux, by Ida Friederike Goerres. Trans. by Richard and Clara Winston. New York: Pantheon, 1959. \$4.95. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

This is by far the finest biography of the Little Flower, a translation of the German work by a woman who is one of the most distinguished of living Catholic writers. It is, to begin with, beautifully written and translated, in a style of ease and brilliance. It has warmth, objectivity, and, above all, great theological and psychological learning and evidence of fruitful meditation on the life of the saint.

The book poses the question, to begin with, of Therese's fantastic rise to fame, unprecedented among modern saints, the extraordinary number of miracles associated with her, and her enormous popularity with the most varied kinds of people: the ordinary, everyday person, the rather sentimental type of individual whom today many people term "pious"

with half a sneer, and — what seems strangest of all — the intellectual. She discusses, first, the repugnance which many people have felt on first reading the saint's autobiography and at their first sight of the prettified pictures of her put out by the Carmel at Lisieux (30,500,000 of them by 1925, the year of her canonization!). Then it discusses Therese's life and character, and finally offers an interpretation.

As Ida Goerres points out, there is a recent school of biographers which, revolting from what can only be called the saccharine aspect under which Therese was first presented to the world, have, while accusing their predecessors of distorting the saint's character, actually committed as grave a fault in the opposite direction. They drew a picture of her which was in as sharp contrast to the earlier one as possible; she became "a psychological problem, a misunderstood woman of great importance, a repressed artistic nature, and so on . . . So there arose the image of a modern Therese, a philosophical, conscious reformer, even a revolutionary; a tormented, defiant fighter; and finally a Titanic figure beset by demonic impulses."

With regard to the celebrated controversy over the changes in the original manuscript of *The Story of a Soul*, which has even brought charges of a plot on the part of the Lisieux Carmel and the ecclesiastical authorities to falsify a revolutionary message, Ida Goerres argues that the changes made had, in fact, no such effect, and did not alter the picture of the saint in any essential way. Many of the cuts in the manuscript were necessary because the people mentioned therein were still living when the book appeared, and furthermore most of them were in the close-knit Carmel of some twenty nuns. It would have been wrong not to eliminate some things or soften others. Furthermore, Therese expressly told Mother Agnes, to whom she entrusted the manuscript, to change it as she saw fit.

Although the net effect of the editorial work done by the sisters was to present to the world a picture corresponding to the currently popular conception of sanctity, Ida Goerres feels that anyone who knows the period and reads the sources with attention cannot be very far misled.

A Great Biography

For me, *The Hidden Face* is a model of biography. The writer takes a mass of sometimes apparently contradictory, and certainly difficult material, treats it with humility and objectivity, and emerges with a rounded, and satisfying portrait. Where various interpretations are possible, she turns to Therese's own writings and accepts the saint's own testimony for things as being at least as valuable as that of others. She takes one by one the mysteries and controversies that have long occupied Therese's biographers: the illness, the scruples, the character of the Prioress, Mother Marie de Gonzague, who has been made the villain in most biographies. She explores these issues with clarity and insight, and illuminates them every one. Of the Prioress, for example, without minimizing her difficult nature, she offers the possibility that Mother Marie de Gonzague was an extraordinarily gifted nature spoiled by bad training, and that her severity with Therese was due to her realization of Therese's spiritual gifts and her determination that the same thing should not happen to her. The treatment of the members of the Martin family and of the nuns in the Lisieux Carmel is equally compelling and honest, and a gallery of first-rate portraits emerges.

The Nineteenth Century

Ida Goerres places Therese squarely in her time and place—

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late nineteenth-century France, where the Church seemed moribund and the lives of many Catholics were a scandal, and where nevertheless the seed of Christian renewal was waiting to burst into life a generation later. Her strictures on the nineteenth century are severe. Secularism had triumphed, and devout Catholics retreated into a life which was a pale imitation of the monastery. They had no conception of a life of perfection in the world, and tended to view marriage as a state of life inferior to that of the monastery. The separation of everyday life from religion led also to blindness in the realm of social justice, and many people (though the Martins were not among them) who attended faithfully to their religious duties mistreated employees scandalously. Ida Goerres points out how this separation of the two spheres of life, secular and religious, led Therese's parents to see nothing contradictory in severely condemning worldly amusements, and at the same time earning their living by making and selling laces and jewelry.

In a curious way, too, the devout succumbed to the prevailing secularism they were trying so hard to flee. Catholics demonstrated their loyalty to the Church mainly by means of banners, pilgrimages, or badges of this and that society, so that their spirituality became directed outward, concerned for its effect on other men, rather than inward toward God.

At the other end of the scale, the undevout simply left religion to the specialists and were content with the minimum of religious practices.

The Doctrine

Therese's doctrine of spiritual childhood is linked with the quality of the saint's own actual childhood. Because she was so loved, she knew from babyhood what most people learn much later if at all: "that we can be loved without having deserved it: that grace comes first."

This, then, is the first element in her teaching: that sanctity is pure grace, given by God in the sense that parents give their love to their children. The children do not love first; the parents do.

Therese recognized quite early, also, her inability by her own powers, to overcome the scruples and excessive sensitivity which tormented her for years as a child, both of which were removed by God as by a miracle. She never forgot that our own efforts in and of themselves avail nothing in the spiritual life. She rejected the idea, which keeps cropping up in Catholic piety, that numbers of prayers said, numbers of "acts of virtue" have any real significance. The popular piety of her own time, in particular, was full of this kind of thinking. On all of this Therese turned her back instinctively as she matured, and in this she prefigures the greater balance that modern spirituality is beginning to achieve. Later, Therese began actively to rejoice in her helplessness and to see in it the pledge that God would do everything, for "what is empty can be filled." This became the second mark of her spirituality.

Let all this seem like quietism, let us note the corollary. Celine once asked about St. Paul's doctrine of justification by grace alone. Therese replied, "We must do everything we are obliged to do . . . In a word we must produce all the good works that lie within our strength—out of love for God. But it is in truth indispensable to place our whole trust in Him who alone sanctifies our works and who can sanctify us without works for He can even raise children to Abraham out of stones. Yes, it is needful, when we have done everything that we believe we have to do, to confess ourselves unprofitable servants, at the same time hoping that God out of grace will give us every-

thing we need. This is the little way of childhood."

Therese's doctrine actually was not new, although she and her sisters apparently did not realize this, but re-established a link with earlier schools of spirituality. Leonie, the sister who had entered the Visitation Order, said that the doctrine of spiritual childhood came as nothing new to her convent; the Visitandines have had it since the time of St. Francis de Sales; he had been influenced by one of his penitents, Cardinal Berulle, who developed the doctrine very highly. Both Marie and Pauline, the elder sisters who gave Therese her early education, attended the Visitation convent as schoolgirls, but they seemed to be as unconscious as Therese of any influence from there.

Therese's Significance for Us

The question remains of the treatment of the "little way" by writers. Ida Goerres insists that it is truly "little" and that the temptation must be avoided to distort it in such a way as to make it "great." Therese's deeds were not great ones, but those open to everyone in ordinary circumstances. Her life was the ordinary life of the Carmelite nun, pursued, to be sure, with the greatest fidelity. But we must not be misled even by that fact. A Carmelite prioress (and she was not the only one) said that by the standards of *The Story of a Soul* her whole convent would deserve to be canonized.

Precisely herein lies Therese's significance for us. She was "no precocious genius, no frustrated Cleopatra, no Carmelite Simone Weil, no repressed Titan, but a very sweet provincial girl with all the qualities resulting from her origins and environment. She was, considerably gifted, but somewhat inadequately educated, and had certain inborn weaknesses. Her attitude to the world was narrow, her taste poor. Therese was a typical 'little soul.' And as such she became the great saint whose light shines over the world . . . Therese was, as St. Bridget of Sweden said of herself, a messenger with a letter from a mighty Lord. The letter contains for us, in the language of her time, the age-old message that the good tidings are for the poor. How fitting it is that it is brought to us by one of those poor upon whom are heaped such immeasurable gifts. . . . In her glorification there is revealed, as though through a rent in the curtain . . . a gleam of that which awaits the lowliest in our Father's House."

Therese speaks of "little souls" in various senses. Ida Goerres distinguishes three meanings. First, they are the great body of believers, "all those who are not led by extraordinary ways." Second, they are those who are not called to do great deeds. And finally, they are the minority who "have recognized their nothingness before God, who joyfully consent to it and in spite of it, indeed because of it, expect great graces from God. These, then, are souls who are capable of and called to the absolute devotion of sacrificial victims" — as Therese herself was. Ida Goerres remarks that perhaps Therese would say that the first group are those who "ought to and could walk the Little Way, the third those who really pursue it to the end."

It is this great group of people who form the body of the ordinary, quiet, yet profound sanctity of the Church, out of whom spring from time to time the giants of Christianity. It is because Therese could voice and express this spirituality, which had been forgotten by Christians, that the multitude have realized that their life can be a way to sanctity. Therese is thus "the sole saint who has become a symbol to modern times . . . In (her) quiet life there was revived the ancient, original, Gospel concept of sanctity, of the baptized Christian whose whole life reflects

Christ in all its elements, who is saintly not because he does or says special things which set him off from others, but because he is a tiny member of Christ present in the world and because he endeavours to walk worthily in the path of his vocation."

THE RISE AND FALL OF SOCIETY

by Frank Chodorov, Devin Adair, N.Y. City, 1959, \$3.95. Reviewed by Ammon Hennacy.

"In those days," we are told in Judges 17:6, "there was no king in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes." The evidence leads to the conclusion that these Judges ruled by natural selection and common consent, much like the chiefs of the American Indian tribes . . . The significant feature of the rule of the Judges is that it lacked the power of coercion."

This went on for four centuries, as long as the Roman Empire lasted, and when the people ceased to be nomads and ran after the fleshpots of the towns they told Samuel to ask God for a king. God told them that they would be enslaved by a king, but they got their kings and ended up in the Babylonian captivity.

The author, in this small book, presents a clear picture of the origin of the State in exploitation and its development by aggravated robbery. He knows all this because he was once a follower of Emma Goldman, and later of the Single Taxers, teaching in their school, but he broke with them when he remained true to some of his first principles learned from the anarchists and opposed World War II.

He does not believe in Society as an entity: only the individual. For a "ghost-town," such as



Jerome, Arizona where I have been, and buried cities, ceased to be a Society when people no longer lived there.

When the State takes over the functions of Society everything is done to deprive man of freedom. Anything the State does, except make atom bombs and big wars, the individual or small groups of individuals could do better. Welfare states, or as Chodorov calls them, "the Robin Hood formula," with their planning and attempted control of prices only makes for black markets, bootlegging, smuggling, and as Christopher Dawson implied, piracy in competition with the piracy of the State. The author thinks that the helping of poor foreign countries is more of an imposition of our false standards and values upon these unspoiled but poor people, in a sentimental way, than it is in solving any local or international problem. Especially since our surpluses are arrived at in the first place by exploitation of workers and bribery of the farmers for their vote.

He notes that in olden times the market place was set up on a Holy Day and that the professional robbers acted as policemen for the time being to facilitate trade there.

To Grandfather Fish

(After reading a Ph.D. dissertation)

Dear Sir: I have learned today something that causes slight dismay—the difference is just a few cortical fibers between me and you.

Science tells us, from the mid-brain of man to midbrain squid it's mainly a question of kind and number of messages that may encumber the hypothalamic line (yours or mine).

You may think of something you drank or how to stay right-side-up in your tank, while I may dwell on income tax, poetry, or Borofax—small matter which, because the stride from hand to fin, from type to tide is rather small. Hardly significant at all!

Please understand me. I don't wish to seem superior to any fish just because my cranial region has ideas legion.

I think you, lower vertebrate are simply great, really I do, ancestor dear, so here—take my under-water-writing pen and do a thesis upon men!

Elizabeth M. Sheehan.

He of course does not believe in the huge Communist State with forced collectivism, and feels that the anarchist utopia which would allow private property without exploitation and also voluntary communities would not work because men "prefer something for nothing . . . and the promise of loot" to freedom. It is just too bad people are so foolish and short sighted. He thinks that man is not born good and therefore sees little hope. As a non-disillusioned anarchist, and as a Catholic, I can see some hope, for I know that anarchism is not based upon man in a state of nature corrupted now by the State, but upon man regenerated by the spirit of God whereby original sin and the clouded view of spirituality which we have, is raised to supernatural Grace through the Sacraments. The inspiration which we gain from Saints who have sought to be good without the help of the policeman, which is the utopia of the anarchist, still gives me courage.

THE ESSENCE OF THE BIBLE by Paul Claudel, Philosophical Library, 120 p. \$3.

A POET BEFORE THE CROSS by Paul Claudel, translated by Wallace Fowle Henry Regnery, 269 p. \$6.50. Reviewed by Anne Taillefer.

"But what is the Bible if not a vast poem?" Thus, disclaiming to be a theologian, the aged Claudel embarks upon an enchanted journey into the Bible.

He had loved it as a child and would imagine a mitred bishop sailing above the earth riding the Bible. On the day of his conversion in Notre-Dame, it is the Bible that he picked up at night. This subject he has been pursuing for twenty years: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy House."

Borne on his great voice a secret dialogue reverberates from God to man and then back to God. Job's cry is answered at Gethsemani by "that other Job." Adam on Golgotha, sees that new Adam pierced with a lance in that cavity left by the birth of Eve, under man's heart.

Wine and blood, blood and wine are intermingled in antithesis and analogy. The master of the vineyard and his miscellaneous servants press the grapes of the Mystical Body. "The wine of human kindness" is the wine of Cana. And then rises before us, gracefully curved, that Vase filled with the water of light and the wine of blood to be spilled for all men.

"The Bible is a great love story" and the magic flute takes us through the peregrinations of Israel and the accomplishments of prophecies upon the pilgrimage of the soul up to its fulfillment. Love stories culminate in a wedding-song and so the Song of Songs tells us once again of the Covenant signed harmoniously, the Spouse of God, innocent of all

adultery, standing before Him.

"Who will make saints of us," asks painstaking humanity. And God, before his numberless saints: "Who will make me their Father?" Mary fulfills both longings and crowns the edifice.

Those who are ecumenically minded might yearn for a more conciliatory tone towards Protestant beliefs, in spite of occasional handsome tributes. Those who writhe in doubt may feel the whole tone to be a little coercive.

"John of the Cross may doubt, but Claudel never," cries Gide in his correspondence. One could of course retort that Pascal, that Prince of doubt is constantly quoted.

One would prefer a more unpretentious title such as the French one: "I love the Bible."

A controversy on literalism versus poetry between Father Steinman and the author takes place in the middle of the book. Those who share Father Steinman's views may consider the writer's answers in defense of poetry rather forceful. May it diffidently be said that there is small danger of poets taking over the world. Furthermore poetry cannot alter realism from which it springs, it only reveals a hidden aspect. Whilst realism, pure and simple, can crush poetry literally. Moreover Claudel's immense erudition puts the reader in a full position to choose between what he believes and what he transcends.

As always with a poet, this is a pelican's dinner. The old and wise Ambassador of France has wandered around as the people of Israel, taking the Cosmos in his stride. By means of his own love story and error interwoven with his universal plays he has, little by little, tempered the soul's search for love up to his song of songs, "The Satin Slipper." Now, as his predecessor, Racine, at the height of his powers, he drops his incantations and for twenty years listens to the voice of God in the Bible. There we leave him, in his chosen land, at the end of the extraordinary chapter "Evil before Original Sin" dealing with the power of the dark Prince who all in all, still has to serve. "The devil is not the author of his own existence." And in the Garden sway

(Continued on page 8)

DICTIONARY OF FOODS

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By William L. Esser, N.D.

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Outside of Pusan

In the low ranging hills just outside of Pusan, Korea there is being enacted a human interest story that would ring tears from a stone. Without fanfare or encouragement of any kind a few people are keeping a humanitarian project going in the face of almost insurmountable odds, displaying a religious faith and courage rare today in our materialistically motivated world. It's a tale that a Gorki or a George Orwell should tell, but in their total absence I'll have to do the best I can, for the story must be told.

Helena Laskowska came to Korea in 1940, a Catholic refugee from Warsaw, Poland. She married General San Kyo Kim, chief of staff of the Korean Army and they resided in Seoul, the capital city. Then the war gods devastated Korea, as they have laid waste so much of our world today, and without quite knowing how it all came about they found themselves creating and operating The Polish Heart Orphanage in the hills outside the sea-port town of Pusan. It is a private, Catholic home for the war waifs roaming the countryside; the tragic aftermath of the grownups' blood bath. There was a small army of the children in the early period, later augmented by a good many illegitimate G.I. babies. (One of the less publicized, but always present results of our military forces abroad).

Today they have only some sixty odd little residents left, and only one of these is a G.I. baby. (The rest being taken over by organizations with special funds for special "Americans"). However their problems have become more critical than ever due to the present state of affairs in Korea itself. To those familiar with Singman Rhee's nation today nothing need be said, to the others only that the least said the least trouble it will cause there. Sufficient to say the Orphanage has reached a virtual blackout on mail, packages, bundles or other donations via the regular postal route. Graft and corruption are epidemic in most of the Far East, but in Korea it is setting something of a record. This has worked havoc with the operation of the home, depending as it does to such a large extent on donations from abroad, but it has worked an even greater hardship on the lives of the dedicated family who runs the Orphanage. They have not been able to get even their personal mail and have subsequently lost track of their eldest son, who is now residing somewhere in the States. He is Benjamin Zzurawski, 39 years old, who received his passport and left for America in 1947. If Benjamin sees this, kindly write to his fam-

Cardinal Newman On The State

"Earthly kingdoms are founded not in justice, but in injustice. They are created by the sword, by robbery, cruelty, perjury, craft and fraud. There never was a kingdom, except Christ's, which was not conceived and born, nurtured and educated, in sin. There never was a state, but was committed to acts and maxims which is its crime to maintain and its ruin to abandon. What monarchy is there but began in invasion or usurpation? What evolution has been effected without self-will, violence, or hypocrisy? What popular government but is blown about by every wind, as it has no conscience or responsibilities? What dominion of the few but is selfish and unscrupulous? Where is military strength without the passion for war? Where is trade without the love of filthy lucre, which is the root of all evil?"

ily, this time in care of the Catholic chaplain's address at the end of this article.

Their close friend and helper, Father Kozikowski, of the Polish Franciscan order, left Korea in 1955 for Pulaski, Wisconsin and they have had no reply from their letters to him. They believe he has written and wish him to send a letter to them in care of the Maryknoll Sisters. Father Kozikowski had a church adjacent to the orphanage and was a source of strength and help to them during his stay in Korea.

Both of the other two sons, Zygmunt Laskowski Kim 27, and Alexander Laskowski Kim 20, would like correspondence from the States, that could help them in locating work there and further their education.

The Orphanage itself needs everything. As the kindly, quizzical Helena puts it, 'she can't think of anything they can't use.' Clothes, food, books (for schooling) tools to teach the children a trade, money for things like utilities, housing etc. CARE packages are highly prized. To those readers who wish to send something, or to correspond with an intelligent, interesting and courageous woman, these two following addresses are the ones she wishes all mail to be directed to in the future. c/o Sister Mary Gretchen, Maryknoll Sisters, P.O. Box 77, Pusan, Korea. The Maryknoll order has been a great help to the Orphanage, treating the sick youngsters for free over the years. U.S. Army Chaplain, Father Flatly, Escom. P.A.C. Chaplin Ofc. Pusan, Korea.

Robert D. Casey

Fr. Tompkins

Ontario, November 14, 1958.

Dear Mr. Sheehan:

It did me a lot of good to read your piece "The Parable of Andrew's Coat" and Father Jimmy Tompkins in The Worker for November.

Like you, I have been in the Nova Scotia mines and in the past I have been in Springhill as a newspaperman when men have died. Like you, too, I have been in Antigonish and at St. F.X. My eldest son is there now as the first-year university student. What Father Jimmy, Father Coady and the rest did there... what I was able to see they had done... has never ceased to move me. It is not the universal answer, but it has been the answer for much of Nova Scotia's ills.

That band of men is, indeed, a breed apart. It was not my good fortune to have known Father Tompkins, but I have known some of the others... and some of the workers in the field. For them, as for The Catholic Workers, I have always had the greatest regard. Perhaps because I myself have not been able to do the things they do. My only contribution is to have continued reading The Worker for 25 years, off and on. Like many, I don't agree with your pacifism, but I admire your charity.

Your article was a beautiful thing, and I kept wishing that Cyrus Eaton, that other Nova Scotian whom I do not know personally, had come under Father Tompkins' influence as Carnegie did.

J. E. Belliveau.

From Burma

Dear Miss Day:

We have just received two copies (July-August and September) of the Catholic Worker and though they have not been read through yet, which will happen, we find them very interesting and indeed very good.

We don't know who has been kind enough to send them. Perhaps you mean to exchange copies with us? We are sending you our latest issue of The Light of the Dhamma, a quarterly, and trust that this is in order. We have been told, and do not believe it or disbelieve it but would like information, that Catholics are not allowed to read the publications of other religions. Is that really so? If so we apologize for sending our magazine.

We can see you are doing good work and as Buddhists, with palms placed together we salute you for this.

Yours faithfully,

Wunnakayawhtin U Ohn Ghine
Union Buddha Sasana Council
English Editorial Dept.
Kaba Aye P.O.
Rangoon, Burma

Japan Opposes A-Weapons Even for Defense

Tokyo, Feb. 9.

Premier Kishi said today Japan would renounce nuclear armament even for defense purposes.

Japan will also refuse the introduction of any kind of nuclear weapons into the country, he told a Diet committee.

LIGHT FROM A LUMBERTOWN

(Continued from page 2)

to present me an award, in the form of a medal from the top of a large tin container, for my work as a fire fighter.

This community roared with a pioneer vitality in which all participated—mill owner and native farmer, teacher and students, the lumberjacks, minister and priest.

In time to come, I was told, one of the vagrant prostitutes became the accepted maker of a home, for her indeed a *vita nuova*, given by the magnanimous spirit of a lumbertown's people, who did not exclude her from their frontier heart.

Meaning Of Work

(Continued from page 2)

an entire high school assembly and they started with a hymn. My immediate reaction was to say that we couldn't get peace by prayers and hymns, we would have to do it by ourselves through stronger United Nations. After the talk I was uneasy. I'd said what seemed true to me, but something was wrong. A teacher asked me to stay for lunch, but I said no. I just wanted to get away. I sensed anger hanging over me, but couldn't understand why.

Not until about four years later did I begin to see the depth of my error. Gandhi and his work through non-violence showed me God's tremendous concern for social improvement and peace. No one could do the things Gandhi did without great help from God. God had never lacked interest in world peace! He had only been waiting, impatient, for us to adopt clean methods before pouring in His power.

This is one big reason that keeps us working for peace through non-violence, we have learned that it is a cause very close to God's heart. We find that we can serve Him and learn about Him through this cause. Maybe you have seen how a Boston bull dog fights. When he gets a grip he never lets go even when thrown off his feet. That's the way we want to hang onto God, and non-violence for peace gives us a real way of doing it.

But there is a certain dead-end atmosphere today. War is coming soon or late and an end to life on earth, they say. A bare, burnt, lifeless earth will be swinging around the sun and that's the end of your joy in creative work and your idealistic action for peace. Wonderful! Stick to it! But we know what it's all coming to.

For me the answer to this dead-weight pessimism has been long in coming. The answer for me lies in a fuller understanding of the resurrection. The first vague notion I had of the resurrection was that God did visit earth in history, lived a hard life here, and did show that he loved us. Then He died, arose, and went away to heaven. That didn't have much to do with me or world peace. Next I realized that Christ didn't arise just for His own pleasure, but to show me by example what He wants to do to my body also, and to all who will let Him. He wants all people, including me, to share in this strange transformation. That was better, but still I had God and people hanging in a kind of spiritual air. Now I realize that God intends to transform not only people, but everything He has made including this physical earth.

This is the truth that meets our problem. Men did more than enough to destroy the body of Christ, whipped it, hammered nails into it, and drove a spear into its heart. Christ's body really died. But God's plan cut deeper and He raised that body up in a transformed state.

So we can reasonably expect that at some time men will do more than enough to destroy human life and this earth with hydrogen bombs, missiles, and worse weapons to come. This event may not happen soon, it may lie deep in the future. But what men did to God they are likely to do to themselves. Then human life and this earth will really die. But God's hold on us is deeper and He will extend the resurrection to men and earth, raising us also in a transformed state.

The end of God's work in Christ was not a body in a tomb, but a living, risen Christ. The end of God's work in this world will not be a dead humanity on a burnt earth, but a living, risen family in its fitting home, this earth transformed.

So you see work for a better world isn't pointless as they say. Yes, the world will die and that will be our fault. But we are meant

to share now in building it anew. None of our efforts will be wasted, because the resurrection includes this world. Sometimes it helps just to remember the kind of person God is. Who was it that fed five thousand people and then said, "Gather the fragments that are left over, lest they be wasted?"

Now it's time to pull these ideas together and try to see their personal meaning for us. God is working to build a family of men and a physical world around Himself. The work isn't complete yet, but it will be, with God at the center. You and I and every person have the choice to help in this work or to refuse our help. If we help then we shall learn about God, become God-centered people, and fit into His world that is being completed. If we refuse to help then we shall stay self-centered and be eternal misfits. Therefore we do physical work and work for peace that this world and our hearts may become fit homes for the risen Christ, their true center.

CHARLES BUTTERWORTH.

Parish Credit Unions

(Continued from page 3)

routine connected with their work more easily.

Q. What is the interest rate on loans? A. One per cent a month on the unpaid balance of the loan. In some states loans may be discounted when made.

Q. What kind of loans are made by a credit union? A. Secured and unsecured loans for provident and productive purposes. Secured loans are those which must have some security put up before they are granted. Unsecured loans are made on the borrower's signature.

Q. How does a credit committee determine whether a loan should be made? A. It carefully considers the purpose of the loan, the character of the applicant, his ability to pay, and the security offered if it is a secured loan.

Q. What is the term of a loan? A. Usually a loan must not exceed two years. The customary practice is to require repayment at regular intervals, such as each pay day.

Q. Do credit unions develop reserves? A. Yes. In federally chartered credit unions, all fees, fines, and twenty per cent of the net earnings go into a reserve fund to cover possible bad debts. Under state chartered credit unions similar funds are set up with differing percentages for reserves.

Q. What is the limit to an unsecured loan? A. Usually fifty dollars.

Q. What is the limit to a secured loan? A. Usually not more than ten per cent of the credit union's unimpaired capital and surplus.

Q. What dividends are paid on credit union shares? A. Usually three to six per cent. The dividends must be voted at the annual meeting by a majority of the members voting. In some states the board of directors may declare the dividend.

Q. Do officers of credit unions get paid? A. No, unless the work begins to make an undue demand on the time of the officials.

Q. Is there a magazine devoted to credit unions? A. Yes, THE BRIDGE, which is published by the Credit Union National Association, Madison, Wisconsin.

The Gospel command to love one's enemy applies not only to individuals but to "social and international relations as well. The glorious and peaceful victories of the martyrs teach that one wins when one sheds one's own blood for others, and not when one sheds others' blood. Now, more than ever, we must draw inspiration from the martyrs in exchanging love for hate."

—Domenico Cardinal Tardini, Vatican Secretary of State, quoted in The Catholic Messenger, diocesan publication, Davenport, Iowa.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

mania and held prisoner there and for a time our letters came back marked all over the envelope MISSING IN ACTION. Then we got word of him through the Red Cross. He was in a prisoner-of-war camp and the correspondence was resumed. He was rescued by the Russians, shipped into London again where he went through the worst of the blitz bombings.

Jack has always been maddeningly casual about his war and prison experiences—all we knew was that he had an injury to his spine and many wounds which kept him in the hospital a year after he came home, and which rated him total disability compensation from the government, and that his teeth were kicked in by a guard, and that what he didn't lose that way he did through starvation.

Anyway the day he returned to New York the first thing he said was that he wanted to wander down on the East Side and eat strawberries and sour cream such as he had enjoyed when he was first rescued from his prison camp in Rumania. As always around *The Catholic Worker*, there were so many visitors that one could not savor them singly. Armande Guzman from Mexico City, whom I had known as a little boy in 1929, who with his sister Guillermina, had taken Tamar to the Zocalo every day so that I could write, came in at the same time. Armando wanted to thank me courteously for teaching him English then, so that now he was a translator for the New York Central and he went along with Jack and me to share our strawberries and sour cream, and sit on a park bench overlooking the East River while Jack poured out his talk, his enthusiasm, a Niagara of talk that dealt mostly with ideas, with books, so that it was hard to pin him down as to what he was going to do next.

I believe Charlie O'Rourke, God rest him, was the influence that kept Jack in New York. Anyway Tom Sullivan from the Chicago house returned from the South Pacific at that time, and he and Charles and Jack were cronies, and there they were, with Bob Ludlow and Joe Zarella and Gerry Griffin and Jack Thornton and a whole house full of young people returning from wars and conscientious objector camps and prisons and American Field Service, and David Mason and Arthur Sheehan and Stanley Vishniewsky and Michael Kovalak, Smoky Joe and

Duncan Chisholm who had been there all along.

Anyway, the house of hospitality was full after all the lean war years when it took weeks to mail out the paper and there was still a breadline and a clothes room and on the farm a retreat house. Now there were so many people they were falling over each other.

Now that I look back on it, Jack was searching for his vocation then. He thought of the Dominicans in Providence and the Benedictines in New Jersey, and in between he was back again, with wild enthusiasms, books and people and ideas and a passionate desire for justice for the colored still deep in his being. Who would ever had thought he would finally chose the Trappists, the order of silence and hard manual labor? But of course he did not chose—God chose him. How little we do ourselves, except mess things up, run around in circles, put all kind of obstacles in the way. But Jack was a "man of desires" as they called the prophet Daniel, and God likes such. He wanted everything, he wanted the abundant life and was straying all over the lot to find it. But oh the mystery of God's grace, that somehow or other, he was caught. Some casual visitor, a newspaper man came in and talked about Conyers and the Trappists starting there a foundation from Gethesemene, Kentucky, where Abbot Dunne was our good friend who had said that he felt *The Catholic Worker* was a companion work to the Trappists.

It is eight years now since Jack came to the Trappists, and now, as I write, he is an ordained priest offering a sacrifice of praise and adoration, and petition and penance for us all.

Five of his aunts, his sister, brother-in-law, his uncle, his niece and nephew, his friends Fr. Pierre Conway, O.P. and Father Larry O'Neill, Maryknoller were here and are here still, and Tom Sullivan and I representing the *Catholic Worker*. Tom flew in and flew out, since he had to get back to teaching his fifth grade kids, and Gerry Griffen loaned him the money which will take him three months to pay back out of the salary he gets.

"Don't say I was not present at your first Mass," Tom told Jack, "because after all, right after your ordination you con-celebrated with Bishop Hyland of Atlanta. That was your first Mass." Technically that is true but Jack, whom from now on I shall call Father Charles, insisted that his first Mass was this morning.

It was bitter cold as we got up at five, well below freezing and the red roads were frozen hard. But how it smelled like spring! Even at five-thirty there were dawn sounds in the air, the birds were clamorous.

This first Mass, a low requiem by special permission, was most specially for Fr. Charles' father and brother as well as all the living and dead of his family. "And if you will go over in your mind, and recall all those whom you wish to remember," he told us solemnly, "from now on, for the rest of my life, I will be remembering your intentions in each Mass I offer up."

Down the road and to the right from the gatehouse, past the little lake, and looking out over a gully full of trees, there is a little chapel, built completely by the monks, where Mass is offered each Sunday morning for some hundred or so of the neighbors around the Abbey. The building is of cement block and plywood. The benches and pews are all made at the monastery, also the iron candle sticks and flower holders on either side of the altar. The altar itself is the only thing not made on the place. It is a huge stone altar of granite, quarried and polished from a neighborhood quarry, a magnificent place of sacrifice.

It was here that Fr. Charles, clad in the black raw silk, hand-woven vestments from Prinknash Abbey in England sent to him by Natalie Darcy of Brooklyn College and Fordham, offered his first Mass

alone, assisted by his uncle, Fr. Conway and Fr. O'Neill, his aunts, his sister and I. The requiem is a beautiful and a happy Mass and I joined in the prayers most heartily:

O God, whose property is ever to pity and to spare, have mercy on the souls of Thy servants and handmaids, and forgive them all their sins, that being loosed from the bonds of mortality, they may be found worthy to enter into life. . . . O God, the bestower of pardon and lover of man's salvation, we beseech Thy clemency, through the intercession of the Blessed Mary, ever a Virgin, and all thy saints, that brethren, kindred and benefactors of *The Catholic Worker* movement who have passed out of this world may together enjoy everlasting happiness . . .



Consent, we beseech Thee, O Lord, that this oblation benefit the souls of Thy servants and handmaids, as Thou hast granted that by the offering of it the sins of all the world should be forgiven . . . O God Whose mercy is boundless, mercifully receive the prayers of our lowliness, and grant, through these sacraments of our salvation, to the souls of our brethren, kindred and benefactors eternal rest.

And now tomorrow morning there will be the first sung Mass in the monastery church and then during the day all of us visitors will depart, and the monks and brothers and the newly ordained priests who have been involved with visitors will settle down to the work of silence, of study, the manual work of building the permanent monastery, pushing wheel barrows of cement and rocks and gravel up long inclines, making and setting in stained glass windows, the carpentry work, the cobbling, the baking and cooking, the farming—all the activities which make a monastery self sufficient and prosperous, so that the benefits are spilled out in all directions over the countryside. And the hard work of prayer will go on, the seven hours a day beginning at two in the morning of chanting the psalms, the prayers, the hymns and canticles, the Masses of praise and worship—offering Christ Himself, and with Him, themselves and all of us—a worthy offering to God, creator of Heaven and Earth, in whose hands all things rest, in Whom is our peace. Father Charles English, pray for us all, as we do for you.

On to Florida

This afternoon we visited some of the migrant camps near Lake Worth and talked to some beautiful (Continued on page 8)

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 2)

posite of our Lord who said, "Turn the other cheek, love your enemy; return good for evil." We then follow Satan rather than Christ. Just when each individual feels he should draw the line is up to his conscience. What we are trying to do is to awaken some sleepy consciences.

This is the time to say that I have lost pounds and feel fine now on the 28th day of my 46 day fast to awaken the consciences of people as I do penance for our sin of war and the atom bomb. There is a conflict between Christ and Caesar and it cannot be smoothed over as we say, "Pray for Russia" and at the same time make bombs to kill Russians.

Gandhi said that it was much better to kill a tyrant than it was to knuckle and obey him, but it was much better to make him your friend. St. Francis of Assisi is the saint I admire the most, but St. Joan of Arc comes next although she was not a pacifist, for she had integrity and followed her conscience.

Students who study history should look closely and see how many wars achieved the result that they were supposed to be fought for. There are three ways to change this world to make it nearer "Thy kingdom come on earth" for which we pray. (1) Get 51% of the bullets. (We don't shoot). (2) Get 51% of the ballots. (We don't vote). (3) Change ourselves. This anyone can do if he lets go of a lot of unnecessary baggage.

Traveling

Recently I went by bus on a cold day to Brookfield, Mass., to the home of George and Mary Gulick where they have been baking bread at their Eric Gill Farm. These young folks had quit a good job in the city and now with Ralph Madsen, who is single and working in a nearby laboratory, they are trying to establish the base for a community. Joe Durkin, who knew my friend Frank Brophy Jr., at Notre Dame, introduced me at the City Hall at a meeting sponsored by St. Mary's Church. I had not met the Catholic writer Mary Reed Newland before and was pleased to see her here. The paper mill is closing, as the company has moved its main operations to the South where there is no fear of unions.

The next night we drove to Worcester where at the Quaker meeting place I spoke to a receptive audience, among them Carl Paulson from the Upton CW farm with two of his older children and two of the Roche girls. We drove to his house that night and in the morning I spoke at the Communion breakfast in the Church. I did not know that this was Boy Scout day with flags, but I tried to show the distinction between following Christ and the politicians who lead us into war. One of the Catholic men had read Thoreau and asked me about him. It is always a joy to visit the Paulson's with their many children, their healthy noise, responsibility and ordered household. Twenty minutes was all I needed in their orchard to continue the pruning which I had commenced last year. Bill Roche is steward in the carpenter's union where he works and he entertained me with stories of how he stood up for the rights of the men.

In Boston I phoned Pirikim Sorokin of Harvard who had written that he was leaving for the west next day. I visited with my anarchist friend Aldino Feliciani, secretary of the Sacco Vanzetti defense in the twenties. He showed me a leaflet which bore the famous words of Vanzetti, "If it had not been for these things, etc." and on the opposite side the death mask of Sacco and Vanzetti, which he and others, according to the front page

of the *Boston Globe*, had distributed while picketing the exhibition of Gov. Fuller's collection of paintings at the Art Museum. Fuller had obstinately refused justice to Sacco and Vanzetti. Then I visited Msgr. Lalley of the Boston Pilot. He had written the editorial against the atom bomb which we reprinted. In at the Pius XI bookstore I met our old CW friend Ignatius O'Connor. By this time I had forgotten to eat and had a headache. When fasting your stomach gets the notice ahead of time and there is never a headache.

After dark I was the one passenger on the plane going to Provincetown. There is no bus or train in the winter. Lee and Vicki Pagano met me there with my god-children Pier, who was three years old two days before, and Jackie who is twenty months. Lee is the sandal-maker of whom I have spoken before. Now in the winter he is working as a mechanic in a garage. That evening a group of artists came over and I was happy to discuss radicalism with them. The next afternoon Harry Kemp, age 77, the old time poet who knew all of the radicals of his day, came over and we had a pleasant afternoon. In the summer he lives on the beach. He rises each morning and says the day is too short for the poetry that he wishes to write. He has been a CW fan for years. Vicki and I visited the Church which is finished inside with Portuguese blue. I started my fast on Ash Wednesday, after some whole wheat cereal which Vicki made. The next day the plane trip was cancelled because of a snow storm. Dan Bernstein obligingly drove to Boston that afternoon instead of the next day as he had planned, and I arrived that night a little late for my talk to the pre-law students at Brandeis College. Dorothy had spoken there recently so they knew what to expect and asked questions intelligently and frequently. John Cort came to the meeting and drove me home to meet his nine children the next day. This is another family that I am always glad to meet.

The meeting the next night of the FOR at Harvard was not advertised so was very small. I stayed with Joe and Margaret Dever and as usual felt a warm greeting from them. A few hours with Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr., my old friend at Ohio State University in 1915, and I was on my way to Springfield where I had a small meeting at the home of Yone and Bradley Stafford. Father Shannon at Agawam, where I had spoken years ago, greeted me after Mass, and I was on my way back to New York City.

A friend from British Columbia sent me a copy of *Brave Cowboy* by Edward Abbey of which I wrote some months ago. It tells of an anarchist conscientious objector in jail in Albuquerque and the battle of his cowboy anarchist friend occurs in the mountains just east of the city well known to me. It is a worthwhile book and can be obtained for 25c from Pocket Books, Rockefeller Center, N.Y. City.

Those who expect young radical Congressmen to place their ideals before their promotion in Congress should read in *Time* mag-

(Continued on page 8)



Who Baptized Capitalism?

"The quality in modern societies which is most sharply opposed to the teaching ascribed to the Founder of the Christian Faith lies deeper than the exceptional failures and abnormal follies against which criticism is most commonly directed. It consists in the assumption, accepted by most reformers with hardly less naïveté than by the defenders of the established order, that the attainment of material riches is the supreme object of human endeavor and the final criterion of human success. Such a philosophy, plausible, militant, and not indisposed, when hard pressed, to silence criticism by persecution, may triumph or may decline. What is certain is that it is the negation of any system of thought or morals which can, except by a metaphor, be described as Christian. Compromise is as impossible between the Church of Christ and the idolatry of wealth, which is the practical religion of capitalist societies, as it was between the Church and the State idolatry of the Roman Empire."

R. H. Tawney, "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" (Penguin Books)

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 7)

ful people, mothers and children, young fellows going to school and one home from the fields because of an injury. It's tomato picking time, one day they pick, and another they tie up the vines and they get to the field at seven in the morning and often have to wait until ten because of the dew on the vines before they can start picking. They earn six fifty a day and the wife earns five fifty and of course when the children are not in school they pick too and that increases the family earnings.

Back in Brownsville where one family came from; they got only three-fifty a day. Too many workers, too many Mexicans. So this family of mother and father and six children set out on what they said was a three day trip from Texas. It was bitter cold a month ago, and all they had were their blankets, and they slept by the roadside.

What they were coming to was warm sunlight, the balmy of breezes, orange trees in blossom and in fruit, and the mango trees in blossom perfuming the air. It is a sample of heaven, this Florida weather. No wonder their looks were radiant, no wonder the mothers smiled as the children played in the dust of the road of the camp.

On either side were hovels or double tents, two rooms each. In them rickety oil stoves were smoking and smelling.

Down the lane, one water faucet for fifteen families, one of which had eighteen and another one twelve children and there were three toilets and one shower for all the families. The children looked clean and sweet and so did the mothers.

But oh the unspeakable shacks, the squalor, the cramped breathless living quarters! I suppose half of the children slept out under the stars or in the back seats of their cars.

Madeleine Krider, our friend in Florida, formerly of Staten Island, makes visits to the camps with clothes which friends have given her and when she opens the trunk of the car in the lane, all the women start spilling out of their shacks, and the children gather around laughing, and there is always something for everybody. Often the women need some household articles, small mattresses for the children, rubber sheets, a bit of blanket, pots and pans, a few dishes, always the odds and ends every house lacks. These people travel with only their clothes and blankets.

Yes, they have cars. Yes, some of them have portable television sets and radios and electric sewing machines. But none of them have a home. You can buy many second hand, reconditioned luxuries our American way of life teaches people to want. But the one thing these folks need is a home. A place of their own, a bit of soil, some "private property" a chance for a regular education for their children. And not much chance of ever getting it. We need them, so our economists tell us, to harvest our crops. A million and a half of them, which is a conservative estimate

when you see the mothers and children.

Last night on the radio came the report of 700 stranded migrants, colored and white, in Nevada. The boll weevil had gotten the cotton crop in Arizona and they had moved north, lured probably by lying advertisements, to work the harvest, or do some other work there. But the work will not start for a month or so, and there they were starving, cold, without shelter. The governor declared a state emergency, national guards flew in with cots and tents and food, a great gesture of good will toward the poor in this sudden emergency. But when the emergency is over, what then?

Last year it was a very bad year here in Florida and there was a fund-raising drive around Belle Glade, Pahokee and thousands of dollars were raised. There was even some great sum left over this year to be administered for them. Over the radio the broadcaster talked of Secretary of Labor Mitchell calling for a minimum wage law and other benefits. There is talk of organizing these workers into unions. (Everyone who tried it in California and New Jersey were jailed after bloody strikes years ago.)

I have visited these workers from California, to Arkansas, to Florida and in other sections of the country and their conditions constantly get worse—worse than they were when GRAPES OF WRATH was written and made into a movie.

The migrants pay \$8 a week rent for these hovels they live in. Del Ray camp was recently closed but it probably was not as bad as others, and the old tenants were forced into worse rural slums. It's just like the New York slums.

Madeleine told me of Negroes from Granada brought in on an agricultural contract by a grower, who had to pay back their passage, \$7 a week out of their pay; \$11.50 for their food and \$3 a week compulsory saving to be given back when they returned.

"I saw earnings of 54c, 72c, \$1.19 which was their weekly salary after these deductions," Madeleine said. "There were 200 brought here."

"Some camps want only men, no families, no cars. One worker said he was shanghaied from New Jersey. Asked to help drive a carload of workers down from the North, he suddenly found himself locked in with other men & women, driven night and day until they reached Florida."

Where meals are not served as to the Granadans, people must buy everything at the chain stores. With one-crop farming, tomatoes, egg plant, beans,—one cannot live only on one. Madeleine often carried surplus from one camp to another.

Lover of the Poor

She has been doing this work ever since she moved down here, giving her time and strength, using what slender resources she has. She could stand some help for her works of mercy, for the gas she uses up over the months for instance.

Some of the poor she has met

on the dumps. Some eke out a living when there is no farm work by collecting metal or other trash. Some build shelters of cardboard and tin and old wood salvaged.

She became acquainted with some of these families when she herself went to the dump to retrieve some uprooted trees to plant on her own property.

I was reminded of Abbe Pierre and his work when she told me of going to the garbage cans of the chain stores and retrieving damaged goods, soap powder which had gotten wet, canned goods dented or with labels stained. You can feed many hungry people by such means.

Solutions

The immediate solution will always be the works of mercy. We are commanded by Jesus himself in the 25th chapter of St. Matthew to perform them. But there is more study to be done, a long range view to take, to understand how far-reaching works of mercy can be.

Vinoba Bhawe asked the rich to give to the poor, and the poor to give to each other. Many villages in India now hold all things in common. His Bhoodhan movement has been going on since Gandhi's death. He walks all over India, is walking as I write, a prophet in our times. He has converted the leading Socialist of India. Nehru is trying to work out some of his program.

The absolutist begins a work. Others take it up and try to spread it.

Communes

In this country too the final solution will be the commune but how it will be brought about is in God's hands. He may permit a bloody revolution.

Some one on the radio was shouting about a six billion a year government subsidy for our industrialized farms. Some big cotton growers in Arkansas, Mississippi, California collected millions in price supports.

And there is criticism over welfare programs, the pittance for the poor! Defrauding the worker of his hire is a sin crying to heaven for vengeance.

Not Legislation

There are plenty of laws about housing but I know urban and moral slums, having lived in them. As Peter Maurin says laws are made for the wicked who do not obey them. The good do not need them.

Not Organized Labor

The AFL-CIO suggests a 35 hr. week, but says nothing about "moonlighting" which is overtime—holding two jobs. The old I.W.W. condemned such practices when men were unemployed. As Peter Maurin said, "organizers do not organize themselves" and he recommended personalist communitarianism.

Philosophical Anarchism

The Catholic Worker, in the face of these evils, recommends a study of Kropotkin's *Fields, Factories and Workshops*, of Martin Buber's *Paths in Utopia*.

Proudhon wrote in 1864 — "Anarchy is a form of government or constitution in which the principle of authority, police institutions, restrictive or repressive measures, bureaucracy, Taxation, etc., are reduced to their simplest terms." "Less representation and more self-government."

And Landauer, in 1909 wrote: "The real transformation of society can only come in love, in work, and in stillness."

Rest Ranch

Dr. William Esser, of Lake Worth, Florida, formerly of Pittsburgh, is one of the readers of *The Catholic Worker*, and when he has generously sent offerings for our work he also always included an invitation for us to visit his Rest Ranch. Jack English's ordination gave me the opportunity this winter to take advantage of his kind offer and for the past week I have enjoyed the blazing sun of Florida in one of the most perfect winters they have ever had here. The first part of my visit was a fast, and I can assure you it is much easier to fast in

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

the two Trees: the Tree of Life and that of Good and Evil; what secrets do they hold? This is where the battle begins. The dust rises at the end of the great play—as the old poet takes his bow—and goes to bite that other dust on the highway, near a town named Damascus.

There stood a poet at the foot of the Cross who had heard the heartbeats of God. In his agony of compassion he, alone of four, strained every nerve to hear all of the Seven Last Words.

As if facing St. John, Paul Claudel stands, strung to the torture of his God. In the midst of his tormentors, he glimpses Him "as a great stag at bay"—pursuer and pursued; Unicorn. He hears the seven deathly sentences with such a keen understanding that they are a gift to his readers. Opposed to the Pater that goes up to heaven to fall back upon earth, they take care of humanity, absolve it and then go up to the Father.

Sentimentality is not one of Claudel's sins; no vapid pieties will insult Mary's personal crucifixion. But she emerges as the spirit of unity as is the church, cherished alike, taking upon herself a cherished and universal race. And in this unity she partakes of all Christianity.

The Victim hangs between two thieves, his arms extended towards both. One hand ignoring the other. The right one absolves, forgives, hoists to Paradise in lordly company, the first redeemed saint, "whilst the Baptist, in hell, is still teaching catechism to the Holy Innocents." The Imitation of Christ has been practised by one suffering an identical fate who managed to pity self less than God. On the left hand so much is expended, so much witnessed that, to the last breath, all hope remains. Between

the sun and good air of Florida than in cold New York.

Surrounded by flowery trees, in a mango grove there, are a dozen or so small houses, with single and dormitory rooms. He usually has about twenty guests of every religion, though he is a Catholic and drives his Catholic guests to daily Mass.

Lying out in deck chairs in sun or shade, resting, reading, praying,—this is an ideal setting for a retreat, especially if one begins one's visit with a fast. Priests and nuns have made fasts which extended into several weeks here and regained strength on the delicious fruits, vegetables, salads, nuts and dairy foods provided.

One priest we know fasted here for 28 days. Prayer and fasting go together traditionally in the Church, and both Gandhi and Vinoba Bhawe have set us an example in the present day. It is for the health of body and soul, as the Missal in many a prayer through Lent assures us.

In the face of the present crisis in the world, we need to re-learn these lessons of penance, and Dr. Esser's school is a happy place to do this. He himself is a devout man and his vocation is a special one.

This winter in his charity he has passed on to the Mexican migrants mattresses and beds, chairs and many other needed articles.

We are happy and grateful that he is a friend and reader of *The Catholic Worker*.

In The Market Place

(Continued from page 7)

azine for Feb. 16 how Leonard Wolf, freshman Congressman from Iowa, opposed the extension of the draft to four years, and when he saw that he was defeated by a voice vote he did not call for a standing vote because, "I did not ask for a standing vote because many of the young men were bucking their leaders and I didn't want to embarrass them."

good and evil Christ dies impartially: "Sin, punishment and salvation are one for Him."

SITIO: this chapter is one of the most poignant: Crossroads where physical suffering—typical of this torture—goes to meet that thirst that will never abate, the thirst for the souls of men, unheeding, uncomprehending. The desperate call to earth, the lonely cry to heaven mix in one great moan and this will be the heritage of man. The water of light, the water of baptism, the call for justice to the father falling upon the destitution of mankind will keep their appeal till the end of time.

And now the cry takes its upward curve. The Second Person of the Trinity is plunged in the dark night of the soul and it would seem as if—bereft of all—He is bereft of His Father's love. There the unbounded suffering to which Christ committed Himself explodes. The conflict between the two natures flares up. On one side man, utterly alone, incapable to help himself; on the other consolation, knowledge that no death is spent alone, that God is not absent, only separated.

And all is achieved. Consummation, observes Claudel, is at the same time destruction and goal. By our very existence nothing is consumed but by its purpose, the consummated being has achieved His purpose. How much more so for the incarnated God. And, thus, in ultimate account the Spirit is rendered to the Father as with the stewards—unjust or otherwise. The Prodigal Son heralds his return; in a victory of spirit over matter everything is restored. Canonically, so to speak, Jesus has appropriated the cry that rises from the depth of humanity: "Creation, mute for so long, trembled on the lips of Jesus dying."

Nearly every word of this carpet of flowers ought to be conveyed, background for an agonizing God. If poets will thrive upon it scholars of every kind will marvel at it. At the very end the "Kiss of Judas" glows with dark red embers. It is impossible not to realize that one of the first priests betrayed his Bishop.

Then come some prayers; once again apologies must be made for smugness and intolerance, in particular in the prayer for Protestants. But though in "For my family" Renan is cruelly daubed, there is a great bow of recognition in the direction of Rimbaud who "illuminated" the writer's conversion; and a tender passage dedicated to Philippe — the Philippe Berthelot without whose magnanimity, we are led to suppose we would never have had the "Satin Slipper."

Both translations are good but that by Wallace Fowlie, as a good accompanist, uncovers the old Frenchman's very voice.

ROSE HAWTHORNE: THE PILGRIMAGE OF NATHANIEL'S DAUGHTER, by Arthur and Elizabeth Odell Sheehan. Illus. by Norman Sasowsky. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1959. \$1.95. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

The Vision series for young people from 9 to 15 continues with another distinguished book from Arthur and Elizabeth Sheehan. This volume introduces young people to the woman who started the great work of the Servants for the Relief for Incurable Cancer, who operate free cancer hospitals throughout the country. Founded by the convert daughter of the great writer, Nathaniel Hawthorne, their work has gained the admiration of everyone who knows of it. In the Sheehans' book the young reader also meets Rose's father and his circle of great friends, Emerson, Thoreau, Alcott and others who contributed so much to the formation of the American mind in the nineteenth century. Like the Sheehans' previous Vision volume about Father Damien, this is well worth adding to your children's permanent library.

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