



Workers Are Still Slaves



A quarter of a century after the Depression, we still have a capitalist system. Workers are still wage slaves, content with minor improvements in the standard of living, relying on social services for a measure of economic security. They are still at the mercy of employers and governments.

Not only is freedom through ownership of productive property lacking for the majority of workers; there is little evidence of an appetite for it.

For many generations, having known no other social system, capitalism has been accepted as inevitable. The natural desire for property has been forgotten while workers have been preoccupied with more immediate problems.

There might be some prospect of concerted action if men were convinced that they had lost their freedom; but they have been duped—the freedom they enjoy is political freedom, not economic freedom.

Ownership of property is necessary for security as well as for freedom. Reliance on the Welfare State gives no real security for the very reason that it involves a man in loss of freedom and independence.

At best, the economic security attained under State welfare is a substitute for freedom. A man becomes more secure all right—more securely tied to dependence on the State.

Union and political leaders genuinely concerned for the welfare of workers might be expected to be agitating for worker ownership, and to be planning to achieve it in preference to capitalist ownership.

Materialism has involved a decline in the desire for freedom, for freedom is a spiritual concept.

While Catholics should be more readily active in promoting a social system in conformity with the nature and destiny of man, it is certainly possible for men without any professed religious belief to reach the same conclusion.

The "C.W." must here be content with advocating the principle, but its statement will not in itself inspire acceptance; it must be developed into a political policy or program to be appreciated as a practical proposition.

The technical details of such policies are political matters. But it is clear that joint industrial and political action is required to arouse the desire for ownership and to give workers reasonable opportunities to exercise it.

Positive discrimination against capitalist industry is necessary to encourage a gradual increase in worker ownership without excessive risk of failure in competition with organized opposition from established big business.

Apart from a residue of hope in vague socialism, the only program put before workers is that of the Communists. While it is urgently necessary to fight against the Communists, an alternative social program is required, if only to ensure that the fight will be successful. It is about time that workers' leaders adopted a social philosophy more radical than patching up the capitalist system. The "Australian Catholic Worker."

ON Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

The crocuses are up late this year and Tamar was able to fence in the little flower garden by the side of the kitchen door before the geese got in to nip off all the buds. Instead, little Martha, year and a half old, was the first one, and she picked the first yellow flower and brought it to her mother. The gardens are full of all kinds of birds now, and the sun is warmer, and you can almost feel the sap running in the trees and shrubs.

Peter Maurin Farm

This year we want to put in 500 asparagus, rhubarb and strawberry plants and there will be a lot of work for our Saturday work groups to do. We are still eating beets, carrots, string beans and tomatoes besides a great variety of pickles from our garden.

We have been mightily blessed by God this Lent. We have a visitor from Haiti, a Jesuit, who will stay for a few months, and is offering Mass every day in our little chapel. Last Saturday it was a Mass in honor of St. Dominic Savio, especially for the children, since the girls belong to that club in their school. Father preached a long sermon on heaven and hell, with many quotations from St. Thomas. We sang the Mass. Little Clare, my godchild, the same age as my youngest grandchild, sang loudest of all, holding a Kyrie upside down. John Filliger's greenhouse is really green, full as it is of tomato and cabbage plants, and many others too. He built the greenhouse himself from old windows that a neighbor gave us and he works in it every day.

One spring-like afternoon John and Tamar and some of the children and I set out upon a rural ride down Woodrow road and visited a farm run by a Russian couple for more than a score of years. They had two cows and a bull, and a few hundred pigs, and many chickens, ducks, pigeons and in the midst of these creatures, Martha could only see a squirrel and chase that around. She cried over the pigs, they were so huge and fearsome.

Vermont

"Another reason for moving to Vermont," Tamar said, remembering how the others used to ride on the pigs' back and feed the baby goats and risk the butting of the billygoat. The Hennessys are still writing to friends, exploring real estate catalogues, wondering about jobs, and planning to move in the late spring. First David wishes to take his vacation early, in order to explore the possibilities, while I baby-sit with the seven children. He must have Tamar with him in this exploration. Certainly they are used to country living, with their experience at Maryfarm, Easton, and at Stotler's Crossroads, West Virginia. Now with growing children, they have to be near a school, and within walking distance preferably of town and work, church and school.

A lot to ask, of course, but St. Joseph will help. Something will open up. A week ago when I was spending the weekend on the farm, Becky and Susie came to spend the night, and Becky was telling me about the Dominic Savio club, and how one little boy was going to be put out. He was about eleven, but went around boasting of the movies he had seen, and he especially

(Continued on page 6)

Violence In Wonderland

By KERRAN DUGAN

If you have read in the newspapers about the "nigger-lover" in Birmingham, Alabama, who was arrested and fined for going 50 miles an hour in his car on no more than the lame excuse that a mob of more tradition-loving citizens were attempting to bash his brains in with stones and other such handy objects—if you have read this, or if you are familiar with the more basic Alice In Wonderland text, then you should be able to receive without blinking the latest news from Koininia, Georgia.

CW readers are familiar with the violence inflicted on this interracial pacifist farming community in the recent past. Last month we reported the machine-gun strafing which took place one night when Harry Anderson was standing watch. Since then, almost nightly, fences have been cut and gates removed, allowing the community's 300 hogs to roam the highway. One night more recently John Eustice was taking his turn watching. He saw a strange car prowling around the hog field and went to investigate. He was welcomed by a bullet over one shoulder and another smashing his flashlight and injuring his hand.

It was at this point that the Mad Hatter entered, in the person of an agent from the Georgia Bureau of Investigation. The agent investi-

gated the incident and told a Time reporter that it was a "phony." During the same week the Hatter made another statement—a further, clarifying one, you might say—this time in the person of Eugene Cook, the sovereign state's Attorney General. Mr. Cook said that the Georgia Bureau of Investigation was probing the possibility that "the Koininia operation constitutes a conspiracy to overthrow the government."

The members of the Koininia community think there is a relationship between the announcement of this "probe" and the frustration of the KKK pilgrimage to the farm on February 24. As we reported in the CW last month, 150 Knights of the Ku Klux Klan from all over southern Georgia had gone to the trouble of a 70-car motorcade out to the farm to add prestige to a request that the Koininia people sell out. The gentle but firm refusal they received was an irritating answer for a 70-car motorcade to receive, undoubtedly, and the best that can be hoped for after such an experience is that the sovereign Mad Hatter will not find Koininia itself guilty of the \$13,000 worth of violence inflicted upon it. The best that can be hoped for is that the state of Georgia investigators will find that all this has been done—the bombs thrown, the machine guns manned, the fences cut and hogs let loose—by gremlins.

Catholicism: The True Commune

By FR. J. F. T. PRINCE

As I have found it necessary to remark on a number of occasions there is no current political superstition so dangerous as the illusion that communism can be destroyed by military warfare, that you can fight in the arena of the spirit with anything but spiritual weapons. Wipe out the entire Slav empire and her satellite friends and you will find communism in your backyard the next morning. But supposing we fight communism so successfully that we wipe it out, the battle for Christian decency still will not be won, nor even half of it. Communism embodies a definite theory of life—a theory founded on false assumption but logical in its superstructure and with the appearance of the absolute. It does more than pursue a policy of expediency, and we cannot attempt to grapple with it if all we have to oppose it with is, indeed, a policy of expediency. The communist creed is in a sense absolute, in that it admits of only one interpretation; our creed as Catholics is absolute: there is no ambiguity about it, and it has an object in view that is above and beyond our immediate good. The communists are inspired to hope in a human heaven-here-below at some very distant date. Lenin would not even give any assurance to his followers that mankind will ever, actually, realize this ideal. But in the meantime he would do his best to see that the workers were decently fed, housed, and leisured. In this latter the Church does the same. She offers no more and no less. But against the possibility of a far-distant Communist paradise the Catholic Church has to offer a real Heaven for each one of us at no very distant date. And, in advance, she issues the passport thither, which, incidentally, means peace and security in the struggle and racket of life today. But the function of this passport is not to lift its bearer into a bliss-

ful indifference to the sufferings of others—relegating all misery to compensation hereafter. The very value of the passport is a collective value, in that Christ came to save all men, and the salvation is wrought through membership in the Mystical Body of Christ. This, then, par excellence, is the answer to the charge of selfish individualism brought by communists against the Church. And it is moreover our duty to proclaim that in the Catholic Church there is no way, no sure and prescribed way of purely personal salvation, I mean of salvation effected by each in his own way and by his own power—that the Catholic Church was founded to be no less than a pan-human Commune. But there are, in fact, so many adepts in this quasi-mysticism who imagine their God to be almost contemptuously transcendent of humanity and creation. They flatter themselves that being absorbed in God they have gained the whole world; but let it be understood that for them asceticism means but a break with the world, and a break with the world not infrequently translated, comfortably enough, as a break with humanity. This attitude of mind, to revert to a former point, provides the philosophical background of the Comfortable Christians who preach indemnification hereafter as a policy of good business. Such people are not at all like the hermit in the old legend who left the world and his neighbours, tried to shed his humanity in absolute solitude and in pure spirit rise to God—who, when he sees God sees the God-Man Christ and in Him recognizes his brethren that he has deserted, and is thus forced back to them, to love and serve them. There are countless Catholics who, at the last Great Assize, will have little to show for themselves but lip-service. And such lip-service is by itself valueless. Such people, it

(Continued on page 7)

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

In accordance with Peter Maurin's desire for clarification of thought, one of the planks in his platform, THE CATHOLIC WORKER holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30.

First there is a lecture and then a question period. Afterwards, tea and coffee are served downstairs and the discussions are continued. Everyone is invited.

EASY ESSAY

By Peter Maurin

(Reprinted from Nov., 1936)

Secularism Is a Pest

"What ails modern society is the separation of the spiritual from the material," says Glen Frank.

That separation of the spiritual from the material is what we call secularism.

"Secularism is a pest," says Pope Pius XI.

Education without religion is only information.

Politics without religion is only factionalism.

Business without religion is only commercialism.

Religion is good for weekdays as well as Sundays.

Liberals Not Liberators

The present would be different if they had made the past different.

The future will be different if we make the present different.

But to make the present different one must give up old habits and start to contract new habits.

But to give up old habits and start to contract new habits, one must be a fanatic.

And liberals

are so liberal about everything that they cannot become fanatics about anything.

And because liberals cannot be fanatics about anything they cannot be liberators; they can only be liberals.

The Age of Treason

Pope Pius IX

and Cardinal Newman considered Liberalism the greatest error of the nineteenth century. Modern Liberalism is the logical sequence of the so-called Age of Enlightenment, sometimes called the Age of Reason.

When modern liberals gave up the search for truth they sponsored nationalism, as well as capitalism.

The appeal to prejudice took the place

of the appeal to reason.

And the Age of Reason

was superseded by the Age of Treason,

as is pointed out by Julian Benda

in a book entitled

"The Treason of the Intellectuals."

(Continued on page 8)

CATHOLIC WORKER

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

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

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

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



MARCH, 1957
ST. JOSEPH'S HOUSE
223 CHRYSTIE ST.
NEW YORK 2, N. Y.

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

Last week we were reading Helen Waddell's translation of *The Desert Fathers* and she writes, "their every action showed a standard of values which turned the world upside down. It was their humility, their gentleness, their heart-breaking courtesy that was the seal of their sanctity."

I could not help but think of this when we were saying our daily rosary in the library and was distracted by the bent backs, the crouching figures, the absorption of those who live with us, work with us and in these few moments each day pray with us. (It is the only religious exercise we have, and that, of course, is not compulsory.) I am not meaning to compare the men of our household with the Desert Fathers, but just the same, their lives do indeed contrast with that of the world—their baggy clothes which never fit, their complete lack of self-consciousness, their satisfaction with little—food, warmth, shelter, and a chance to live with and serve others. These are the men who make the coffee and put out the bread in the mornings, who mop up the floors, who prepare and cook the meals and wash up after them, who paint the house, put new pipe in it, who see improvements to be made and make them, who help get the paper out and this appeal too, who take up each need as it comes, whether of food, or clothes, and give of their own too. One feast day we had chicken and the very men who prepared it had to take eggs because it would not stretch.

And the beauty of it is that in every parish, in every poor neighborhood

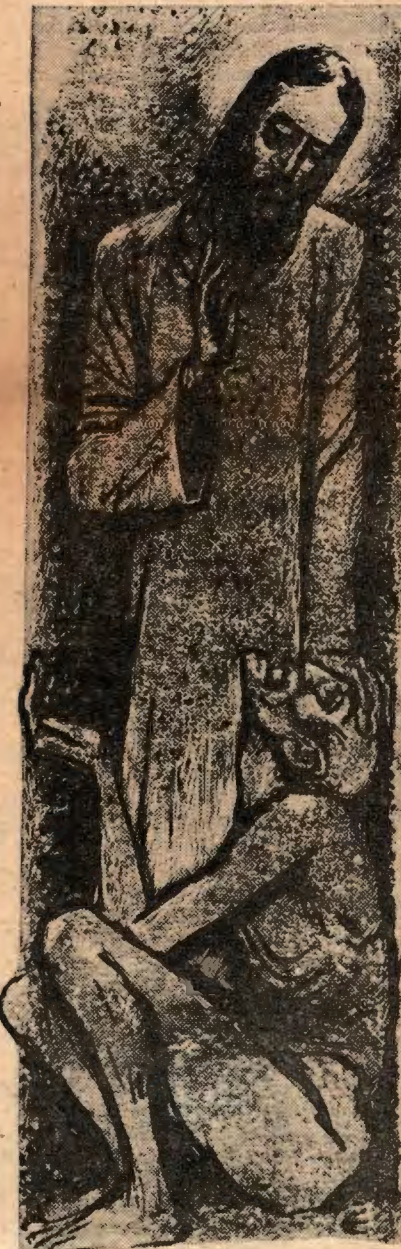
one could find in a day the men to run a house of hospitality, if only a few—two or three—would get one started.

God knows, there is always the need; the poor we'll always have with us, poor in mind and soul and body. We all fall into that category in one way or another. We are the stewards, the staff here at *The Catholic Worker*, and we are not ashamed to beg from you who have, for those who have not, because we know you are ready to give.

We are beginning our 25th year this May and the soup line goes on, and though we get the clothes we need, and the furnishings, we have to pay for our food, our fuel, our utilities. Sixty cents will pay for a bed in a cubicle in a hotel on the Bowery for our overflow.

If everyone would help a little, if you in your abundance will supply their want, as St. Paul said, we will be most deeply grateful. We ask in the name of St. Joseph, whose month this is, and he will bless you, as he has always blessed us, and will teach you to grow in that love of God because you have shown merciful love for his creatures.

Gratefully, in the love of God,
Dorothy Day.



A phone call to Ade Bethune in Newport and a small meeting at the home of a Community church preacher in Pawtucket where I met a cordial French Jesuit priest, and I was in Worcester where Bishop Wright proved to be the jolliest Irish Bishop I have met. He was busy, as I suppose all Bishops are, but we had time for an interesting conversation.

I asked a man on the street the way to the local library and he proved to be a reporter who gave me much over a column headed "25 times in jail . . . Our Man Meets Pacifist-Anarchist." James Wheeler, the reporter, had been on the way to interview the Salvation Army and ended up by giving a very good report of the CW principles.

Then to Cambridge to Kyoto House where Bill and Gay Houston live with several Japanese families in a cooperative venture. Gay was in Nagasaki as a missionary and lent her freckled faced charm to our Hiroshima picketing a couple of years ago. We had a good meeting there.

The John Corts have a new boy and girl that I had not seen since my last visit. All this seems to agree with Helen for she looks fresher than ever. I had a short visit with Aldo Felicani, secretary of the old time Sacco-Vanzetti defense and he told me of a recent visit with Rose, Dante, and Inez Sacco.

A pleasant few hours with Margaret Dever and a look at her new baby, and a phone call to Joe, and to Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., my old friend from Ohio State U. in 1916, and as on my way to Springfield in a snowstorm where I spoke to the class of my Swedenborgian friend, Dr. Sperling, and answered questions for two hours.

Yone Stafford took me over to see my fellow jail friend of the air raid drill in July, Elizabeth Quigley. She was expecting her baby any minute and was having it at home with no drugs. I met for the first time her three charming children. The next morning after Mass I had breakfast with Fr. Shannon at Agawam Church where I had spoken a few years ago.

At Northampton David Huntington, young Quaker, and his wife, had a small meeting and kept me visiting with students at Amherst and Smith all day. I am going back there for a meeting after Easter when I go to Boston U.

Sunday noon I was with Prof. Schultz at Dartmouth at whose class I had spoken on my last trip. His five girls were interested in my travels and I was soon on my way to see my radical vegetarian friends Bob and Ann Stowell near Cabot, Vt. I wrote in the CW before about their printing and weaving, away from telephone, electricity, etc. I want to go back there too after Easter and see the baby that Ann is expecting.

Town Meeting

The next day was the annual Town Meeting to which I went with my hosts. Two-thirds of those living in the town were present. This corresponds to the meetings in the township in Ohio where I was born. My father was township clerk, Democratic in a Republican community. Only those who paid the ten dollar poll tax could vote at the meeting, although they could vote in the state and national elections. There were more women than men present. The Moderator who is only paid for this one day in the year was an employee of the local cheese factory Co-op. He was voted out at the end of the meeting in favor of a prosperous farmer because most of those present did not like his advocacy of a centralized school for three towns. This was the most controversial subject, the vote finally being 168 to 7 against the school which would have cost \$10,000 a year interest for many years. There were 28 motions to be voted upon and none of them were rushed through, The

On The Road

By Ammon Hennacy

tax rate was increased a dollar for more pay for teachers, some more to pay \$5,000 on their debt as the town is \$40,000 in the red. Such items as \$100 for hot lunches for school children, \$600 for the public library, \$20 to clean the town common, tax exemption for the Masonic Hall for five years, were voted on without any opposition, while my friend Bob was the only one who voted against \$40 for Decoration Day. There was much discussion why certain departments required an increase in tax rate but it was all finally approved. You get a rebate if you pay your tax ahead of November or it can be paid in three installments. The town had bought a farm rather than go the expense of keeping up a road to that farm. Men are elected to run the town not according to political party but according to ability, as every one knows each other. The only one paid is the Town Clerk who sees that all the business supposed to be done is accomplished. He gets enough to live on. The meeting voted to continue allowing the sale of beer and wine by 110 to 79 but against what the new moderator called "spiritual," meaning "spirituous" beverages. Lunch was served by women downstairs but we brought our own vegetarian food and were joined by Barbara, a vegetarian girl who ran a farm, maple-sugaring and all, by herself. She was a graduate of Oberlin but liked the Vermont woods.

As an anarchist I could stand this much of government which had nothing to do with wars and jails, but with the doing of work that had to be done for all.

St. Albans

That night I spent with Herbert Leader and family, vegetarian friends of Bob's, in Burlington where he worked at the library of the U. of Vt. I spoke to three classes and a meeting at night with scores of questions from the students. A new Bishop, an alumnus of the College, had just been installed but I did not meet him as he was out of town. He has a reputation of being liberal. The next night I spent with Peter Malette, a teacher at St. Alban's high school, having a happy time with their three children. Back of the stove hung an old time cradle scythe with wooden bars to hold the grain and lay it even in the row. It was used to dry clothing. Peter had some of the inside of his house finished with the same old weathered boards from a barn that Bob used on the outside of his house for sheathing. This wood has a strange almost velvet sheen to it, much more attractive than painted and varnished wood.

Joanna Sturm and I had gone to a wild west Indian picture one summer in N.Y. City and had seen the movie based upon the bank robbery and raid made by the Confederates in St. Albans in the Civil War. She had been vacationing up that way and neither of us had ever read about it in history. So now I went to the bank that had been robbed and got a booklet with the pictures of the men involved to send to her.

Rush Over the Border

Bernard O'Shea, editor of the Swanton, Vt. paper, a Quaker who had run on the Democratic ticket against Senator Aiken, met me at the St. Albans bank and drove me to meet his employees and his family. He had read the CW for years. We met Fr. Lyons, the local priest, on the street and later he drove me to the bus station but missing the bus he drove rather fast toward the border. In a very minimum of time the guard saw my baptismal certificate and press card from the Flagstaff paper and I was admitted in a hurry to catch the bus. Fr. Lyons had read the CW for years and had been president of St. Michaels at Winooski Park for five years. He was interested in getting the view of the Church that I had before I became a Catholic.

Tony Walsh and the Little Sisters

I arrived at Tony Walsh's St. Benedict Labre House in Montreal in time for supper and a visit with three seminarians. Then a Holy Hour at the small chapel connected with the upper rooms (over Patricia House) where four Little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld live. Sister Monique was the only one who could speak English. She is the housekeeper and the others work in garment and shoe factories. They would belong to the union if that is the custom. They wore plain blue denim dresses with a red heart pinned on the breast. If any one gives them money they send it to the Sisters in Alaska who can get no work to do. They live on their income and when any neighbor needs food or help with children they take a day off and help. Two of them came to my meeting the next night at Labre House and later I went back to visit them. A friend of Tony's came in a car to take me to meet Dr. Kirk of McGill University, and when he entered he bowed and kissed the hand of the good Sister. The Little Sisters have a House in Washington, D.C. and in Chicago. The Sisters were cordial to my message having met Dorothy before.

Tony is the quiet kind of man, a tireless worker, a former teacher among the Canadian Indians in the west, a man whose pious demeanor is so genuine that a convert like myself who tends to scoff at the overly pious learned a needed lesson to the effect that speaking, writing and picketing is not everything. About 35 are fed a full meal each day with Tony as cook and different young people come in and take turns washing dishes and waiting on table. They have their trouble too with the law and cannot house men as they used to until they get a fire escape up. Their paper UNITY goes to 1,400 people. The meeting that night was mostly of young people with Murray Ballentyne, also a convert and an author, being chairman. I missed the saffras tea of Friday night at Chrystie Street, but was able to answer questions until late. A snowstorm the next few days prevented my visit to Abbe Pierre's village. Lunch with Mrs. Connors at Patricia House where women are sheltered in memory of Mrs. Connor's daughter Patricia who was much interested in this work, and I was soon visiting Dr. Karl Stern and family.

Dr. David Kirk had been in CPS (Civilian Public Service) Camps for conscientious objectors with Rik Anderson and other of my friends but I had never met him. He and his wife Ruth have adopted four children of varying racial backgrounds and he as a Quaker pacifist has a tussle to keep an even keel. I had never seen a fireplace with a hearth knee high above the floor. This made it easy to toast weiners or cook in it. I was served a cheese and an egg sandwich toasted in a closed flat double iron on a stick, for the first time.

Victor Nijs from Holland, soon to go to Africa as a missionary, had missed me when he had visited the CW in New York so he invited me to speak to the Whitefishers near Ottawa where he was studying. I was introduced by the Superior and warmly welcomed by those present. That night Paul Harris, drove me to the settlement outside of the city of Ottawa where Fr. Morosco, now Bishop in Toronto, had about 80 families meet weekly and study cooperative housing for a year and a half until they were ready to pool about \$300 each to form a cooperative for a house for each one. They had met weekly in small groups and all together once a month, mostly Catholics, with a few Protestant friends. Reasonable loans were made and each did as much work on his own house as possible with the help of friends. The houses are with four

(Continued on page 7)

Evening Mass: In the City and Country

By Rev. J. F. Kittelson

Assumption Church stands in the middle of the countryside eight miles west of Broadview, Montana. The name "Broadview" could be applied to the hill on which the church stands, because from the front step you can see four ranges of mountains which are 70 to 100 miles away. To the North, the Big Snowy Mountains rise to mark, 65 miles away, the limits of my parish. To the Northwest you can see the Big Crazy Mountains, to the Southwest the Bear Tooth Mountains which are actually in Yellowstone Park, and to the South the Prior Mountains which are in the Crow Indian Reservation.

On August 15th, the feast of the Assumption of Our Lady (called, appropriately enough, "Lady Day in Harvest" in old Catholic England), we have a special celebration at Assumption Church. Coming as it does in the midst of the harvest, it is our thanksgiving festival, and we celebrate it in this mission church with a blessing of the first-fruits of the harvest, evening Mass and a big old fashioned country dinner at one of the farms. The church is filled with parishioners coming from the three other churches which I care for, as well as visitors from nearby Billings. Besides flowers, the altar is decorated with wheat, flax, barley, oats, corn and even alfalfa, as representative of the crops which are grown there. The dialogue Mass is participated in by all the people, and the dinner is a fitting close to the feast.

If it were not for evening Mass, such a solemn celebration would be most difficult. During the harvest season the men want to get to work as easily as possible in the field. Morning Mass is very difficult, even on a Holy Day of Obligation, because of this. Evening Mass makes for a truly wonderful thanksgiving.

We have such Masses on each of the feast days of my missions: St. Teresa's day in October at the church in Broadview, St. Joseph's feast on May 1st in Lavina, and the parish feast day of St. Mathias in Ryegate. The Bishop has given us permission for these Masses, and for others as well. We have an evening Mass on All Souls Day, Candlemas Day, the feast of St. Isidore, Ash Wednesday, on First Fridays and all Holy Days, and on the Thursdays of Lent.

The evening Masses are very well attended. Take, for example, the feast days of the different churches. Ordinarily two or three people would attend the Masses at Ryegate in the morning. In the evening, with the parish dinner following, the parishioners, from the area where the mission church is located, attend Mass and receive Holy Communion. Without evening Mass these days would pass unnoticed by almost everyone.

Another example is first Friday Masses. At most perhaps four people would come to morning Mass. With evening Mass we get as many as forty, which in this sparsely populated area is magnificent. For farmers, at any rate, evening Mass on weekday feasts of prominence is much more feasible than morning Mass. With chores and getting the children to country schools, the morning hour is difficult.

Nothing pleases me so much as the permission to celebrate evening Mass on the Thursdays of Lent. We have this Mass in Broadview, and this makes it possible for the parishioners of the Broadview-Assumption area to receive weekly communion during Lent. Both of these churches have Sunday Mass only once a month. The Thursday evening Mass during Lent is the most wonderful Lenten "devotion" they could have. It is very well attended.

As a rural pastor evening Mass means much to me and to my people. We are grateful for the new fasting laws too, which make it much easier for the people to receive Communion at Sunday Mass more frequently. Most of the

parishioners have to travel anywhere from 14 to 40 miles to get to Mass. On Sundays, I have found that rural people do not particularly want evening Mass. It is really their day of rest. The morning Mass is more convenient for them, and leaves the afternoon free. When I had a parish in Billings, though, I found a different situation.

By other standards, Billings would not be considered a big city. But it is the largest city in Montana with a population between 50 and 60 thousand people. There are four parishes in Billings, and mine was the smallest and the newest. From the very beginning the Bishop gave permission for evening Mass on Sunday at 4:30 p.m. This was to take into consideration that many of the parishioners had jobs which involved night work. As things worked out we were in for a big surprise. The morning Sunday Mass was well attended. The afternoon Mass was even better attended, but what swelled the ranks were people from other parishes who found the evening Mass an answer to their problem. This amazed everyone. Other parishes introduced evening Mass.

The thing which these Sunday afternoon and evening Masses has

historical significance of the afternoon or evening hours, another reason why the Holy See decided on the change was in consideration of the fact that working people would be unable to attend the morning services. This was explicitly stated in the Decree. The results certainly were more than gratifying.

If such results could be achieved from the afternoon-evening celebration of Holy Week, we should be able to draw conclusions that the people would eagerly respond to afternoon or evening Mass on Sundays, and especially on week days. According to Pius XII's latest decree a daily afternoon Mass, with the Bishop's permission, is now authorized.

Every pastor is aware of a great number of parishioners who would like to attend daily Mass, but who are prevented from it by their work. The maximum use of this new privilege of daily afternoon Mass would prove, I believe, that these people mean what they say. The spiritual advantages for a parish need no comment.

With regard to celebrating more than one afternoon or evening Mass in the same parish, Father John C. Ford, SJ, in his book "The New Eucharistic Legislation" (Kenedy, NY) comments: "More than



proved is that there doesn't seem to be any let up in attendance at morning Masses. The evening Mass seems to have opened the way for additional people, who could not get to Mass in the morning, to fulfill their Sunday obligation. And, as far as I know, the pastors are very well pleased with the results.

There are many other places in Montana where evening Mass is celebrated on Sundays. Most priests who have experience of it would agree, I think, that it is a great boon to the parish.

In large cities the people working night shifts in industry, restaurants and entertainment work are no small group. Evening Mass was legislated especially for them. And also consider families, particularly large families, in which the work needed to get a group of children ready for Mass can literally be strenuous! Evening Sunday Mass for such families, with the possibility of the father and some children going in the morning, and the mother and rest of the children in the afternoon or evening would be perfectly permissible. It might not be the ideal of family Mass, but when children are very young that isn't always possible anyhow. And, of course, one of the chief reasons for evening Mass is to foster more frequent Communion. For children, and the sickly, who find it difficult to fast in the morning, evening Mass again offers an answer.

I think the greatest proof of the value of evening Mass was shown last year when the Restored Holy Week was celebrated. The almost universal experience was that the churches could not begin to take care of the crowds. Aside from the

one evening Mass might be permitted in one and the same church on the same day, if the good of the faithful required it." (Page 102). This definitely should be taken into consideration in parishes which have grown to point of the parish church not being adequate to take care of the Sunday crowds. To alleviate the necessity of having one Mass after the other with a minimum of time for preaching and the necessity of spreading through the ritual, afternoon and evening Sunday Masses offer a way to lessen the congestion and rush in the morning. Surely this would be "for the good of the faithful" in general, as well as benefiting those whose work would make the afternoon or evening hour more practical.

In our day, when interest in the liturgy has reached national participation in Holy Mass (to say nothing of the repeated directives of the Holy See in this regard), the privilege on Sunday offers a way of deepening the people's participation simply by giving the time for more fitting celebration of Mass.



Freud and Catholicism

FREUD, PSYCHOANALYSIS, CATHOLICISM by Father Peter J. R. Dempsey, O.F.M. Cap. Henry Regnery Co., Chicago 4, Illinois. \$3.00. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

You do not really know how to drive a car until your responses are automatic; you will get in serious trouble, lose a finger or worse, if you work on an assembly line and start thinking of each move you make. That is the surest way to break up an automatic response, to bring it into conscious attention. And after all that is the underlying thesis of psychoanalysis—it is a thesis fairly self-evident, within the experience of all of us. We have then, in our behaviour, automatic responses that are automatic because their causation resides in the unconscious. If they cause us no trouble, if they are not evidence of immaturity, if they are not harmfully neurotic, then let well enough alone, we should not trouble ourselves to bother them. But should they seriously interfere with our development, our maturity, our spiritual life, should they manifest themselves in some troublesome neurosis—then the wise thing to do is to disturb them, to prevent their automatic working. And to do this we do what we would do if we wanted to unlearn driving a car. We work them up to

should not express themselves under cover of religion. We know that they sometimes do. But there is a distinction to be made that many psychologists fail to make or don't know. It is, in Father Dempsey's words, that: "the masters of Christian spirituality regard instinctive pleasure in pain as a perversion." (p. 83). So that the matter would seem fairly clear. If we feel instinctive pleasure in ascetical practices we had better re-evaluate our relations to them. If we feel a natural repugnance then we may, if we are not victims of self deception, truly proceed in the traditional Christian manner of mortifying the body so that the soul have more room as it were.

Another point I found interesting in Father Dempsey's excellent treatise was "too great pretensions, too high a level of aspirations, too exalted a goal in comparison with one's abilities breed tension, self-dissatisfaction, and neurotic guilt . . . when a man begins to play the angel he ends by playing the fallen angel." (p. 143). So I wonder if here the finger has not been placed on the failures of many utopian communities and whether it does not argue well against utopianism as a social solution. Here you may have a group of high-minded people intent on the new life who, if they have the capacities, may produce an ideal community. But others come along and join the effort and sooner or later there are complaints and frictions and dissatisfactions and perhaps all through no viciousness on anyone's part but simply because there are some there without the capacity for these things and either the utopians will frankly recognize this and take steps to remove them or, should they be caught in the oversimplifications of Rousseauism, close their eyes to individual differences and reap as a result, not harmony and peace but dissatisfaction.

Not only has Father Dempsey presented a critically sympathetic evaluation of Freud and current depth psychology but he has added an interesting chapter on Psychology and Literature. That book of solid worth like this are appearing gives one satisfaction.

GOOD-BYE, PHILIP!

I shall miss Philip. His place was near the stove; nobody else ever sat there. He would watch people come in and out at Peter Maurin farm, and listen to their talk, sometimes joining them. He would recall his past, so dim, and yet so vividly retold. He had a sense of drama, and a sense of humor. He was always busy: making religious objects, building shrines, repairing rosaries. The rest of the time, he was master of the tea and coffee pots, pouring for us cupfuls. In spite of his many aches and pains, he was sociable, aware of other people's lives. Blessed are the poor! This is the lesson Philip taught me. When I came to Peter Maurin Farm, Philip would be the first to say: "Helen has come." When I left, he was the last to say: "Good-bye Helen." And I would call back, just as I do now: "Good-bye, Philip, hope to see you soon."

Helene Iswolsky.

We haven't much biographical data on Philip, as to where and when and how he was born and what was his security card number if he ever had one. His last name was Millions and he made a great joke of that because he so obviously didn't have a penny to his name. It was hard to tell when he was serious and when joking, and he was always comical and made a point to be, in his appearance especially, acting the clown for the children—finding strange hats to wear, making his hair look like a ragged chrysanthemum, changing like the breath

(Continued on page 8)

All Manner Of Monks

THE SILENT LIFE by Thomas Merton, Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, New York, \$3.50 178 pages illustrated.

BASIC PRINCIPLES OF MONASTIC SPIRITUALITY by Thomas Merton, Abbey of Gethsemani Press, 35 page pamphlet. Reviewed by Robert Steed

One of the most gratifying aspects of Father Merton's work is the realization of the extent to which his mind is steeped in Scripture and the Fathers. It works itself out in two ways or I should say styles. One is very reminiscent of St. Bernard and the early Cistercian writers i.e., half of their works consisted of direct quotations from the Bible well integrated and fused with a running commentary on the Biblical references or rather these quotations were used to substantiate the doctrines they were teaching. When Father Merton employs this style he is rather weak and reads like a catechism, but when Scripture comes through unconsciously and indirectly not through quotations but by being so much a part of his thought that while not using anything like the same terminology the reader immediately becomes aware that it is essentially Biblical then it is magnificent. The "Sign of Jonas" is the best example of this type of writing and not only the Bible but St. Thomas comes through and in a far superior way to the pedantic, soul-killing haggling of some of the neo-Thomists.

These publications will be of special interest to novices in the religious life or those contemplating such a move but laymen who read them should keep in mind that while there is much contained in them from which any Christian can benefit still the "techniques" of attaining union with God proper to the monk are not always the same for those "in the world." Anyone who has lived under the Benedictine rule, and all the monastic orders of the Western world have felt the impact of Benedict's spirit and legislation, knows the position of the concept of obedience in his thought. It is just about the most important single element and no one can be a good monk unless he is willing to give up his own will and like Jesus become "obedient unto death," and the whole monastic observance is organized to serve this end. But the layman, living as he does most often in a society where "the prince of this world" and his spirit prevail, has the duty to cultivate, rather, the virtue of rebellion in order to be obedient to God. It is in rebellion too that we can imitate St. Benedict who fled the corrupt Roman society of his day, whose only concern was "to please God alone." The monastic life is a judgement on the life of the "world" and in its light the "world" stands condemned. In this way the monk practices the virtue of rebellion. For those in the "world" there must be rebellion also if they are not to be counted "of it." They must rebel against materialism by embracing voluntary poverty and giving all they possess over and above the absolute necessities to those who have not the necessities, they must rebel against war and its causes by conscientious objection and tax refusal, they must combat that selfish middle class individualism and fear of giving of self by embracing community in one form or another. Rebellion is the first step in any attempt at conforming to Christ; it begins at baptism when the neophyte formally renounces Satan—*et omnibus operibus ejus*.

The *Silent Life* is divided into two sections. The first section is devoted to a discussion of the nature of the monastic life itself and its particular boundaries and its right to existence. All of this has

been dealt with by Father Merton before to some extent in almost every one of his ten previous books and for those who have followed his career some of it will seem overly familiar but there are new insights always and such subjects as purity of heart and truth and reality can never be exhausted.

The second section deals directly with St. Benedict and the various branches of the Benedictine family: the big Benedictine congregations which often lead very active lives and the relatively unknown but fast growing congregation of Primitive Benedictines who lead a much more silent and withdrawn existence very much akin to the Trappists and who have made the revolutionary step of doing away with lay brothers and instituting a monastic state where all are monks of the primitive non-priestly type whose life is spent in prayer and manual labor without any ministerial functions other than the chanting of the Divine Office, the Cistercians of the Strict (Trappist) and Common Observances, and the hermit monks of the Carthusian and Camaldolese Orders.

Father Merton gives the history of all of these groups, their external differences and their essential oneness in spirit. Much of the material is necessarily not developed enough because the space allotted to it in this short work makes this impossible. This is especially true of the sections dealing with Solesmes, Dom Gueranger and the liturgical reform. For those interested, the finest work on the subject has been done by Louis Bouyer in "Liturgical Piety" published at Notre Dame and in "Life and Liturgy" put out by Sheed and Ward in England recently. The best parts of the second section are the ones dealing with the Primitive Benedictines and the Camaldolese, especially the latter; Father Merton is obviously still in love with the eremitical life.

The illustrations in the book have almost all been reproduced elsewhere before this and none of them are very striking besides being badly reproduced in an almost rotogravure fashion and there are a number of glaring typographical errors. But despite our criticisms we would certainly urge one to get hold of this book; it has many superb moments.

The booklet *Basic Principles of Monastic Spirituality* is a shorter version of the first half of *The Silent Life* directed to the prospective Trappist postulant and not as well written as the book. It is quite acceptable except for an unfortunate last chapter devoted to a superficial condemnation of Communism and exaltation of the "democracies" which I am sure not even the author takes seriously.



The Outsider

THE OUTSIDER by Colin Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 288 pages, 1956.

This is a book that people should be warned against. It is a worthless and pretentious piece of writing which has achieved "best-seller" status; this is of course not unusual. What is uncommon about the reception of *The Outsider* is the acclamation accorded it by a number of usually responsible British critics, such as Edith Sitwell and Cyril Connolly.

The reasons behind this instance of unwonted critical defection are not our concern here. The book has a theme which is certainly of major dimension; the mystique of existentialist rebellion and alienation in the face of the "sickness unto death" of Western society. Colin Wilson has called upon, as eminent witness to his concern, the giants of existentialist thought; Kierkegaard, Nietzsche, Dostoyevsky, Camus, Sartre, Kafka . . . The unhappy fact is that Mr. Wilson has managed quite blandly to objectify the vital and elusive thought of each of the writers he deals with. Existentialist thought characteristically resists formulation, and to write about the existentialists with a decent respect and with any hope of saying anything, one must be especially wary of precis, abstraction, and easy comparison. This book, however, forms a veritable catalogue of unhappy clichés which let us get "inside the outsiders." This may account to some degree for its popular success; it is so wonderfully accessible that anyone who can read *New York Times* book reviews can now understand just what's bothering Sartre, and what the lucubrations of Kafka and Kierkegaard are all about anyway.

I began this with a note of warning about *The Outsider*. The danger specifically is that many people might read through its glib pontifications and subsequently assume an understanding of thinkers and theories which they have really not approached. And this would seem especially unfortunate to those of us who consider the theme of this book and the men with whom it deals to be of incalculable importance for our time and for the future of our culture.

I would close this brief complaint with a reference to a treatment which is a thorough criticism as well as a complaint. Mr. Dwight McDonald (in the *New Yorker*, Oct. 13, 1956) lists and analyses this book's vulgarities and misconceptions, and, happily, gives proper attention to Mr. Wilson's execrable style.

E.J.E.

**AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A CATHOLIC
ANARCHIST**
By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

CULT :: C :: CULTIV

Quiet Life On

By ROBERT and

Three years ago we bought an abandoned hill farm in Vermont. We paid nine hundred dollars for a house in bad repair, a large barn, and fifty acres. By good luck, the land proved to be a mellow loam, divided into pasture, meadow, and woodland, and two small brooks. The farm had been abandoned for some years, but only by humans. A phoebe was nesting over the door in the parlor, and starlings protested our arrival from the eaves. Each evening the bats circled the side porch, and for several weeks we shared the house with a porcupine. It cost about three hundred dollars to make the essential repairs, including new windows, two new sills, a new chimney, and much paint and plaster. Except for a few hours of help from a carpenter, we did all the repair work ourselves. Tonight we are comfortable, the wood fire crackles, the horse and cow are warm and well fed in the barn, and the pantry is full of our home grown food.

We always wanted to live on a road where the grass grows down the middle. Although only a short walk to a U.S. Highway, we seldom have more than three or four cars on our road each day, and one of these is the mailman. From our hill (1800 feet) we face Southeast across a small valley to low mountains some five miles distant. We like the view because it combines a pattern of prosperous dairy farms with the evergreen-hardwood forests that cover so many Vermont hills. In late summer we sit on the porch after lunch and wonder when the farmer across the valley will begin to cut his corn.

Sometimes we feel a little guilty. Visitors to our hill are frequent in summer, and we listen to many stories of how it is impossible to live on \$5,000 a year. The papers say that the average income in the United States is \$1,700. We don't seem to be doing our share in buying the ever-increasing flow of goods or joining the growing debt for installment buying. Last year our expenses went like this: (1956)

Taxes (property \$78, personal, \$20)	\$ 98
Purchased food (peanuts, soybeans, fruit, vegetable oils, salt, wheat to grind)	140
Fuel (about five cords of hard wood)	30
Lights (REA is too far away; kerosene is 1/10 the cost of electricity)	9
Clothes (rubber footwear, denim, flannel)	45
Health (mostly insurance which we wish we dared to give up)	85
Garden expenses (includes some experiments)	30
Farm and animals (includes repair of machinery)	75
Improvements to house	130
Crafts and hobbies (some useful)	55
Household supplies (soap, utensils, etc.)	70
Miscellaneous (postage, contributions, books, a weekly paper, etc.)	80
Total	\$847

About one-half of our cash income comes from a foot-powered printing press which we set up in what was once the milkhouse. The small print shop, including all necessary equipment, cost \$700. We have traded printing for such things as shoes, fuel, and even food. Carpentry and other odd jobs by both of us, plus the sale of some milk, butter, and fruit give us the rest of our cash income of about \$850 in 1956. Once our taxes are paid, we have no bills coming to the house each month, and we buy only what we can pay for at the time.

About 80 percent of our food comes from the farm. We have two gardens: the smaller one is laid out in beds, with paths between and flowers mixed in with the vegetables. Bulkier crops are grown in long rows in a larger garden: potatoes, rutabaga, peas, beans, and flint corn for making corn meal (and the stalks for the cow).

We have also grown some wheat, but we failed to find a way to thresh it by hand with much success. Soybeans grow well here, and we "discovered" how good they are when eaten green. In the fall we harvest rose hips and apples from other abandoned farms near us. We also dry various herbs for seasoning and tea. The sale of butter, cheese and milk have paid for all the expense of the cow, and Jessie, a high spirited mare, earns her way by harvesting the hay crop, drawing-wood, and even taking us to town once in a while.

Ours is a one-horse farm, and all operations are on a small scale

Society of Brothers Community Playthings

The Society of Brothers in Rifton, New York had an \$80,000 fire on February 4. It completely destroyed our center building—all offices, kitchen, dining room, food supplies for a month, dispensary, tools, and household furnishings, supplies and clothing which were stored there. We are very thankful that no one was injured. We are, of course, living in extremely crowded conditions, but our schoolhouse makes possible a temporary center. Courage has been given for these difficult days and in faith we are rebuilding at once.

Please send us your name and address if you were on our mailing list, for our records were lost.

Please send your name and address if you are a Community Playthings customer, also details about recent orders, for yours may have been burned. The shop is intact and we are shipping as usual.

Neighbors and friends from our area are helping us most generously and we are deeply moved by their concern.

Our greatest need is for money to rebuild. Other needs are for office equipment, tools, building supplies, labor, and household equipment and furnishings for the new center. Any help that you and your friends can give will be deeply appreciated. Next summer we hope many of you will visit us and share in our life.—Society of Brothers, Woodcrest, Rifton, N. Y.

CULTURE VATION ::

On a Back Road

T and ANN STOWELL

that makes for intimacy. Used horse drawn machinery is very reasonable, and we bought an excellent one-horse mowing machine for \$10. The former owner didn't even bother to take the hay rake away when we bought the farm, and our rubber tired hay wagon cost only \$35. I must admit that we are some times delayed by having to make repairs—but this is partly my lack of understanding of the machinery.

We have discovered a peculiar pleasure in learning to do without or in improvising through the use of native materials and time instead of money. The siding on the house was very poor and needed to be replaced. We tore down a small barn we did not need and used the weathered gray boards to cover the front and one side of the house. This solution meant that we also eliminated the need for periodic painting. There is the appeal of Swiss Family Robinson in discovering new techniques that fit into life on a Vermont hill farm. Weaving interested us, but we found that a loom was quite expensive. It took all of one winter for me to build one, but I learned a great deal about woodworking in the process. Ann studied books on weaving and we now have our own handspun, handwoven material.

Today we are all pushed toward accepting the black and white of two extremes. The pressure to choose between East and West has become a nightmare for those of us who see other alternatives. I am not in sympathy with the Communist portion of the world because of their obvious denial of basic human liberties. Neither am I very happy about monopoly capitalism as practiced in the United States. Two-thirds of the world's people are hungry every night, yet in the United States since World War II great piles of wheat have been burned. There is an ever widening gap, as we now proceed, between the American and his brother in Asia or Africa. By living more simply, each of us can do two things about this: 1) share something of what we have materially with those in need; and 2) identify our lives at least partially with those who are involuntarily destitute. Love requires imagination.

A personally compelling reason for living simply is our present wish to avoid paying a federal income tax when 70 percent or more is used to pay for either an old war or to prepare for a new war. We believe in Gandhi's faith in non-violence as a means of settling disputes between nations, and we wish to use as little as of our strength as possible to support the military. Gandhi wrote "I am full of weaknesses and sins, but I have one thing that the poor recognize in me at once—they know that I share all their hardships." The strenuous life of poverty is strongly urged by William James as a "moral equivalent for war." If a system is destructive of human values, we must disengage our own lives from it at the same time that we strive to change it.

We look sadly at the development of the free enterprise system in America where three out of every four persons works for a "boss." The independent farmer and small businessman are disappearing despite both Republican and Democratic claims to help him. The full abilities of the human person are seldom sought anymore as robot jobs increase.

We do not feel that ours is an escape to the woods. We don't pretend to be free of the benefits of the world nor do we want to be. We do believe that it is part of man's promise to learn to choose that which is good and beautiful and to cut down on those things which for various reasons seem wrong. It is the folks who have made an uneasy compromise that complain of the futility of Thoreau's life at Walden Pond. We have lost teaching jobs because we "heard a different drummer." The loss of work itself imposes a search for other ways of finding the good life for those who refuse to conform to what they believe is wrong. Our experiment here is an attempt by one family to solve the problem, but in solving it we have not turned our backs on the world. We continue to work for a decentralized world in which mutual aid will replace conspicuous consumption and competition. We write and speak out when we have a chance, and we support organizations which are striving to find ways of reducing misunderstanding and conflict between people. One of these is the International Voluntary Service group which believes that the sharing of manual work without pay to help others who are in need is one contribution to a better world.

All of these reasons led us to begin this experiment, but it continues for perhaps a better reason: we like it. The variety of this way of life makes it exciting and adds to the pleasures of living in the country. For example, if I have been cutting wood or spreading manure all morning, it is a welcome change to set type for an hour after lunch. If an especially fine day comes along, we are nearly always free to drop everything and enjoy it out of doors. About four hours of work each day is enough to supply our "bread" (more in summer, less in winter), and leaves ample time for reading, writing, thinking, or just plain loafing. After a year we sold our car because we used it so little. We have found that TV and radio do not interest us because there is so much else that compels our attention. We are beginning to read some of the books for which there was never time before. Ann and two neighbors have a regular music session, the trio consisting of a violin and two recorders. I am trying to learn to make wood engravings which I print myself. Both of us are studying botany and hope to learn to know the wild flowers in the woods around us. We don't know the daily "news," but what harm is it that we did not learn of Stalin's death until two weeks after it happened. We have long days out of doors, the excitement of the return of the first white throated sparrow, or the shine of snow fields under a full moon.

Today there is still room for pioneers, for those who do not see success in terms of dollars. The back-breaking work of clearing the forests has been done, but there will always be granite boulders to move from a hay field, streams to dam, buildings to straighten, crafts to master; jobs enough to enlist the total strength of a human, both physical and mental.



Israeli Reader

Ramat Yohanan
Israel

Dear Miss Day,

Recently I read some issues of "The Catholic Worker" and since I am a member of a communal settlement in Israel for over 37 years I was delighted to hear that your movement takes vital interest in fostering communal settlements and projects in the U. S. Naturally an old timer feels greatly encouraged. It's very pleasant to find that we are not alone and that there are other human beings in the world who feel and act like ourselves.

My friends and myself who read some of the issues of the "Catholic Worker" found the articles and the essays very stimulating and refreshing with the courage and frankness that speak through them, including your own contributions.

What interests us most is your communal farms. I would be greatly obliged to you if you could send us some detailed description of those new settlements. I am fascinated by the columns of Peter Maurin and I would like to hear more about him and about the farm that bears his name. If it's not very difficult, please help us with some information about both your movement and the communes, including the commune in England. Sincerely yours, Shalom Wurm

Editorial answer:

The farming commune was the most important part of the program of Peter Maurin and he saw it as a way of building a new society within the shell of the old. He saw in it a solution to the problem of man and the state, the problem of the machine, automation. Since he was a French peasant and knew man's lust for land, he was afraid of private property too. On the farming commune there could be common ownership of the means of production, and yet man could own his house and his tools. There could be compromises of this sort since property is proper to man, and a certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life.

He would have loved Vinoba Bhave and his appeals for land for the landless, and his ideas on the village economy.

Another book Peter would have loved is Martin Buber's *Paths in Utopia* printed by Macmillan some five years ago.

During the depression many attempts at starting farming communes were made, but after increased employment, conscription and war, the young people came back to marry and get jobs and settle down to the business of raising a family; they went back to the city job.

There were farms at Easton, Pennsylvania; Upton, Massachusetts; Rutland and Burlington, Vermont; South Lyons, Michigan; Avon, Ohio; Aitkin, Minnesota; Rhineland, Missouri; Aptos, California; Cape May, New Jersey; besides others outside of Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Seattle, etc. All of these

(Continued on page 8)

Song for St. Joseph's Clothes Room

By DEANE MOWRER

The Puerto Rican women come
For clothes. To St. Joseph's House on
Chrystie Street they come. They have so
Little money and so few clothes.
But they come with too-thin children
And with needs for those they cannot
Bring. Some are dark as a warm-dark
Rose, some are wrought in copper as
Kettles on a firebright hearth, some
Are torn from ravelled tapestries
Of Spain. Their asking is a prayer.
Our Lady smiles to see them come
To St. Joseph's House for clothes.
But there are many others who
Come, too, for clothes to Chrystie Street.
A deepbomed throaty Negress
With a patchy entourage of
Little boys. A sprig of a girl,
Just up from Kentucky, bluejeaned
And fresh as mountain laurel, but
No money and no clothes. A small
Demure old woman who might have
Been anyone's grandmother with
More money and more clothes. Raddled
Alcoholics seeking surcease
From hangover in a change of clothes.

Then there is one who stands outside
The door with bent cold fingers and
Fear-cold eyes. As one stood before
Him Who wrote in sand, she waits. But
Many many have thrown their stones,
Many many have mocked away
His words: Go, sin no more. Now her
Sin and misery clothe her in
Flame-cold shame. Our Lord Himself will
Let her in. There must be something
Warm as love for her, and for all
Those who come, looking for clothes, to
St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street.

PETER MAURIN FARM

By BETH ROGERS

This Lent is a very happy one for us, since we have visiting us Father Conrad Hauser, and we are able once again to have daily sung or dialog Masses. Father has been stationed in Haiti, and is in this country for a few months. He came to be with us the Sunday before Ash Wednesday. Before going to Haiti, Father served among the Iriquois Indians in Canada, and also was in China for several years. He was in concentration camps under both the Japanese and the Communists. He has known of *The Catholic Worker* for a number of years, since he was a good friend of Father Lacouture.

On St. Patrick's Day, Father Matt Foley, from Sacred Heart parish in Brooklyn, brought a group of young people out for the day. There was a conference, followed by Stations of the Cross out of doors, and Benediction. After supper we had folk dancing. Every time a sizable group dances in the house, we see the need of another building which will provide adequate space for such frolics, as well as for conferences and additional library room; and perhaps crafts also.

The morning of March 20th, Agnes primed us on the fact that Spring would officially begin at four o'clock that afternoon; we

dutifully looked out the window, only to see snow flurries. They came to nothing however, and everyone was glad to see the calendar turn toward good weather and warmer days. Last week, in fact, we heard the first spring peepers. The hens have started laying properly; sudden noises startle great flocks of blackbirds from the fields; and the flowers outside the chapel are budding. When Dorothy came back from her recent speaking engagement at Pendle Hill, she brought back forsythia, which we put in vases in the chapel. Also four plants of the flowery shrub. It has budded, and we shall plant some of it when the right time comes, and hope to have plenty of beautiful yellow bushes in the yard.

The day this column is being written, we bid goodbye to Betty Hughes, who visited us in January and came back to spend three weeks with us in March. She was at the Grail in Philadelphia for a while, and is now headed first to Washington and then to California, which is her home. She has been a cheerful companion and a pleasure to have around. Also, she did a beautiful job on our altar linens.

Hans has been building additional bookshelves for the attic, so that we can begin to cope with the overflow of books. The large loom which we recently acquired is also up there, and the big spinning wheel, so we are moving toward the craft room which we have been wanting.

Two old friends who were formerly with us visited recently. Johnny Olsen, who now works in New Jersey, paid one of his infrequent visits. And Louis Draghi dropped in also for a few hours one afternoon. He is working now in a mental hospital just outside of New York. Father Sheehan, our good Josephite friend from Epiphany College near Newburgh, paid us an all too brief visit on his way to Philadelphia.

We have had the welcome news that Jordan Hess was baptized on March 2 in St. Louis. He began his instructions under Father Guerin, of the Marist Fathers here on Staten Island, and continued them when he went to the Midwest.



THIS IS MY BLOOD

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from Page 1)

preferred those on the condemned list, such as *The Moon Is Blue* or *Baby Doll*. He had a collection (\$14 worth) of rock and roll records, much to the horror of the sister who taught him. Between television and movies, the country has become the city too, and it is with no idea of escape that Tamar and David want Vermont. But they want real country, not Staten Island, which is part of New York City, with the greatest oil storage tanks of the Standard Oil within sight of their upstairs windows, and the chemical works, refineries and other factories polluting the air and the water from the Jersey Shore less than a mile away. Staten Island itself remains country, backwash as it is of the city, but the hum of industry can be heard out in the fields, and with a west wind the smog is ugly indeed on the north side of the island.

Weather

This winter the children had a scant two weeks of ice skating, and there was little snow. There are few winter sports, and the weather varies from mild and muggy to bitter cold. The littlest ones more often come in wet to the skin, from wading in puddles and rivulets along the road. Winter has its delights as we well know, and I recall the month of January I spent in Minnesota and Montana a few years ago.

Meanwhile, to get to Vermont miracles are necessary. To sell the house and four acres they have now, and to find a suitable house and job in Vermont. That is the problem. If they could make the move first and sell the house afterward! But they must have the money to make the move.

So Tamar lightens the tensions of indecision by spinning and weaving and the cooking and washing that go with a big family. She now has curtains for her windows, a bedspread, scarves and towels as a result of her winter's work.

More Looms

We were delighted during the month to receive the donation of two looms, and a great spinning wheel from the Sisters of the Good Shepherd at Peekskill. They had told me about them when I visited there some months ago, the old sister had died who was using them, and they offered them to us. Now we have two big and two small looms (two of them all set up) on the farm, and the work goes on apace.

Eric Fromm

One evening when I was visiting my sister, I picked up *The Sane Society* by Eric Fromm, and was fascinated by it. There is a very good chapter on the radical thinking of the last century and an analysis of the thought of Marx, Proudhon, Kropotkin, Bakunin and Landauer and others of that school. Mr. Fromm comes to the same conclusion that we have, together with many others, that community is the only answer. Peter Maurin started talking about the communitarian and personalist revolution back in 1934; Mr. Fromm's is what he calls "the humanist communitarian society." His last chapter says that the only alternative to insanity was the building up of community, but that it looked more likely that we would have a war which would force civilization back to a primitive agrarian society. I was surprised that neither Gandhi nor Vinoba Bhave were listed in the index, or referred to as offering an alternative to war by their teaching of non-violent resistance and non-ownership.

Kohler Strike

We have had a good deal of correspondence over the Kohler strike, and why Bob Steed, one of our editors, is picketing in front of the Kohler Show room one day a month, calling attention to the strike and the boycott. Though in a way, a boycott is a use of force, a coercion, still it remains a non-violent way to "make a point" when there is no possibility of sit-

ting down and coming to an agreement on issues over a council table. It is perfectly legitimate to withdraw one's labor, and one's purchasing of a product which comes from a plant where the "needs" rather than "demands" of labor are not being met.

The issue is not really an economic one—it was not a question of wages and hours and conditions of employment. The issue was always the rights of the workers to belong to a union of their own choosing, and through that union, to have some say in the management of the industry. I am not even sure whether the latter issue ever came up, but every Catholic economist now points out that to deproletarianize the worker, as Pope Pius XI demanded in his encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno*, the worker would have to become an owner. Not an owner by owning shares in the company, but an owner having responsibility and share in the management.

From the first the struggle has been over labor management relations. Both sides are determined to win, the United Auto Workers, CIO-AFL, throwing the weight of



their great membership behind the strike, and contributing gigantic amounts to the strike fund. It is said that they have spent ten million dollars, on this strike which involves only 3,000 workers. It is a fight over a principle. Those who complain that unions have become monopolies, too great and powerful, fail to realize that they have become monopolies in order to match strength with the opponent. There is still a great job of organizing to be done throughout the country. The Dupont workers have never been organized; the textile workers through the south are unorganized. The workers in heavy industry form only one part of the labor force of the country.

CORE

News comes to us that the Baltimore CORE (Committee on Racial Equality) is actively picketing and conducting sit-ins at a chain of segregated restaurants. One of our seminary friends writes that he was able to join them on a free day a few weeks back. "They are magnificent and informed people," he writes, "working from Gandhian principles, and have excellent membership, including many ministers, doctors, teachers, etc. among the colored of the city. The day I joined them on the picket line, they were threatened with arrest but it was only a threat."

Blanchet House of Hospitality

News comes from the Portland, Oregon, Blanchet house of hospitality that they had a fifth anniversary open house and had as guests Archbishop Howard, and many priests, besides the interested laity. Fr. John Domin who has been a friend of the house since his seminary days, and is a beautiful calligrapher, if that is the word for it, designed the sign for the house.

"Our giant stew pot sagged the stove and floor so badly we had to get busy and prop up the floor from the basement with a '4 x 4,'" Don Broderick, director of the house wrote. "Some 1933 Chinese newspapers and Oregonians of the same vintage were discovered under three layers of linoleum and rugs in the course of cleaning and painting the rooms at the house. We make a point of cleaning these rooms every 24 years," he added. How we would love to visit there!

again! Our friends the Manions who used to have a few cigar stores in Portland, moved out to the land some years ago and are living near the Mt. Angel Benedictine Abbey, and they are our most regular correspondents from there.

Speaking of signs, we have a beautiful new sign over our doors at 223 Chrystie street, with a flood light above it which shows up the beauty of the wood carving. The work was a gift from a wonderful Italian wood carver Henry Beretta who has done the statues for many churches, and has given us this great gift for the love of God and brother.

Benedictine Oblate

I have mentioned a few visits in the past to St. Procopius Abbey at Lisle, Ill. Our beloved Fr. Chrysostom Tarasevich is from there, and our fellow worker Michael Kovalak was a seminarian there years ago. Peter Maurin and Fr. Virgil Michel talked to me about Benedictinism during the early years of the depression, and held up the Benedictine motto Pax, and the balanced life of cult, culture and cultivation as a solution for world troubles; the farming commune as a solution to the problems of unemployment and automation.

Now I am a professed oblate of the St. Procopius family, and have been for the last two years, which means that I am a part of the Benedictine family all over the world, and a member of the Benedictine community at Lisle. And every month a news letter comes from St. Procopius, from the pen of Fr. Richard, oblate master. My special love for St. Procopius is because its special function is to pray for the reunion of Rome and the Eastern Church. Their monks can offer Mass in the Eastern or Roman rite and when Fr. Chrysostom came to give us retreats at Maryfarm, we sang the liturgy of St. John Chrysostom. St. Procopius is also to be the shrine of the Eastern saints in this country.

One specially interesting letter contained news of a new eastern community which I had never heard of before.

The Studite monks of Woodstock, Ontario, have been placed under the jurisdiction and authority of the Abbot of St. Procopius. "The Studite monastic community was founded at the turn of the century by the Metropolitan Archbishop Andrew Sheptitsky. The group follows the rule and the ancient practices of St. Theodor of Studien which rule even today is being observed by non-Catholic communities on Mt. Athos, Greece."

"It was the desire of the Archbishop to reestablish a Catholic group to follow the rule of this illustrious Catholic monk. The community had its beginnings with several illiterate swineherds. The Archbishop believed that with these simple men he could find true obedience for a monastic observance as was practiced in the early days of the Church."

"From these humble beginnings in 1900 the Community thrived and attained its peak membership of 220 in 1939. Their greatness then was to be tested, for through the Nazis and the Communists many of them suffered glorious martyrdom while others went to Siberia. By 1945 there were but 14 remaining members."

"The type of life that was practiced in the community was that of a purely contemplative nature as is revealed by the various states that existed in the community. There were the penitents—the barefoot ones—the fools for Christ—the fasters—the hermits. Their liturgical functions entail an attendance of roughly eight to nine hours daily in the chapel."

"After being dispossessed from the Ukraine they emigrated to Canada. Right now they are penniless, in absolute poverty. But more even than material relief they need paternal guidance and spiritual direction."

"The task of ministering to these

monks is one in which our oblates can share fully. Father Abbot has dedicated this work to our Blessed Mother. I am sure we will all count it a privilege to have these holy men among our confreres, since thus we have a real share in their merits."

Morton Sobell

I include this mention of Morton Sobell in my *On Pilgrimage* column because I know that all those who read *The Catholic Worker* read the columns when perhaps they might glance over a news story and evade it, not consciously but because that is the way people read newspapers.

Helen Sobell came in to see us—it was her second visit in the last six months—and talked to us about her husband. At my request, she gave me the eight little paper-bound volumes of the transcript of the trial.

Anyone who can read Earl Stanley Gardner's mysteries, where the unravelling of the plot takes place usually in the court room, would follow the story of the Rosenbergs and the Sobells with fascinated interest. That is, if they will only read them. I imagine they could get them at a library if they could not afford to buy them (they cost six dollars). I am reading them now, and I am in the third volume, and for the sake of our readers who will not have access to these reports, I will try to give my impression, sketchy though this mention may be. But I will continue some mention of this case from month to month.

First of all, I was surprised at the indictment under which the Rosenbergs, David Greenglass and Morton Sobell were tried. There was no mention in the first two indictments of any overt act on the part of Sobell, and it was only by going to court and after ceaseless pleas that there was any particular charge.

In the calling of the jury, I was surprised at how many prospective jurors said forthrightly that they were opposed to capital punishment. Thank God! So far this voice of the people has not been heard.

It is too late for the Rosenbergs, though we owe it to the children



they left behind them, to re-examine the case. All three were tried together so we have to do this in reviewing the case of Morton Sobell who is serving thirty years at Alcatraz. We are reviewing it in the hope that there will be enough expression of opinion so that there will be new hearings and a new trial. Or at least that he will be transferred from the West Coast nearer to his wife and children.

According to Harold Urey, physicist and Nobel prize winner "The integrity of justice as it is administered in the United States is at stake... Mr. Sobell was not properly tried and the verdict and sentence are not justified."

The most recent action taken was before the United States Court of Appeals on March 5. Dr. Sanchez Ponton, formerly Minister of Education of Mexico, now senior professor of law at the University of Mexico, came from Mexico City and presented arguments charging the knowing use of perjured tes-

timony against Morton Sobell and the violation of the extradition treaty between the United States and Mexico.

There is no decision as yet as to whether another hearing will be granted.

Any one who wishes to get more material about this case can write to the Sobell Committee, 940 Broadway, New York City. As for me, I feel convinced that Morton Sobell was judged guilty even before he was tried, that the trial was not a fair one, and that we too must join our voices in a continued protest against a terrible injustice that has been done.

Two years ago I wrote to Commissioner of Prisons Bennett and added my petition to the hundreds of others for a new trial, or at least that Sobell be transferred to an eastern prison so that his wife and two children can see him. The letter I received in reply thanking me for the tone of my letter, which was not antagonistic, was anything but pleasant. Mr. Bennett assured me that Mrs. Sobell somehow managed to get out to see her husband, even though they are a continent apart, and that he himself did not think the two children should see their father.

Helen Sobell told me of their last visit, when she brought their eight-year-old son with her, her first visit in four months, and the child's in four years. The father and son talked of the child's erector set and his toy trains, the wife and husband talked of Fromm's latest book, *The Art of Loving*, discussing father love, and mother love, and all the talk had to be through a heavy plate glass barrier, with the use of earphones. The agony of such intercourse!

"God sees the truth but waits," He waits on us to open our eyes and ears to justice and charity. Let us be part of His justice, "whose property it is always to have mercy and to spare."

Books Received

O Truly Blessed Night, by Karl Becker. Introduction by Father Josef Jungmann, S.J. Trans. from the German by Mrs. R. M. Bethell. Pio Decimo Press. \$2.50 paper; \$3.50 cloth.

This is, as the subtitle says, "A study of the theology of the Easter Vigil." It is, as all truly great studies of theological subjects seem to be, a pathway to meditation and to prayer. Here is the history of the rise, obscuring, and rediscovery of the great feast and vigil of the Church's year, and an exploration of the symbolism of the rites. Get this book as a handbook to help you understand the vigil, and as spiritual reading for Easter.

Father of the Family, by Eugene S. Geissler. Fides, \$2.95.

These are reflections and meditations on fatherhood, in particular the fatherhood of a deeply Christian man. The concept of fatherhood, deriving as it does from the Fatherhood of God, has degenerated in our time into the popular picture of the father as the ineffectual bumbler of the family, at the mercy of the wise and all-knowing mother and the children who know how to twist him round their fingers. If there were more books like this one, and if they had wider circulation, this picture might give way to something approaching the reality and dignity of the Christian concept. It is to be recommended to fathers, mothers, priests, and those about to be married or thinking of marriage as a vocation.

Moods and Truths, by Most Rev. Fulton J. Sheen. Popular Library. Paperback, 25c.

This is a reprint of one of the Bishop's early books. It is a successor to *Old Errors and New Labels*, and is an examination of religious thought and of certain common religious errors of today.

True Commune

(Continued from Page 1)

may be assumed will have felt that they love God, moved by the majesty and beauty of the Father, the tenderness of His Son. But such emotion should be the accompaniment, the flower of action. The Catholic Church does not cease to teach that it is the action itself that counts.

It is a temptation (especially for those living in an atmosphere of piety) to erect for themselves an idealized Saviour and to lavish on Him affection without any real cost to self. That idealized Saviour to Whom such people pray may not be the true Saviour at all, but merely a fiction of the imagination, or worse, a sacrilegious counterfeit, a comfort, a commodity to absorb superfluous affection to repay its devotee with sweetness. It may be the same sort of thing as the God of certain super-statesmen Who is always on their side and can always be counted on to throw thunderbolts at the enemy when required. Real Catholics make sure that they know Our Lord as He really is in His Gospels and His Church.

So of realist Catholics it cannot be said of them that there hath stood One in the midst of them Whom they knew not.

God forbid that we should have the effrontery to disparage that warmth of feeling which is the natural accompaniment of our Faith. God forbid that we should presume to disparage, in the slightest degree, those manifestations of devotion, so truly human and indicative of reality, that are peculiar to the external manifestation of our Faith. We should be doing nothing short of the Devil's work if we robbed a single soul of the sensible reward of its faith. God knows the depth of such consolation to one burdened and over-burdened with the difficulties of life. But the hard fact remains that our Faith is concerned primarily with responsibility and action. And there is no harder saying but none truer than that often the best gauge of our love of God is our love of our neighbour. Catholicism is, indeed, a personal Faith, a personal love, a personal life—but before that, it is a membership, with the responsibilities of membership.

Is it not this that distinguishes it from paganism; the true religion of laissez-faire, "stick-in-the-mire" (so long as you are not in it yourself). For the salvation wrought by Christ is realised in the Brotherhood of Man, which is the Church. Why else must we be Catholics? How far are most of us from admitting the responsibility of this membership, this confraternity!

We have seen that there were days when there was no doubt as to what was meant by brotherhood—when the principle of love, true charity, showed itself in the social and industrial life of Christians. We have seen that the earliest Christians had their rules of economic organization, when there was no winking at the obligations of justice, even though those obligations may have been of a temporary nature. And why did men so subdue nature—the acquisitive animal—as to submit? Because there was a Faith that balanced rights with responsibilities and because there was a rigorous principle of selection to test it—because there was no material benefit in being a follower of the Nazarene Workman Who died as a common criminal on the gibbet—because to be one meant to suffer and to lose. For spiritual-mindedness was assured, which brings us back to the dual truth upon which we insisted to start with—

Do we admit the disabilities of human nature, but proclaim the omnipotence of our faith? In other words, are we Christians? The tackling of our social ills frightens us not because of the complexity of the task, but because of its amazing simplicity. The test of our Catholicity, too, is extraordinarily simple—do we believe effectively in the revelation of Christ? Is something going to come of our faith? Does it make of us givers and lovers? Are we Christians ready for the supreme Adventure of Christianity? Yes, are we Christians, effective members of the One, True Commune?

Spirit And Reality



HE Cross awaits not only the individual man but also society as a whole, a State or a civilisation... In its application to social life the Cross does not imply an acceptance of social conditions, but rather an acceptance of the idea of inevitable catastrophe, revolution and radical social changes. It is a profound error to regard the Cross in a conservative light.

Nicholas Berdyaev

Sees Millions Dying in U.S. If A-War Hits

Washington, March 12 — The Civil Defense Administration is reckoning on "millions" of casualties in event of an atomic war.

Even if the nation spent \$32,000,000,000 on a nuclear bomb shelter system, Administrator Val Peterson has told a House Appropriations subcommittee, only about 60 per cent of the population could be saved.

"We are going to lose millions of people if we have a war," Peterson said. "There is no easy answer to this thing except to have peace."

—From N. Y. Post.

ROSARY BEADS

From India comes the fragrant sandalwood beads and ivory crucifix carved by craftsmen in a Christian co-operative. Strung on stout linen cord by Dominican Sisters in France. Equally suitable for men or women.

Choice of Ivory and natural sandalwood or ivory and white bone. Gift boxed. \$3.95.

ST. LEO SHOP, Inc.

Newport, R. I.

a non-profit corporation for the liturgical apostolate

On The Road

(Continued from page 2)

bedrooms so that Catholics can house large families. They have a common skating rink and park. Paul drove me to the University Seminary in the morning, and as it was the Pope's birthday, it was a free day. The students asked questions from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m., when I spoke in assembly.

Combermere

The Baroness was in Boston at a meeting about secular institutes, but I was greeted by Eddie Doherty and two priests who knew of the CW. Forty girls and fellows live in cottages and the office is off by itself where visitors are not interrupting every minute. The main building is well equipped for eating downstairs and praying upstairs, and it is only half a dozen leaps into the lake. Diane Z... whom I remembered as the last name in the CW Index that I had recently compiled wanted to know all the news from the CW. And then two of the three who were going to Winslow, Ariz., to open a Friendship House were interested in my Arizona experiences. That night I spoke of anarchists, Indians, tax men, and the vicissitudes of the CW and we all had an interesting time. The next day I worked in the office folding inserts to letters, and the next morning rode with Joe who had worked in the nearby uranium mines but decided to go back to his home near the Virginia, Ont., gold mines and come back later to join the community.

Sudbury, Ontario

The shoemaker says there's nothing like leather. In Sudbury, the nickel center of the world, there is nothing like nickel. The big name there is INCO (International Nickel Company of Canada). Another name that also looms big on the horizon of the Sudbury Basin of 130,000 acres where John Foster Dulles was once Chairman of the Board of INCO, is Local 593 of the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, established in 1943 after a score of years of lockouts and violence, numbering 14,000 workers.

There are at least thirty nationalities in this growing town which is not far from the uranium mines at Blind River and the gold mines at Virginia. In this latter town until recently native born Canadians received the highest wage, then immigrants, then Indians; all doing the same work. When the union convention was held in Sudbury last year the Chamber of Commerce aroused dissident racial minorities against this "Commie Union" and picketed the union hall.

My hostess during the week around St. Patrick's day was Vicky Smits, a young housewife who emigrated with her husband Joe from Holland nine years ago. She picketed the picketers with a sign "Our Leaders Are Tops."

The Convention this year was held in Kimberly, B. C., where the Chamber of Commerce welcomed them and Fr. Cheevers pronounced the invocation. So it is possible for both sides to cooperate.

Each morning I went to Mass at a different Church. On the last day I accompanied four-year old Judith Smits to Mass. Her sister Sonia, age 2, wanted to go also.

My visit was complicated somewhat by the situation of 70% of the members of this left wing union being Catholic and of the opposition to the union of all clergy, Catholic or otherwise. Vicky had planned my schedule as she had lived in different parishes and knew several priests. First it was to a group of men employed by INCO who were anti-Communist, at St. Anne's Church. Fr. Regimbault there disliked both capitalism and communism, and like Father Murphy and Fr. Kaptean with whom I spoke later, believed in

unions. That night and at a Communion Breakfast on St. Patrick's Day at the same Church where I answered questions for hours, it was difficult to gain an understanding of the pacifist, anarchist ideal inasmuch as they said that a goon-squad from Mine Mill had beaten up a Steelworker organizer brought in to rival Mine Mill. I tried to bring the message that, as the Quakers say when told that you can't trust Communists: "No one said we should trust Communists, for we should trust God and love the Communists." I spoke also to the students at Sacred Heart College and was warmly welcomed.

On a tour of the smelter at Copper Cliff I saw as much as a visitor is permitted to see: the mixing of ore and its roasting in the gas oven. The fumes did not allow us to go very near to the room where the refuse was being skimmed off or near the kilns into which men entered to clean out the accumulated sooty refuse. The guide who was showing me around said that his brother had refused to go into a kiln when it was too hot for he had once had an ear burned that way, but the foreman went in and to escape the heat had madly rushed out and fell several stories and was killed. Helmets, boots with steel over the toes, and aprons and gloves, as well as gas masks cannot always prevent a splash of metal from injuring workers. Joe works at the Frood-Stobie unit where he blasts 700 tons in 8 hours. Other mining is underground to a depth of over a mile. As in Anaconda, Mont. (boasting the highest smoke stack in the U.S. as Copper Cliff boasts the highest in the British Empire) where I was invited by a Catholic Mine Mill member to speak to the Catholic High School, the surrounding area looks like land on the moon. The INCO booklet says that "Nickel's date with destiny was in the summer of 1883 when what appeared to be rich copper bearing deposits were uncovered by workmen engaged in construction of the transcontinental line of the Canadian Pacific Railway just west of Sudbury... During World War II the Company greatly expanded its facilities to provide the Allied Nations with millions of pounds of victory-vital nickel, copper and platinum metals. The tonnage of ore mined (a million of tons of ore each month now) during the war years was equal to that produced by INCO and its predecessors during the preceding 54 years of their existence."

I spoke at a small meeting at the Mine Mill hall introduced by

Weir Reid, head of their summer camp and educational and recreational director. He had done social work in Toronto. Previously he had taken me to the union's camp where 100 youth with 30 of a staff to direct affairs have two weeks of swimming, arts and crafts and a general vacation from the sulphur laden atmosphere of Sudbury. Each group of 100 stays two weeks. Even by this lake only certain maple trees will grow and in the summer the fumes will kill grass and vegetables most of the time. At the Union meeting I met an old Western Federation of Miners Italian who was sympathetic to the anarchist message. To every audience I say that "In Russia and the Iron Curtain countries the enemy of the free worker is the bureaucrat and the Communist, and in America the enemy of the free worker is the bureaucrat and the capitalist." "Neither Catholics nor Communists nor those in between appreciate this very much."

I was in Arizona when Salt of the Earth was being filmed at Silver City, N. M., and I sent money to help the women pickets. The injunction was against the men so the women picketed and finally won the strike. The film was not allowed a public showing in most of the U.S. because it was labelled a Communist picture so I despaired of seeing it. In Sudbury the Chamber of Commerce and the clergy tried to frighten the local theatre into refusing to show the picture. Scores of pictures such as the Grapes of Wrath have much more violence, if that is what those who live by a system of violence do not want to see in this picture, and are afraid of. Reid ran the picture for me as the only one in the audience. Jencks who played an important part in the film's currently being hounded by the authorities, not because he may have signed a non-Communist affidavit falsely but because he put up such a great fight against those who make wars and make profit out of wars. The picture brought to my mind that it was radical—socialists, communists and anarchists, who were brave enough to be beaten up and to organize unions when the going was hard.

I do not know if I have succeeded in planting enough seeds of love among Catholics and Communists in Sudbury to lessen the tension. The union is here to stay and it has honestly bargained, without the big pie-card salaries of the officers of conservative unions, for the betterment of the workers.

War And Christianity

Does the prohibition (against certain means of warfare, e.g. the hydrogen bomb) still hold if the attacker disregards all scruples, using even nuclear weapons and thus achieving a decisive superiority over the defender, who does not utilize these weapons?

"But what," asks E. Welty, O.P., who clearly rejects use of the hydrogen bomb as immoral, "if the peace and the welfare of all nations can only be preserved by effective counter-measures? Or what if those goods that the divine plan for peace obliges men unconditionally to respect and guarantee (Pius XII) for the whole world can be defended and protected only where force is deterred or repulsed by equal or superior force? Could not then both the inevitable destruction as well as the uncontrollable be tolerated? ... Or must humanity allow itself, in the name of God and in confidence in Him, to be subjugated by the anti-God powers and led into the slavery of ungodliness? To pose the question thus badly is not to invite an unqualified YES!"

To this question and these doubts the following answer may be given. * In the first place, the end does not justify the means. If it is granted that the nuclear weapons are evil 'by their nature', they are not divested of this nature, not 'justified' when they are used for purposes of defense. You may not repay a wrong with an equal wrong; you must forego that sort of defense. Therefore, the supposition that a nation or the whole world can be protected by answering a nuclear war of aggression with a nuclear war of defense is erroneous. The truth is that this would double the enormous evil physically and morally.

*from this point onward are ours.

War and Christianity Today by Francis Stratmann, O. P. (Newman, 1956), to be reviewed in the next issue of the C.W.

CROSS CURRENTS

Reprints available 25c ea.; 10 or more, 15c; 7th year of publication; bound volumes available for last 6 years.

- ☐ CLAUDEL on drama & music; ☐ REGIS on prayer; ☐ MORA on the transfer theory in psychoanalysis; ☐ PINCKAERS on the revival of moral theology; ☐ The Church in Poland; ☐ COLLINS' annual review of philosophy (1956); ☐ BOOTH on psychosomatic medicine; ☐ TEL-HARD DE CHARDIN on human unification; ☐ LACROIX on political & religious conscience; ☐ DEMANT on the welfare state; ☐ HARPER on poetic justice; ☐ DIRKS on the future of the missions; ☐ LACROIX on modern atheism; ☐ Johnson on the Index; ☐ POULET on Proust; ☐ DEMANT on the effects of television; ☐ PER-ROUX on an economy for mankind; ☐ ABD-EL-JALIL on Islam & history; ☐ DUMERY's "The temptation to do good"; ☐ COOMARASWAMY on western responsibility; ☐ JEMOLO on Catholic non-conformists; ☐ THOMAS on Nehru.

CROSS CURRENTS, 3111 Broadway, New York 27, N. Y.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... Zone.....
State.....

- ☐ Please send reprints checked above.
- ☐ Enter my subscription (\$3 for 4 issues)
- ☐ Send bound volumes: 1 & III \$6; II, IV, V & VI (1956): \$5 ea.
- ☐ Bill me ☐ Check enclosed



The Making of the Cross

By BROTHER ANTONINUS

Rough fir: hauled from the hills. And the tree it had been, lithe-limbed,
Wherein the wren had nested, whereon the red hawk and the grey
Rested from flight, and the raw-head vulture shouldered to his feed—
That tree went over, bladed down with a double-bitted axe,
Was snaked with winches, the wedge split it;
Hewn with the adze, it lay to season toward its use.

So too with the nails: millenniums under the earth, pure ore;
Chunked out with picks, the nail-shape struck in the pelt-lunged forge,
Tongued to a cask, and the wait against that work.

Even the thorn-bush flourished from afar
As do the flourishing generations of its kind,
Filling the sandy soil no one wants;
Wind-sown, it cuts the cattle and the wild horse;
It tears the cloth of man, and hurts his hand.

Just as in life the good things of the earth
Are patiently assembled, some from here, some from there.
Wine from the hill and wheat from the valley,
Rain that comes blue-bellied out of the sopping sea,
Snow that keeps its drift on the goose-berry ridge,
Will melt with May, go down, take the eggs of the salmon,
Serve the traffic of otters and fishes,
Be ditched to orchards—

So too are gathered up the possibles of evil.
And when the Cross was joined, quartered, as in the earth,
Spoked, as in the Universal Wheel,
Those radicals that led all unregenerate act
Inward to innocence—it met the thorn-wove Crown,
It found the scourges and the dice,
The nail was given and the reed-lifted sponge,
The curse caught forward out of the heart corrupt,
The excoriate foul, stoned with the thunder and the hail,
All these made up that miscellaneous wrath
And were assumed.

The evil and the wastage and the woe,
As if the earth's old cist,
Back down the slough to Adam's sin-burnt calcinated bones
Rushed out of time and clotted on the Cross.

Off there the cougar coughed in passion when the sun went out;
The rattler filmed his glinty eye and found his hole.

Good-Bye, Phillip!

(Continued from page 3)

of wind over water, the tragic
mask of his face into the gayest
and most foolish bliss.

We know that he was brought
up by the Blauvelt Dominicans
that he loved the Sisters, and that
he tramped about looking for casual
labor a good part of his life,
and finally ended up at The Catholic
Worker, at Maryfarm, New-
burgh. He was always in a pre-
carious state of health and when
Mildred, Dorothy and Marie from
Maryhouse, Minnesota, were in
charge one year, they were con-
vinced he was dying. But he sur-
prised them all by hitting the road
and getting another job and stay-
ing away for six months or so, vis-
iting Peter Maurin farm before
he returned to Newburgh. His
dearest occupation and one of our
greatest trials was his insistence
on making shrines, around the
place, and repainting statues with
the most gaudy and horrifying col-
ors. All the saints had dead white
faces with jet black eyes and eye-
brows and gashes of blood for
mouths. I remember too a rustic
bench he built out under a tree,
and an altar rail in the otherwise
well furnished chapel. The out-
door bench collapsed under visi-
tors; Father Faley was so tender
of Phillip's feelings that he suf-
fered the altar rail in an agony
of apprehension for some months
until his respect for the Sacra-
ment overcame his tender kind-

ness for Philip and we returned to
using the row of prieu Dieu's.

We did not realize that Phillip
was so near the end, because he
had been at St. Vincent's only two
weeks before for his asthma and
they had discharged him after a
week's stay. We were waiting for
an opening in a convalescent home
but meanwhile he tormented us all
by insisting on sitting up in the
kitchen almost around the clock
so that I had to scold him to force
him to go to bed. His ankles got
swollen from this sitting up and I
told him how I too suffered sitting
up for one night in a bus, and
that if he would go to bed his
ankles would be better. I accused
him of sitting up so as not to miss
any of the attentions of the young
women who live with us and the
pretty girls who visit us. It was
truly as though he wished to die
in our midst, surrounded by lov-
ing solicitude, and instead of that
he was scolded by me and put to
bed. When I heard of his death
two days later I accused myself of
lack of kindness and swore, if any-
one else ever wanted to die sitting
in our midst, I'd not interfere or
act the scolding mother.

But how God loves us! How He
loved Phillip, and me too, because
he repaid my mistakes and made
up for my lack by His own loving
kindness, filled up, pressed down
and running over. When Charlie
brought Phillip's evening meal to

Israel

(Continued from page 5)

places were the scenes of attempts
made by Catholic Worker readers
or leaders of groups, to put into
effect Peter Maurin's ideas. But
in almost every case, they reverted
to private property, and now there
are many single farms around the
country where isolated attempts
are made to work within the
framework of the capitalist system,
but with a greater sense of stew-
ardship and personal responsibil-
ity. At Avon, Ohio, Our Lady of
the Wayside Farm still gives hos-
pitality to people in need, taking
care of whoever comes to their
door. It is the same at St. Bened-
ict's farm in Michigan. Today St.
Benedict's Farm at Upton, Massa-
chusetts, is made up of three fami-
lies who live as neighbors (the
property originally held in com-
mon has been deeded to the fami-
lies). The farm at Cape May is
owned by a retired seaman, a con-
vert to the church, Ernest Lund-
gren, and is used summers by in-
terracial families from Philadel-
phia. There are three families at
the Easton farm who live a com-
mon life though the property is
held in the name of one family.
The Peter Maurin Farm is a com-
bination house of hospitality on
the land, a truck garden, and an
informal school of living, a retreat
house. There is a small press,
four looms, several spinning
wheels, and some materials are
being produced for curtains and
towelling, for home use but not
for sale. None of our farm groups
have been successful in any but
the most intangible ways. But peo-
ple have married, babies have been
born, people have died, in these
last 25 years of work, and every
day letters come in, visitors come
in, telephone calls from people
who see The Catholic Worker for
the first time, its program, and
Peter's words strike them with
the freshness of truth. Here is
neither Capitalism or Communism,
here is a way of life in which we
can try to work out that ideal, "All
men are brothers."

There are many other inten-
tional communities, as they have
come to be called, around the
country. We have carried stories
in the last few issues about Koino-
nia, Georgia, and Rifton, New
York, where the Society of Broth-
ers has the largest communal set-
tlement in the country, aside from
the Hutterites of Montana and
North Dakota. There is a group
of families at Glen Gardner, New
Jersey, on a hillside where only
gardening is possible, which is sup-
ported by the Libertarian Press.

his room he found him in such
extreme weakness that he called
Ed Turner and the two of them
lifted Phillip into the car and drove
him to the hospital, but he died
before they reached there, close
to two warm and loving hearts,
as he had wished. He did not die
alone in the hospital. Then that
very night, John Sweeney, organ-
ist and choirmaster in a Boston
church came to visit us and stayed
over to sing a requiem Mass the
next morning and at the funeral
Mass the next day. John's voice
is exceptionally beautiful, and so is
Fr. Hauser's, so the Mass could
not have been more inspiring.

It is as though God said, "Here
is my Phillip and I will let my
friends know how I welcome them
into Paradise—I will give them a
foretaste of heavenly joys." Stan-
ley Vishniewsky, Ed Turner, Mike
and Charles dug the grave in the
little cemetery in back of St. Jo-
seph's Church at Rossville nearby,
and Hans, John, Joe Cotter, Joe
Roche acted as pall bearers. Fr.
Hauser and Fr. McGrath accom-
panied the procession to the grave
and there in the gentle spring rain,
with the song of robins in the
trees, and the yellow glow of for-
sythia beginning to show in the
shrubs, we said goodbye to Phillip.
May his soul and the souls of all
the faithful departed through the
mercy of God rest in peace.

KOINONIA FARM

Here is the latest from the em-
battled community of families in
South Georgia. One small group,
whittled down by three families
leaving under the terror, is hold-
ing out against the world and all
of us who read about it can help.
There is no other but this non-
violent way to cope with the truly
gigantic struggle which is going on
in the South of our own country.

The letter below was written
March 25, and two days later more
shots were fired in the night, at the
night watchman patrolling the
grounds of the farm. Two more
shots from a high-powered rifle
sprayed nineteen large pellets of
lead through four rooms of the
frame house where two families
with children lived.

Americus, Georgia.
March 25, 1957.

Dear Friends,

For several months we have
been having difficulty keeping in-
surance on our property and equip-
ment. Our coverage has been can-
celled again and again. At the
present time we have no property
insurance and only a minimum
liability policy of questionable val-
ue on two of our vehicles. We have
exhausted all possibilities for se-
curing any further coverage any-
where in the world. The New Zea-
land Company which covered us
for a short period has cancelled.
Lloyds of London has refused us.

Our farm is mortgaged and one
of the provisions of the mortgage
is that the real estate be insured
for \$10,000. So far the company
has been patient but we have no as-
surance they may not at any time
call for their money, since we are
unable to comply with the require-
ment.

Many of you have been asking
what you can do to help. We have
decided to inform you fully of this
situation and offer a plan by which
you can assist us. We call it the
Christian Brotherhood Insurance
Plan. Enclosed is a copy of a
pledge or promissory note for \$50
which we invite anyone who can
and would like to help to sign and
return to us. By so doing you
would send no money now, but you
would agree that in the event of
the loss of a building or a farm
tractor or a damage suit against
the farm in case of an accident,
you would pay the \$50 or whatever
portion thereof was required to
cover the loss.

For example, let us suppose that
we secured 2,000 such pledges.
This would give us a potential cov-
erage of \$100,000. Let us suppose
that we lost by bombing or fire a
building valued at \$10,000. It
would thus require \$5 or 10 per
cent of each pledge to cover such
a loss. We would then notify the
participants and ask that they send
just this amount in cash. If more
pledges were secured, the amount
of cash required from each partici-
pant would be smaller.

Some of you may desire to sign
more than one pledge, or you may
know of others who would like to
share in this. We will be glad to
send more blanks to anyone who
feels he can use them. Some may
feel unable to pledge as much as
\$50, in which case it will be quite
all right for more than one person
to sign the same note.

We want all of you to know that

Easy Essays

(Continued from Page 1)

Utilitarian Thought

When English philosophers
broke away
from Medieval thought
they formulated
what is called
a utilitarian philosophy.
Locke, Hobbes and Hume,
the utilitarian philosophers,
had for disciples
the utilitarian economists
of the Manchester School.
Since the advent
of the Manchester School
the School of Laissez Faire,
religion has nothing to do
with political economy
because political economy
has nothing to do
with social ethics.

Futilitarian Economics

The Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School
thought that the general
interest
of human society
would be well served
if everybody
was always mindful
of his material interest.

The Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School
thought that everything
would be lovely
if everybody took in
each other's washing.

The Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School
believed in the law
of supply and demand
and could never conceive
of the possibility
of too much supply
and not enough demand.

Futilitarian States

The Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School
thought that business
is just business
and that politics
should keep out of business.
The Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School
thought that the State
is only useful
when it helps business men
to collect their debts.

The War of 1914
and the peace of 1919
are the logical result
of the foolish notions
of the Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School.
England, France and America,
our Futilitarian States,
are now busy
trying to solve the problems
brought about
by the lack of understanding
of the Futilitarian Economists
of the Manchester School.

we are deeply appreciative of your
concern and loyal support. We of-
fer this plan in great faith that
you will respond in more than ade-
quate measure. In spite of all the
developments, your love and dili-
gent efforts have helped to make
of the whole experience one of
deepening faith in God and his
power to move in the lives of men.
So that even in this situation we
can affirm, "In all things God
works for good . . ."

Sincerely,
THE KOINONIA COMMUNITY

EASTER READING

The Last Week BY A DOMINICAN TERTIARY

This is a beautiful and practical little work that deals with the
last week of the life of Christ, and His glorious Sacrifice. The
careful reading of this little work will be a real rest for the soul
and will decidedly help to increase faith and love for the Christ
who paid in blood the price of our transgressions—THE PRAIRIE
MESSENGER.

This will make really good popular Lenten reading. It keeps
close to the Scriptural setting and draws out just those reflec-
tions that can lead to a prayerful consideration of the Passion.
—THE CATHOLIC TIMES PAPER. 85 cents.

BLACKFRIARS PUBLICATIONS

34 Bloomsbury Street

London, W.C.1.

Payments may be made by check or I.M.O.
No coin or stamps please.

"The most quoted weekly in America"

THE COMMONWEAL

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

17 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

In recent weeks THE COMMONWEAL has published articles such as
these: H. A. Reinhold on "The Worker Priests", John Cogley on
"Catholics and Civil Liberties", J. N. Moody on "Religion in Toynbee",
John Cort on "Experiment in Conversation", Lawrence T. King on
"Peace in the Coal Mines", LaRue Spiker on "Two Women of Kentucky"
and book reviews by Elizabeth Bartelme, William Smith, James Finn,
Anne Fremantle, Philip Sharper and Michael Harrington.

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.