

CATHOLIC WORKER



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MONTH OF THE DEAD

By DOROTHY DAY

It is so hard to find a balance. We have the knowledge that this life is a passage way to another fuller life which is to come, that we are heirs to a richness and a joy beyond all telling, and that we are working toward a new heaven and a new earth where all is love and peace, where justice dwells. We also know that what we do now will count, that we are exercising our faculties to this end, and that although sometimes our work seems futile and without result in these fields of justice and peace and love, (Ammon's work for peace, Charlie's work with teenu agers, Pat's with the Ninth street kids, and all of ours at Spring Street and at the farm) we knew that is all preparation, like that of a farmer, and God will give the results, the increase, the crop. If we do not do this work, we are dead souls, no matter how vital our bodies, and there is no health in us.

We also know that religion, as the Marxists have always insisted, has too often like an opiate, tended to put people to sleep to the reality and the need for the present struggle for peace and justice.

"The future is so glorious in the world that is to come, why worry about the present?" If we are heirs to the kingdom, why worry about the destitution and squalor and destruction around us. To the devil with this world!" But this world is God's world and we have no right to consign it to the devil. We should be fighting like mad against the perverse will of men, and this fight is for love of God and for love of men, the very least of them, the most unworthy of them, even to the greatest sinners among them, remembering how Jesus said from the cross, from his torture and death, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" Forgive these murderers! It costs a lot to forgive murderers, every drop of our blood, every ounce of our energy.

We are all members one of another, we are all heirs, we are all brothers, no matter how far apart we have strayed. We live in one world and that seems to be a pretty small one now that there is all this talk of space ships and satellites and trips to the moon.

St. Paul, when he talks of God's power, talks of the "mighty exercise of God's power when he raised Jesus from the dead and in Him gave us a promise of the same resurrection for ourselves."

Man in his pride is always trying to create life out of nothing and to raise men from the dead but we don't hear so much about that now that he is thinking of interplanetary exploration.

Men of science are just as much distracted from the things of this earth as those they have charged with putting too much emphasis on religion and the next life. While billions of dollars are being spent on missiles, we still have our poverty, the hungry and homeless in our midst, the needs of our families for bread, for shoes, for shelter. We explore outer space and families of ten are crowded in one room in New York. Are they

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Most glorious Prince Michael, the Archangel, be mindful of us here and everywhere and always entreat the Son of God for us, Alleluia, Alleluia.

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The Fallacy of the Wage System

(Easy Essays by Peter Maurin)

"Capital," says Karl Marx, is accumulated labor not for the benefit of the laborers, but for the benefit of the accumulators."

And the capitalists succeed in accumulating labor for their own benefit, by treating labor not as a gift but as a commodity, buying it like any other commodity at the lowest possible price.

And organized labor plays into the hands of the capitalists, or accumulators of labor, by treating their own labor not as a gift but as a commodity, selling it like any other commodity at the highest possible price.

But the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price, and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price are nothing but commercializers of labor.

When the laborers place their labor on the bargain counter they allow the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor.

And when the capitalists, or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the laborers' labor, they no longer find it profitable to buy the laborers' labor.

And when the capitalists no longer find it profitable to buy the laborers' labor, then the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists.

And when the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists, or accumulators of labor, they can no longer buy the products of their labor.

And that is what the laborers get for selling their labor to the capitalists, or accumulators of labor.

They just get left, and they get what is coming to them, for selling their labor to the capitalists, or accumulators of labor.

Cooperatives

Dear Miss Gregory:

Thank you again for allowing me to participate in a co-operative study group at the Catholic Worker.

It encourages me to find listeners for a subject that is in many instances new, and the telling of which is so fascinating to me that I hardly know which point to stress. As I read your story titled: "Highlander Folk School," I admire your own capability to tell this story so well. A long time ago, in 1949, I was first introduced seriously to the co-operative movement when I was a student at the "International People's College, in Elsinore, DENMARK." This was also a folk-high school, of the Scandinavian type.

What a wonderful idea these folk-high schools are. They use the living word and attempt to bring enthusiasm for study and intellectual considerations of many serious problems. We never got marks, but I still remember more of the study than of many other sessions elsewhere. A teacher that has to instruct by getting sincere attention or his pupils drop out, some-



ST-CONRAD

how, has a motive for wanting his best efforts to prevail. The co-operative movement in Denmark often got its first consideration from citizens when they learned in these schools, by their friendly participation in seeking knowledge and Christian guidance, learned to sympathize for a co-operative effort in other things. It established the human good regard for fellow men in a most practical way.

If a way could ever be found to get older people, working folks who have long labored and now need a few months of leisure to study under friendly guidance, then the amount of the degree of enlightenment and new spirit cultivated, would be much greater than that little time spent on the young student.

It is a delightful jump to see with new eyes and heart the world and the glory of God. If you should be interested in this kind of folk-high school, I believe the Danish Information Office in N.Y.C., would mail you booklets. One especially good book is: "Scandinavian Adult Education" editor: Ragnar Lund. Perhaps they have a copy.

In using the Rochdale kind of co-operation one has to educate, inform, bring out the thinking capabilities in men. Then, when they begin to realize that to use this kind of economic democracy another requirement is needed, "the friendly and good-willed co-operation with others," the heart is also rendered. What can such a system as this co-operative thing do? I should say that it is the main

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Janet Burwash Visits Ammon Hennacy

Pax vobiscum—and much love to everyone on Spring Street and Bloomingdale Road.

I am writing this on the "Milwaukee Road" train after a most blessed and joyous weekend. Hope I can remember all the vital details — anyway. I'll try. Ammon and Father Casey are both fine!

Sandstone is 3 hours by bus from Minneapolis. Arrived there Sat. night and stayed in a room behind the Greyhound bus stop restaurant. It snowed during the night and was cold! Sunday morning went to 8:30 Mass at St. Willabrod Church 2 blocks away. Father Smith is pastor there but I did not know it at the time. Then I called Warden Meier who was on vacation that day, not at the jail. He said he would like to help me visit but didn't think I was approved and had to treat all alike. Still he checked to see if the letter had come through from the FBI man who visited me in N. Y. 10 days before. The letter was there and the request had just been approved to enable me to visit and correspond.

He said that only 3 hours visiting time a month are allowed—but that since I had come such a long way, he would allow me 2 hours without jeopardizing Father Casey's anticipated visit or another visit this month. Columbus Day is not a holiday for them so no visits allowed. He said I could speak to Mr. Tennyson at the jail and find out about other regulations such as only 10 people approved for letters.

A hotel man a block away drove me to the jail which is only a short distance out. Sandstone is a town of about 2,000-3,000 (about 70 Catholic families in the parish, Father said). The jail is out in a flat area—it is stone—one story high stretched out around a courtyard. No wall.

Mr. Tennyson was called and said that there are only ten people approved to write to and visit Ammon. Out of the 10, only 7 letters are admitted for him a week from approved people. Father Casey, Bill Houston of Minn., Francis Gorgen are some approved. Ammon can also get certain approved magazines and The Catholic Worker paper.

The actual visit with Ammon was much more heartening. He looks great and his spirits couldn't be better! We were seated very comfortably — visitors on couches on one side—prisoners right across on chairs. Guard at the end nearby. Nothing could be given to Ammon. He does not want nor need money for anything.

He said it's the best jail he's been in so far. (Jail is newly painted — was converted only in July—formerly it was a mental institution). That's why they are still organizing. The food is cafeteria style — one can choose, also can take their time eating and sit anywhere.

A lot of prisoners came from Leavenworth — also other places. Most seem to be larcenists. They sleep in dormitories of 50 beds. He is in between 2 Negroes.

Ammon was still hoping you would be approved and says maybe they will let your letters come through later. He wasn't at all disturbed by writing regulations and said letters have piled up and they let a few come through each week. He got Charlie Butterworth's letter, also one from Ruth Collins and a lot of others. He said just to go ahead and keep writing and maybe they will come through. He can only send out 3 letters a week to those approved. Said one woman—

Frieda—called long distance and offered to do his time for him!

—Has a few photos with him, also wears St. Francis medal and his Missal allowed.

The work is interesting in the school and library. He helps give and grade Stanford-Binet intelligence tests to everyone who comes in. Other jobs are to help with correspondence courses, and there are Indians there who need to learn English. Rest of time has been to help Art Harvey in the library getting files set from A-Z, ordering books. He and Art ordered about 200-300 books for the library. The Warden is reading Ammon's book now.

Ammon has been trying to help a couple of men—feels he's had a little success with a couple. One, a Jew and a bookie—mixed up but, who is anxious to go straight after he's out. Ammon also made friends with a couple of Indians from Minnesota.

He said men can choose what work they want—but don't always get it.

Ammon says he thinks he is the oldest. Art H. the youngest, possibly. Said Art is a good person to be in jail with on the whole. Very meticulous.

Said Father Smith comes to the jail from Sandstone—about 17 go to Mass—only a few to communion.

Ammon says he is proud of Bishop Wright of Pittsburgh for advising against picketing Khrushchev.

While I was visiting, Art Harvey was brought in and David Gale was the visitor. When the visits were over, David talked with

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Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of The Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N.Y. for October 1, 1959.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.; Managing Editor, Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.; Business Manager, Robert Steed, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 39 Spring St., N.Y.C.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

Robert Steed,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1959.
(Seal) John Jurkow.

KERALA, INDIA

From a letter to PAX from Dom Bede Griffith, O.S.B.

The agitation in Kerala surpassed all my expectations. It was conducted on entirely Gandhian lines with no violence on our side. It was a model of passive resistance and was completely successful. In the end about 90% of the people rallied against the Communists and made their position impossible.

You have my entire support (including my prayers) in all your work for PAX, and I would be very pleased for you to put my name down as a sponsor. The opposition to PAX on the part of clergy and Catholics generally goes very deep and I feel it is a serious matter. I feel that it indicates something seriously wrong with our moral theology. Our moral theology is almost entirely concerned with sin and the law—that is the ten commandments. In other words, it is an Old Testament morality. But the new law of the Sermon on the Mount and the Beatitudes hardly comes into it—of which the purpose is precisely to teach us to go beyond the old law.

This leads us to accept war as a normal and natural thing, and we never consider that it is contrary to the whole ideal of the Christian life, as set forth in the Sermon on the Mount. But in the early Church the feeling of the Church seems to have been overwhelmingly against it. St. Justin, St. Irenaeus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, Origen, and Ambrose all write as "pacifists," in the sense that they believe that Christ has put an end to war; and it is well known that one of the canons of St. Hippolytus forbids a Christian to become a soldier. It was not an absolute pacifism, as a soldier who was converted was not obliged to give up his profession, but the feeling was strongly against war. Now it is the reverse, and the conscientious objector is regarded as a doubtful Catholic. . . . I don't deny the right to fight under certain very limited circumstances, but I do believe that the whole tendency of the Gospel is against war. I have been reading Pere Danielou's conference for Pax Christi (March 1955), which puts the whole subject perfectly to my mind.

* * *

Kurismala Ashram,

Fairfield P.O., Peermade, Kerala, India

The paper by Pere Danielou on "Non-violence in Scripture and Tradition" was included in *Action Chretienne et Non-violence* (Editions Pax Christi, Paris 1955; obtainable through Duckett, 140 Strand, London, W.C.2.). An English translation is much to be desired. (Ed.)

SUBSCRIPTIONS to PAX should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, 37 Northiam, London, N. 12. It is hoped that those who can will give more than the minimum of 5s 0d a year.



Blanchet House of Hospitality

October, 1959.

Dear Friend in Christ:

It has occurred to us that, in these monthly letters, it might be of interest to you to hear something about the various groups of individuals who come to us for assistance, and about some of the problems that these groups reflect. It may contribute to a better understanding of the problems in this area if we can help dispel the notion that all who live in this part of town are alcoholics. This certainly is not the case.

One group of whom we are constantly aware are the aged. A nationally known sociologist recently did a study of the problems of Oregon's aged people and he reports that Portland has an unusually large group of elderly people living in the downtown area. We don't pretend to know exactly why this is so, but it may well be because most of the cheaper rooming houses and hotels are in the downtown section. Whatever the reason, we do know that in these days of ever-increasing inflation, the elderly person trying to exist on a pitifully inadequate pension, is really suffering. Many have no money at all for clothing and often the cost of food and rent alone is more than the small check will cover.

From the middle of the month until the end, we see many of these elderly men at Blanchet House. They are hungry and they

are lonely. Many have outlived their families and friends and spend their days in the lobbies of the grimy hotels. We feel that these old ones must be dear indeed to Our Lord, for the world has passed them by and their days are long and empty of human love.

More saddening than anything else is how many we find who do have families nearby; families who have disclaimed responsibility for an aged relative and don't want to be bothered. We can't presume to judge such selfishness but the God of Justice most surely will. Also we can't begin to fill the void that exists in the lonely heart—but we can offer a warm meal and a word of cheer—God grant that it may help in some small way.

Winter is almost upon us and the line increases each day. We have much work to do, and so in the name of the Crucified Christ and His children who suffer, we beg your money and your prayers. Sincerely in Christ,

John O'Keefe,
Director.

FRIDAY NIGHT MEETINGS

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

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

Report From Dominica

Dominica is a tiny island, which with St. Kitts, Monserrat and Antigua make up part of the diocese of 38-year-old Bishop Arnold Boghaert in the British West Indies. Dominica is not to be confused with the Dominican Republic which is the eastern half of Haiti and is the home of the mass murderer Trujillo (see Gunther's *Inside Latin America*). Dominica is only 291 square miles and the Dominican Republic is 18,045 square miles.

In the last issue of Jubilee there is a remarkable report on what is doing down there, and here are a few paragraphs, enough to whet your appetite to subscribe to Jubilee, 377 Park Avenue South, New York 16.

Sister Alicia has organized a credit union, a grass roots movement in the diocese to encourage people to save through weekly deposits of 25 or 50 cents. The credit union has been supplemented by a so-called self-help housing development, a program under which good land along the Caribbean is given to families, a venture, and they proceed to build on it.

You can see mothers and children carrying sand, stones and water from the sea, moulding cement blocks and with the men taking up the heavy work, making their own homes, for some of them the first decent habitation they have ever had.

Much of the housing on the island is of a matchbox variety, with roofs that blow off in the frequent hurricanes; these new ones have galvanized iron roofs and are built to endure for a long time.

The priests are just as tireless and high-spirited as the nuns. There is Fr. Felix Bogaert, for example, a sturdy man of 70, forever on the move in the rugged countryside of Dominica, saying Sunday Mass at various way stations or for men working on the roads or at his favorite project, the island's leper home. He has an excellent command of patois and a good many other fields of knowledge. Two years ago, when the island's flour supply was low, Fr. Bogaert managed to get hold of some grain and then built several ovens on church property. With the help of women of the parish, he baked the people's daily bread, handing it to them each day as they lined up and giving them each a hot cup of Nescafe.

There are so few priests and nuns to serve the people that a very strong lay group has been built up, both to teach and to assist in all the works of mercy. Young Christian Workers and Legion of Mary are outstanding.

The report was sent in by Lawrence Quigley, F.S.C.H.

British C. O. Sentenced

Peter Berridge 20, was sentenced at Clerkenwell court on Sept. 1st to two months' jail for refusing his medical examination for military training. The magistrate had given him a week to think it over.

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Two Letters From Ed Morin

September 11, 1959

Dear Dorothy and Bob,

Here is a copy of a letter Karl wrote to Karl Calkins. I know you'll be interested in reading it, perhaps even in publishing it:

From Karl Meyer Aug. 30, 1959
6943-PC

To Kenneth Calkins

Dear Ken, Dorothy Day and Ammon Hennacy have been taken off my list of correspondents as a result of the publication of my letter in the August Catholic Worker. In a friendly and understanding discussion with the Associate Warden, I told him I had written this letter and a subsequent letter to Dorothy in the hope that she would publish them, that I was glad to have them published, that I did not want to limit my correspondence to purely personal matters, that I did not want to ask my correspondents not to publish my letters or discourage them from doing so, and I suggested that the most acceptable solution, within the rules of the Prison, would be to have Dorothy and Ammon removed from my list. He did this with personal reluctance. With respect to the possible publication of other letters by other correspondents, at their discretion, he said that he would deal with that if and when it occurred. What is the principle to which we declare unqualified allegiance? To speak the important truth, just as we see it, without deference to fear, to immediate circumstances or to expediency, so that we can only literally be silenced by stopping our mouths with gags, and to trust that, if we are so silenced, our silence will be the most eloquent thing that ever happened to us. So I would rather have no correspondence at all than to modify the expression of what I believe or to limit its audience by my own agency and consent.—My love to you, Ele and your little daughter—some things cannot be expressed and are known without being spoken. Karl.

The letter is exactly in the form he wrote it. Reference at the end is to Ken and Ele's recent child: Karl Erica Calkins. Judging by namesakes, she has a good start toward radicalism.

6510 S. Aberdeen
Chicago 21, Illinois
October 4, 1959

Dear Dorothy and Bob,

Two weeks ago Gene Feldman, Ken Calkins, and I decided to go to see Karl at Springfield, Mo. I phoned the warden for permission and he said Karl was then on his way to the Federal Pen at Louisburg, Pa. He said Karl would be there for an indefinite length of time. Why he was sent there is just a matter for speculation because I wasn't told anymore. There was rumor of a work strike and maybe it came off and the instigators were separated. Then too, the conviction for refusing induction may be in process already and they want him near N. Y. (his draft board) for trial. The only other possibility is that the authorities wanted to keep Karl and Ammon separated. Thought you'd want to know. I hope you're able to print his letter from Springfield—the one about freedom of speech and the witness of silence. It might be the last we hear from him for a good little while. The authorities forbade your writing to him at Springfield, but maybe at the new place restrictions aren't so great. Address: U. S. Federal Prison / Louisburg, Pa.

Began classes at Loyola a week ago and, three weeks ago, a job with Cook County Welfare Dept. that will put me through school. Three reading courses in the 18th Century, Poets of the Romantic age (Byron-Keats), and modern drama take most of my spare time. I usually find an hour during an 8-hour work-day for reading and the work is far from exhausting.

Action spoke the truth about highly centralized organizations: "apoplexy at the center and paralysis at the circumference." But our office must not be very near the circumference, because the forms, ledgers, files, etc. are symptomatic of apoplexy. After two weeks' work and a week of training in a classroom situation, I'm pretty close to believing that state welfare organizations are indispensable as long as urban society is what it is. There are too many people without support or income whom no one will take care of except the state: no other way of providing can more effectively isolate the poor so that their influence on the others' standard of living is minimal.

Of course the split is becoming more and more crucial because the bourgeois who strive for bigger and better things along with the Joneses object, for some reason, to the growing number of poor on relief roles and—most of all—to increased appropriations. Illinois' budget is especially bad off—all appropriations bills have been tabled till 1960 in an effort to keep the state from going broke. As a result, pressure on welfare agencies from the legislature and the press is tremendous. We're told to close a rather high quota of cases each week, and this has priority over giving extra help or taking on new cases. The "close ones" are decided in favor of budget. It's no misrepresentation to say that the agencies are controlled by pragmatic, budget-minded, vote-getting politicians and administered by idealistic (for the most part) workers who do a good job under the circumstances. When you see the relief system close hand you wonder how long it will be before the war-centered, automated economy busts.

The legend of Hercules and Atlas has been repeated in miniature and modern dress. Terry Sullivan took over the CW and I moved south at least for the time it takes me to accumulate tuition and pay some bills. Just this afternoon Terry and I were talking about getting a bigger place. If we do, or if I can get a room or apartment reasonably in the CW area, I'll move back. The arrangement I have now is better financially than I could find anywhere. I think, and

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APPEAL

St. Benedict's Seminary
Namupa, P.O. Lindi, Box 6
Tanganyika, East Africa
October 9, 1959

Dear Dorothy,

Perhaps some of your readers would like to help us in our campaign "Books For Africa." Here in our seminary we have 175 boys and practically no books. The same condition prevails in most of our schools. We are anxious to get all kinds of good books—primarily school and secondary school level, children's books, picture books, lives of the Saints, biographies, science books, religious books, pocket books. I am sure that some of your readers could send us a book or two—they need not be new so long as they are in good condition. This is an easy way of helping the missions.

I am so pleased that a friend back home has subscribed to the Worker for me. I read every word in every issue. It is the best spiritual reading. May God continue to bless your work.

Sincerely in Our Lord,

Father Anthony, O.S.B.

Rev. Anthony Ashcroft, O.S.B.

Dear Dorothy—Don't know if you remember me. I once gave an eight-day retreat at Maryfarm, Newburgh. Have been here since June, 1959. Was formerly at St. Paul's Abbey in Newton. Pray for me and our Bantu people.—F.A.

Ashes to Ashes

by John Stanley

Summer isolation fades
when leaves fall down;
now I see the dreaming hills
shadowed by a slow cloud;
now I see a train, and trucks,
and now and then a man.

I paint my roof with silver paint;
the sun is weak,
the wind is strong.
If I should fall on hidden rocks beneath the leaves
my blood would sink into the solid earth,
and once again I'd drink direct
from breasts as rich as Africa
instead of crying sitio all smokey afternoon.

Snowflakes melt into the mother sea,
the river on the go,
the swamp all full of bird cries,
fighting sun,
and beaten trees;
snowflakes melt on watch caps at The Beach,
a crown of liquid light
for golden faces laughing in the night.

Snowflakes stay for just a little while;
that's all that's asked.

PETER MAURIN: GAY BELIEVER, by Arthur Sheehan. New York: Hanover House, 1959. \$3.75. Reviewed by Elizabeth Rogers.

I never met Peter Maurin, though I was coming in to the Mott Street office of *The Catholic Worker* during the last year of his life—1949—to help out with the mailing of the paper and to the Friday night meetings. Peter was at Maryfarm in Newburgh, N. Y., then, and I didn't get up there; nor, through a combination of circumstance did I attend his funeral. In fact, the first I knew of his death was through picking up a copy of *Commonweal* a week later and seeing their tribute to him.

The first impression you get in talking to people who knew Peter is how they loved him, and the second is his tremendous simplicity and holiness. This biography gives you the personality, work, and ideas of a man who was tremendously gifted physically, mentally, and spiritually; burning with his vision of a good society, and with the love of God and the poor; an intellectual in the best meaning of the word, a workman to his bones, an original thinker, and one steeped in the best traditions of the Church. A man too of humor and charm, who never minded being laughed at if someone should think his appearance and accent comical.

This is the first full-length biography of Peter. Arthur Sheehan, who knew him intimately, has done an invaluable job of groundbreaking, particularly on the early years in France; a good deal of this material he got from correspondence with Peter's still-living relatives. He has a fine ability to set a countryside and people before us vividly and with economy of means. He gives us a picture of an intellectually gifted boy, the oldest of twenty-two children, disciplined and guided wisely by his father, deeply loved by his stepmother, growing up in a family where work was important and religion cared for and not superficial.

We get brief glimpses of the family: Peter's grandfather worked in the fields till he was nearly ninety, then wove baskets for use at home. His hands were never idle; he said his rosary faithfully, and for as long as his eyes permitted read the Bible. "It was the family custom," says the biographer, "to recite the Rosary daily. As the children came along, there were enough to make up two choirs to chant or sing by turns. Every night before bedtime there were prayers together together kneeling before a little statue of the Holy Virgin. Piety and a Christian spirit ruled the household. They read the Bible and studied Church

history. The Gospels of Sundays and feasts were learned by heart."

In this environment, then, Peter grew up. He fished in the streams, played on the steep mountain slopes, took part in the dances of the village. He helped with the chores, too, as do all farm children, and as he grew older he accompanied his father to the market town to sell sheep or calves. Here he heard the talk of the peasants, their resentment at forced military service imposed by an anti-religious government, their scandal at the official anticlericalism, their conservative democracy.

One of the things that appears most clearly is how Peter's later ideas were foreshadowed in the experiences of his boyhood and young manhood. He grew up where the farmers still made use of communal land for grazing their herds and the villages still had a communal bake oven. He went to school to the Christian Brothers, whose founder's ideal had been a life of poverty and obscurity for the Brothers; they were to teach the children of the poor, and they were to teach by means of silence as much as by words, and of course by the personal example of a holy life. These were the first free schools in France, and the first to teach not in Latin but in French. All these things had their place in Peter's later philosophy and pedagogy.

At sixteen he made his decision to join the Christian Brothers and remained with them nine years, teaching first in a suburb of Paris and later in a working class neighborhood.

The Sillon

In the midst of this, Peter was called up for military service; it was the first of three such periods for him, and turned his thinking toward pacifism. His brother has testified to this, and added that in this, as in other things, Peter was ahead of his time. He began to be interested in social questions, notably the problem of the proletariat, and he found himself drawn toward a life which would be devoted to the solution of social issues rather than teaching young children, whose later lives would be spent in the same desperate struggle for survival as their parents'. At the age of twenty-five, he withdrew from the Christian Brothers and joined the Sillon, a youth movement founded by Marc Sangnier.

Sangnier's movement was new and unusual, and incorporated ideas and made use of methods which Peter later brought to the Worker. It started as a group of study clubs on social and economic questions, but soon evolved into much more; the Sillon had a printing press and turned out a magazine, newspapers and pamphlets; operated a restaurant and hospice,

as well as rest homes. Sangnier and his followers hoped to Christianize the French democracy "by the creation of a social elite of young Catholics who would affect the masses through Popular Institutes, public meetings, unions, and co-operative institutions, finally civic action." No salaries were paid, there were no dues and no elections. The movement had the support of many priests and even of bishops.

Peter left the Sillon because of two points of disagreement: he felt the need for a more scholarly study of economic and social questions, and he objected to Sangnier's involvement in politics. Peter was always a personalist, as opposed to those who would work through political means.

Kropotkin's Influence

He had now begun to read Kropotkin, and was particularly impressed by two ideas: a social order combining crafts with agriculture as a solution to the problem of proletarianism; and the educational value of manual work. Sheehan says: "He knew now the answer to a question that had perplexed him: the workingman's dislike for the scholar's ideas. The solution was for the scholar not to disdain manual work but to engage in it. . . . The worker then would join with him and become interested in the scholar's ideas."

In Canada, there were four colonies established by Frenchmen en-



gaging in homesteading combined with small-scale industries, and Peter decided to join one of these, thus not only escaping further military service but putting his social theories into practice. But first he spent about a year in the south of France going from village to village studying the small crafts that Kropotkin had written about. Later Peter was to discover that the best Catholic social thought advocates a combination of land, crafts, and small ownership. He also liked to point out to Americans that the United States would have done well to go the way of Jefferson—land and crafts—rather than that of the industrial and finance-minded Hamilton. Peter was a student of history, and believed that the answers to modern problems can be found in the experiences of the past. He would say: "We need to understand how things became as they are in order to act now, so as to change the future."

Emigration

Little is known about Peter's life from the time he came to Canada until the years of *The Catholic Worker*—a gap of over twenty years. He was always reticent in the extreme about his personal life; the important thing about himself, or anyone else, was ideas. We know that he came to the United States following the

death of his partner in the homesteading venture. He was now in his middle thirties. There are glimpses of him in his first year here: walking and begging through the Eastern states, locked up now and then for vagrancy; working in the coke ovens and lead mines, working on railroads. The language was a difficulty, and Peter had not yet found the direction for his life. He quit jobs most often because "there was too much boss"; he always wanted to use his own initiative. He was in Chicago for many years, and among other things he gave French lessons, at which he was successful enough to warrant opening an office. A turning point came when he moved East to the art colony at Woodstock, N. Y., where he gave French lessons. At some time in this period he went through a religious conversion. He stopped charging for lessons, and asked his public to give him whatever they thought the lessons were worth; he had begun to regard work as a "gift," to use his later phrase for it. He lived in the barn belonging to the Woodstock librarian, and he worked on his Easy Essays. He met Father Joseph Scully and worked for five years for maintenance at the latter's summer camp for children, doing odd jobs. When he stayed overnight in New York, Father Scully would give him a dollar and he would get a bed for the night on the Bowery.

The Catholic Worker

In 1932 Peter met Dorothy Day, and the work of his life began. When he convinced her of the need of the paper he envisioned, Arthur says, "She asked the obvious question. Where would the money come from to publish a newspaper? Peter answered, 'In the Catholic Church, money is never necessary.'"

People who tell stories about Peter always testify to the startling directness of his approach to things; this was a good example. Then, Arthur adds, "Peter, confident that he had helped Dorothy Day launch her mission, left for (Father Scully's camp), somewhat to her dismay. This again was part of his teaching technique. When someone was ready for a responsibility, he thought, you helped them to get started, then went on to the next person."

So Peter's teaching went on—direct, personal, entirely simple. His program envisioned farming communes, a craft society, folk schools, houses of hospitality, and always round table discussions to clarify ideas. There are many people who believe that if war preparations had not come along to take up the slack in employment at the end of the 'thirties, the cooperative and communitarian movement which the Worker (along with other groups), was preaching and trying to practice, would have made greater headway. Certainly one gets a sense from this book of the excitement engendered in the readers of the Worker for a new pattern of life. Certainly the paper had a phenomenal growth, going from 2,500 issues the first month to 110,000 within a year, and with no advertisement except by word of mouth.

Peter in person engendered the same kind of excitement. There is a vivid description of his first meeting with Peter given by John Moody, the Catholic investment counsellor, who became a good friend: "Anyone who has met Peter knows that he can, on first appearance, make the shivers creep up your spine when he begins to talk. If, when he starts in, you are leaning back in an easy chair, you will find yourself sitting up erect in that chair before he has talked five minutes. He can cram more truth into your cranium at high speed

in a single hour than any ordinary person could do in a week."

Peter was above all a teacher. "Always," Arthur Sheehan says, "he tried to explain his ideas in uncloudy language with that precision he had learned as a Christian Brother. He was a simplifier, as America noted:

"The scholastic scaffolding of St. Thomas' Summa came tumbling down as Peter outlined in his blank-verse 'Easy Essays' the medieval teaching on the importance of Big Shots and Little Shots . . ."

His Influence

His influence in the Church is as yet impossible to assess; it may well be one of the greatest of modern times. Hundreds of young people who have gone into the apostolate, including nearly all the younger leadership in this country, have done so because of his influence; if they did not know him personally, they were drawn by the paper and the movement he founded. The Campion committees, the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors, came directly out of the ranks of the Worker. Among Catholic Worker staff who have gone on to outstanding work are Ed Willock, co-founder of *Integrity* magazine; John Cogley, founder of *Today* magazine and a former editor of *Commonweal*; Ed Marciniak, founder of *Work*; John Cort, a labor authority, and Ade Bethune, whose influence in modern religious art has been very great. Peter believed in the cross-pollination of ideas, and the Worker has been close to all kinds of movements; among others, Friendship House, the YCW, the Grail, the Catholic Interracial Councils, the Liturgical movement, and the revival in liturgical art.

This activity, this long and fruitful life, would not have been possible, Arthur Sheehan believes, without a deeply contemplative spirit. He says at the outset:

"Many who heard him will recall his booming voice and heavy Languedocian accent. For some it was an obstacle to understanding, but all will be surprised to hear him called a man of silence. He came from the silent mountains of southern France. He worked with a religious institute which uses silence in its teaching method . . . Many years later in the Catholic Worker movement, there would always be an emphasis on retreats in silence and a special love for Benedictine and Trappist ways.

"Out of this long silence came wisdom, and for several decades Peter gave abundantly of his largesse. Then he ceased speaking, passing his last years of life in another deep silence that seemed to symbolize so much of his life."

LOVE OR CONSTRAINT by Marc Orlason, D.D., M.D. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons, 12 Barclay Street, New York 8, N. Y. (Price: \$3.75) Reviewed by John Thompson, M.D.

This is a book which only a juggler of consummate artistry would have dared to write for it throws up one after the other the fire-brands of education, psychoanalysis and Catholic tradition in the field of education with such ease and dexterity that although there are moments when the reader will catch his breath in fear that one of the brands will be missed or caught at the burning end as it descends to the author's hands, not once throughout the book does the juggler fall. It is an amazing feat about which it is difficult to write in moderate terms. In short, the book can be unhesitatingly recommended to a Catholic reader.

The author, a psychiatrist of note and also a priest of charity, has produced a unique book deserving to be read and meditated

REVIEWS

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upon by all who are interested in the role of parent and teacher in so far as it fosters or hinders the child's emotional growth and, what is more significant, in so far as such growth will kindle or extinguish nascent faith. For it is the author's concern to point out that anyone dealing with a Catholic child assumes a dual responsibility; namely, he must, in so far as he is able, guide the child toward a maximum degree of natural health and also toward a maximum degree of spiritual strength. The paths leading to these two goals form the woof and the web of life and Father Oraison's book will be invaluable to anyone hoping to lead the child lovingly along these two interwoven paths avoiding the blind-alley of constraint which are the essence of despair.

The content of the book is a thumb-nail sketch of the currently accepted principles underlying psychic and emotional development and also an indication of the application of these principles to the teaching of a Catholic child. With reference to the principles, the author has nothing new or original to say but what he does say is said with remarkable clarity. With reference to the application of those principles, Father Oraison displays much that is original, tempered and insightful. Nevertheless, with all its fine attributes the book runs a risk of falling between two stools: on the professional stool, the psychologist or psychiatrist may find it overly simplified; on the non-professional stool, the parent or teacher may find it bewildering. To avoid both of these unfortunate possibilities and to insure the best use of this valuable book, it could be used as the basis for discussion in a group of Catholic educators and trained psychiatrists. It would be surely a loss to Catholic educators if this book failed to be utilized in the most effective possible manner.

To demonstrate the book's merit, it would be possible to quote from virtually any page. The following quotations are typical ones. In the course of a discussion of "sin," Father Oraison states:

"The concept of 'sin,' in fact, is not precisely a moral concept but a religious one. That is to say that sin does not mean 'an act which is not in conformity with the law,' but rather a disturbance of the relationship between the person who commits it and some other person. In other words, and to take a precise definition to its extreme limit, we would say that 'sin' is not the equivalent of 'misconduct.' In misconduct we see a breach of the principles, or a lack of 'Good' abstractly conceived as an idea. In 'sin' the same act takes on a completely different dimension; the 'Good' is in fact recognized as Someone, in other words, not as an idea but as a living Person with whom a dialogue of love is taking place."

With reference to the sexual act, the following quotation seems to this reviewer to contain a warning which those dealing with Catholics, whether children or adults, will disregard at their peril:

"Furthermore, this sexual fulfillment ought to be conceived as something that has every reason and right to be good and desirable. The young subject should have a clear, free, orderly and objectively exact conception of all that it means. In other words, he should have all the elements of emotional maturity and theoretical knowledge that will enable him to make, actually and existentially, this necessary synthesis."

"What is one to think, then, of a so-called Christian education that leaves the child, the adolescent and finally the young man in ignorance and incomprehension of what takes

place in him and of the meaning, human and spiritual, of his growth? Or which through an unhealthy shame allows him to pick up incoherent information for himself from the most dubious sources? Or when any allusion to this immense problem is made in veiled, confused and vague terms and then only under the aspect of mortal sin? Or which allows the young person to understand—not by definite statement—that this sin is indeed the only sin, the most important and the most serious, an idea that is theologically false if reference be made, among others, to St. Thomas? It seems to us that we should think of such 'education' as neither human nor Christian, that is all. Yet despite the progress made by modern psychology, despite the frequent reminders of the hierarchy of the Church, is this scandalous method of miseducation still so very rare? Even more perhaps than in other domains of life, dread and ignorance are anti-educational forces in the matter of sexuality. The spiritual and psychological danger is grave, and it cannot be too often repeated that, paradoxically and all too frequently, such ignorance ends in a veritable pansexualism. The subject thus unarmed is in danger of living now in a hypertrophic and quasi-obsessional preoccupation with his sexuality that prevents him from approaching a true spiritual synthesis."

Regretably there is one phrase in the book which strikes such a discord as nearly to wreck the remaining harmony and it is devoutly to be wished that in future editions, this phrase will be eliminated. The malignant phrase appears on page 124 where, criticizing the fact that all too often Christianity is confused with morality, the author goes on to say that this confusion "goes so far as to be comparable to the minutiae laid down by the rabbis regarding work on the Sabbath." Surely it is unnecessary as well as invidious for a Christian to draw from the practices of another great religion the example of the utmost in confusion. Without much difficulty within his own precincts, the Christian can find sufficiently shocking examples without intruding as an uninvited critic into a domain where his ignorance may prove to be his own worst enemy. "—cast out first the beam out of thy own eye; and then shall thou see to cast out the mote of thy brother's eye."

Final tribute should be paid to the translator who has rendered the original French into simple English idiom—a feat not be accomplished without patient labour. If now LOVE or CONSTRAINT will be read by many with no less patience and labour, Father Oraison's book and Una Morissy's translation of it will be seeds to bear good fruit.

MEDIEVAL POOR LAW: a Sketch of Canonical Theory and Its Application in England. By Brian Tierney. University of California Press, Berkeley and Los Angeles, 1959. 169 pp. Reviewed by Edward Morin.

If anyone thinks medieval scholarship is invariably tiring and out of context with modern life, he should refresh his imagination with Brian Tierney's challenging investigation of medieval charity. Unusually readable and even humorous in spots, the survey covers a time in Christian history before words like "poverty," "Charity," and "hospitality" took on insipid connotations. Writings of the Fathers, Gratian's highly influential Decretum (1140 A.D.) and the many interpretations and episcopal decrees which followed comprise the framework of counsel and law for a poor relief system which

could meet needs and uphold the dignity of the poor.

The "administration" problems of the period are timeless and seem essentially the same problems known to the Elizabethan, the Victorian, and even the modern era. When funds are limited who is most deserving? What conditions give someone the right to ask help from individuals or from institutions? How is migrant labor and heavy unemployment to be kept from exhausting funds available for the poor? These problems were discussed and various solutions provided long before the Elizabethan Poor Laws in 1601. The author of *Medieval Poor Law* shows that public assistance theory has developed in a continuous line from the time the Church became a major influence on European society.

Any period has its own frame of mind. Poverty was thought of as a positive good when those born in poverty endured it for the love of God or when someone gave up possessions to follow Christ. These two kinds of "voluntary poverty" were distinguished sharply from necessary or involuntary poverty: "the voracity of cupidity" which makes man destitute of material goods and spiritual hope. The saints and Church Fathers, who



can truly be said to have set the pattern in medieval thinking toward charity, were so keenly aware of the spiritual dangers of extreme want that they even challenged the Christian's right to private property. St. Clement of Jerusalem is attributed with the statement:

"The common life, brethren, is necessary for all and especially for those who desire to serve God blamelessly and who wish to imitate the life of the Apostles and their disciples. The use of all things that are in the world ought to be common to all men. But through sin one man claimed this as his own and another that, and so division was made among men..."

He then describes the practice of the Apostles, adding his own exhortation: "There was no one among us in need. But all who owned houses or fields sold them and brought the proceeds with anything else they had and laid them at the feet of the Apostles... and they were divided among individuals according to their need... Wherefore we command you to take note of these things, and to obey the doctrines and examples of the Apostles."

But since all men seem by nature to be capitalists, an Ambrose had to rebuke the faithful with such exhorting words as: "But

DUST

by James Milord

Such a horrid fetish:
To earn
And earn
And earn...
Even while the seasons change
And hearts burn
To learn
The secrets
Of the night.
This is the coddled creed;
The solemn fealty
To goods
And reality,
To Finance
And monied might.
Such sad reading
The tombs
Of white—
(Here lie the
Earning bones,
The eyeless shells
Of Squiredom)
But who has Power now
In this
New Kingdom?

you say, 'Where is the injustice if I diligently look after my own property without interfering with other people's?' O impudent words! Your own property you say. What? From what stores did you bring it into this world? When you came into the light, when you came forth from your mother's womb, with what resources, with what reserves did you come endowed? No one may call his own what is common, of which, if man takes more than he needs, it is obtained by violence... Who is more unjust, more avaricious, more greedy than a man who takes the food of the multitude not for his use but for his abundance and luxuries?... The bread that you hold back belongs to the needy, the clothes that you shut away belong to the naked, the money that you bury in the ground is the price of redeeming and freeing the wretched."

These texts as they came down through Gratian's Decretum posed an issue of perogatives. Is private property legitimate for a Christian? and if so, how is the communitarian ideal of Apostolic charity fulfilled? The answer of prominent canonists Huggucio and Joannes Teutonicus was that while men may call property and use it as their own, they have an obligation under the New Law to practice charity. In time the principle carried legal sanction.

The duty to give hospitality (*tenere hospitalitatem*) and alms fell on parishes especially and on laymen. Laymen tithed and beyond this were expected to give hospitality and alms according to their means.

The money put at the disposal of parishes was designated by canon law for the support of the priest and his parents when necessary, for church building and maintenance, and for care of the poor. The "fourth part" or $\frac{1}{4}$ was interpreted liberally according to what was left after other necessary expenses, but an obligation to administer direct relief of poverty was mandatory. The poor, who had special privileges in church courts, were able sometimes to have judgments brought against parish priests for refusing alms or hospitality.

The course of centuries brought changes. Monasteries gained control of some parish revenues and, of course, dispensed charity in their own way; it was generally felt that giving hospitality to a class of people consisting mainly of travelers and vagrants was indiscriminate and less satisfactory than charity practiced on the parish level. In some parishes assessed by far away monasteries, alms for the needy of the parish were altogether lacking. Absenteeism siphoned off funds which rightfully belonged to the poor: a parson in retirement, at a university, or in a parish could take the revenue of

a parish he did not reside in and pay a subsistence salary to a vicar who administered to the parson's flock.

Popes and canonists were concerned about providing the priest actually living in a parish with income sufficient to meet the needs of the poor. The right of parish priests to provide for themselves and the poor without hindrance was upheld by rulings in local church courts and finally by the Third and Fourth Lateran Councils (1179 and 1215 A.D.).

A good deal of speculation has gone into deciding just how closely the practice of charity corresponded with legislation and theory which, to say the least, is edifying. Joannes Teutonicus set down a principle which was often applied afterwards: "In case of doubt, it is better to do too much for the poor than to do nothing at all." Abbot Gasquet, writing in 1906, took the cheery view that monasteries and parishes invariably provided all the needs of the poor. Ashley and the socialist Webbs said poor relief in the Middle Ages was negligible and wholly inadequate. Coulton cites many abuses.

Brian Tierney has surpassed much of modern commentary on medieval charity by substituting careful study of records for biased speculation. He carries the work of E. L. Cutts another step forward in appraising the *Taxatio Nicolai IV*, which estimated incomes in over 8,000 English parishes in 1291 for proposed taxation.

According to living costs of the period, a priest could meet his needs comfortably on five pounds a year. Many clergymen were sons of farmers and skilled craftsmen; they worked and frequently augmented their incomes by five pounds more per annum. The *Taxatio* shows that prebends alone of priests resident in parishes averaged near £10 real income annually. Weighing several other factors, Brian Tierney estimates that over half the income of many priests was available for the charitable work prescribed by canon law. He gives strong reason to believe that abuses were not as widespread as Coulton imagines; "taken in all," he says, "the poor were better looked after in England in the thirteenth century than in any subsequent century until the present one. The only reservation we need make is that perhaps that is not saying much."

During the later Middle Ages two great changes in European society affected the administration of parochial charity. First, the growth of cities attracted bondmen who, without the soil to provide minimum sustenance in time of need, were victims of starvation in the new urban labor market. Second, poverty became more crucial

(Continued on page 7)

STORY OF THE SIOUX

In the days before the Washichu (white man) had crossed the Mississippi, the Lakota Sioux were a prosperous, happy people. Their hunting grounds extended from Minnesota and Wisconsin in the east, to the Rocky Mountains in the West, above the Canadian border on the north and as far south as southern Nebraska — an area of more than one-third the size of the present United States. They occupied this beautiful land with their friends the Cheyenne and the Arapahoe (Blue Sky People).

To a nation of seventy-five thousand or more, it was paradise. Their children were healthy and fat, their ponies were numerous and strong, and their fighting men were respected by all. They were without doubt among the finest horsemen in the world. They did not require money. They had all they could eat, and the game supplied them as well with clothing and housing. They believed in a Divine Being and were basically religious. They were THE people whom the Great Spirit had put upon the earth to enjoy its fruits. Contrary to what the white man has been taught, the wars they waged were trivial affairs of the shortest duration.

Some years before the Civil War, Wisconsin and Minnesota began to fill up with white settlers pushing their way into Indian country.

falo under the protection of the troops. In 1875, General G. A. Custer discovered gold in the Black Hills of South Dakota. His expedition there was a strict violation of all Indian treaties. The Black Hills were the heart of the game country and had been the sacred burial grounds of the ancestors of the Lakota beyond the memory of the oldest man. The Indians had known gold was there, but they had no use for it, and they would not sell their cemeteries.

After the discovery of gold, the Government insisted that the Lakota give up their old way of life entirely, give up the Black Hills and nine-tenths of their entire landholdings and settle on the least desirable part of it. On reservations, which were only a kind of concentration camp, they would be fed, schooled, housed "for as long as the sun shone and the waters ran." This was the beginning of the vicious stole system.

Chief Red Cloud at that time was growing old. He realized that the white man was too greedy and numerous for his people to fight successfully. He had accepted Christianity and was advised by the missionaries to tell his people to give up their old way of life. So he did, with far-reaching results.

"Peace Comes to the Lakota. He could not, however, control

eight in number. These were all given up. But in one instance, a scuffle ensued. It was just a scuffle. But a shot was fired, nobody ever knew by whom. It was enough. From the hills around the camp, the soldiers of the Seventh, remembering Custer, opened their cannon and their Hotchkiss guns upon the unarmed people below. Over two hundred men, women, children and babies were shot or bayoneted. Some of them were hunted down for two or three miles. All they had wanted was something to eat.

Wounded Knee Today

Wounded Knee today has a church and a store and several little homes. There is also a long trench six feet wide, six feet deep and thirty feet long, which was filled with the frozen bodies of the dying Big Foot's people. This was the last attempt of the Lakota to save their freedom and their dignity.

Today the average income of the average Indian adult on the Sioux Reservation of Pine Ridge is less than \$700.00 a year. In general, they have large families. There is little opportunity to earn a living other than by leasing land for grazing purposes. It is very poor land, will not yield crops enough to feed a family, and has very little water. Few Indians have enough money to dig an artesian well. The winters

Month of the Dead

(Continued from Page 1)

crowded in slums? Let them practice birth control—it is now legal in New York which has a Catholic Mayor and Catholic borough president to give out birth control information to all who ask, in city hospitals and clinics. In Japan under our complacent acceptance, they have abortion clinics. Remedies are on the side of death. And what deathly remedies are offered? Let them stay in Puerto Rico. Send them back to their shacks where they can starve more comfortably in tropical surroundings, while the rich steal their land for sugar and missile bases.

Missile bases. We always seem to get back to missile bases which are now ringing the world, and that brings us back to Ammon Hennacy who is serving his six months in Sandstone for trespassing and distributing *The Catholic Worker* paper to the workers there. (See the last issue of the *Catholic Worker*.) He was bringing them the good news of the one-man revolution. He is one of those who see our life as a grand opportunity to fight a battle for truth and justice, for life and peace. "Greater love no man hath, that he lay down his life for his friends," and Ammon is giving his liberty, which to Americans is equal to life, or so they say, for his brothers. He is giving up his life and having it. It is a paradox of Christianity that what you give up you retain, and out in Sandstone Federal Correctional Institution, Ammon is working out his sentence helping set up a school for the prisoners, many of whom are his beloved Indians. Art Harvey, his companion, has charge of the library which has been transferred from another prison. They are both living fully. They are exercising their faculties for this life and the life of the world to come.

The Womb of This Life

I am writing this column about death and life, because it is the month of November, which in the Church is the month we commemorate the dead. All Saints day is on November first, (Hallowe'en is the holy eve of the day which commemorates all those great ones who have gone before, who most nearly resembled Jesus Christ in their lives.) All Souls day is for the rank and file who have gone before us, the "dear departed" as the Irish say. Yes, this is all very true and real to the "faithful" to those who grow in faith by the constant exercise of it. Greater than faith is charity, caritas, love. Without this wedding garment of love we cannot enter into the next world. Hope goes together with faith and charity.

Fr. Guerin of the Marists on Staten Island gave us a series of conferences one winter, and in one of them, dealing with death, he said that this life is like life in the womb. If the child in the womb asked if it wished to be born, it would say "No, I am quite comfortable where I am." And if it had control it would not bother to grow those organs which fit it for life in the world. Lungs to breathe with, legs to walk with, the life of the exterior senses.

And it is the same in this world. We are all holding fast to this life, no matter how bad it is, it is the only life we know and we keep deluding ourselves that if we had this or that, if we had the love we craved, the material means to develop our talents, we would be happy. I called my last book, "The Long Loneliness," recently published in the Image edition for 45 cents, because I tried to point out with St. Augustine, that no

matter how crowded life was with activity and joy, family and work, the human heart was never satisfied until it rested in God, the absolute Good, absolute Beauty, absolute Love.

Those conferences were very stimulating, and I thought of C. S. Lewis's statement that unless the egg develops, unless it hatches and grows wings and flies, it becomes a rotten egg. A homely and startling thought.

I thought too, of those sad lines of Francis Thompson, *Life is a coquetry of death / which wears me / too sure of the amour. A firing room where I / death's divers garments try / till it some fashion sit. / It seemeth me too much / I do rehearse for such / A mean and single scene.* I quote from memory, and am not sure even of my divisions of the lines.

Yes, death confronts us all. And life is precious, this practice ground where we are given such opportunity to use what talents we have, what resources of mind and body, to so order the present that the future will be different and try to make this world, as Peter Mauria said, a place where it is easier to be good.

Ammon is doing it, in prison, and calling attention to these truths where he is, that a man is responsible, that there can be a successful one-man revolution, that regardless of what "they" are doing or neglecting each one of us can work now.

Castro and Pierre

This month a friend talked of my joining with Abbe Pierre and Fidel Castro in the beginnings of a mighty league to fight hunger in the world. In spite of the respect in which I hold these men, I had to decline, since I could not look upon the State as an aid, as in the case of Abbe Pierre, nor could I look upon armed revolution as an aid, as in the case of Fidel Castro. The message of *The Catholic Worker* is that simple one for all the rank and file, for the masses, that we have free will, we can make our choice, that our personal responsibility which we exercise is what matters. Ammon in his non-payment of taxes for war, and his civil disobedience is bringing that message to countless thousands of people. Judith Gregory is at present in Tennessee, working for a while with Highland Folk School which is fighting injustice and malice and evil on the interracial front. Our friend Horvath, of Hungarian descent, a worker and a bricklayer, is working on the problem of poverty and homelessness in Harlem and using the co-operative approach. The rest of us here at St. Joseph's Loft and in our apartments, are using the works of mercy approach to the problems of our brother. Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless, visit the sick, visit the prisoner, bury the dead. And in that we do this for those who are least regarded by the world as worthy, we are doing it for Jesus himself, our brother, our friend and our lover.

Life, Grace, Love. Beautiful words to dwell on these fall days.

I have written this after reading St. Paul's epistle to the Ephesians, which is all about the Body of Christ, of which we are all members or potential members. We are one flesh, one family, one brotherhood. And God is our Father, giving us what we ask, bread, not a stone, life, not death, freely, with love, not because we deserve it. He will save us, in spite of ourselves! Because Christ has once for all, overcome Death, the enemy.

"How rich God is in mercy, with what an excess of love He loves us!"



These newcomers did not think it necessary to buy land. They simply took it. They frightened the game. They outraged the Lakota with whom they came in contact. The young American republic finally prevailed upon the Lakota to give up their lands in Minnesota and Wisconsin, with all their beautiful lakes and rivers and old, old legends and move westward onto the prairies. A treaty provided they would not be molested there.

But it was not long before the settlers began to cross the plains on their way to Oregon. The Government demanded free access for them over a road through the heart of the best Lakota country. A tentative agreement was made, just before the Civil War, whereby this right was given to those passing through, provided they did not settle along the way. Many settlers, however, broke the treaty. Again friction arose, and the Government built forts along the road for its soldiers. The Lakota objected violently, and warfare started in 1865 and continued till 1876.

Red Cloud Gains Fame

At this time a young Oglala Sioux chief named Red Cloud was famous for his victories in defense of his country. His people were fighting for their last great hunting grounds. Their freedom and their way of life were at stake. In engagement after engagement, the soldiers were defeated by the Sioux. Under such pressure, even some of the forts had to be evacuated.

The Government, knowing that the Indians depended almost entirely on the buffalo for food, clothing and shelter, encouraged contracting crews of white hunters and skinners to slaughter the buf-

patriots such as Crazy Horse, Galt and Sitting Bull, who were much younger and who preferred to fight and die rather than give in to a life which they detested. They exterminated Custer, they defeated Crook, and they did not surrender until the loss of the buffalo herds drove them starving into the reservations. There both Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull were carefully liquidated. And so "peace" came at last to the Lakota people in Pine Ridge, South Dakota, 1887.

Three years passed quickly enough. Then, late one December, the dole of food which the Government had promised to send did not arrive. Unscrupulous people with Government contracts also substituted cotton blankets for wool, contrary to treaty regulations. The Sioux starved and froze. Though they had been forced to give up all their arms with the exception of a few ancient guns, some of them decided to go to the Bad Lands to get food. They started out in a temperature of ten degrees below zero.

Immediately the news was flashed that the Indians were on the warpath. Troops marched from all directions to force them back to the reservation. Near Wounded Knee, South Dakota, a large band were caught by the Seventh Cavalry—the famous Seventh that had been wiped out in the Custer battle. The Indians were ordered back to the reservation some twenty-five miles away. Their old chief Big Foot, who was dying of pneumonia, consented, provided his people got something to eat. The troops agreed for the following morning.

At sunrise the next day, the soldiers entered the tepees and demanded the few remaining guns,

are long and often very bitter. The snow sometimes comes early in November and may last until May. Most of the people live in one-room log cabins, often with earth floors and rusty old stoves. They are still hungry.

In 1888, a small mission school was erected near Pine Ridge close to the home of Red Cloud. There, white missionaries from Germany dedicated their lives to teaching these bewildered people. At the time of the Wounded Knee Massacre, the little school took care of over sixty-five wounded Indians. Not one shot was fired or act of violence done against the few missionaries living there. Red Cloud had announced that he would himself kill any Indian who harmed the mission. When he died, he was buried beside the school which had been founded for his people.

Formerly the Government used to contribute to the support of each child at the school. But last year (1956-57), of the 530 Indian boys and girls here, grades through high school, only 145 were considered eligible for this assistance. The rest, for the most part, were taken by the school on charity. Yet it is a fact that if you add together all the seats in all the classrooms in all the schools on the reservation, there would still not be enough rooms to receive all the children who should be in school. The school must keep on, if it is to try to undo some of the injustice, some of the terrible injury done to these people.

Our purpose in bringing this to your attention is give you a look at a page of our history. We can never be proud of it. Is there not a spark of justice in us willing to

(Continued on page 7)

BOOK REVIEWS

(Continued from page 5)

after the Black Death in 1349, which left the parish clergy depleted and impoverished. Poor relief was inadequate in the face of wholesale vagrancy and starvation. Parishes, monasteries, and hospitals (originally "houses of hospitality") felt the need to discourage vagrancy by giving first to residents and refusing non-residents when means were limited. The "residency requirements" of Elizabethan poor relief and modern welfare assistance had precedent in this earlier period when social mobility seriously threatened the poor.

Meanwhile, canonical legislation and ecclesiastical policy had fossilized with the advent of new problems. Arguments which had been settled centuries ago, such as whether it is better to give one's limited means to his heretic father or to a believing stranger, were resurrected in compendious glosses containing all the old opinions, repetitious paraphrases, and the traditional solutions.

Tudor poor law cannot be called a reenactment of canonistic theory; the process of transition was a matter of substituting secular coercion for ecclesiastical coercion. The greatest problem from the fourteenth century to the present has been that of discouraging vagrancy by discriminate almsgiving. This practice was justified in theory from the earliest medieval times. A system of poor relief in the early and high Middle Ages saw charity as a duty toward those closest to oneself first of all, and

then to others, spreading as it were in concentric circles until means were exhausted. The Middle Ages believed that when means were available there was to be no discrimination and no embarrassment to either the giver or recipient. In every case it was thought better to do too much than not enough, and the highest motive—seeing Christ in the poor—was conscientiously put to work in voluntary poor relief. While the capitalist ideal of accumulation was replacing the Christian ideal of poverty, Tudor poor laws set charity on the way to becoming a political thing. These laws, settling on the objectives of providing the poor with minimum sustenance and discouraging vagrancy, continued an earlier Christian precedent, but the spiritual motive force was gradually lost. In this sense there is continuous development from the time of Gratian down to the present day.

The decay of medieval poor relief provides two rather negative lessons. Brian Tierney draws them from the material of his book: "The first is that no system of poor law, however well drafted, can achieve good results if administrative policies rub against the grain of the law, against its spirit and intention; the second is that a theory of poor relief, to be effective, must be flexible, not fossilized, continuously adapted in its practical applications to changes in the social and economic environment within which it operates. Such lessons are as relevant for the twentieth century as for the fifteenth."

Two Letters

(Continued from page 3)

for a while I won't be able to afford any more. Terry is working at the Post Office, panhandling when he can, and taking care of the house. He's really overworked. Things do keep going though. He's writing on "Oak Street" column now and I hope it's acceptable and in time for publication in October.

When is the October deadline for the CW? There are several reasons I want to know. For Terry. For an article that went to Commonwealth on Gordon Zahn's research in Germany. And for a review of an excellent book I picked up in the Public Library. I'd like to write a review and I think I could have it to you in 10 days: *Medieval Poor Laws*, by Brian Tierney, U. of California Press, 1959. I've read it and if you could get a review copy I'd appreciate it. You'll want one yourself, too, I think. It's well-documented and readable discussion on theory and practice of poor relief from St. Ambrose to the 16th Century. It's given me a much better picture than I had before of what Peter Maurin was driving at.

The article Bill Pieper and I wrote for Commonwealth—"A Study on Nationalistic Journalism"—may come back; you'll have it if it does.

Terry and I have two gripes to register: first, we didn't get our bundle of 200 CW's for September. Please send 100 now and 200 October issue when they're ready. Second, notices of our Sunday discussions are not being printed. This time we have:—

"St. Jerome"—October 11 (Ed Morin).

"Georges Bernanos"—October 25 (Terry Sullivan).

"St. Cyprian"—November 8 (to be announced).

4:00 P.M., followed by supper at 6:00; 164 W. Oak Street, Chicago, WH 4-5825.

Thanks, and God bless you all.

Cordially,

Ed Morin.

Letter From Father Bede Griffiths

Sept. 2nd, 1959

Kurumula Ashram
Fairfield P.O.
Peermade, Kerala,
India

Thank you very much for sending me *The Catholic Worker*, which I always enjoy. Please note that my address is now as above.

Yours very sincerely,
Bede Griffiths, O.S.B.

Story of the Sioux

(Continued from page 6)

help right the wrongs of our race to these people?

Chief Red Cloud Memorial Fund
The school has started a Chief Red Cloud Memorial Fund. Its aim is to receive contributions of small sums of money from many people. It is our purpose to try to make up a deficit of about \$90,000.00 a year, which is necessary to continue the school. This amount represents food and lodging only, not education.

It is true that many of us are not responsible for the terrible conditions of these people. It may be true that your ancestors had no hand in robbing them of their lands and their rights. The fact remains that our race is responsible for robbing the Indian from the Atlantic to the Pacific, for never having kept a treaty, for atrocities as savage as anything in recorded history. The Indians were created by the same God who created us. How can we be proud of our history if we do not make some effort, however slight, to right the black injustices done these people? They have been misrepresented and belittled in the motion pictures. They have been humiliated and cheated in our land of democracy and abundance. Yet they remain a proud race of original Americans, whose only crime was to defend their land, their families and their lives against a foreign invader. For these children of God we plead.

We ask one dollar of you and a promise to try to enlist the inter-

Visit to Ammon

(Continued from page 2)

Ammon a few minutes. We were all surprised to see each other.

David had brought his father and two men up for a visit at a cabin north of Sandstone that day. He offered me a ride back down to Belle Plaine, so I accepted gladly. The Gale home is outside of Carver, Minnesota, about 10 miles from Belle Plaine, so instead of going there all in one day, we drove to the Gale home where I stayed overnight, having a lovely visit with Mr. and Mrs. Gale, too. David's father is a retired Presbyterian minister; his mother is active in Protestant camps. David wanted to meet Father Casey, so we drove over Monday morning to St. John's, but Father was out visiting parishioners in Hutchinson, his former parish. David hopes to drive up with Father Casey sometime in November.

They left and I stayed to wait for Father Casey. His mother, Mrs. Casey, was there, and her two daughters, Mrs. Powell and Irene and families and daughter-in-law Betty and children. Mrs. Casey had fallen about a week before and this was her first day downstairs. She is still very sore, but making a remarkable recovery. We all had quite a talk about the CW—quite lively, since they like you and Ammon but were not happy about all of your activities.

Father Casey returned, and we had a good talk, followed by a spaghetti dinner with all the family. Father played the piano for us too—beautifully. He looks very well and seems very enthusiastic about his parish and also the mission church, Assumption, that he has near by. He had just had a Day of Recollection Sunday including Cana Conference which he hopes to have more of. A teen-age youth group was expected to meet next Monday night. Although it snowed so heavily and beautifully that he didn't know how many would come.

We also had Catholic Worker bread (superb!) and honey and CW coffee and home-made ice-cream.

His family left about 4:00, so he and his mother are alone again, though the sisters are close by, comparatively.

Father is most enthusiastic about a new book he just got—"The Phenomena of Man" by Father Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. He said that Chesterton's "The Everlasting Man" is similar on a more beginning level.

Father will visit Ammon in the next week or so and confirm the news I've written in such a rambling manner.

Ammon also mentioned Old Man Marcourt and said there is an Indian in jail from Cheyenne, South Dakota, whose father was in jail during the 2nd World War for non-registering.

The main news is that Ammon will be out of jail January 26th—a few days before, since he and Arthur are working overtime. He would get train fare to N. Y. but is rejecting it in order to go on his trip around the country to 35 states. This trip should take several months but Ammon will return from it whenever the air raid drill is called, to engage in more civil disobedience.

Janet Burwash

est of three of your friends in this school. Please ask others to help! This is an accredited school where the children of the original Americans are being educated, fed, housed and trained to be useful citizens. If you are interested, please send a contribution with the promise to enlist three more persons in the project. Checks should be made out to Lawrence Edwards, S.J., superior of the school.

Red Cloud Memorial Fund
Lawrence Edwards, S.J.
Pine Ridge, South Dakota

Cooperatives

(Continued from page 2)

uses a kind of quite practical economics that is possible now, in our own society, within the democratic liberty our training gives us.

In fact, one of my fears is that by the time enough people know its powerful use, the political freedom for its application will be much hindered. Our centralized kind of authority has a tendency to will its own edicts of improvement and however good the intentions are, the top-down command neglects the participation of the citizen in an alert fashion.

Public housing is perhaps one example. Surely it does much needed good. But, if there were a better way of conducting this business, then it would be by the competition to warn it to even better efforts. The co-op ownership of

commercial dealings to buy food, housing, clothing, pay for the profits of others. That even the poor in fact tax themselves almost full measure to carry on in normal ways the businesses of everyone else. What the consumer co-op system does is to set up a competitive system and makes capitalists of customers so they can sell to themselves, and buy all kinds of civilized services, at the lowest cost. Not only that, but it educated consumers so it will not be easy to mistakenly purchase wasteful goods or to place ones limited income into the hands of rascals.

Socialists tend to believe that the State can become a more moral and generous capitalist, but what they do not correct is the same order of doing business with often the same monopoly and centralized power, as our worst tendencies now have. Then also, they have not really found a way to bring the people into such a democratic participation that they can cause a change of a seriously bad practice. This points to but a few fears I have. The co-operative kind of economics, and its philosophy fears State Power as much as capitalists exploiting others, as unequal to the tasks of a modern industrial society. Our old kind of private capitalist business had one grand belief that the competition of all on a free market with many sellers and many buyers, would in the end, bring to the customer, the best goods at the lowest cost. This is no longer true of many important items we consume. We have monopoly, or subtle arrangements for fixing prices. How does one contest this? Direct political action is only partially successful. Also, in the hands of enthusiastic but poor economists it is dangerous.

But I tell you dear friend, the worst crime is that when it is not profitable to do business the people who need a service but can not fully pay for it at the going price, are placed in a kind of isolated ward of purposeful inattention. The cause that can bring about a change in housing for the poor is a system of organization that in a very direct and simple way, makes it profitable for someone to house them well. If this can be ordinary business because it has cleared out the old rot, well and good. But if this cannot be quick enough or never, then I do believe most sincerely that the Rochdale kind of Co-operative economics, its real democracy, will do the task. But who will examine these possibilities? Now, in a small way, perhaps we can tell others enough of the basic facts about co-ops so they can, and a few may, use it for further sharpening of ability to adopt the right technique. The professional people who work for commerce often lack the motive to long study this but the poor and the intelligent can have the understanding of heart and the compassion to seek this power to bring about a higher morality in our commerce.

Enough said.

William Herrath

I GIVE THANKS FOR:

by John Fandel

Morning, stars I see
In country dark, the sea,
Sun, wind, sky,
Shapes of the moon, high
High hawks, earth,
Seeds, seasons of birth,
Death, breath, mist,
Rocks, brooks which twist,
Meadows, rivers, rain,
Moss, vines, grain,
The divine providence
In sanctities of sense,
And every similar thing
Not in this reckoning,
Sorrow and delight,
Sleep, waking, night.



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

Jonas came in this morning with fresh ground peanut butter and a can of honey for the Hughes children's school lunches. Also some liverwurst which he gets for thirty cents a pound, unsliced. He is good about small errands picking up this and that, like a funnel and a piece of Syrian pastry.

I gave him a copy of the paper bound volume of *The Long Loneliness* (85c) with an inscription of gratitude for all the little things he does in the Catholic Worker movement, his Friday night brewings of sassafras tea, his trips to and from the island, his bringing to us old customs from Lithuania, his homeland, such as the unleavened bread each year stamped like a Christmas card for Christmas eve, a reminder of fasting, and a rejoicing too.

He began telling me how he had taken my book from the library when it first came out, and many of his friends read it. One of them, a man from the old country, was much interested in all the work. Jonas said he built an oven which would sleep four people, one on each side, one in the back and one on top! It made me think of those marvellous movies about Maxim Gorki, University of Life, which I saw years ago at the Academy of Music in New York, when they used to show foreign films there. Now we have to go to an old broken down theater on the far east side, near Avenue D, The American Theater, strangely enough, where they show foreign films Thursday and Friday.

I begged Jonas to find his friend and bring him down to construct such an oven for us at one of the beach cottages. We could heat it with drift wood and when a family showed up, the children could sleep warm and snug around the oven. It kept a four-room bungalow warm on Long Island, Jonas said. If his friend does not show up, perhaps some other reader of our paper knows how to build such a stove, and if we begin with that, we'd like an outdoor bake oven such as they have on Pennsylvania Dutch farms also.

To Tamar

Sudden illness in the family meant a week end visit to Tamar this month, and I had the joy of being with the children and also the joy of her swift recovery. There are two very good young doctors in nearby Cavendish, who on two occasions have come in their jeeps in the night, to take a patient to the hospital, who cover a wide mountain region and run a medical center. There is a hospital in Springfield where many of the local women work, so when Tamar had to be there for a few days, she had the comfort of visits from neighbors, and also the knowledge that one of her neighbors had gone to the house to do the laundry and bake a batch of bread and cakes. One is apt to remember silent Calvin Coolidge and to form a picture of Vermonters from him but they are sociable, friendly, even voluble and keenly interested in the real life around them. No wonder that so many New Yorkers move up there and are willing to endure the uncertainties of poor wages, lack of jobs, for the joys of the keen winters and the short but work-filled summers. Gardens are so full and abundant that I heard one man say he was glad the frost

had come so that work in the garden could be considered finished for the year. Everything grows very well. No one would believe the size of the potatoes that grew in the Hennessy garden. There is plenty in the garden yet, not dug nor stored so the work goes on there still.

There had been too much rain recently to work out without sinking shin-deep into rich soil; but Stanley and Walter his brother, on strike from the Baltimore steel mills, helped get the wood in, wheelbarrow load after load, both in cellar and wood shed. And there still remains wood to bring in before the snows come.

Tamar and I spent our time in tidying up the house and doing a great wash, to be hung out the one day when the sun shone a little. I can see where a dryer is even more essential than a washing machine for a young mother. Becky and Susie do their own washing and ironing and that of Mary and Margaret too. The boys wear flannel shirts and dungarees to school.

Now there is only Martha and Hilaire at home and it is a lesson to us to listen to those sweet, tender and gentle little voices, talking to each other, playing together. Children from two to four are utterly adorable. Martha engaged in one of our theological conversations during lunch. "God made everything," she agreed, even the rain. But why did He make us? That was the problem. "I just don't know," she said. "Because He loves us" I told her. "Yes, He only loves little children," she stated firmly. She finished her lunch to settle down to her favorite book, a collection of Bible stories full of old pictures with much detail. Her favorite picture, I am sorry to say, which she pored over with fascination was the slaughter of the innocents. "Just look at that wicked man chopping off their heads!"

Carthusians

On the way home I stopped off to see Fr. Cosgrove in Chester, Vermont, and later in the year I am speaking at his parish which holds within its boundaries the small Benedictine monastery at Weston, and a former member of a Catholic Worker group. Allan Sheldon, who headed the House of Hospitality at Rutland, and the farm outside of it.

We drove from there to Whitingham near which small village the new foundation of the Carthusians is situated. You go up a country road, climbing steadily, and there to the left is a small farmhouse with a little chapel on one side as you enter, and a small office on the other side. We were greeted by Fr. Boylan, the only Irish Carthusian, who entertained us with tea and little rolls and jelly, and talked to us of the new foundation and the life of the Carthusians. We could look out the window as he spoke, and see the long country road which led down into the woods where the monks have their cells, each one apart from the others. Solitude and silence are the marks of the order but not a day passes that some visitors do not find their way to disturb that solitude even though they are far out of the beaten path. But there is always a guest master to greet the visitor, so that the other monks may keep to their forest cells.

"They talk of the minimum

dosage of this or that vitamin which is needed to keep the body in order," he said, "but what would you say was the minimum dosage of prayer?" And when we did not answer, he said, "Twenty-four hours a day. We must live in a state of prayer, all of us, the layman as well as the monk. We must love the Lord our God with all our hearts, all our souls, all our minds, all our strength, and our neighbor as ourselves."

Carthusians go to bed at seven-thirty every evening, but then rise again at ten-thirty to resume praying until two. They return again for three hours more sleep. This broken sleep is part of their penance. They eat one meal a day, at eleven each morning, and then nothing until the next day at eleven.

"Not even a hot drink in the morning?" we wanted to know. But he assured us, nothing else. "You have a headache for the first six months," he admitted, "but after that you forget about it. You are in the habit of fasting and you do not feel it. The average age of the Carthusian is eighty-five years." (He admires Ammon's fasting.)

They have received about 400 applicants, he said, since they arrived in America from Spain, but only a few have been accepted. The Order arrived here to start a foundation, thanks to the efforts of two priests, Dom Verner Moore, formerly a Benedictine at the Catholic University whose latest book, *Insanity and Sanctity* we have just received for review. (This priest psychiatrist has written many other books.) The other priest was Monsignor Fiorentino who gave us many retreats in the past, both at Easton and at the Newburgh farms.

We spoke of our famous retreat, first given us by Fr. Pacifique Roy and later by Fr. John Hugo, whose *Applied Christianity and Gospel of Peace* are so well known. We neglected to tell Fr. Boylan of Fr. Farina's most serious illness in Pittsburgh but we are telling him now so that he will pray for him and for his retreatants and penitents who loved him so dearly and are so prostrated by his illness. Fr. Farina gave our retreats at St. Anthony's orphanage at Oakmount, Pa. when Fr. Hugo could no longer give them. Both are now pastors of big parishes in Donora and Pittsburgh and most fully occupied in the great building program which is going on all over the country. What strange purification is this, that emphasis is so laid on the building of churches, schools, rectories, convents,—plants in other words, so that now priests do not have time to preach the word of God! On the one hand forebodings of war and the wiping out of cities; on the other hand a mad heaping up of brick and mortar rather than of living stones of the temple of which Christ is the corner stone. Too much attention to the drives for building funds, and too little to the growth in the knowledge and love of God. It's like people always getting ready to live, getting ready to teach, to preach, to providing the place, rather than going as our Lord did, without place to lay his head, communicating the good news, instructing hungry people, people hungry in heart and soul for the knowledge that would make them realize what it is to be a child of God, a son of God.

Fr. Boylan told us that at the Grand Chartreuse, most famous Carthusian foundation, there were 60,000 visitors in one year, to see 20 monks, living in solitude and silence. They solved the problem by having at the gates a model of a cell, chapel and garden, to satisfy the curiosity of the busloads of tourists and visitors who try to

reach their monastery. But to whatever solitude monks go, people of the world, in their hunger for the spiritual, follow after. Not to stay, but to cry out for spiritual food. It is the work of priests in the world, in ordinary parishes, to give it.

(I spoke at communion breakfasts this last month in a parish in Brooklyn, St. Finbar's, and at Pius X at Bethpage Long Island, where Monsignor Scanlon and Fr. Boyd respectively and their assistants are giving the good bread of doctrine to their parishioners.)

Another parish

I must not forget to call attention to the work of another parish group, Our Lady of Peace in Mt. Vernon. They recently sent us a very interesting pamphlet of 82 pages with a letter from Cardinal Tisserant blessing "the purpose that has inspired them to compose this useful manual which, by recounting briefly the history and the characteristics of the Christian communities of the East, will spread among Catholics of the Latin rite a knowledge of their brothers of the Oriental rites, which are numerous in the United States today."

"Due credit for hours, days and weeks of work in the preparation of this pamphlet must be given to those who have contributed their time and abilities so generously," a postscript says. "The tremendous amount of research that goes into a booklet such as this, is to a large measure the effort of Rev. John Slivka, pastor of St. Nicholas of Myra Church in Yonkers. To Brother Aurelian Thomas, F.S.C., of the faculty of Manhattan College, must be given the credit for organizing the research material and last but not least to the volunteers of the staff of our Lady of Peace Library for sacrificing many evenings to the work. All have given out of love of Holy Mother Church."

"The Church of Jesus Christ is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slav, but Catholic; accordingly she makes no difference between her children, and Greeks, Latins and Slavs and members of all other nations are equal in the eyes of the Apostolic See," Pope Benedict XV wrote.

I write enthusiastically because this is the most compact and comprehensive handling of a very difficult subject, and covers even a table of reading references on the Eastern church found in the Catholic Encyclopedia.

I myself am interested in this booklet because of my interest in things Russian. You may obtain copies by writing to Our Lady of Peace Library, Mt. Vernon Council, Knights of Columbus, 128 Stevens Avenue, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

The price is not given on the pamphlet, but if you send a dollar they can send you extra copies if it is too much, and you can give them to those interested.

Anyone interested in peace in the world, should be keenly praying for peace in the Churches, so long separated, and we need to know, in order to love.

The Month

Aside from the one weekend, my month was spent on Staten Island, where I shall stay until the first of the year. Perhaps then I shall start out on my trip to the west coast, but the illness of a dear friend delays me now. I say this because each mail brings in an invitation from the west, to speak to this group or that, and the Catholic Worker family of readers want the editors to visit, and as one Franciscan priest of San Francisco wrote, bring a little clarification of thought. I want to see Fr. Kittelson of Ryegate, Montana again and go with him to see our Hutterite friends. I'd like to get up to the Doukhobors to visit Helen Demoskoff who first wrote to me from jail in Canada. (It was Tolstoi who paid the way of the Doukhobors to Canada from the royalties of his book *Resurrection*.) I want to see my niece in Seattle, and Maryanna Manyon at Mt. Angel, and Brother Antoninus at Oakland.—I could go on for a few more pages.

At the same time I have an engagement, I notice, at the New School of Social Research on February 11, so my trip could not be too long a one. Ammon Hennacy, however, announces from his prison cell at Sandstone, that he will start travelling, on his release in January, and keep going all around the country until time for the next air raid drill on New York and our next demonstration, and our next stay in the prisons of New York.

At the present moment Judith Gregory is helping the Highlander folks in their trial at Monteagle, Tennessee and will write about it in the next issue if she has not landed in jail herself. But Deane is home, working on Spring Street, and Beth and Stanley and Charles Butterworth at the farm and myself at the beach houses. Bob Steed should be writing about his trip to Ft. Detrick where there is a vigil and silent protest against the preparation for germ warfare, and of his day in Washington with Fr. Havda and his visit with the Stancioffs in Maryland. I mentioned it because he is carrying a heavy load in the city, at St. Joseph's Loft on Spring Street, and the actual performance of the works of mercy, means very often there is not much time to write about them.

PETER MAURIN: Gay Believer

By Arthur Sheehan

Foreword by Dorothy Day

\$3.75

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Arthur Sheehan, the author of this appealing biography is an associate editor of "The Catholic Worker" who traveled and worked with Peter Maurin for many years and has based his portrait on extensive research as well as on his own affection and admiration for this outspoken and articulate social crusader.

★★★★★★★★

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