

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XX No. 8

MARCH, 1954

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c



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: AMMON HENNACY
TOM SULLIVAN
Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY
223 Chrystie St., New York City-2
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826.

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



On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Last month, the Holy Father said to me, as he said to all who are sick, "I have thought of you, beloved ailing sons and daughters, with particular right among those who are closest to our Spirit and pressed to our heart."

The Holy Father himself was sick, and with what warmth and tenderness he spoke to the suffering. My ailments were slight but painful. I was in the hospital when I read General Dean's story of his imprisonment and suffering in Korea, and I thought of the anguish of the world, and what a tiny drop mine was in the ocean of pain. There were many refugee doctors in the hospital where I was, and one of them said to me when I spoke of how the body seemed to overcome the spirit, "Oh, it is only for about three weeks! After that one becomes more used to it, and the spirit takes hold again!" Her husband bears the scars on his body of his days in a concentration camp.

The Holy Father called the sick, and now that I am recovered I can no longer be in that noble company, "the precious jewels of the Church, and valid sources of spiritual energies," on whom he relies this year to obtain "help for humanity and the Church itself."

He speaks, he tells them, thanks to the radio, to all of them, languishing in hospitals, great and small, in sanatoriums, in clinics, in hospices, in prisons, in barracks, in the desolate garrets of the most poor, in the divided little rooms of your homes.

"Children with pallid faces like flowers growing without the

warmth of the sun" (we think of the Puerto Ricans and Negroes in our slums and of little Bryan Murphy in Detroit "youth whose rare smiles expresses the strength of the soul rather than the freshness of your years;" (we think of the wounded in our veterans hospitals, in prison camps throughout the world) "mature men bitterly removed from your proper dynamism" (and with all the others we think of Ed Willock and what he has meant to us all with his speaking, writing, drawing, building) "old people, to whom natural fatigue, disease adds discomforts and sufferings."

"We have always supplicated Jesus to make our hearts in some manner similar to His; a God heart, a kind heart, a heart open to all sufferings, and to all sorrows."

We are grateful indeed to the Holy Father, and we know that through these desires, these prayers, such news as that which we print this month of what is happening in Russian labor camps is made possible. May God bless him and keep him with us many more years.

The Sick in the House

When I came home from the hospital to St. Joseph's house on Chrystie Street I was filled with gratitude for having a house of hospitality to come to. We were one of those hospices the Holy Father was praying for. Up on the top floor Nelly Lampkin, as she told me her name was once years ago, tho she is generally known as Nelly Post, is failing. She is over eighty and for many years has

(Continued on page 6)

French Worker Priests and the Little Brothers of de Foucauld

By DOROTHY DAY

The Worker priests of France, for the last ten years, have left the side of the "faithful" and have gone after the lost sheep of France. They have been doing what Jesus Christ Himself told them to do in their great love of God and of their brothers. This work which has caught the attention of the world began with the Resistance movement in France when both Communist and Catholic lived side by side in prison and concentration camp where they began to know one another and love one another. It began with the great vision of a great churchman, Cardinal Suhard, (whose collected writings can be obtained from the Fides Press in Chicago).

With a Strong Cry

And now, after ten years trial, these worker priests have been under the scrutiny and criticism of the world so that every day there is some mention of their work and present struggles in the secular press as well as the Catholic. The criticism comes from the rich and powerful, whose greed and wealth make them sensitive to the criticism of these new articulate "poor," as well as from their lawful superiors, the present Cardinals of France and the Holy See in Rome. Also these priests have

answered back, have cried out "with a strong cry and tears," so that the world has heard and is wondering if this is going to be another case of the crucifixion of the good, the failure of the Cross, or of disobedience in the Church, another Action Francaise.

Conditions

On February 27 the Cardinal of Paris refused the appeals of two thirds of the worker priests, and insisted that the mission among the worker be limited by the rules laid down by Rome. Instead of working eight hours a day, they were permitted only to work four; instead of living alone, they were to live with their fellows; they were not to commit themselves to political action, or to membership in trade unions.

Little Brothers

There has been no mention in all this controversy of the status of the Little Brothers of Jesus, (an outgrowth of the work of Father Charles de Foucauld who was killed by the Arabs in the desert in 1914, and who had no postulant or novice for his proposed order during all his life). The Little Brothers now number 180 (two thirds will be priests) and are scattered all over the world, and are (Continued on page 4)

Few Catholics Draft Objectors But Church Helps CO Program

According to a N.C.W.C. news release picked up in the Boston Pilot: Conscientious Objectors to service in the nation's armed forces are "a very scarce article" among Catholics. However a Catholic organization and a number of Catholic institutions throughout the nation are taking part in a program for employment of CO's in civilian work in lieu of military service.

Commenting on the fact that War Relief Services — National Catholic Welfare Conference, had been approved by Selective Service as an agency for civilian employment of CO's, A. Stauffer Curry, director of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors, a private organization assisting in the program, said that he had not heard of more than a half dozen cases of Catholic CO's.

Selective Service headquarters here said the program was begun in 1952 after the draft law was amended. Purpose of the program, a Selective Service spokesman said, was to get CO's into civilian work outside of their own communities. It was explained that a CO or an approved organization which employs him must pay his expenses to and from his place of employment and that he is not allowed to be employed by a profit organization. The CO's civilian employment

must be approved by his draft board and is for two-year duration.

Mr. Curry said there are some 56 Protestant denominations participating in the program, including the Mennonites, the Brethren, Quakers, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.

Mr. Curry said that a number of

Catholic institutions, principally hospitals, throughout the country, are taking part in the program. He said the fact that a CO is not a Catholic does not preclude his employment by a Catholic organization or institution.

The Selective Service spokesman estimated that, at present, some 6,000 conscientious objectors have been recorded by draft boards. The spokesman said that some 3,700 are now at work in approved jobs; 1,500 had passed physical examinations but have not been placed in jobs yet and that some 1,800 are awaiting physical examinations.

Editorial note: One of the reasons why there are very few known Catholic conscientious objectors is that the draft boards will give a Catholic c.o. any other status rather than of CO. The growing movement among Catholic youth to look into this position is discouraged by both priest and laymen who are often on the draft boards. Again and again Catholic young men are told that it is impossible for Catholics to be conscientious objectors, that it is against the teachings of the Church. We refer our readers to Fr. John J. Hugo's articles in former issues of the Catholic Worker, Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors and The Crime of Conscription. D. D.



CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

Last month I broke off this column as I was about to set foot on an ocean liner to Europe. To get on with this serial, I spent the next five days as a tourist class passenger on a very modern ocean liner. The food abroad was plentiful and the living conditions were flawless, consequently the voyage over proved to be a grand rest and a change of pace from Chrystie Street.

London

Late one afternoon the ship docked in Southampton, England and I took the boat-train to London. I spent four days in London where I lived in a hotel on Russell Square. I had been told that this particular hotel was inexpensive — it was not. The hotel was situated across the street from a small park which was called Russell Square. The park was named after its owner, Lord Russell. During the last war he had refused to permit the government to remove the metal fences enclosing the park area. The government needed the metal for war material, however, Lord Russell happened to be a pacifist. Despite his protests the fences became the property of the state and Lord Russell brought suit but lost the case.

The morning after I arrived in London I hopped aboard a tourist guided bus which covered all the name sights in the city. This is the typical tourist approach but time was short. The guide was a real character and had a fine sense of humor.

As we flew past Hyde Park the guide pointed out a cemetery for pet animals. He related a true story of the Countess who spent one thousand dollars to bury her

dog Fido. Her husband grieved more over the money spent than he did over the dog's death. He was further distressed when he read the inscription that his wife had cut in the tombstone. It read, "Good old Fido! One Fido is worth more than two husbands."

Empty Churches

I was never so forcibly struck with the tremendous Catholic tradition that is England's as I was on this my first visit. Innumerable monuments still stand today which bear witness to the age when England was a Catholic country. Many of the beautiful old churches which were once attended by Catholics are now like so many museum pieces — you seldom see anyone praying in them. The church which isn't prayed in may be better utilized to house the poor or put to some other practical use.

Book Stores

The dearth of bookstores in London selling a highly commendable selection of literature reminded me of the value the English placed on real knowledge. In a simple little book store off Russell Square I saw a fine display of paper covered books which were of the self-taught school in the field of languages. Aside from the common garden variety tongues such as French, German, Spanish, etc., they offered books on Arabic and Chinese.

Hard Life

I spoke constantly to people in stores, hotels, restaurants, and pubs. These people work hard for small salaries and I was impressed with the simplicity and frugality of their lives. London as you might know is a gigantic sized city. However, there was very little of the rush and tension that you see and

feel in the larger cities of the United States.

Bob Walsh

It was a genuine pleasure to meet and enjoy an evening with Bob and Molly Walsh who publish the English Catholic Worker. Their combination of home and publishing office reminded me of the atmosphere of several Catholic Worker centers in the States. They live in holy poverty and exhibit a true apostolic spirit. I felt truly at home with these excellent people and their small staff.

Elliot

On a Friday night, I went to see T. S. Elliot's play The Confidential Clerk. When I bought the ticket I thought I was getting a big bargain; tickets in London are less than half the price that they are in New York. Before the first act was over I realized that I had thrown my money away since this was one of the most boring plays that I have ever seen. An individual seated directly in front of me fell dead asleep during the first act. If there was a message in this performance I would say that it ran back to that old Latin adage, "Let the buyer beware."

Fr. White

Through the kind invitation of our Dominican friend, Father Victor White, I visited Oxford. On that Sunday afternoon I reveled in a breathtaking tour through several of the colleges of Oxford and I was grateful to Father White and his confreres of Blackfriars for their generous hospitality.

Dublin

Dublin, Ireland, was the next stop on my holiday abroad. Since my parents and relatives come (Continued on page 6)

CHRISTIAN HOUSING

From two parts of the globe come heart warming stories of the work that is being done by Christian groups to provide better housing and living conditions.

In a Paris suburb, a block of 81 apartments has been recently built by the Christian Housing Aid Association, a group inspired by Cardinal Feltin. There are plans to build a series of housing projects throughout France, and in Paris itself. Six hundred people are

housed in this first group of apartments where renters will become owners after 20 years.

Christian leaders, both Protestant and Catholics, have appealed to their followers to lend money to the association for the purpose of erecting new homes. This is purely a work of mercy as no interest is paid on the loans. Each year some of the lenders are paid out of the rents collected.

Here in the United States, Fr. Henry W. Berkemeier, pastor of

St. Francis of Assisi Church of the Lansing diocese, was recently given the Civilian International award for his work in organizing "Operation Tornado."

It was Father Berkemeier who inspired the gigantic building bee, in which more than 7,800 volunteer carpenters, builders, students and workers rebuilt in two days the destroyed homes of the tornado victims in Flint, Michigan, where at least 193 homes had been destroyed last June.

ON THE ROAD

By AMMON HENNACY

From September until the first of February, I hovered early and late over Bill Lovett and Dave Dellinger at their 17 acres near Glen Gardner, New Jersey, where my book finally was born. This was my first real life in an intentional "common pocketbook" community. I was at home in the woods. I thought I had escaped from all thoughts of water and irrigation when I left Arizona but the dry spell here in the East necessitated my digging a well in a moist spot in the woods. Five feet in diameter and 12 feet deep was about all that I could make with the help of others to hoist up the mud and water in a bucket. I also heaved an ax for some days clearing brush. We all joked about delaying the book until I could finish the well, but winter moved in on us.

Dave Dellinger is the most all-around natural pacifist I know and it was a pleasure to be associated with him all these months, and to go with Betty to Mass on Sunday's when I was not in New York or Staten Island. With whatever humility an extrovert like myself can muster I admit that with my bravery and courage goes the besetting sin of egotism. So with the patience and kindness that goes with those of the virtues which Dave possesses there is the besetting sin of being too "easy." Maybe we tempered each other a little. I know it was good for me.

In November I made a side trip to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, meeting interesting youngsters at Quaker colleges and at War Resister meetings. These being mixed groups as to religion I was in the cross fire always from non-Catholics as to why I had to join the "worst and most authori-

tarian church," and from Catholics who felt that pacifism and anarchism was something not quite orthodox.

Boston Visit

In Boston I went first to John Cort's in Brighton where we had a fine get together of old time CW's and a few Catholics to whom our message was new. John is organizer for the Newspaper Guild there and he and Joe Dever are among the few Catholics who are outspoken against the McCarthy brand of hysteria. I enjoyed building castles with blocks as did John's children in knocking them down. Helen had some bells on ribbons in the doorway and the baby, youngest of six, came to attention with the Angelus and the ringing of the bells at meal time.

Here I will explain for non-Catholic readers a phenomenon that shows the extent to which the Catholic concept of life and of religion is different from that which I held when outside of the Catholic Church. Shortly before Christmas a parish priest at a church I attended announced at Mass that Communists were trying

(Continued on page 7)



MARYFARM

Newburgh, New York

"Life is a night spent in an uncomfortable inn," St. Teresa of Avila wrote, but we try to make it as comfortable as possible at Maryfarm. One night last month a 64-year-old woman who was hitchhiking to Buffalo was brought to us by the highway police who notified her relatives. They drove down from Buffalo for her the next day. Jim and Antoinette were sent to us by the Red Cross; still another woman who evidently just came from a mental institution also came for the night. She woke up in the night however and becoming fearful that she was again locked in, she climbed out the window, throwing out her suitcase first. She left only her alarm clock behind her. Three or four men come in off the road every night for supper and breakfast, and sometimes stay longer if they are ill or need the rest. They never speak at meals, and that is one reason why we have spiritual reading at table. (Also Fr. Faley says it does away with useless arguments.) We have read The Way of a Pilgrim, Seven Story Mountain, recently and now we are reading Goodier's Public Life of Our

Lord. At breakfast there is the Epistle and Gospel for the day and a chapter of the Imitation.

* * *

During the month a gift of a statue of the Blessed Mother was sent to us from an anonymous donor for the dining room and the deep window sill between kitchen and dining room makes a beautiful grotto. The walls of our old house are a foot thick or more.

* * *

Not many guests during the months of January and February. Mary McConnaghy from Delaware, Catherine Odlevak from New York, Fr. Lekan from Beacon, Marcella and Ann Cacos from Newburgh, Jeanne Mahoney from New York, some Anglican Sisters of St. Helena from Newburgh. Mary Roberts from Maine and Mary McArdle, of Peter Maurin Farm, are here for a longer visit.

Duncan Ford who stayed with us for a while has settled in Newburgh and resumes his profession of magician on a local stage.

Welcome gifts during the month were pies from a baker in Newburgh and a record player from Mary McArdle. Now we are playing The Messiah and other records for an occasional concert in the evening.

Activities of the farm these winter months besides cooking, washing and cleaning, are furniture polishing and repairing—there is a great interest in getting down to the natural wood, and wood chopping to save coal.

Our great needs are for sheets and towels for the coming retreats, and another tractor plough for John Filliger.

There will be a mid lenten retreat the week end of March 27, over Laetare Sunday.

By Dorothy Day

Faith and Workers in Siberia

(Since writing this the same series has appeared in the N. Y. Herald Tribune.)

A report of an organized resistance movement in the labor camps of Siberia was published last month, in a series of articles signed by Brigitte Gerland and sent out from Munich and published by the London Observer and the Montreal Star. One of our readers in Montreal sent us the clippings of

the story which appeared in three installments, Feb. 8-10 and the following is a digest of the account. This is a report from the people from below, and quite as creditable as any report from "the top," such as U. S. News Weekly for Feb. 26.

Miss Gerland was a Berlin girl who was arrested in the Soviet Zone in 1946 for sending articles to a West Berlin paper. She was sentenced to fifteen years in a labor camp and served seven of them.

When she arrived at Vorkurta, a huge mining camp in Arctic Russia where a town of half a million prisoners had grown up, she was ushered into a huge barracks where she found herself in the midst of groups of different types of prisoners: Ukrainians, Russians, farmers and students. It is only

Max Bodenheim

By DOROTHY DAY

Every day at twelve thirty a bell calls us to the rosary in the library at Chrystie Street and those who wish to, gather together from the house to pray for peace. Sometimes mothers and children waiting for clothes are caught sitting there, and participate in prayer if they wish, or just sit. Slim goes on rocking in his chair, a cigar stuck in his mouth if he has one. Generally the attitudes are those of reverence and attention. Some kneel, some sit, some crouch over chairs in strange grotesque positions.

Rosary

One day last February Max Bodenheim and his wife Ruth came in around eleven thirty and said that they had been evicted from their furnished room, that he had a broken leg in a cast and they needed shelter. Could they go to one of the farms? There was more room at Maryfarm, and Charlie would drive up that day, so Max settled himself in the library, directly in back of the table where the statue of the Blessed Mother stood, to wait for Ruth to bring their few belongings from a friend's house. He was caught there when the rosary started. My glimpse of him in back of the statue, the flowers and the lighted candle was such that I was distracted indeed. I could not help but think, "Poor Max, suddenly caught like this, with dozens of ragged down and out people coming at the ringing of a bell into the room, plant-

(Continued on page 7)

Popes on Distributism

Pius XI says:

The Encyclical (by Leo XIII on the condition of labor) expounds on the question of property and man's sustenance, principles which have lost nothing of their inherent vigor with the passage of time and today, fifty years after, strike their roots deeper and retain their innate vitality.

In our Encyclical "The Holiness of the Family and Social Justice," directed to the Bishops of the United States of America, we called the attention of all to the basic idea of the principle which consists, as we said, in the assertion of the unquestionable need "that the goods which were created by God for all men should flow equally to all, according to the principles of justice and charity."

According to the teaching of the Rerum Novarum nature itself has closely joined private property with the existence of human society and its true civilization and in a very special manner with the existence, and development of the family. Such a link appears to be more than obvious. Should not private property secure for the father of a family the healthy liberty he needs in order to fulfill the duties assigned him by the Creator regarding the physical, spiritual and religious welfare of the family?

In the family the nation finds the natural and fecund roots of its greatness and power. If private property has to conduce to the good of the family, all public standards, and especially those of the State which regulate its possession, must not only make possible and preserve such function—in the natural order under certain aspects superior to all others—but must also perfect more.

A so-called civil progress would in fact be unnatural which—either through the excessive burdens imposed or through exaggerated direct interference—were to render private property void of significance, practically taking from the family and its head the freedom

to follow the scope set by God for the perfection of family life.

Ideal Form of Property

Of all the goods that can be the object of private property none is more conformable to nature, according to the teaching of the Rerum Novarum, than the land, the holding in which the family lives, and from the products of which it draws all or part of its subsistence. And it is in the spirit of the Rerum Novarum to state that, as a rule, only that stability which is rooted in one's own holding makes of the family the vital and most perfect and fecund cell of society, joining up, in a brilliant manner, in its progressive cohesion, the present and future generations.

Living Space for the Family

If today the concept and the creation of living spaces is at the center of social and political aims, should not one, before all else, think of the living space of the family and free it of the fetters or conditions which do not permit even to formulate the idea of a homestead of one's own?

Address of Pope Pius XII July, 1952:

It is as if everything had conspired to make more difficult for men and Christians the preservation of their personal dignity, nay, even to make it impossible. The technique and industry of advertising, of propaganda, of the wireless and the cinema, allow the mind scarcely any longer to find repose. From the first they bar the entrance to inner recollections. A type of person comes into being who cannot bear to be alone even an hour with himself or with his God. Industrialization, which surrenders the individual to work and industry, is almost obtruding its method upon agriculture. Social life is characterized by the highly complex dependence of individuals, and the individual family upon public authority, upon technical economic and social controls, upon centralization and organization. City life determines ever more relentlessly the form of hu-

(Continued on page 8)

Sing Joyfully to God

Virgil Michel, O.S.B., and the Liturgy

By PAUL MARX, O.S.B.

Father Virgil Michel had always been interested in the social values of the liturgy. Obviously, in the beginning he had to concern himself with fundamental concepts and principles and a right understanding of the liturgy itself. With the liturgical movement now solidly launched he treats of the social values and implications of the liturgy as well as the practical consequences of the Mystical Body in daily life with penetrating insight. Here he did his most original thinking, and in explaining these values and implications and consequences he was ahead of the protagonists of the liturgical movement in Europe, who still pre-occupied themselves mainly with the dogmatic, archeological and historical aspects of the liturgy.

Writing in 1930, and after explaining how the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ was the traditional concept of the Church and how we need to emphasize the inner spiritual nature of the Church rather than her juridical aspects, he says, "Many today have never heard of it; and for many who have heard of it, it is not a doctrine but merely a Scriptural figure of speech!" He goes on later, "This doctrine, of which many today have such a vague comprehension, was formerly the inspirational idea of Catholic life as it should be." Even a right understanding of Catholic Action demands a grasp of this doctrine of the Mystical Body:

Catholic Action is rooted in a thoroughly Catholic spirituality, But before the latter can bud forth into an active apostleship of the faithful, the faithful must find their inspiration for Catholic Action in their very conception of the position they hold in the Church.

All men are by actuality or destiny members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Those of us who are actually members are already spiritually one, and in the Mystical Body we have the model of all society. We need only realize and implement this unity in our social, economic and political life. An individual and subjective piety will not do, for that only confirms our lack of social outlook and hence also our selfish individualism, the great curse of our age. Father Virgil had strong convictions about the social value of the liturgy, and he expressed himself thus:

One cannot steep oneself in the true meaning of the Mass as corporate worship to be participated in by all and enact the dedication of oneself to God with Christ in the sacrificial prayer of the Mass, and yet remain a cold-blooded individualist in one's life outside the precincts of the altar. Similarly, one cannot become social-minded in regard to the large economic problems of our day—unless one's interest is purely academic or "scientific"—without adverting to the fact that such social-mindedness has its proper place also in the religious life of the Christian. The two go hand in hand. It is impossible to remain individualistic in prayer and sincerely social in daily life, or to remain individualistic in daily life and become sincerely social in prayer.

He did not advocate the elimination of all private devotions or prayers. They have their place. But man is not just an individual being; he has a social nature and must worship God socially, with his fellows. Hence the importance of corporate worship, and solidarity in worship would make for solidarity in other spheres of human life. Furthermore, man has a mind and a will and a voice; to be a member of

(Continued on page 4)

Worker Priests and Little Brothers

(Continued from page 2)

still permitted to work a full eight-hour day in the mines, on the docks, in the jungles. However, they live in communities of two or three, and have the Blessed Sacrament in their huts and shanty towns and slum dwellings, wherever they are. There are also 200 Little Sisters who earn their living in the same way.

Father General

During the last month we were very fortunate in having the Father General of the order, who with two others founded this great new apostolate in 1933, who spoke to us for four hours about their work and showed us slides of the way they lived all over the world.

Since the controversy over the worker priests' mission in Paris and throughout France has started, the Little Brothers of Jesus have received word from Rome that they can continue to work eight hours a day and live as they are doing. There are even two of their number living and working on a collective farm in Palestine! Their mission is in the entire world, not just in France, and there has never been a suggestion of political activity in their work.

Living in Community

As to living in community, two years ago an encyclical *Mens Nostrae* was published by the Holy See, an encyclical coming directly from the Holy Father, showing the mind of the Church as to how priests should live and work together. There has been little attention paid to this encyclical.

The unfortunate aspect of the controversy over the priest workers is that it is being used by the enemies of the Church to belabor the Church.

Blackfriars

The best resume of the situation is made by Father John Fitzsimons in the February issue of *Blackfriars*, still our favorite Dominican publication despite a little acrimonious dispute a few months ago. This scholarly article sums up the exact reasons why the issue of the priest workmen had to be taken up.

Cardinal Saliege has said there was a yielding on the part of the priest to "the temptation to believe that his essential function is to take the place of the lay leader in the workers' fight." (In the U.S. priests are in many cases doing the work laymen could do such as teaching).

The article goes on to state: "Perhaps the most disturbing factor of all was the attempt to construct an ideological and theological background to justify even more extreme positions being taken by the priest workers and their followers. This group led by Fr. Mon-

tiard has been the spearhead of this attempt, and the last two years has seen a progressive condemnation of the Church of their views. Their argument can be reduced to three heads: (1) the only philosophy which is immanent in the workers' movement is Marxism; (2) a distinction must be made between Marxist morality and its atheism—the former can be accepted, even the latter can contribute to human progress; (3) a clear distinction must be drawn between the Catholic faith and temporal action. Marxism is the science of the liberation of the proletariat, and as such does not conflict with the faith. This view was set out in a publication of *Jeunesse de L'Eglise* . . . which contained many true insights but upheld this two phase idea of social reform." This movement was condemned by the Assembly of Cardinals and Archbishops in October, 1953. "While it would be erroneous to suggest any close association between the priest workers and the doctrinal errors of *Jeunesse de L'Eglise* it is nevertheless true that many of their defenders—their worst enemies their friends—did use such arguments as these.

It will be seen that the issue is not too clear as to whether or not any of the priest workers actually did embrace Marxism as a solution, though they went along with them in the union and political action and their work for peace.

Agreement

While we do not agree with their emphasis on political action and peace action (they are no more pacifists than the Communists are) we still do not see why there should be such a furore in the Church while the great mass of priests of the Church go along wholeheartedly with Capitalism, which Count de La Torre in *Osservatore Romano* called a cancer on the social body of the Church, and worse than Communism.

We hear of plenty of electioneering and political action amongst priests when it comes to legislation about Bingo or getting our share of State benefits for our schools, and tax exemption. But where are the priests crying out for the workers in time of strike, crying out for the poor, living among them in their tenements?

Waste

Last month one of our workers washed dishes in a monastery for some days and witnessed the thick steaks, chops, roasts which were served twice a day to the fifteen or so members of the community. What was left (on the platters as well as on the plates) was thrown into the garbage, and the men at the door, the ambassadors of Christ, were turned away harshly, first by the housekeeper, and then by the priest at the front door, who then came out to the kitchen reproaching her for not having gotten rid of the bums for good and all in the first place. Are the poor the first children of the church? Or are the rich? Are the workers more like Jesus of Nazareth, or are the industrialists, the absentee landlords? Christ came for the sinners. He told us, so that must go for Bowery sinners too.

Clarification

As far as we of *The Catholic Worker* are concerned, this controversy is all to the good in that it will perhaps through much discussion and suffering bring about clarification of thought on the subject of manual labor and voluntary poverty as essential means in bringing forth good fruit. There are many aspects of the age-old

Blackfriars

Blackfriars' Publications, 34 Bloomsbury Street, London W.C.1, annual subscription three dollars. Single copies 50 cents. Order the February issue which deals with Priest Workmen and War and Peace.

Mary-Martha dispute in this turmoil. The Holy See is wishing to stress the primacy of the spiritual—the necessity of emphasis being placed on the Sacraments, as means of grace, rather than on the human work and suffering of these noble priests. The great scandal of the age is that those without the sacraments are so often superior in charity, courage, even laying down their lives for their brothers, to the "practicing Catholic" who partakes of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist and then stands by while his brother is exploited, starved, beaten, and goes on living his bourgeois life, his whole work being to maintain "his standard of living," and neglecting the one thing needful, love of God and brother. In the union field, even in this country, it has been the union organizer, often the Communist, who has risked jail and beatings to organize textile workers and migrant workers while the Catholic too often stands by and accepts the benefits of the union and does not earn them.

Both Mauriac and Maritain have said that he who loves his brother and works for justice is working



for Christ even though he deny Him; that is, deny Him as he sees Him in the nominal Christian. Perhaps they accept Him on the Cross where He took our sins upon Himself. What a grace to recognize Him so!

With the infinite variety of work in the Church, to some one of which each one of us has his vocation though we may turn away and refuse it, there is of course a great contrast between the work of the Little Brothers of Jesus and that of the priest workers.

Bless Them All

Both are doing tremendous work. We who have worked for the same length of time as the Little Brothers, since 1933, can see that no Point Four program, no technological advances, no purely material means are going to remedy the disease of today. On the other hand, seeing too as we do the slums of Harlem, the East Side, the perversion of the masses by poverty and propaganda, we also realize that we have to make the kind of social order where it is easier for men to be good. Even two or three Little Sisters and the Little Brothers living in shanty towns can scarcely realize the despair of the mother and father of eight or nine children, living in two rooms, in danger of dispossession even there, surrounded by the filth of halls and areaways and alleys, rats and vermin, seeping plumping, stench and dampness, cold and disease of mind and body. The depth of the suffering of the world is measureless, a bottomless abyss and our only approach to it is through the dark night of the soul, a taste of which the priest workmen of France are now having. God bless them all.

Guerre et Pax

For those who read French: **GUERRE ET PAX**; on the co-existence of blocs in the international community. 1953 Social Week of France, (La Chronique Sociale de France, 16 Rue de Plat, Lyon 2; 995 francs.)

'Sing Joyfully to God'

(Continued from page 3)

the Mystical Body of Christ entails being always a living member, and cooperating in the life of the whole; hence the importance of active participation in the liturgy, which is the life of the Church. But still, man is made of body and soul: the whole man must worship God. Now the liturgy, rightly understood and rightly lived, provides for all these.

Father Virgil was totally convinced that if one grasped the living nature of the Mystical Body and lived the life of the Mystical Body (which is the liturgy), there would result a refreshing and fundamentally new outlook on the whole of life. After showing how a right understanding of the Church as the Mystical Body of Christ would make for spiritual renewal, he gives us this striking passage:

Thus will come a new vision—so old that the early Christians possessed it—of our life as the life of those who have received Christ and were made the sons of God (John 1:12). What such a new vision and inspiration may mean for the Kingdom of God on earth only a future still veiled to our eyes can reveal.

If we keep in mind that this passage was written in 1930 and recall the socio-liturgical activities and the lay apostolate movements (so conscious of the Mystical Body and the liturgy) that have sprung up since then, the above passage seems almost like a prophecy! And so it is that if we are to think and work with the Church, we must live and pray with Her. Thus the liturgical movement, he thought, could regenerate all of Christian society and through this, eventually all of human society.

He was convinced also that if the liturgy were rightly understood and the liturgical life deeply lived, the apostolic life would surely follow, for Catholic Action is essentially an act of worship. Through the liturgy all of life (except sin) should be sacramentalized. That is why he wrote of "the inseparability of the liturgical life and Catholic Action." In Dom Virgil's mind to separate the social apostolate from the liturgical life is to have no apostolate at all! Where is the Catholic social thinker, the social reformer, the social worker, the would-be apostle—anyone—to find the Christian spirit or the mind of Christ? Where the spiritual strength and vision to implement the mind of Christ in a Christless world? For this Father Virgil Michel had but one answer, the liturgy, and he insisted this was the answer of the Popes. And so he wrote.

The true significance of the liturgical movement, therefore, lies just in this: that it tries to lead men back to the "primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit"; it tries to restore that of which Catholic Action is the further flowering and fruitage.

And how lay apostles need the liturgy! "As the river can never rise above its source, so the spiritual results of the lay apostolate, as such, cannot rise above the spiritual level of the lay apostles."

Dom Virgil was always impressed by the educative and vitalizing value of the liturgy, and he expressed himself thus:

The liturgical books of the Church could by no stretch of the imagination be termed scientific treatises on the Christian truths. Yet they may rightly be called "handbooks of the dogma and moral" for the faithful at large. They contain the fundamental truths of Christ's revelation and redemption as the basis of their worship of God. And the conscientious and intelligent use of them by the faithful will serve also for their ever better instruction in the truths of the Christian faith.

No one, he believed, had made this more clear than Pius XI in *Quas Primas*, "The annual celebrations of the sacred mysteries are far more efficacious for instructing the people in matters of faith and thereby leading them to the inner joys of life than any, even the most weighty, pronouncements of the teaching Church." Hence, Father Virgil observed.

What a difference it would make in the lives of Christians, in the spiritual influence of Catholics and of the Church if they could again open their hearts fully to the lessons taught by the liturgical celebrations of the sacred feasts according to the purpose for which they were instituted!

But how is this to be if the faithful do not take an active part, do not know what is going on and are present merely, in the words of Pius XI, as "mute and silent spectators?" Hence the importance of a greater measure of the vernacular in our liturgy, and Virgil Michel was the first to call for this in the United States; the present general trend in that direction is eloquent witness to his foresight. This was his mind in 1937 expressed to an Anglican, later converted:

I do think that some day the Mass of the Catechumens will be said in the vernacular (and, of course, it will have to come through the Holy See), but that may be 35 or 50 years from now, and I know of no indication to the effect that the Holy See is, even aware of the possibility.

The liturgy, like tradition, is living and dynamic; it grows. Times change and the Church, as a vital, living organism, must adapt her unchanging doctrines to changing conditions—and so too her worship. Her liturgy, whereby she carries on the work of Christ. Thus the evening Mass, the restored Easter vigil, the easing of the Eucharistic fast, etc.—all these he would have welcomed, perhaps adding only that they come too late!

How dynamically he wrote and lectured on the Mystical Body, Catholic Action, Catholic social action, the liturgy and the liturgical movement in the 1930's. If we were to summarize here in regard to these what must be developed in another place, we would say: "All Catholic social action (Catholic Action too) has as its ultimate purpose to remove or ameliorate those social conditions which make living one's life in the Mystical Body difficult or even impossible and to promote all those conditions which enhance and favor the development of that life. This is Father Virgil's thinking; hence his concern with, and interest in, education, philosophy, cooperatives, distributism, rural living, personalism, the lay movements, in fact, all things human. There will be no true Catholic social action and movements and no true Catholic social apostles and no true and genuine Catholic Action without this deep appreciation of one's role in, and the tremendous reality of, the Mystical Body; living the liturgy, which is the life of the Mystical Body, brings the spiritual strength, perseverance, courage, Christian vision, apostolic spirit, motivation and foresight to extend that Mystical Body. Such will soon come to realize the full meaning of Pius XII's words in *Mystici Corporis*, "Christ has need of His Body."

There, then, in the liturgy we have the source and inspiration of all holiness, of all individual and social action, of all desire to improve economically, socially and spiritually the lot of all those we now see with the eyes of Christ as fellow members of Christ our Head. This is what the Popes had been saying for years, e.g. Pius XII, "If we examine matters diligently and thoroughly we shall perceive that social reconstruction must be preceded by a profound renewal of the Christian spirit" (*Quadragesimo Anno*). And what is the source of this

(Continued on page 5)

Autobiography of A Catholic Anarchist

by Ammon Hennacy
328 Pages, Illustrated
Indexed
Introduction
by Dorothy Day

A penetrating presentation of what happened to the body and within the soul of a man who refused to register for two wars, has been a tax-refuser for ten years, and tries to carry the same uncompromising loyalty to the Sermon on the Mount into every area of his daily life.

Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

Twenty cents for mailing charges. Copies mailed out Jan. 30. Mail all orders to Libertarian Press, Box A, Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Autobiography of a Unique Priest

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. By John LaFarge, S.J. Harcourt Brace & Co., New York. \$4.75.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

When John LaFarge said good-bye to his Harvard classmates in 1901, he was saying good-bye to a way of life. Behind him was a boyhood filled with close family associations, ahead of him Europe and the priesthood. Thanks to the LaFarge family's intimacy with many prominent figures of the time, among whom the more familiar were Henry and William James, Henry Adams, and Theodore Roosevelt, John had ample opportunity to widen his circle of friends abroad, though the restrictions of the seminary at Innsbruck prevented him from any extensive social life. He was nevertheless able to observe the political and social scene both in Germany and France and to pay several visits to Rome where his happiest memory was the privilege of attending the private Holy Thursday Mass of Pope Pius X and receiving Holy Communion from the hands of the blessed pontiff. (Father LaFarge's association with sanctity was broadened in a somewhat different manner when, a few years later, he preached the funeral sermon for Mother Cabrini.)

Toward the close of his studies at Innsbruck, the young man became convinced of his vocation to become a member of the Society of Jesus and applied for admission to the order. He was ordained at Innsbruck, then sent to the Poughkeepsie Jesuit house of studies where it was impressed on him that "the manner is ordinary" before he began his entirely extraordinary career.

In spite of his long editorial service with *America* magazine, Father LaFarge's name is most closely connected with interracial work. One feels from the chapters devoted to his years in Maryland and later with the Catholic Interracial Council that this phase of his lifework is closest to his heart. He describes in great detail, de-emphasizing his own part in the fight for interracial justice but without being able to conceal his intense application to the prob-

lems, or his pride in what has been accomplished. He confesses to being taken aback when once described as a "champion of lost causes," and his happiness the advancement of these "lost causes" is a joyfully understandable thing.

Father LaFarge indicates several times that he has written at length about his interracial work and the general subject of justice for the Negro as an explanation for a somewhat abbreviated discussion of the problem. It is a safe guess that a good many readers of his autobiography are going to turn to these other books for the fuller approach.

As an editor, and eventually editor-in-chief of *America*, Father LaFarge exercised his journalistic talents and put to work the papal teachings on social and economic justice, accepting the blows as well as the bouquets with equanimity and humor. He essays an explanation of the principles behind the editorial policy of the magazine, and writes freely about the headaches of editorship — and the rewards.

Though plagued by ill-health, John LaFarge managed to do a good deal of traveling both here and in Europe during his seventy-odd years. Between wars he visited Germany and after World War II spent seven weeks as consultant to the Education and Cultural Division of the Occupation Government. He was connected with the original organization of the Catholic Association for International Peace, and deeply interested in the rural life movement. The restoration of the social order in Christ has been his passion and he has lived by it with rare dedication.

This is probably the most striking quality of John LaFarge's story. Even now at an advanced age his devotion to his ideal is as fresh as that of early youth, and if enthusiasm is tempered by wisdom, it is an advance rather than a retreat. Father LaFarge is a serious man writing about serious matters, but his lightness of spirit, thoughtful observations of the social scene make his book intensely interesting. It is sure to be far forward on the "must" lists for a long time to come.

The Moscow Museum

By BRUCE CUTLER

The Pausellenos Christ meditates from a corner wall on Kiev farmers who sacrificed their night at the Bolshoi as a small payment on the collective loss; and on the few peasants who came attesting to His Cross and Sacrament, and the name (silently now) of God whose love was superseded by an official dove.

Strange that those who undo the social huddle from its warp left Christ's untiring eye to gaze out through the reconversion. In the theft and parried races exiled does His love still warm and dismay their consciences? Reviled, some prayed last night, and play today's deadly cold down in the heart. Would He be executioner to that heart?

'Sing Joyfully to God'

(Continued from page 4)

Christian spirit? It is the liturgy, Pius X had said. And where must it be lived out? First in our lives. Then in a practical program of social action inspired and supported by a spiritual rejuvenation, a living out of the practical consequences of our membership in Christ.

Give back to the people, then, active participation in the social worship of the Mystical Body; show them their role in that Body; give them to understand the indispensability of their work and action and prayer in that Body, how they are a part of Christ, must work for the Whole Christ—and Catholic social action and the apostolic life will follow as necessarily as selfish cultivation of the things of this world follows love of this world and things material. Thus, permanent social reform begins in the sanctuary. And in this light must the liturgy and the apostolate be seen. To have seen this synthesis and integration so early and so clearly and to have expressed it so dynamically is the great genius and contribution of Virgil Michel.

Dorothy Day Writes About Peter Maurin In March Jubilee

Dorothy Day's reminiscences of Peter Maurin appear in the current (March) issue of *JUBILEE*. In the article Dorothy tells how she met Peter some 22 years ago, and describes the founding of the Catholic Worker and of the first House of Hospitality.

Out of the three main planks in Peter's platform—Roundtable Discussions, Houses of Hospitality and Farming Communes—the Catholic Worker movement developed.

The issue containing this article can be obtained from *JUBILEE*, 377 Fourth Avenue, New York 16. The price is 35c.

Ammon Hennacy's Story

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST by Ammon Hennacy: Catholic Worker Books. Libertarian Press, Glen Gardner, N.J. 306 pages. \$3.00.

By CORNELIA JESSEY

Each year when the month of March comes around, Ammon Hennacy sends letters to the chief of police, the tax man, and the FBI, telling them that he is going to picket the Revenue Bureau, and that what he is doing is clearly subversive because he is not only declining to pay for atom bombs, but he is trying to get others to do the same. In 1952 newspapers across the country carried the story of Mr. Hennacy's one man revolution with the headlines:

ONE MAN REVOLT ENTERS ITS NINTH YEAR
One Against 150,000,000

Mr. Hennacy has never paid a federal income tax. But this isn't all Ammon Hennacy does to express his revolt against war—each year on Hiroshima Day, Ammon Hennacy fasts for seven days, doing penance for all Americans in atonement for the dropping of the atom bomb.

The story of this profoundly American rebel whose ardent individualism of the spirit represents all that has always been noblest in the American character is a story of deeds as mighty in their way as the deeds of Paul Bunyan—because Ammon Hennacy is a Paul Bunyan in the realm of the spirit, who has undertaken feats that would make the strongest quail. Born in Ohio—his mother came of the Fitz-Randolph family that landed at Barnstable, Massachusetts in 1620; his paternal grandfather came from Ireland in 1848 at the time of the potato famine. During his childhood "a be-whiskered picture of John Brown hung in the parlor" and he was "ten years old before (he) knew the difference between God, Moses and John Brown." His Quaker ancestors hid escaped slaves and helped them to get into Canada; his mother "baked ginger cookies for Coxe's Army as they encamped on the meadow" near their farm house. When he was seventeen he exchanged his "lost Baptist heaven for the new Socialist Heaven on Earth," he read Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle" and became a vegetarian as well as a Socialist, spending his Sunday mornings distributing "The Appeal to Reason" on the doorsteps of the townfolks. When war came in 1917 he refused to register. He spent two years in Atlanta, nine months of this time in solitary — there in Atlanta he met Alexander Berkman who gave advice and friendship to the young anarchist Hennacy. In her introduction to THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CATHOLIC ANARCHIST, Dorothy Day says:

"The story of his prison days will rank, I think, with the great writings of the world about prisons."

Defense de Tuer par Pierre Lorson, Collection "Le Poids du Jour," Le Centurion nihil obstat, Remis Die 28 Januarii 1953 E. Phillain S. J., Praep. Prov. Campaniae. Imprimatur Die 3 Februarii 1953; Michel Potevin Viv. Gen.

By K. WHITE & M. CORBIN

Defense de Tuer can only be insufficiently translated into "No Murder Allowed." The phrase "defense de" is used in public places in France to denote that you are forbidden to perform certain actions: "defense de fumer"—No Smoking allowed, "Defense D'Af-fiche"—Post No Bills.

The use of this colloquial French is a good symbol of Pierre Lorson's treatment of peace and war. He is

Defense de Tuer

concerned with the present, the devastation of World War II still visible in France, with the fact that the United States and Russia are now openly admittedly engaged in preparation for World War III, in the most fantastic armaments race imaginable; Atom bombs, H bombs, bacteriological warfare, ad infinitum.

Pierre Lorson does not neglect the historical Catholic points of view towards war. His book is divided into four parts dealing with "Lessons from the Past," "New Realities," "New Doctrines" and "New Attitudes."

Father Lorson begins by reminding us that, although Jesus Christ was preaching to the population of an invaded and occupied area, he found no good words for war or violence, and saw only the suffering of war, especially as it affected women and children. The author then asks, if Christ preached absolute love and forgiveness of enemies in the Sermon on the Mount, have His disciples in the Church, in the course of the ages, put this devotion to peace into practice? He answers this with a brief historical sketch of the pacific trends which have existed in the Church since the inception. He cites condemnations of bloodshed in the writings of Sts. Cyprian, Irenaeus, and Athanasius, as well as St. Francis, who forbade members of his Third Order to bear arms. In the eleventh century, many Christian laymen formed groups known as "the Promoters of Peace." Canonical prohibitions are quoted against capital punishment and participation by the clergy in war.

Father Lorson then reviews the conditions of a just war as they have been propounded by the Doctors of the Church. He recalls to us the significant axioms that war is only permissible when all peaceful means of settling conflicts have been exhausted and that we are not allowed to retaliate by employing inhuman means.

The second part of the book, "New Realities" describes the material and spiritual devastation brought about in France by the Second World War, the atomic bomb, the cold war (which he aptly compares to the struggle of two giant boas, each exhausting the other, but neither capable of defeating the other, since their strength is so equally balanced.) collective fear and perplexity, which is giving rise to the Third Camp movement.

In "New Doctrines," Father Lorson points out that a modern offensive war is inadmissible because modern war does not distinguish between combatants and non-combatants and relies on impersonal destruction. A war of liberation would be just, only if the people being liberated, having been made aware of the terrible consequences of such "liberation," still desired it. Preventive war is clearly forbidden. Defensive war is hypothetically legitimate, provided it fulfills all the Thomistic conditions, but the non-violent resistance of Gandhi and the early Christians is a superior way.

In the last section of the book, "New Attitudes," the author stresses the obligation of the Christian to translate the Gospel of Peace into everyday work for international peace and social justice, discusses "the politics of peace," Christian peacemaking, the "Pax Christi" movement and the bedrock of spiritual and ascetical exercises which constitute the indispensable basis of Christian pacifism.

POPES ON DISTRIBUTISM

(Continued from page 4)

man existence, what time the individual is unendingly swallowed up by the mass.

The deep tragedy of this development lies in the fact that it has its full effects just at the moment when philosophers of a purely materialistic stamp, well knowing what they are about, desire to destroy human personality and to make the individual an element in the mass, for which end they ruthlessly exploit every technical and social-economic situation for their own ends.

APPEAL

Matt Talbot House, a Catholic charity in Philadelphia, is asking for help through the sale of the Matt Talbot Medal (sterling silver) and pamphlet. Price: \$1.50, send checks or money orders to Matt Talbot House, Box 154, Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Unity of Man

While there is a lower class, I am in it.
While there is a criminal element, I am of it.
While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.
Eugene V. Debs

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

from the old sod I was anxious to meet more of the Irish in their own country. When I landed in Dublin I searched the streets for the most inexpensive hotel that I could find. The best that I could do was a little old hotel a few blocks from Trinity College. There I paid a \$1.70 per night which included one substantial meal per day.

Monastery

This hotel was managed by an elderly lady and her niece. I was assigned to a room on the third floor. On the wall outside of my room a large picture of Christ hung with a red electric lamp burning before it. Below the picture on the floor was a prie-dieu where you could kneel and pray.

The small cell was a veritable icebox since there were no provisions for heat. However the management did provide each room with a hotwater bottle each evening.

Soft

During the four days that I spent in Dublin the people told me that I had arrived during an unusual cold spell for Ireland. One day I mentioned to the landlady that no place in Dublin seemed to be heated. I said that I didn't think we Americans could endure such hardships. She said that we Americans were obviously very soft since we were so obsessed with material comforts.

Sights

There were no guided bus tours in Dublin during the winter and I spent six to eight hours a day walking from one end of the city to the other. I guess I saw all the things that I was supposed to have seen including Trinity College, Dublin Castle, the Post Office, the ancient churches of St. Patrick, Christ Church, O'Connell Square, Stephen Green, etc. Once again I couldn't make sense out of these beautiful old churches that are empty of worshippers. They are supposed to be used by the Episcopalians but I failed to see anyone in them. It seems about time for the heads of all churches to mature at least to that point where they would rather see a church used as a place of worship rather than a museum.

Holy City

Most of the Roman Catholic Churches in Dublin are architectural errors, however, they are filled morning, noon and night. I have never seen anything like it anywhere. Each morning you become accustomed to seeing wave after wave of men and women receiving communion. The men are equal in number to the women. Religious goods and articles abound in numerous stores in this holy city. I saw a holy water font at the door of one restaurant that I entered and it did contain holy water. This thirst for God and the religious fervor all through Dublin leaves you gasping. Strangers or friends never part with you except they add a "God Bless You."

If you are of Irish extraction you will receive some deep insights to yourself. You will see so much of yourself in others that you will be amazed.

Plea for Understanding

A good deal has been written about the Irish in various American magazines. But most of what I have read are but partial pictures of the authentic Irishman. Those writers have selected some particular lacking in the Irish and ride it to death with ridicule. They make no attempt to discuss the awesome values the Irish place on their love of God. If these articles were written in the same strain about the Jews we would consider them anti-Semitic and get up in arms about them—and rightly so.

I hope that I am not being a nationalistic Irishman or so-called pro Irish but I am deeply moved when I see a nation on its knees whether it's in Ireland or in the Philippines.

From American standards there is too much poverty, hard work and suffering in Dublin. But as I wandered about the city I noticed a certain prevailing joy as I saw and heard many individuals whistle, sing and speak to one another in a cheery voice. One day at noon I leaned against a building and watched several working men as they prepared to unload a truck filled with building material, none wore gloves despite the cold weather. One little man stood atop the truck and whistled a tune and then broke into a jig step in time with the tune.

Matt Talbot

One late afternoon I walked to Rutland street where Matt Talbot, the former alcoholic who became the Holy Man of Dublin, lived the last twenty-five years of his life. Matt's room is on the third floor of a tidy tenement building. The landlady showed me the room. The only thing left in the room belonging to Matt is a small copy of the New Testament.

The most disheartening memory that I have of Dublin is that of the great number of boys no more than fourteen years of age that I saw working on fulltime jobs. These are employed in stores and factories. In Ireland a boy upon reaching the age of fourteen is permitted to drop out of school and take a job.

Paris

From Dublin I went to Paris — which is another world. In Paris I lived in a small hotel down the Rue Saint Jacques from the illustrious Sorbonne. My room here was also very cold.

On a cold sunless day I rode about the city in a tourist guided bus. The inside of the bus was frigid and that was the last of the tourist buses for me. Thereafter I did my sightseeing by walking and was guided by a map of the city.

Louvre

I went to the Louvre Museum on my third morning in the city. The Louvre is indescribable with its magnificent treasure of art works. Once inside of the Louvre you are not propelled by any sense of cultural duty to enjoy the art feast of the great masters. After three hours you are exhausted from too much beauty. There is simply too much to see and appreciate properly—life isn't that long. It is too bad that they don't remove every piece of art from the Louvre and place them in each store and showplace in and around Paris. In this way the majority of the people would have the opportunity and the time to study at least one of the great masterpieces.

However, without any plan of an equitable distribution of the works of the Louvre, Paris is a city of beauty beyond compare. Despite all the well known ugly aspects of the big city Paris will send you reeling with sheer delight while you keep reminding yourself that this city is real and not a dream.

Unique

I was only in Paris a few days to realize that these Parisians are a unique people. I had always considered window-shopping uninteresting until I hit Paris. There I didn't mind the freezing cold as I stood looking into one window and another. A flower shop would rivet me to one spot dumbfounded. I would want to go in and buy some flowers for myself even though the smell of flowers always reminded me of wakes in funeral parlors. This exquisite artistic taste of the Parisians is not found only in the store windows but in practically anything you can name from a gorgeously colored street poster to a beautiful church.

My People

After I was in Paris a few days I forgot all about the Irish and began to think that these are my people. I found myself so much in agreement with their ideas and attitudes that I felt perfectly at home. I thought that I discerned a

real understanding of the dignity of man with a warm fraternal charity among them. You hear the word "merci" a thousand times a day. It appears that people are thanking one another with every breath they take. The conductor on the bus thanks you when you give him your fare; the waiter in the cafe thanks you when you give him your order; the priest taking up the collection in the church thanks you for dropping something in the basket.

Helpful

If you are seeking your way about the city by sign language as I was you will find the average Frenchman will knock himself out to help you. If he can't help you he will direct you to someone who will. I found that it drove a Frenchman mad when he couldn't understand what I wanted to know. Anyway they would cry with delight and their faces would light up when they solved my mystery.

The people that I spoke with about the condition of the Church in France were deeply convinced that there is a small but steady revival of Catholicism in their country. They maintain that the French Worker-Priests, who are admired tremendously, are partially responsible for his return to the Church. Of course there are many other vital priests and laymen who are also generating this renewed interest in the Church.

Friends

Out of the two weeks that I spent in Paris I had the happy experience of being present at the home of a French family who are readers and friends of the Catholic Worker. I cannot remember having more stimulating and interesting conversations. Their wide variety of interests in all fields of knowledge was fabulous. They spoke at length on the life in France, England, Americas, Mexico, Africa and Canada. The subject of painting, writing, food, music and their current interest—Egyptian hieroglyphics were all touched upon in the course of the two evenings.

Another night I was invited to the home of a social worker, who is also a reader and a friend of the Catholic Worker. At present this lady is working with a priest who is attempting to help destitute Arabs who have migrated from French colonies to Paris. The Arabs were unable to speak French and are finding it almost impossible to locate jobs. My hostess was conversant with all social thought in and outside of Europe—it proved to be another most satisfactory visit.

Abbe Pierre

During the frightfully cold winter days that I spent in Paris, a French priest by the name of Abbe Pierre Groues was sounding a desperate plea for aid to be given to the destitute of the city. For the past several years Abbe Pierre has committed himself completely towards assisting the poorest of the poor, going so far as to helping them to build houses for themselves. The Abbe dresses in coarse, garb and resembles the poor that he is seeking to help.

Appeals

Abbe Pierre spoke over the radio several times a day. He also begged from the stages of huge theatres. The newspapers headlined his appeals. The Abbe asked the Parisians to open their homes to the two thousand homeless that were sleeping on the streets and subways of the city. Not only were they beseeched to open their homes to the poor but that they meet him on the steps of the Pantheon building in the Latin Quarter at eleven o'clock each night and scour the city for frozen poor who were in need of shelter. Those who had cars were requested to bring them, others would search by foot. The response to the Abbe was staggering; over five hundred people showed up at the appointed time and two hundred cars were placed at their disposal. Food, clothing and money poured in from every part of the country—even from several other countries.

Up until a few years ago Abbe

ON PILGRIMAGE

(continued from page 2)

lived on the Bowery. She was one of the sights at Sammy's Bowery Night Club (it is hard to see Jesus in such people as go slumming in such a night club, enjoying the wrecks around them) and she was in and out of our hospice for many years. A few years ago she came home for good, and was anointed only to go out again with fresh vigor. Now she cannot leave her bed, though she tries to keep bright. When she got news of Tom's leaving for Paris she said pertly, "Now he'll be finding another little lady and forget all about me." She weighs about sixty pounds and when she had to go up to Bellevue recently for a treatment, Isidore could easily carry her up and down the four flights of stairs. (P.S. Nellie died a week after this was written.)

Room Service

The two top floors on the south side of the double house are for women, and the floor below for men, as well as the three floors on the other side. Mr. Murphy sits in dignified splendor on the floor below, with a potted plant, a radio, a colorful spread and usually a tray in front of him. Veronica serves him not only his meals, but mid-morning and mid-afternoon and before going to bed, tea or coffee or milk, and rolls, buns, cakes, toast.

I told him as I passed that I was taking a turn to be sick, and that he had better get back down to the kitchen again and replace Chu and Shorty, but he paid no attention to me. Hatty is the one who curtains the entire house, and she surely makes the rooms of the sick cheerful with bright colors and drapes that are rich and gorgeous. I caught her hanging a brocade curtain in Bob Ludlow's room once that was too elegant for any bedroom, and took it from her for the chapel at Peter Maurin Farm. Just before Tom got back home she was down in his room, washing windows and hanging clean sash curtains and drapes as a homecoming present.

Comings and Goings

Reference to Bob Ludlow necessitates comment on the sad news that Bob's taking a leave of absence for a year. He cheerfully refuses to look ahead a year and tell us what he intends to do, but I shall go to his new home on Forsythe Street, two rooms for fifteen a month, and drag him back by the hair of the head, come next February, God willing.

We do indeed get reconciled to the comings and goings, because we always feel assured that we never lose these friends and associates. They come back, over and over, even when they have gone on to work which is more suitable to their talents, to fields which are richer and more varied than the work we have.

One visitor we had last month was Gerry Griffin, who is finishing his course at the Pennsylvania General Hospital in a few months and is going to the near east to

Groues was a member of the French National Assembly. He resigned from that position since he decided that political means were too slow in meeting the immediate needs of the poor. Shortly thereafter the Abbe became known as the "rag pickers' apostle" since he had taken up the life of the poor who grind out their living by sifting over the garbage and the refuse of the city. The Abbe himself operates a garbage dump in Paris. He has helped the poor to build a few emergency houses in a community which is called "Emmaus," where the Abbe lives with his people. Men and women released from prison go to Abbe Pierre seeking food, shelter and work. The Abbe takes them in with no questions asked. At one time conditions got so crowded at Emmaus that the Abbe had to turn his only chapel into a kitchen and dining room.

work among the Syrians, with whom he fell in love when he did hospital service there during the war. With that end in view, he is studying Arabic, and I hope he is reading Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," which I recommended to him when he was here.

The Good Food

Convalescence means a great appreciation of food. Just when you hope that you have become involuntarily mortified, there is a tremendous upsurge of appetite. Thanks to Chu and Shorty and Roger, meals were as good as anything served in the Waldorf. It results in great energy, which meant that I was downstairs taking care of the office again by the middle of the month, in the old familiar surroundings of Puerto Rican children running in and out for clothes, mothers and babies, men shambling in, seeking shelter, shirts, sweaters, socks; visitors bringing food, shirts, sweaters and socks, but, unfortunately, not that which is most necessary these days — shelter.

Car Owner

A man came in one night, huge, stalwart, who said he had his wife and six children outside in a car and he, too, had been refused shelter. Michael, who was answering the men who came in during that particular hour asked him why. "As long as you have any money in your pocket, or a car, they won't take you," he said. "That sounded reasonable," Michael commented. "But you can't get around without a car," the man complained. "Besides, if I sold it I'd only get about \$25 for it." Nevertheless, \$25 would pay for shelter for a while. "And what kind," he retorted bitterly. "Two rooms for my wife and kids. How can a family live?" But he went back to the shelter, telling them that he would sell the car.

Fire Is Twice Bread

I groan to myself very often about the inadequacy of Tamar and David's shelter, four rooms and attic with six children. There are two bedrooms and a hall, a living room and kitchen and bath on one floor. The two littlest sleep down stairs, and the four oldest in the attic, which this year was finished off into one big room, and one small room for David's books. What would be nice, and is fun contemplating, is a house with big rooms with southern exposure for plants, because Tamar has a green thumb, and her African violet and begonias and geraniums are dreams of beauty in three of the windows. There should be a real library to hold all the books, pamphlets, magazines and pictures which clutter up the entire house as well as the attic back room. There should be a sewing room for Tamar's loom, spinning wheels, hooked rug frame, sewing machine, and other home industries like carpentry she delights in as well as Eric. She can make marvellous rag animals and she has taught the girls to knit. She hates housework, but she loves to cook, so the kitchen should be bigger. She loves to wash, too, but that now has to take place in the bathroom, which makes a fearful muddle of that. All activity takes place in two small rooms, but thank God they are warm and snug. After listening to Tom Sullivan's tales of the cold of Europe, I do thank God with all my heart for our warmth here. "Fire is twice bread" was a famous Arabic saying, according to Doughty, and I can well believe it. And as for space, I once read a wonderful book called *The Family*, by Federova, all about a group of Russian refugees who rented all their rooms and slept on and under the tables as well as in the beds. To be crowded is often to be warm, and if to be crowded also means more fights among the children, which all mothers complain about, well, Stanley has a Lithuanian proverb which says, "It is better to fight than to be lonely."

ON THE ROAD

(Continued from page 3)

to enter the priesthood and if anyone knew of any aspirants for holy orders whom they suspected to report the matter to him. And how were such to be known? Anyone who opposed McCarthy was a Communist. Those present were advised not to purchase Christmas presents from Jews if they could help it for the Jews killed Christ. Yet there were John and I going to Mass and taking communion from such a bigot. Formerly I had shopped around among Protestants to find the best book review or the most radical sermon. I had had years of searching to find that talk was cheap—especially between wars—and that action in accord with the Sermon on the Mount was scarce at any time. A priest as a man could be and in this instance was the very antithesis of my conception of a good man, a lover of God and his brother, but in his priestly function he gave that communion which was now the spiritual strength which was needed to face a bad world.

An evening spent in the warmth of Joe Dever's beautiful Irish family—out of the bogs of Ireland it would seem, they were so Irish, made up for all the bigotry associated with Boston. Up the street lived the widow of one of my favorite poets, Vachel Lindsay, to whom I spoke on the phone. From here, also I visited my old friend, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., who in a kindly way was puzzled because of my conversion to the Church. A quick visit to the home of Prof. Sorokin of Harvard whose home is nestled on the side of a hill which is the edge of a park where he can walk for hours, relaxing from his ponderous studies of plans for a better world. Very sincerely and quaintly he told me again that he was a "conservative Christian anarchist." In a book which he is publishing this spring he gives credit to the CW and to Dorothy Day for the message we bring to the world. It is a poetic exaggeration perhaps and akin to the thought of the Hopi who believe that their good actions keep the universe running smoothly, and as my old friend Roger Baldwin inferred recently to me that the faith that makes us of the CW fine rebels keeps the stars in their courses.

I spoke to the FOR and to some Catholics of the area, at the Quaker meeting house in Cambridge.

Two visits with Comrade Feliciani, printer and old time friend of Sacco and Vanzetti were mutually enjoyed. He had read the CW for a year now and could see that to be a Catholic did not always mean that one must follow Mussolini and Franco.

St. Benedicts' Farm

My purpose on this trip is, as Dorothy told me, not only to speak to groups but also to visit CW farms and those who are interested in life on the land, and to help them get in touch with each other in their separate communities and isolated farms. So I was happy to meet Carl Paulson and to drive with him to the farm one evening, in Upton, Massachusetts.

"Are you a mender?" I asked tall, ten year old Ellen, who was darning socks. "I am this week. Next week I am cook," she said as she nodded to her brother next in size who was cleaning out a pumpkin preparatory for making pies. Another boy was patiently cleaning the small window panes, which was his job for the week. Another boy was wood carrier and still another one ran the vacuum cleaner next morning. They all took turns by the week in different work and there was no whining that some one was not doing his or her share of the work.

Three months old Rose was hardly noticeable, so snugly did she live in the crib—almost a house by itself—made by Ade Bethune.

Carl had been brought up a nominal Congregationalist and came to the pacifist position

through the minister of that denomination (who became pro war later). He was apprenticed to stained glass window work and came to know Ade Bethune and to read Eric Gill, and thus became a Catholic. The war came on and, as is generally the case, a lone Catholic on the draft board who seemed anxious to live up to the fiction that "a majority of those in the armed services are Catholics" would not allow Carl, as a Catholic, to be a conscientious objector, so he got 18 months in Danbury. After the war he met Mary of the Rochester CW and settled down on this farm with his art glass work, which he does right at home. I had never known anything of this craft and was interested to see him and the older O'Donnell boy from next door wrap copper foil around colored bits of glass and arrange them on top of a plate of glass to correspond to the blue print design underneath. This foil welds the bits of glass together later. Not noticing any bread on the table I wondered if this whole wheat product had been forgotten, and was told when all had eaten their vegetables then it was time for bread and honey.

We made a short visit to the frame house occupied by Frank O'Donnell and his brood of boys. Later I met Peter, one of the boys, at Chrystie Street. All of my stories had to be told again to the Roche children who live in another house on this farm. Bill & Marian Roche met at the CW and have now produced this happy family of 9 children, being fed by the employment of the father in a nearby furniture factory. The old house which was on the farm years ago when it was bought for \$1,000 now holds a family with ten children who were burned out in town. Snow on the ground prevented me from finding out much about the soil, but enough garden stuff is raised to keep them all healthy it seemed. This farm is brushy rolling land with plenty of room for more families. But the houses would have to be built.

Another Family

The next night I spent with the family of Carl Johnson who had attended my meeting at John Cort's and who wanted me to meet his father-in-law who had been a supporter of the War Register League for years and was now sympathetic to someone of my radical background. Pam, a tall, sweet young teenager, was allowed to sit up a little later than usual. Carl had been a sort of a pacifist before the war and had even sold CW's on the streets of Boston, although a non-Catholic. He was not well grounded in pacifism and reluctantly went to war. As a G.I. he attended St. John's college, and awakened by the unorthodoxy of Stringfellow Barr about the world in general, and through his best friend who was a Catholic and a philosophical anarchist, he became a Catholic. Now the CW had a full meaning to him, although he was at present in bourgeois employment and surroundings. He and his wife accordingly were glad to have me tell about the folks at Upton.

Arriving on a Sunday in West Hartford I was soon whisked away to Amherst by Yone Stafford who had in her fine energy planned a meeting for me there at the home of a Mr. Francis. This meeting is typical of how the CW gets around, for some one had subscribed to the CW for a young man on this same street whose first name was Francis and the CW came by mistake to Mr. Francis. He had known Yone in pacifist work and asked for a meeting which would make this strange CW idea have a deeper meaning. Some CW's were there and we had a fine session of questions and answers around his fireplace. The other Francis came also and renewed his faith as a Catholic by his interest in the CW.

Other Meetings

Yone knew just one Catholic who was interested in peace and she asked that I be allowed to

speak in some Catholic church. Bishop Weldon gave permission for me to talk to a men's club in the neighborhood town of Agawam. I did not know if they were interested in the radical CW ideas or not so at mass that morning in their church I prayed for special guidance in being able to speak clearly to them that night.

A business meeting preceded my talk. Here the matter was discussed that the present postmistress, whose husband had been a veteran in World War I, and whose son had been killed in the last war, was being superseded by a Republican appointee, per the Eisenhower patronage scheme to pay political debts. Telegrams were being sent in protest. Also a girl who was working her way through music school who was organist at the church needed the help of the men in the choir. My meeting had been announced at Mass and in the paper and I was introduced by a business man who said he appreciated news from the other side of the tracks. I commenced by saying that I was interested in their trouble with trying to make sense of Democrats and Republicans running postoffices; that they never did know how; all that they were interested in was votes; that it took an anarchist to attend to such matters effectively, explaining that an anarchist was one who did not need a cop to make him behave. I reminded them that Lysander Spooner, an anarchist who had lived here in Massachusetts about 1870 had started a post office of his own due to the fact that the government charged a quarter to take a letter from New York to Boston. He did it for five cents and after much litigation in which he was his own lawyer he brought the price down to five cents. I also told the audience that when I went to Madison to the University I paid \$24 a year tuition but when my daughters went to Northwestern University they paid \$750 a year. Where was I to get all of this money? The best way was not to waste it in paying taxes to finance wars.

While those present did not agree with my ideas they were interested and asked questions until midnight. Father John Shannon had bought stained glass windows from Carl Paulson and had more orders for him. This fine priest had a garden in the back where he works, does much of his own janitor work and is agile in body and brain. He knows of the CW and backed up many of my assertions although he is in favor of the tactics of McCarthy. I had breakfast with him after Mass.

I received a phone call from Hollis Wyman at Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass., who asked me to speak to the group there and to a smaller FOR meeting later in the evening. I took the bus to Lee and met with friends who had erected a tamped earth house. These have been built in parts of the world for centuries but I had never seen one. I was shown pictures of different activities while this young couple were busy in this unusual method of building. They took samples of the soil and sent them to the University of South Dakota where the test showed that a certain portion of sand was to be added to the clay, after all foreign matter had been screened out. Then forms were made and a wooden tamp of about six inches was used. A man by the name of House in Indianapolis issues information on this subject.

Hollis had enlisted and was nearby when the A Bomb was dropped at Hiroshima. On his return he refused to register, figuring he had had enough of war. His younger brother had been a conscientious objector and this helped him to see things in a different light. For once the government had the good sense not to prosecute. He and his wife have been interested in the CW for years and it was a pleasure to meet with them and with some local pacifists. The next morning it was 15° below while we waited a long time for a bus in a nearby town only to learn that in the

(Continued on page 8)

MAX BODENHEIM

(Continued from page 3)

ing themselves all around him and praying. He must think that he was being besieged that they were praying at him, or for him!" Afterwards I found Ruth sitting on her suitcase in the hall, a picture of abandon, reading some of Max's poems which she was sorting out from a broken suitcase by her side. I apologized. "We're not forcing prayers on anyone," I told her. "It's just that it's the only place we have to pray."

Max A Catholic

"Max is a Catholic," she said then. "Baptized, made his first communion, he was confirmed too, down in Mississippi where he was born. His mother was from Alsace-Lorraine." Later I found that she herself was baptized. According to her story one of the parents was Catholic, probably her mother since her name was Fagan. She herself was a Libertarian Socialist and attended the meetings of that group, and carried around with her pamphlets about the Labor movement. I have one of them in my desk now.

Visit to Maryfarm

They went with us to Maryfarm and stayed there for a month or six weeks, and then because she had become embroiled with a Russian guest who kissed her hand and flirted outrageously with her while he crudely insulted her husband, I drove the Bodenheims to Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island. It was a bitter day and she had a touch of the flu and didn't want to leave. She had been enjoying her flirtation. She was 35 and her husband was 65. She was a beautiful woman with strong Jewish features, with a splendid figure and a great warmth of manner. She could have played the part of Judith or Esther.

Max occasionally came to Mass, but Ruth said she believed only in love. And perhaps she should have added compassion, because certainly that is what she felt for her husband. She had met him on the street one rainy night and found him in such a forlorn condition that she had started taking care of him. They were married two years ago, not long after they met. Max had been divorced by his first wife Minna had not seen his son for eight years.

Old Friend

I had known Max for many years, in New York, Chicago, and later in Staten Island. When Gene O'Neill recited "The Hound of Heaven" to me in the back room of an old saloon on Fourth Street, Max had been one of the habitués of the same place, writing poetry then on the backs of old envelopes. I remember one long poem he and Gene and I wrote, taking turns at writing the verses. Max didn't drink much then and he was a hard worker beginning to turn out novels and books of poetry, which never sold very well, and trying to get money by poetry reading which used to make us all laugh. He had lost most of his front teeth then, and between his pipe and a lisp and a stammer it was hard to understand him. He was never a very prepossessing person in spite of the picture the newspapers drew of him as a Don Juan.

I ran into Max later in Chicago, still reading poetry, and then some ten years later, when I was living on the beach in Staten Island, and taking care of a number of children for the summer from the Hoffman School for Individual Development, his son Solbert was one of the number. He was ten years old, a serious little boy, good and diligent, playing and reading, eating and sleeping, and giving no trouble at all. Max used to come down once a week to see him and give him lectures on ethics and conduct. When Solbert grew up and his parents parted he didn't see Max any more and when he married and had children of his own, they had nothing to do with their grandfather. Max told me this when he was staying with us.

He and Ruth remained with us at Peter Maurin farm until after

Easter, and on Easter Sunday Max went to Mass, and I was glad that it was a sung Mass. Ruth used to go into town once a week to try to sell some of Max's poetry so that they could get a room again. Once she sold one to the New York Times and they rejoiced for weeks. It didn't bring them much more than ten dollars. When she was away in town Max would not eat and every now and then, from a long silence, he used to ask me, "Do you think my beloved wife will be back this evening?" He didn't do much talking, but every day or so he would produce another poem.

He lay on one of the two beds we set up in a warm hall bedroom, and rested and smoked his pipe and wrote.

Spring

When spring came and the warm weather and his leg was better, Max and Ruth disappeared. Ruth came back later to get some things she left in a seaman's duffle bag and she and her companion, a young lad, rather somber and silent, walked down the road to the train about eleven. It was the last I ever saw of Ruth or Max. Last week they were murdered on Third Avenue, in the room of a young fellow who had given them shelter. Max was shot and Ruth beaten and stabbed.

The police caught this demented friend, Weinberg, three days later, as he himself sought for a place to sleep in the basement of a rooming house on Twenty-first Street.

Newspaper Stories

I read the account of this brutal slaying in all the papers February eighth and it was an ugly story indeed, with all the worst of Max and Ruth portrayed, the story of a drunken Bohemian, a clown, an exhibitionist, a lecher and of a woman who was loose in morals, depraved in appetite, loving Max for his prestige as writer and poet and finding her satisfaction in the passions of younger men. Only the Daily News gave him some credit for achievement and mentioned that he had won poetry awards, that he was the author of fourteen novels as well as several books of poetry. In spite of this achievement, his life had been spent in dire poverty.

Ruth herself had told me that he had been married a second time to an invalid on whom he had lavished what care he could from the sale of the popular rights to his books which came out in twenty-five-cent editions. For a few hundred dollars to pay for food and medicines, and doctors and later her burial, he had lost all his royalties.

The whole story was an ugly, sordid tale of poverty, drink and passion.

How often I have felt that a solid tide of evil is held off from us by the Blessed Sacrament in our midst, here at the farms, and houses. By our daily communions we hold it back, it is dissolved like a mist by the Sun of Justice.

We each of us could say, as we read this tragic story of death, "There but for the grace of God, goes each one of us."

Burial

Max was buried in a family plot in New Jersey and a rabbi officiated at his funeral, the expenses of which were paid by the poet Alfred Kreymborg. He had many friends at his funeral and many followed him to his grave. There certainly was no possibility of a Catholic burial, since he had not practiced his faith since childhood.

Ruth believed only in love, she said, but she was in love especially with herself, her own beauty, which she used to inflame others to desire. (The horrible part of it is, I have seen good and pious girls playing with men's feelings, playing with their own, taking delectation in temptation, using those dark deep forces of sex, "to influence for good." Their kindness is particular kindness, their friendship is particular friendships. As

(Continued on page 8)

Max Bodenheim

(Continued from page 7)

St. Augustine says, we need to love all as though we loved each one particularly. In spite of jealousy each one must see that we love all, all the others, most dearly. And it is so hard to love some, and so often whatever we do in love is repaid with bitterness, hatred and reprisals. This is good pruning for us, of our self love. By the very pain we feel, we know the measure of our pride, our desire to use our influence, our love.)

Bare Bones

How little we were able to do for Max or Ruth. The bare bones of hospitality we gave them. If we had loved them more, if Ruth had found more love with us, perhaps she would not have wandered around trying to bestow it, trying to bestow the only warmth and light and color she knew in the ugly grey life around her. We were able to do so little, God must listen to our prayers for them, and maybe it was that by the very violence of their death, the terror and pain of it added to Christ's suffering for them, their sins were wiped out that last awful moment and the gates of eternal life were opened up for them. I see this through a glass darkly.

Another Victim

And poor Weinberg, child of no home, placed in a Hebrew orphanage at an early age, kept in a mental hospital at ten years old, and never once visited by his mother, released at the age of seventeen to go into the army, serving there for seven months and then released again as unfit for public service, shut off from life and from people, without faith, without hope, without love, earning miserable meals by miserable work, dishwashing, that only job open for the unskilled, the unorganized, the crippled mentally and physically. He took the only kind of love he knew, bodily love, from wherever he could find it, in this case from a woman as mentally clouded as himself. In papers found among her things there was a record of her having been in a state hospital herself.

There was violence in Ruth. She wanted men to fight over her. It is instinct in many women to wish to be so desired that men will pay any price for their favors and, where there is no money, blood will do.

The murderer cried out, "I have killed two communists; I should get a medal." There was malice

in the smile he turned on the police and the reporters.

But Max was only a poet, and his sympathies with communism were because they spoke in terms of bread and shelter, and he had lived long with hunger. Drink was his refuge, because drink is often easier to get than bread. When he was young he wrote free verse, but those last years, when he was most disorganized, his verse became formal and stylized. Every day that he was with us he worked on a series of sonnets, dedicated to each one of us, polished, stately, courteous, often obscure, and he came to meals happily to read them aloud for our applause. I remember one especially that he wrote to Agnes, widow of a large captain, who had been helping us for some years. And I loved this delicate appreciation of her sweetness and diligence, her care for our comfort.

Agnes had charge of the second floor bedrooms and the linens and bathroom, and never a word of criticism comes from her lips for such wild disorder as accompanied such guests as Max and Ruth. No matter how comfortable a room—how tidy when they entered—it was soon a shambles of dirty clothes, rags, dust, cigaret butts, tobacco, newspapers, bits of food, onions, bread, apples cores, empty coffee cups, paper bags, scuffed shoes, dirty socks.

May They Rest in Peace

The newspapers commented on the sordid unheated room on Third Avenue and Twelfth Street where their bodies were found, and I thought, as I read, how over and over again in our houses of hospitality, I have seen just such rooms, reflecting the grim and cheerless chaos of the minds of its occupants. There is a comfortable disorder and the sordid disorder of people who do not love the material, though they seek all their pleasure in it. In trying to save their lives, they lose them.

In trying to live the life of the flesh, the Bodenheims were most hideously tricked. May their poor, dark, tormented souls rest now in peace.

Superfluities

The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor. They who possess superfluities, possess the goods of others.

St. Augustine

Books Demonstrating the Suicidal Nature of Capitalism and Industrialism with the Case for Agrarian Distributism

On Modern Technology and Peace by Pope Pius XII.....	\$0.30
The Importance of Rural Life according to St. Thomas Aquinas by Rev. G. H. Speltz.....	2.25
Catholicism, Protestantism and Capitalism by A. Fanfani.....	1.50
Making of a Moron; Man Under Industrialism by Nfall Brennan.....	2.50
The Catholic Church and Capitalism by Count de la Torre....	.40
The Rich and the Poor: a Biblical Anthology.....	.50
Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition by Walter Shewring..	2.50
The Problem of the Worker in the Light of the Social Doctrine of the Church by the Canadian Bishops.....	.40
The Sun of Justice; the Vision of the Structure by H. Robbins	1.50
Sacred and Secular (eight essays) by Eric Gill.....	3.00
On Kingship by St. Thomas Aquinas.....	1.75
Man the Unknown by Alex Carrel.....	3.50
History of the Protestant Reformation by William Cobbet.....	2.85
History of England by G. K. Chesterton.....	1.50
History of the United States by Cecil Chesterton.....	1.75
The Forest and the Social Problem by Bishop N. A. Labrie..	.25
The Pope Speaks on Rural Life (1946).....	.15
Christianity and the Land by the Pope (1951).....	.35
Who Baptised Capitalism? A Symposium in Blackfriars (July, 1950).....	.40
Catholic Documents; pronouncements of Pope Pius XII in 14 issues, price per copy.....	.50
Crisis of Civilization by Hilaire Belloc.....	2.50
The Spring of the Year by Richard Jefferies.....	1.75
Flee to the Fields: or the Family and Work Under Industrialism.....	1.50
Your Daily Bread; the whole grain loaf by D. Grant.....	1.15
Cooking with Wholegrains by E. V. Ortors.....	1.85
Do We Agree? Chesterton and Shaw Debating Distribution vs. Socialism.....	2.25
Ethics of Birth Control and Industrialism by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P.	Gratis
Man and Industrialism, a Pastoral Letter by Bishop Francis Walsh, W. F.	Gratis
World Conflict by Hilaire Belloc.....	Gratis
And Who Wants Peace? by Eric Gill.....	Gratis

DAVID HENNESSY DISTRIBUTIST BOOKSHOP
201 Winant Avenue Staten Island 9, N. Y.

When So Many Are Hungry

I know that God has given us the use of goods, but only as far as necessary; and He has determined that the use be common. It is absurd and disgraceful for one to live magnificently and luxuriously when so many are hungry.

St. Clement of Alexandria

On the Road

(Continued from page 7)

winter it did not run on Thursdays. I stayed in New York a few more weeks to finish working on my book.

Westward Ho

Finally on February first I mailed out most of the review copies of my book from the binders and left in the afternoon by bus for Edinboro, Pa. to visit Betty Clendenning, the Vincents, Thorntons and Dvoraks. The only bus came in there at 3:15 a.m. so when I got off, a cop greeted me with inquiry as to why and wherefore. Seems there had been a recent night robbery and all transients were watched. I told him who I was looking for and he kindly drove me to the top of the hill where he thought the Vincents lived, but no one would answer at that ungodly hour. He wondered where I would sleep and offered the jail. I did not tell him all of my history and was gladly locked up. He said the morning man would let me out at 8 a.m. Here was a bunk with only flat straps of steel, but with my overcoat for a mattress, the heavy wool socks that Dorothy had knit for my travels, and handspun scarf for a pillow I slept well until awakened by another cop to whom I gave a CW and proceeded to Mass where Margaret Vincent greeted me; this being one of two mornings when Larry's college classes allowed her time to go to Mass.

Betty had the farm occupied by her cousins and she was living with the Vincents in this house they had just bought in town. The goats were boarded for a time until Larry could fix up the barn in the rear. Larry teaches English in the State College here and is not Catholic but is pacifist and likes the CW. Virginia Sorenson, wife of a fellow teacher at the College, whose book *Many Heavens*, telling of Mormon life in Utah is out this month, brought her teen agers over and we had a fine visit, as I know Mormon history. She had read but a few copies of the CW and was anxious to know of this new radicalism that had so far eluded her search for truth.

Larry took me to John and Mary Thorntons at nearby Springboro, Pa. John worked on a partial night shift in Erie getting home at midnight. They have fixed this farmhouse so that it is warmer. John and Mary are old time CWs; Mary being of the Grail alumnae is one of the few women who do not have to be coaxed to stay on the land. The upper room was cold but Mary had a hot water bottle for my feet so I slept well. The children ran about happily in the morning. John and I walked over the farm which is well laid out with good barn and other outbuildings. The cow and heifer, goats, chickens, and pigs seemed snug in this cold weather. John does not have the time to do as much farm work as he would like to do.

We walked toward town to pick up John's car at a garage and had a ride for a few blocks with a Greek Orthodox priest who bought one of my books on sight. Then to visit John's parish priest who is an Irishman who appreciates the CW. As John went to work in the afternoon I rode with him to Erie. Here while waiting for Dick Dvorak I tried to sell some books in bookstores without success, but taking a chance at the Boston store the buyer who was an Episcopalian who had heard of Dorothy

Faith and Works in Siberia

(Continued from page 3)

Soviet economy were no longer supposed to die."

There was bitter enmity between the Ukrainians and Russians. Brigitte was thrown in with Russians who were children of former leaders of the Soviet state, after whose purging they were sent to orphanages. They struggled through the universities "only by endless efforts and tricks. Now these would-be philosophers, historians or economists sat in the camp with 25 years of forced labor as their only future and seemed perfectly content with their fate." They had found contact with a great number of like-minded fellow workers and were "free" at last to discuss their ideas openly.

The movement among them is said to have started in 1948 as a result of discussion on the long-banned pessimistic poetry of Boris Pasternak. He wrote in the twenties and claimed that spiritual freedom was incompatible with social justice. "Their system was devised as an answer to this pessimism, a way of making room for spiritual freedom in a collectivist society by decentralization of State Power, until the State could finally be replaced altogether by workers and peasants' syndicates, or unions to use the American term.

By writing, posting leaflets, holding small meetings of flying discussion groups, the movement spread like wild fire among the students. Finally in 1950 great numbers of them were arrested and sent to labor camps. They called themselves the true Disciples of Lenin, and yet the writer comments that his message had changed greatly in their interpretation, assuming syndicalist, even anarchist features; one might even say the distributist emphasis.

Members of this movement were holding their meetings when they were still free in Russia, behind locked doors and it had been born of a rejection of both the Stalinist dictatorship on the one hand and the materialist capitalistic west on the other. They said that they were not ready to be seduced by nylons and motor cars. What they wanted was social justice.

When Brigitte Gerlend arrived at

gladly ordered two of her books and three of mine.

Dvoraks have had to move so often and now they were living near the Ohio line west of Erie. We met Carole at the Catholic high school, other youngsters at a parochial school, and six youngsters tumbled over me three deep asking for more stories as the evening continued. A new baby totalled eight; the mother warmly keeping as much order as she could in the midst of so much abounding energy. They had livestock of the same variety as the Thorntons. Dick works in Erie too and is troubled because the Catholic landlord has ordered them to move. This house is well heated with slabs of wood that Dick brings in from a sawmill dump on the place, and it is modern. Perhaps the family can find a place yet, despite the fact that landlords prefer less children.

(Continued next month)

camp, they admitted that they were not being starved or ill treated, but the work was what was killing them. Carrying bricks for fourteen hours a day in bitter cold was torture. They were being turned into dull robots.

The Believers

Here they began to learn from another group in the camp called "The Believers," who refused to work for the state but only in service for others. After years of bitter struggle over this issue they had won out and were now only being employed in work for their fellow prisoners. This showed that resistance was indeed possible in the camps.

These articulate, thinking, arguing students were now brought into contact with this far greater underground, of whose existence they had previously known nothing. They found members who sat in their huts copying out the New Testament and the Gospels because printed ones were confiscated when found. One young believer said that she had been a member of the Young Communist League working as a technician in a factory and not at all badly off materially speaking. But she was not content with her work and found refuge more and more in books. Coming across a copy of the New Testament which she had never read before, she experienced a conversion. She determined to start a new life based on the word of the Gospel. Fortunately for this girl, whose name was Tamara, when she spoke of it to another girl in the factory whom she trusted, she found that she was a member of a circle of brothers and sisters who were not only reading the Gospel together but tried to spread it everywhere, above all in the factories and collective farms. "I learned through them that love alone is creative," she said.

With this new found companion in faith, she left her family and went to a collective farm in distant central Asia. They were eventually arrested by the secret police and sentenced to hard labor in Siberia.

The success of the believers in getting the kind of work they wanted encouraged the students so much that the idea of a strike began to be discussed in 1950. After Stalin's death and their hopes of amnesty for political and religious prisoners was disappointed, they renewed their agitation. When finally a strike was started in 1953 by the Ukrainian prisoners, it spread to all the mine pits. By July 23 fifty pits were idle. Two hundred and fifty thousand prisoners, half the population, had joined the strike.

The demands made by the strikers were most unusual. They called for the release of all the prisoners, who would however, voluntarily undertake to remain as free workers and settlers in the region for another five years.

By August first 100 of the leaders were shot.

On August 4th, Brigitte Gerlend was transferred to another camp, but when she left the strike was still going on.

By Dorothy Day

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.

18 Issues for \$2

For New Subscribers

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

FREE SAMPLE COPY

For the enclosed \$2 send me the next 18 issues of

THE COMMONWEAL

Name
Street
City