

CATHOLIC WORKER



MRS JOSEPH ZARELLA
425 - 9TH ST
TELL CITY IND

Vol. XV. No. 3

May, 1948

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Reprinted from an earlier issue.

The Curse of Liberalism

I. Three Jews

1. Harold Laski,
An English Jew,
says that Liberals
have endorsed
bourgeois capitalism
in the name of liberalism.
2. Julien Benda,
a French Jew,
says that liberals
have given up
the search for truth
and consented to become
paid propagandists
for nationalism
as well as capitalism
3. Mortimer Adler,
an American Jew,
says that Liberals
are sophists
and not philosophers.

II. Let's Be Liberators

1. The present
would be different
if they had made the past
different.
2. The future
will be different
if we make the present
different.
3. To make the present different
one must give up
old habits
and start to contract
new habits.

(Continued on page 8)

EMMANUEL CHAPMAN

Requiescat in Pace

On Saturday, April 17th, the story of a long fight against hatred and intolerance came to an end with the untimely death of Emmanuel Chapman, the founder of the Committee of Catholics to Fight Anti-Semitism, later the Committee of Catholics for Human Rights. A professor of Philosophy, first at Notre Dame, then at Fordham University, and finally at Hunter College, Dr. Chapman was one of the foremost Thomists in America, and a class-room teacher of unequalled eloquence.

No man was better equipped, from experience and by talent, to break through the dead growth of text-book philosophy and lead the student to the fresh, living, springs of philosophic truth. Many a young man and woman has caught forever the divine fire of philosophy from his inspiring lectures, or "Public Meditations," as he sometimes called his class-room efforts.

The scholastic career of Dr. Chapman began at the University of Chicago, where a brilliant mind was persuaded into a path of consistent scepticism and amorality. From an early age an admirer and acute critic of the Arts, Dr. Chapman was drawn to Europe through an admiration for the work of the sculptor, Maurice Schwarz, whom he met in Paris.

His meeting with Schwarz, a fervent Catholic, brought to a violent head a spiritual crisis of long-standing. So deep had become his acquired scepticism, as he later revealed, he was close to the point of a complete solecism. In a nature so intense, the emptiness of this position lead to a despair which, in a terrible trial in the City of Trieste, almost culminated in suicide.

The seed sown by Schwarz had, however, taken root and returning to Paris Chapman undertook the study of Catholicism. At the same time, through Jacques Maritain, he was introduced to the philosophy of St. Thomas. He eventually received Baptism.

Coming back to America, Dr. Chapman received his degree from Loyola University in Chicago and his Doctorate in Philosophy from the University of Toronto. His Doctorate thesis was published by Sheed and Ward under the title "St. Augustine's Philosophy of Beauty."

The personal philosophy of Chapman, deeply nourished by the wisdom of the Angelic Doctor, was the antithesis of an arid, class-room set of formulas. Unless a doctrine could be lived, he felt, it was a sterile one. Accordingly he gave himself with that total generosity so characteristic of him to the ideal of the full brotherhood of man to which his religion and his philosophy told him to aspire.

Even his fellow Catholics at times misunderstood his generous zeal, and he suffered no small hurt from the coldness and distortions of groups which seemed to identify orthodox Catholicism with their private factions and ambitions. The reproach, too, was sometimes made to him that he was sacrificing his great talents as a philosopher in his crusade against hate and intolerance.

The truth of the matter is that Emmanuel Chapman combined an uninhibited emotional power with a great and sensitive intellect, a combination rarely found and even more rarely understood. Tolstoy has a story about two pilgrims who set off for the Holy Land. One is diverted from his path to take care of some poor unfortunates along the wayside, so that he never reaches the goal. The other allows nothing to turn him aside from his intended goal. But when he reaches the Holy Land, everywhere he goes he finds preceding him the shadow of his former comrade.

When all things are known, I think we too will find that Emmanuel Chapman, in ways that to many seemed to be detours, reached most surely the goal to which we are all on pilgrimage.

—DAN SULLIVAN

ON Pilgrimage

It is May Day again, and we will begin our sixteenth year. We have finished fifteen years in the lay apostolate. People look at our masthead and say, "Yes, but it says Vol. XV, No. 3. What does that mean? It just means that we have skipped an issue now and again, and it means that we come out 11 times a year, not twelve, but according to some regulation of the post office department, you have to number a journal in that way.

Last year I tried, taking the whole issue of the paper to do it in, to write a general article on what we were trying to do, summing up what our program meant. But a thing like that is most unsatisfactory. One is always leaving out the most vital things. Peter Maurin's program of action was for round table discussions for the clarification of thought; houses of hospitality for the practice of the works of mercy, for the study of Catholic Action; farming communities or agronomic universities where the unemployed could learn to raise food, build shelters, make clothes, and where unemployed college graduates could do the same; where the worker could become a scholar and the scholar a worker.

And who are those with whom we have cooperated thru the years, and whom we admire and love in the lay apostolate, in spite of differences?

There is first of all the N.C.W.C. labor action groups with whom we first came in contact back in 1933

(Continued on page 3)

Revolution and Compassion

By ROBERT LUDLOW

It is in Israel that God revealed himself under the aspect of a national Deity and it belongs to the Old Dispensation that there was a mission in the national State. And yet even there it was a State under law, subject to the moral law. There was distinction then between Jew and Gentile, there was not then fully realized the universal brotherhood of men. And so there was war. And yet even there there was realization of the sinfulness of war, there was the pacifism of the prophets, the cry of those who perceived what was beyond the law, who had a foretaste of the spirit of Christ, who longed for the brotherhood of all men that was to be proclaimed in the New Dispensation.

With the consummation of Christ's sacrifice on Calvary there was an end to the Old Dispensation, an end to morally justified war, an end to national States as desirable entities. For there is then no distinction between Jew and Gentile, all men take on the heritage of Israel, all men are admitted by the Divine Jew to the mysteries of Israel, all men are brothers in Christ. Therefore it is that, as the ideals of Christianity are realized, as they become exteriorized in society, so will national States wither away as being impediments to the realization of human brotherhood. And so will war be outlawed as rendering asunder the Mystical Body of Christ. And nations and peoples who today lie bleeding along the wayside, bleeding in the murder

of war—will not be passed by and left in agony by the orthodox who dispute about "just and unjust" war and seek to lay down rules for murder. It will be seen that orthodoxy involves pacifism as the visible expression in society of that love for all men which is a precept of Christ.

Social Implications

It has been a slow process, this matter of realizing the social implications of Christianity—and it has not as yet been realized in any great degree. Mostly it has come about by indirection. Ecclesiastics suddenly realizing, or being forced by circumstances to realize, that the adoption of a new order, the success of a revolution, has not threatened religion but in reality has purified and brought out unsuspected implications of the Faith. So slavery (formal slavery) ended and there is no theologian to defend it today—it is seen to be incompatible with Christianity, that a man should own a man. So it may be with war, it may be seen that it is incompatible with Christianity that man should kill man. So it may be with the national State, it may be seen that it is incompatible with Christianity that man should be separated from man by artificial and antagonistic barriers. And so will be swept aside a whole host of casuistry, a logic that tries vainly to fit the spirit of Christ into syllogisms, a legalistic Catholicism that is concerned with how close a man can get to hell without tumbling in. And this is

(Continued on page 8)



Under The Yoke

What is God? What is love? What is force? The age-old questions haunt the minds of this present seed of Abraham, and the black, seething, swirling waters of the subconscious will no longer be contained by the cold lid of logic. They well up into the light of day the "terrible Christian verities"; "terrible" indeed, for it is true that we "fear the injustice of men less than the justice of God."

"Forgive us, O Lord, we acknowledge ourselves as type of the common man. . . . Who fear the hand at the window, the fire in the thatch, the fist in the tavern, the push into the canal less than we fear the love of God." Who fear Russia less than we fear the love of God.

"Beloved, let us love one another, for God is Love," St. John wrote. God is Love, and the devil is Hate, and we live in a world where it is claimed that both manifest themselves in blows. Do we mean that

(Continued on page 7)

Who Puts It Out?

By DAVID MASON

Fifty feet west of the corner a man is selling a paper called "The Freethinker." His blatant slogans echo from the vast front of the Macy store—"The only atheist paper in America—anti-religious—anti-clerical—anti-church—Free-thinker—learn to think for yourself." His cries mingle with my own raucous shouting; you have to be raucous at the corner of 34th Street and Broadway, where you're competing for attention against the wild traffic bedlam. The milling millions are always in a great hurry. They stop only when the red light halts them. That's my chance. I can catch their attention for a few seconds. "Read the Catholic Worker—one cent—I thank you—WHO'S NEXT?—penny a copy—Read—"

That bustling little woman—looks like a Brooklyn housewife—sizing me up with a cold stare. It's not a "new look," I've been here before. She starts across with the crowd when the light changes, then turns and comes back.

"What is that? Who puts it out?" she wants to know. So I have to tell her, quick. It has to be brief. I'm a salesman with my foot in the door.

"We're a group of Catholics—office and House of Hospitality at 115 Mott Street—Dorothy Day is editor and publisher. We have a breadline, give out clothing friends send to us. Come to our discussion

meeting some Friday night, find out more about it. Yes ma'am, one cent. I thank you."

"Well, if it isn't Catholic, if it's got anything against Catholics in it, I'll come back and throw it at you!" She's off in a flurry, paper in her hand.

Amazing, the skepticism you encounter carrying on this street-corner apostolate. Shows how much it's needed. Every copy sold to a new reader is a blow—maybe slight, maybe socko, but a blow—at skepticism and indifference.

"I have to buy one every time I pass you," a steady customer says. Looks like she might be a school teacher. "You wouldn't catch a Communist passing up the Daily Worker, or that awful Free-thinker thing!" That's why I'm concentrating on this corner. People get to know you, look for you, you're a fixture, part of the busy scene. You build up a steady clientele, besides the many thousands of transients. The regulars often buy several copies to distribute. There's a little of the newsboy in most of us, I think. Forty years ago I sold the Evening Bulletin—"the paper nearly everybody reads"—in Philadelphia. Now, at 50, I'm selling the paper everybody should read, on one of the busiest intersections in New York. This used to be called Macy's Corner, but I've renamed it—officially—Mason's Corner. However, I'm not exclusive. I could use lots of help, if you feel like giving that newsboy in you a chance to express himself. Come on out—it's great for the circulation. WHO'S NEXT?

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

PETER MAURIN, Founder

Associate Editors:

JACK ENGLISH, IRENE NAUGHTON, ROBERT LUDLOW,
TOM SULLIVAN

Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY

115 Mott St., New York City—13

Telephone: Canal 6-8498

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

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



Without Poverty We Are Powerless

By DOROTHY DAY

All our talks about peace and the weapons of the spirit is meaningless unless we try in every way to embrace voluntary poverty and not work in any position, any job, that contributes to war, not to take any job whose pay comes from the fear of war, of the atom bomb. We must give up our place in this world, sacrifice children, family, wife, mother, and embrace poverty, reputation, and then we will be laying down life itself.

And we will be considered fools for Christ. Our folly will be esteemed madness and we will be lucky if we escape finally the psychopathic ward. We know, we have seen it, in ourselves and in others. The well-dressed man comes into the office and he is given respect. The ragged, ill clad, homeless one, is the hobo, the bum. "Get in line there. Coffee line forms at six-

thought he was being ushered into one of them.

Another tale told is of his going to speak at a midwest college where the door brother was known for his great charity. At the very sight of Peter, the brother ushered him down into the kitchen and sat him down before a good meal which Peter gratefully ate. As the time for the lecture drew near, the harassed fathers were telephoning and hunting all over the college, finally finding him in the cook's domain, having a discussion there.

Another case I know of, of my own knowledge, is a time he went up to Rye, or New Rochelle, or some Westchester town to make a morning address to a woman's club. He always went where he was asked. An hour or so later we received frantic calls. "Where is Peter?" People always called him

not just the case of an accent, for Peter even after forty years in this country has an accent. If the accent goes with the well-groomed appearance, people make an attempt to understand it. Coming from a ragged old apostle, people make no attempt to listen.

"People will not listen," Peter used to say sadly. Or else, more directly, he would rebuke, "You are listening with one ear, making your answers before you have heard what I have said. You do not want to learn, you want to teach, you want to tell me." He knew he was a man with a message.

And now Peter is more than ever in absolute poverty. He has achieved the ultimate in poverty. This last chapter is necessary for a complete picture of Peter as he is today. It is hard to make our readers understand it. They read, or half read the articles that we run month after month, and no matter how many times we explain that they are reprinted from much earlier issues, and that Peter has not written for four years, they write enthusiastically and tell us how they profited by his last thoughts, "his mind is as keen as ever," they say enthusiastically.

But something has happened to his mind. We must say it again because it is of tremendous significance. It reveals more than anything else his utter selflessness, his giving of himself. He has given everything, even his mind. He has nothing left, he is in utter and absolute poverty. The one thing he really enjoyed, exulted in, was his ability to think. When he said sadly "I cannot think," it was because that had been taken from



him, literally. His mind would no longer work. He sits on the porch, a huge old hulk. His shoulders were always broad and bowed. He looks gnomic, as though he came from under the earth. He shambles about, one-sidedly as though he had had a stroke. His head hangs wearily as though he could not hold it up. His mouth, often twisted as though with pain, hangs open in an effort to understand what is going on around him. Most of the time he is in a lethargy, he does not try to listen, or to understand. Doctors say that it is a hardening of the arteries of the brain. Some call it senile dementia. Some talk of cardiac asthma, to explain his racking cough. He has a rupture which gives him pain. Sometimes he has headaches. We only know when we ask him and he says yes, or no.

"I have never asked anything for myself," he said, and he made every conscious effort to give all he had, to give the best he had, all of himself, to the cause of his brother. The only thing he had left in his utter poverty which made Skid Row his home and the horse market his eating places and the old clothes room his haberdashery was his brilliant mind. Father McSorley considered him a genius. Fr. Parsons said that he was the best read man he ever met. Now he remembers nothing. "I cannot remember," "I cannot think."

One time we acted charades before him at the retreat house at Easton. Irene Naughton arranged three scenes in which the men acted out the three essays, "When the Irish were Irish a thousand years ago," "When a Greek met a Greek," "When a Jew met a Jew." The contrast was that of the teachings of the fathers of Israel and the Fathers of the Church with the present. The men dressed in sheets and Angora goats' hair to give them a venerable appearance and did a delightful job of it. Afterwards we asked Peter what were the essays which the charades exemplified. He did not know. We read aloud his essays to him, and

(Continued on page 7)

Mott Street

The Catholic Worker has now completed fifteen years of existence in this country. And how to evaluate it, I wouldn't know where to begin. However I do realize that it has changed the entire course of my life as it has changed the course of many other people who have come in contact with it. Some of the twists and turns caused by the contact might have made life a little rougher, however that has been compensated by making life a lot more interesting even though that is not the only compensation. We have met friends and ideas that we wouldn't have met otherwise and without those there would have been a great void in our lives. And, today May 1st, 1948, I find myself in charge of the house here at 115 Mott street along with holding the purse strings. With these two jobs I have been likened to Judas and worse. But fortunately or unfortunately for myself and others I have become quite callous to all sorts of comments and keep recalling a quotation from Father Daniel Considine, S. J. "It is much better to do good, and be guilty of faults, than not to do good and be guilty of fewer faults." It might sound prosaic to sophisticates; however it serves me in good stead. And thus we go on never certain that we are doing the Will of God but hoping and praying that we are, also not expecting a Vision in which God will appear to us stating his wishes in so many words.

Chicago

Back around 1936, John Cogley and I came across the Catholic Worker movement in a small store on Chicago's westside. The group had just opened that center when we arrived on the scene. Their activity extended to Sunday afternoon lectures and discussions. Some of us realized the need for a house of hospitality and finally opened one in 1938 alongside of Chicago's Skidrow. We were depending a great deal on the Divine Providence of God since we had but sixteen dollars among our little group. In a couple of weeks we were feeding about six hundred men a day and housing three hundred. Five months later we began publishing a monthly paper which reached a circulation of over five thousand. Then came the War, the draft, marriages, and the house and paper finally expired in 1942. This of course is a very, very small picture of the Chicago Catholic Worker but it would take a book to give a complete picture of the Catholic Worker movement in that city. But I hope that someday soon someone will write that book, as well as a book about each of the other CW groups.

Delayed Vocation

About three weeks ago a middle aged couple came to us in search of help. They had been evicted from their home in the neighborhood, the building was condemned and to be torn down. Both of them had spent what money they had saved on doctor bills and keeping themselves alive, he with his ulcerated legs and she with her swollen ankles. We were able to put the wife up in the women's quarters and the husband in the men's house. Despite their poor physical condition they insisted on helping with the mailing of the last issue of the paper. And when that was finished the woman found sewing and baking to be done in the house and the man insisted on helping with the painting of the office and the dining room, besides making minor repairs around the house. We were able to obtain a two room apartment down the street last week when a young friend of ours decided to move out and give them his place. Theirs is a late vocation to marriage since they married in their late forties and are now approaching sixty, but we can't remember ever seeing two people at their age so much in love with each other. Of course they both have soft continental accents and that touch frequently puts love where it isn't but we are sure that their love would be the same with or without the accent.

John Van Ellis and Betty Cuda

were married in Milwaukee two weeks ago. They came east for their honeymoon and spent part of it here in the city and the rest of it with the Paulsons and Frank O'Donnell at the Upton, Mass., farm. John and Betty were very active with the Milwaukee Catholic Worker group over several years. Both of them look good and are extremely happy over the marriage and so are we. Our best wishes and prayers go with that fine couple.

Back to the Land

During the past month Jack and Mary Thornton left for their farm in Herman, Pa. None of us has seen the farm so we don't know too much about it but we do understand that they have about fifty acres and a good house which is near the Christ the King Center at Herman. And we hope that their farm fulfills their fondest dreams.

Countryside

Yesterday morning I borrowed a friend's car and drove to our retreat house in Newburgh, N. Y. Besides some tools, coffee and letters I brought up an elderly woman to make the woman's weekend retreat. This woman is in her early seventies and is very thin and small. All the way up to the farm she did the talking. She reminisced a great deal about her youth in Ireland. She comes from around County Cork, and is the youngest of fourteen children in the family. She said, "you know I am a convent-bred girl but it didn't take." In her teens she was sent off to France as a nursemaid where her brother later joined her. Her brother took ill after his arrival in France, and the pair of them paid a visit to the grave of the Little Flower where he was cured. Since that time she remarked that she has had a great devotion to that saint. She confided, "I frequently go into a church and talk to the Little Flower the same as I am talking to you, I guess it isn't what some might call praying but I get an awful lot of consolation from it."

During the ride she discovered that she had left her rosaries here on Mott St., and instructed me very anxiously that I have them sent up, "If you die with your rosaries on you, you have a very good chance of going to heaven."

Farm

When we drove up to the retreat home we found Hans scrubbing down the house readying things for the retreat. And John and two visitors were out planting potatoes in the fields. Louis Owens had gone to town to purchase supplies and Charlie Luddy was in the kitchen preparing the supper. We went over to Peter Maurin's room, and had a visit with him for a few minutes. After that we dashed over to the barn and petted the young bull that was born a few weeks ago, it is a beautiful Holstein creature. I found it difficult to tear myself away from that young animal until he began to chew on my hand.

May Day

Several girls came down today to pick up copies of the paper to distribute up and around Union Square. Bill, Dave, Bob and Duane are also out distributing the paper in Union Square and uptown. Murphy is doing the cooking, and John Pohl is caring for the office along with Jack English. Jack just came upstairs to learn whether or not we could take in a destitute couple that some priest from Brooklyn sent over. Jack went down to tell them that we could put them up, however, they said no thanks "they couldn't possibly live in such a place."

Circulation

Many requests have come in for the April issue. Quite a number of people were especially interested in Father John Hugo's article, "Immortality of Conscience." A few dollars were sent in by people who want to see that article published in pamphlet form, however not enough to cover the expense of putting it in that form. . . . A man in Ireland sent in a request for five thousand copies to be sent to

(Continued on page 7)

The Savior with the Sword

Excerpt from A Study of History, by Arnold J. Toynbee, abridged edition, pp. 534, 535. Oxford University Press.

The sword is only wielded in the hope that it may be used to such good purpose that eventually it will have no more work to do; but this hope is an illusion; "all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword;" and the verdict of a Saviour who proclaimed a kingdom not of this World received the rueful assent of one of the most cynical realists among nineteenth century statesmen when, translating the Gospel into the idiom of his own time and place, he observed that "the one thing you cannot do with bayonets is to sit on them." The man of violence cannot both genuinely repent of his violence and permanently

profit by it . . . and so it is with a society which has once sought salvation through the sword. Its leaders may repent of their butcher's work, they may show mercy to their enemies, like Caesar, or demobilize their armies, like Augustus; and, as they ruefully hide the sword away, they may resolve in complete good faith that they will never draw it again except for the assuredly beneficent and therefore legitimate purpose of preserving peace against criminals still at large within their borders or against barbarians still recalcitrant in outer darkness; yet, though their fairseeming Pax Oecumenica may stand steady on its grim foundations of buried sword blades for a hundred or two hundred years, time sooner or later will bring their work to naught."

thirty. Nothing to eat until four. No clothes today."

Peter Maurin visiting the Buffalo house one time showed his face inside the door and was so greeted. "Come back at five and have soup with the rest of the stiff. And then the comment, "one of those New York bums came in this afternoon, said he was from the New York house."

One of the friends of the work in laughing at the incident that evening said "Where did you go, Peter?" "I went to see 'Grapes of Wrath.'" Peter was always meek, obedient to all. His speech with everyone when he was not indoctrinating was always Yea yes, nay nay. Another story told of him was that when he went to see a professor's wife at Columbia, the wife thought he was the plumber and ushered him into the cellar. He followed her confusedly, wondering why she was entertaining in the cellar. If he knew or thought of such things as rumpus rooms or basement bars, he might have

Peter. Sometimes they were even more familiar and called him "Pete." Since I had put him on the train myself, I told them that he had left on the train designated, that he must be in the station.

"There is only an old tramp sitting on one of the benches asleep," was the reply. We knew it was Peter, and it turned out to be so.

We have seen many an occasion when he was shut up at a meeting by a cautious chairman before he had even gotten under way. More courteous chairmen allowed him so many minutes to "make his point" and without listening sat him down or called him to order. I have seen Fr. La Farge come to his rescue and explain who it was, what he was trying to say.

Bishop Boyle likes to speak of the time he had an all day discussion with Peter after one of these encounters in the lecture hall. "I had to get up and tell them what he was trying to say," the Bishop peamed. And it was

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)
and who were pioneers in the field. Peter used to go to all their meetings, not only to hear, but to be heard.

There was the Commonweal group of scholars who were by their writings and thought studying the "theory of revolution." George Shuster, now president of Hunter College and then an editor of Commonweal, sent Peter Maurin to me and so started off the Catholic Worker movement.

There were the Friendship House groups first in Canada and then in the United States who worked so steadily in the interracial field, among the poor, performing works of mercy and having centers of meetings and study, days of recollection and retreats.

There is the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists with their papers throughout the country and the papers they have influenced and the priests who have entered the field of trade unionism and gone on picket lines, into the factories, into the homes of workers and into strike headquarters. There is *Work in Chicago*, edited by Ed Marciniak, one of the founders of the Chicago House of Hospitality which is no more, and there are the ACTU publications, *The Wage Earner* in Detroit and *Labor Leader* in New York.

There is the Grail at Loveland, Ohio, and there the Center for Christ the King, Herman, Pa., schools of the apostolate for women and for men, centers of study, not connected by any close ties, by leadership.

There are such publications as *Today* in Chicago, and *Integrity* in New York, animated by much the same spirit, and to whom we owe much, as they owe much to us. There is official Catholic Action, not recognized yet in many a diocese, but making a beginning here and there about the country and stimulating and arousing the laity. Fides publications at South Bend, which recently published Cardinal Suhard's *Growth or Decline? Concord*, the student publication gotten out by the Young Christian Students, *The Catholic Lawyer*, published also from Notre Dame, all these are evidences of specialized Catholic Action, of the apostolate of like to like.

Retreats

There are the retreat movements, and we refer especially to our own because it is a basic retreat open for both colored and white, Catholic and non-Catholic, men and women, young and old, for the poorest of the poor from the Bowery, as well as for the young seminarian or student. There is one retreat house in New Kensington, Pa., called the Apostolate of Mary House, and there is our own at Maryfarm (Catholic Worker Farm) at Newburgh, N. Y.

There are the *Cana* conferences for the family, started in St. Louis by Fr. Dowling and spreading throughout the country.

And we are part of it all, part of this whole movement throughout the country, but of course we have our own particular talent, our own particular contribution to make to the sum total of the apostolate. And we think of it as so important that we are apt to fight and wrangle among ourselves on account of it, and we are all sensitive to the accusation that we are accenting, emphasizing one aspect of the truth at the expense of another. A heresy over-emphasizes one aspect of the truth.

Unity

But our unity, if it is not unity of thought, in regard to temporal matters, is a unity at the altar rail. We are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ, and so we are closer, to each other, by the tie of grace, than any blood brothers are. All these books about discrimination are thinking in terms of human brotherhood, of our responsibility one for another. We are our brothers keeper, and all men are our brothers whether they

be Catholic or not. But of course the tie that binds Catholics is closer, the tie of grace. We partake of the same food, Christ. We put off the old man and put on Christ. The same blood flows through our veins, Christ's. We are the same flesh, Christ's. But all men are members or potential members, as St. Augustine says, and there is no time with God, so who are we to know the degree of separation between us and the Communist, the unbaptized, the God-hater, who may tomorrow, like St. Paul, love Christ.

The Apostolate

This past month or so we have all been reading such books as *The Worker Priests in Germany*, translated by Rosemary Sheed; *France Alive*, by Claire Bishop; *Growth or Decline*, by Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard; *Souls at Stake* by Rev. Francis Ripley and F. S. Mitchell with a foreword by Archbishop Ritter.

Chesterton used to start off writing in answer to things he had been reading, or because he was stimulated by what he was reading, and I am sure that all of us on the Catholic Worker this month, are doing just that. One of the books I have been reading by a non-Catholic, Richard Gregg, about the work of Gandhi along economic lines, led me to think of just how *The Catholic Worker* movement is distinguished from all these other movements, just what it is we emphasize, just what position we take, which is not taken by them. Not that we wish to be different. God forbid. We wish that they all felt as we do, that we had that basic unity which would make us agree on pacifism and distributism.

Philosophy of Work

We feel that the two go together. We feel that the great causes of wars are maldistribution, not only of goods but of population. Peter used to talk about a philosophy of work and a philosophy of poverty. Both are needed in order to change things as they are, to do away with the causes of war. The bravery to face voluntary poverty is needed if we wish to marry, to live, to produce children, to work for life instead of for death, to reject war.

A philosophy of work is essential if we would be whole men, holy men, healthy men, joyous men. A certain amount of goods is necessary for a man to lead a good life, and we have to make that kind of society where it is easier for men to be good. These are all things Peter Maurin wrote about. (He is not writing any more, we are just reprinting what has appeared in *The Catholic Worker* over and over again for many years. The fact that people think Peter is still writing, is an evidence of the freshness of all his ideas. They strike people as new. They see all things new, as St. Paul said.)

Philosophy of Poverty

A philosophy of work and a philosophy of poverty are necessary if we would share with all men what we have, if we would each try to be the least, if we would wash the feet of our brothers. It is necessary if we would so choose to love our brother, live for him, and die for him, rather than kill him in war. We would need to reject the work in steel mills, mines, factories which contributed to war. We would be willing to go on general strike, and we intend to keep talking about general strikes in order to familiarize each other, ourselves, our fellow workers with the phrase, so that they will begin

(Continued on page 8)

He prays little who only prays on his knees.

Our happiness; what we have divided by what we want.

Fidelity in little things is the secret of great holiness.

What would Jesus Christ do, were He in my place?

For the Christian the great reality is love and this reality is not to find its expression either in isolated individualism or in the humanities of state domination. Love is not a thing of mere attraction but of identification; it is a thing of community, of friendship, of fellowship, even of brotherhood. For the Christian then the great reality will be expressed by identification with Christ, by community, of friendship, by fellowship, by brotherhood with Him. And the paradox of the Christian message is that we only can express this intimacy with Christ through the relationships we establish with our fellow men.

Today the entire world finds itself faced with one problem; the problem of disunity, the problem of exaggerated nationalisms, the problem of the divorce of the material from the spiritual. And it is not only the world which faces this problem but it is the Church (and Christians also) which must make decisions, formulate judgments, and direct action. The Church and Christians are to do



these things or admit to the charge that her vitality is sapped, that she has performed her function and that she vegetates now as a picturesque reminder of a dear but dead past. In a bold analysis of the contemporary problem and of its solution Cardinal Suhard of Paris (*Growth or Decline*, Fides Press, \$1.50, South Bend, Ind.), has given the lay apostolate a great spiritual transfusion.

For the "Red" Cardinal the Christian solution can not rest on anything that precludes the tradition of the Church or her dogma. And for him the past hundred and fifty years of industrial capitalism are not to be confused with her tradition, nor are the half-expedients and compromises churchmen have made of her dynamic truths to be considered her dogmas. The truths of the Church which our times most cry for are those of the Mystical Body of Christ and of Christ the King. Taking its emphasis from the Mystical Body the Christian solution "will be addressed to all men without discrimination or leveling. . . It will at the same time be receptive and open to very diverse values, in which error is often mixed with truth." It will bring into religion "the ever increasing conscious affirmation of a universal solidarity." Viewed in the light of the doctrine of Christ the King the Christian point of view is definitely hopeful for it sees "the eternal predestination of all things in Jesus Christ." "Far from fleeing the world the Christian has as his task to 'fulfill it and to assume it.'" Thus, the solution does not rest in withdrawal from the world because it is evil (there are always the positive Christian tasks to be performed); nor does it suggest complete immersion in the world without reference to the supernatural values, for "the modern man will never leave his mysticism for a cut-rate faith. He thirsts for the Gospels undiluted." There will be

THREE NEW BOOKS

By JACK ENGLISH

retreats and days of recollection; there will be intense development of the inferior life; the liturgy will once again take its place in the scheme of things and will cease to be the narrow cant it has become in the popular minds; that is it will cease to be the professional prayer of the priests and religious and will come once again into the common possession of all Christians.

And so Cardinal Suhard says a gigantic synthesis is to be made of all our knowledge, a synthesis aimed at re-establishing the Christian community, a synthesis which will regard man in his true worth, a synthesis which will reject no man, believer or unbeliever. The job of the Christian in our day is primarily that of a leaven in the world. And how are we to become this leaven? We "must live the same life like Christ 'who lived amongst us;' and like Him share the joys and sorrows, the deceptions and hopes and join them in the just aspirations of the group. For Christian truth cannot be imposed from without by the prestige of those who teach it, nor even by its objective rigor. It presents itself as testimony." So we are to be the leaven by becoming other Christs; by expressing the great reality which is love in our relations with our fellow men whether or not they are of the household of the faith.

During the war one French priest realized, on one level at least, Cardinal Suhard's great message of social theology. Father Perrin in his diary *Priest-Workman in Germany* (Sheed and Ward; N. Y. C., \$2.50) tells how when vast numbers of French workmen were being conscripted for work in Germany not a priest was allowed to go along with them in the capacity of chaplains. He resolved to learn a trade and to volunteer to accompany them as a fellow workman. His account of his work and that of a young French worker who left home and family to work as his companion is moving and thrilling. Not because of high heroism (the will for it was present, the occasion just never presented itself) but because of the deep insight this young priest had into the problems which confront Christ in the world today. "We were Christs in our camps and through us He was present, a real presence which was His way of carrying on the Incarnation and Redemption. It wasn't in the Blessed Sacrament that our brothers were to find Him—they who never went to church; it was in us. They would meet Him just insofar as our actions, words and movements were the living expression of His presence within us. And only then would we truly be Christs, for we would be giving CHRIST to a world in search of Him." This was the main task Father Perrin assumed, to offer friendship, and brotherhood to men who had lost all trust in the Church and her clergy, but who were searching for the very message it was her task to bring into the world. His opportunities for administering the sacraments were few (for a whole year while imprisoned he silently offered his Mass each day, knowing that his brother priests were lifting the Bread and the Chalice for him) but his opportunities for expressions of love were frequent.

Throughout *Priest-Workman* I was struck by the intensity of feeling Father Perrin showed for the establishment of the Christian community, not the French community, or the German but that one where there would be "neither Greek nor Gentile." While a POW in Roumania I had the opportunity of witnessing a blind searching of this sort. We were taken to a little village church one Sunday. The priest explained to his parish that although we were American airmen, and enemies of the country, we were at the same time their brothers in Christ, that as many of their sons were prisoners in Russia, and no one knew the reason why, so were we prisoners in their village. The next Sunday many of the peas-

ant women had left bread in our pews. *Priest-Workman* is an accurate expression of wartime jails, and of the Christianity which was sometimes practiced in them. It is also a proof that the spiritual truths Cardinal Suhard has written of can be practiced and must be practiced if Christianity is to renew the face of the earth. I know that we could have made ours a different concentration camp if we had Christ instead of chessmen and cards.

Novels about movements are difficult things to carry off. As a novel, Maxence van der Meersch's *Fishers of Men* (Sheed and Ward, N.Y.C. \$3.00), is pretty stilted and unexciting. It is perhaps because the hero is so concerned with ideas, and the whole Jocist program that the book loses its impact. Much of the dialogue would never be found in the mouths of a working man, even one of the highest ideals. The book has great merit though as a facile introduction to the aims and techniques of Jocism. It is in its minor characters that the book gives us glimpses of the van der Meersch of earlier books. Particularly Francis Siebel, who appears quite near the end, almost as afterthought. Siebel had taken on for himself a very simple apostolate, that of visiting the sick and the dying. It is with extreme gentleness and humility that he carries on his work, and after a number of years when many others, influenced by his example have set themselves like apostolates, he is still humble and not the least bit convinced that he has accomplished any good in his work. The story of Siebel is more vivid and real than that of Peter Mardyk. It is in the very simplicity and personal kindnesses of the Siebels of the world that Christ can be returned to the center of things. The task Francis took is one which each of us might conceivably accomplish.

Appeals

Father Karl Laufkoeter,
13 AM Holzhafen,
Wesedmuende, *G Germany

Father Ostendarp;
Kathol Kirche
Hamburg-Volksdorf, Germany

Father Albert Mackels
Kl. St. Michael's Kirche
Pastoren St.,
Hamburg, Germany.

Father Kintzinger,
Kathol Kirche,
Kiel, Germany.

Rev. Sister Borgia,
47 Eupener St.,
Bremerhaven, Germany

Rev. Sister Rosina,
Marien Krankenhaus,
Alfred St.,
Hamburg 25, Germany.

Father Johs. Esders,
Kathol Pfarrhaus,
Bremerhaven, Germany.

Father H. V. Dudloff,
St. Antonius Kirche,
Alsterdorfer St. 73,
Hamburg 39, Germany.

Father Bueltel
Kathol Kirche
Parade
Luebeck, Germany.

Father Franz M. Moschner,
St. Johannes Kirche,
Kathol Pfarramt,
Bremen, Germany.

Rev. Sister Oberin,
St. Johann Kinderheim,
Niendorf-Ostsee, Germany.

Most Reverend Bishop Michael
Keller,
Muenster,
Westfalia, Germany.

Sanctity and Silence are inseparable.

James O'Gara

Dear Friends:

It is difficult for one who has had any connection with the Catholic Worker to speak of it except in terms of his own debt. There used to be a standard joke regarding visitors who talked about "your noble work." We all would, I think, have had the saving grace to be embarrassed by such fulsome praise in any case. But the reason the phrase was such a joke was probably our consciousness of how much we had personally received from participation in the Catholic Worker movement.

I think no one could measure fully and accurately the impact of the Catholic Worker on the spirit and direction of American Catholicism. A secular social agency would probably try to do so by counting noses, measuring cubic feet and reaching the conclusion that enough soup was distributed to float the Queen Elizabeth. Such an approach, of course, misses the whole point of the Catholic Worker. Not by counting beds, meals and Houses of Hospitality will one get any accurate idea of the influence of the Catholic Worker.

I am thinking particularly of one young girl in Chicago. Out of a meager depression salary of fourteen dollars she weekly contributed one dollar to the House of Hospitality. Who could measure the effect of the Catholic Worker as an instrument of God's grace on this girl, one of the thousands whose charity was channelled to the poor by the Houses of Hospitality?

The fruits of such charity have certainly helped to enrich and make fertile the soil of Catholicism in America. In this ground quickened by charity the seeds of all kinds of apostolic endeavor have bloomed more easily. The dynamic expression of the charity of the Church which the Catholic Worker represents has enriched us all, and we are profoundly in its debt. And perhaps no one received as much as those whom the casual visitor to the House regarded as giving up so much.

James O'Gara
Chicago, Ill.

Father Hessler

Dear Dorothy:

"Blessed is he who is not scandalized in me." I couldn't help applying these words to you and the CW in general after your few talks out here before Christmas. More than one person was quite certain you were still a Communist. I've wanted to write a few lines of gratitude ever since then. But it is the March CW and the thought-provoking mimeographed sheet "Defeat U.M.T.! Oppose War!" which I have just read that have aroused me to action. Moreover I notice that this issue of the paper is almost closing Vol. XIV, which reminds me that May will greet a 15 year old Catholic Worker—both movement and paper. Congratulations and may God be with you.

Despite your faults and my own doubts from time to time, I feel more strongly now than ever before that God is still very much with you as He has been through the years. And you know I don't mean this only for you personally but for all the many CWs in many cities and on several farms, of past and present. I feel I owe a personal debt of gratitude to the movement that is beyond words to express. As a seminarian between 1935 and 39, the CW meant, as I look back, really too much to me. I saw it as the cure-all, which it is not. Yet far from regretting those many holiday and summer visits, I am sure they kept alive and glowing an apostolic fire that seminary routine sometimes tends to smother.

Then came ordination and departure for China, followed on the missions by many a "Deo Gratias" for our past CW contacts. Because it was chiefly through these that I became enthused in the Liturgical Movement, the philosophy of work, the land and crafts, pacifism and poverty and the "see how they love

one another" technique of primitive Christianity. All these were a living complement to my seminary formation, and helped immensely to give that training life and vision in meeting mission problems. The Chinese grasp better than westerners the truth and goodness and beauty of these concepts.

War and interment cut off all contact with the CW for four years. But you were the inspiration of our two C.O. groups in camp. As you recall I had long since been convinced that all modern warfare is all wrong, but seeing what we saw has greatly strengthened these convictions. Though both sides claimed justice it is evident that neither had it for the Pope complained that in this "errogant conflict between sons . . . both sides are deaf to us."

After the slaughter was over you sent me that big bundle of past issues. How good it was to see you had been uncompromising throughout. I took some of those copies into the Japanese prison camp. (We had been packed, but now nearly twice as many Japanese were concentrated in the same quarters we had just evacuated.) They were astounded and edified at what you dared to print during hostilities. The critical accounts of the bad treatment we gave the coast Japanese drew many toward the church. In six months there were close to 500 under instruction. Defeat is good for the soul. They also remarked how fortunate we Americans were to still have such freedom of speech and press. I'm inclined to think that one of the best ways of thanking God and country for this, is to use it, as you have boldly done through the years, otherwise we shall soon not have it.

The Catholic Worker program and practice is not the whole answer. But it has been a persistent leaven, an unrelenting ferment, a sign of contradiction, that has inspired new life everywhere—perhaps sometimes even more outside its own ranks than in. It has started leaders off in all directions. It has never deviated from its radical Christlike stand on many vital issues of the day. It has been almost alone in keeping to the personal performance of the works of mercy toward the destitute—something that most Catholic-Action groups are not praised for.

But is not the time ripe now for the Catholic Workers themselves to join the ranks of Catholic-Action? I think you have a great obligation to know the papal directives better than most of you do at present. The CW needs CA to realize its own end. CA needs the CW as a "providential auxiliary." Catholic-Action must of course always be the "central initiative" of the Church as Pius XI calls it. For unlike any other apostolate CA is "a universal and harmonious action of all Catholics without distinction as to age, sex, social condition or culture." The popes have mandated the world. "All must participate."

True, some CA cells in this country have given a false impression as to what CA is, and hence, "foolishly abuse what is really a wonderful thing," for they "split hairs to find something to fight" etc. ("Today" March 15), instead of attacking the fundamental problems of our day—problems you have been facing for a decade and a half. But your success has also not been what it should be. Pius XII's recent "Do not isolate yourselves" can be applied directly to the CW (also "The Catholic C.O.") in reference to CA, as I see it. It was good to read in the December CW, "Everywhere the story is the same. Not enough attendants, not enough lay apostles, not enough vocations. One can well see the need for organized Catholic-Action to build up personal sanctity. Then we will have holy apostles, holy families, and more priests." I know how some of you dislike organization. Perhaps this was once your strength. Now I think it is your weakness. Pius XI relentlessly insisted, "Catholic-Action must have its own proper organization, single, disciplined, and able to coordinate all other Catholic forces, so that

each, for its part may preserve and scrupulously execute the obligations and duties confided to it."

Catholic-Action is "the Church at work," "the Mystical Body in action." Just as the Church is both Divine and human, indefectible and yet with numerous defects, so CA, especially in its early stages (and it is not yet full-born), is not going to be faultless. But if Pius XI could say that even its definition was made "not without divine inspiration" how much more the reality itself? The time is short. Souls are at stake. We must be as Catholic as Catholic-Action. We must be as intolerant as Mary at Heede in 1946 when she ordered that "no stress should be laid on secondary things" and that we should prepare to "drain the cup of wrath to the dregs because of countless sins."

Peter's Green Revolution has hardly begun because Catholic-Action has hardly begun. Your ideas must be incarnated in Catholic-Actionists, for CA will be the only worldwide lay apostolate of the Church. But, paraphrasing Peguy, when CW ideas take to themselves the CA body the result will be revolution indeed. You have many past glories to live on, but you appreciate better than most groups that such is not really living. I hope no present or future Peter will ever have to lament; "When the Catholic Worker was truly the Catholic Worker 15 (or 50 or 500) years ago. . . ." Peter was an original thinker. The CW will be dead if it has only one Peter, one original thinker. So don't always merely quote Peter as out of a glorious past. Do some pioneering thinking for yourselves. Let the old spirit fit the new letter. "Of all forms of the apostolate Catholic-Action most conforms to the needs of our times."

In closing let me call the attention of all of you (including Bob Ludlow and all other C.O. friends) to the full quotation from our present Holy Father, of which I gave part above. Implicitly, it is a condemnation of modern war from the "great neutral" the "great pacifist," for "both sides are dear" to Christ in His Vicar. Explicitly, it demonstrates the mind of the same Christ toward Catholic-Action.

"In you, dear sons and daughters of Catholic-Action, we place much of our hope for the future. In this hour which is indeed critical, when human passions rouse themselves and break forth, blaze and battle in a contest of blood and destruction; amid the anguish which grips our heart as that of a common Father, on account of the arrogant conflict which is raging between sons, who on both sides are deaf to us, we turn our eyes to Catholic-Action and are encouraged to hope for better things."

So spoke His Holiness during World War II. Is the present hour any less critical? Let this mind be in you which is in Pius XII.

Hoping to be with you for a brief visit in June and praying that God may be with you always,
Very gratefully in Xp
(Father) D. L. Hessler
Albuquerque, N. M.

Father Parsons

Dear Friends:

I am glad to join in with its other friends in congratulating the youthful Catholic Worker on completing its fifteenth year. I admit I got a shock in hearing that you are as young as all that; somehow or other I was living under the impression that you had been going on forever—well, for a long time, anyway.

I have this distinction, perhaps, among the others who write their

congratulations, that I think I knew Peter some time before he joined forces with Dorothy. In the late twenties, or the very early thirties, he used to come down from—was it Woodstock, N. Y.?—about once a month. He always came armed with copies in manuscript of his latest Easy Essays, written in pencil on typewriter paper folded in eighths (which explains, perhaps, their line—length) and solemnly left one with me. He used to leave one with Nicholas Murray Butler just before visiting me on 108th Street, and with others, too, whom I have forgotten. He also gave me a good hour's exhortation on what I ought to be doing to advance the Kingdom of God, and though I thought I was doing my best with getting *America* out weekly, I was always definitely left with the impression that somehow I did not measure up. At least, Peter usually left my office shaking his head rather dolefully.

My memory is that I also knew Dorothy before she thought of the Catholic Worker. She called on me occasionally, perhaps on the recommendation of good Father Joseph McSorley, the Paulist. She belonged to some kind of ladies' round table at the time; she was, as I remember, pretty new and raw in the Faith, and I don't think she knew exactly just what she wanted to do. My impression of her at the time, if she will pardon my saying it, was that she had a slow flame burning in her somewhere which was sure to burst out somewhere. And sure enough, it did.

I would like to think that I had something to do with the launching of the Catholic Worker movement, but I don't think I did. I think I learned of her joining forces with Peter, and read the first issue of the *Worker* like anybody else when it came out. I do not have those first issues with me now, and I confess that my only remaining recollections of them are of a certain gay lightheartedness (which I miss in recent years) and their bitter animosity toward the New York cops. I must admit I had always admired these cops, and only afterwards I realized that Dorothy had perhaps a legitimate grievance. (I hope Dorothy has made her peace with them since).

One recollection I also have is of a series of winter lectures in I forget where you were then—somewhere off Union Square—which, as I recall, were given by Carlton Hayes, Parker Moon, Ross Hoffman, and myself. What I remember is that it was probably the bitterest February New York had had; that one evening Dorothy appeared just before my lecture began (she said she had been in bed because it was the only warm place); that, reversing the usual order of things, the lecturer was expected to drop a five-dollar bill in a cigar box on a shelf in the kitchen (the common treasury); and that a violent sort of person, a lady in furs (I omit her name, Dorothy will remember) heckled each of the lecturers and we had to be smuggled out the upstairs doorway to escape her. Parker Moon, as I remember, once had to take it on the run. (Do you have things like that now?)

I can't say that I have always agreed with everything you have said and done. (Who has?) I have always thought (and more than once told Dorothy) that you have had lunatic fringes who did you a lot of needless harm (and I more than once remonstrated with Dorothy to throw them out—in vain, because she would not use authority). I thought you were off the beam somewhat in your attitude toward war as such, though I respected and admired your

courage and consistency. I have seemed to sense a certain anticlericalism once in a while (theoretical, not personal). And I have prayed the Lord to deliver you from a sort of spiritual pride, which is always the temptation of the zealous sort of people you are.

But I don't want to turn this tribute into a tirade. I have fought more than one battle for you, some of which you may know about, some of which you don't. You have set yourself a terrifically high standard of Christian perfection in the world, and I can well imagine how often the devil of discouragement has attempted to invade your minds. Your survival for fifteen years is the best proof that he never prevailed. May he never prevail! I like you most when you are fighting for something, least when you are against anything. You have put into practice the lesson of evangelical poverty and Pauline charity. My best wish to you is that you hold that line, come what may.

But now the tirade is turning into exhortation. Let me end, simply, by congratulating you, and wishing you many more years of good works and lively faith.

Wilfrid Parsons, S. J.
Catholic University.

John Haynes Holmes

Dear Friends:

Congratulations on the happy completion of your fifteenth year. I know that this achievement will not abate your zeal, or suspend your dedicated activities, for a single moment. You are already squaring away, like a ship putting on more sail, for a new voyage to farther ports.

What impresses me in the case of the *Catholic Worker* is its effective combination of profound spirituality and intense practicality. In its piety, it might be tempted to forget the world, and hide in some remote retreat, and there nurture its own soul apart from men and their crying needs. So also, in its service of stricken humanity, it might easily forget the inner life of the spirit which is the source and secret of all effective labor for the common good. But the *Catholic Worker* has recognized both of these two poles of life. It is like St. Francis come again, with his heart pure in worship of the Most High and stalwart in work for His Kingdom. The *Worker* has kept true the balance between the outward and visible sign and the inward and spiritual grace, and therewith has made of its activities a sacrament.

There are certain aspects of the *Worker* which particularly stir my heart. I think, for example, of its uncompromising opposition to war and all preparation for war. Here is it faithful to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I recall its unflinching espousal of the cause of labor, and of the masses of the people who suffer from exploitation and oppression. The *Worker* hates race prejudice, and fights it wherever it appears. And, best of all, this paper cherishes the dream of a united world, where all men may dwell together in peace. Just here does it fulfill its ideal of a true Catholicism, which is more than an ecclesiastical project or a theological dogma.

In your humble paper, I find the great Catholic Church at its best, and religion itself in its truest and noblest manifestation. Keep on with your sacred mission, which is to teach us that God lives and is to be adored, and that His children suffer and are to be saved.

It may well seem at times that this mission is futile in such an age as this. How match the atom bomb with the word of the Gospel! But

Mail Bag

Completion of Our Fifteenth Year

the very darkness of the times makes the more useful and beautiful the light which you have kindled. Now keep this light burning, that men may see the way before their feet, and resolutely walk therein. Remember the lines written by Robert Browning, and placed by him in the mouth of his hero, Paracelsus:

"... If I stoop
Into a dark tremendous sea of cloud,
It is but for a time; I press
God's lamp
Close to my breast; its splendor, soon or late,
Will pierce the gloom; I shall
emerge one day."

John Haynes Holmes
Community Church
New York City.

Abbot Dunne

Trappist, Ky.

My dear Miss Day:

I am always fond of getting a line from you because your work has our fullest sympathy, and our prayers.

We shall certainly remember in daily Mass and in the Offices your many intentions and needs, and your dear ones especially. I know that you have Faith and know how to appreciate spiritual gifts at their face value in heaven.

We are delighted to learn that *THE CATHOLIC WORKER* is growing...! We too are asked to make another foundation—and it seems that we are growing side by side. In fact we are called to work side by side—you taking care of the exterior part while we should be on the mountain with Moses to draw down heaven's benediction on your great mission. May God love and bless it!

May Easter bring you abundant and abiding joys!

In Corde Jesu,
Frederic M. Dunne, OCSO.
Abbot.

John Cogley

Dear Friends:

When, in the first issue of the *Catholic Worker*, Dorothy Day wrote her first editorial, she probably had no idea of how far and wide the work being undertaken would extend, how profound the influence of the little paper just born would penetrate, what a dynamic medium it would be for renewing the face of the earth.

That first issue was written:

"For those who are sitting on park benches in the warm spring sunshine.

For those who are huddling in shelters, trying to escape the rain.

For those who are walking the streets in the all but futile search for work.

For those who think there is no hope for the future, no recognition of their plight—this little paper is addressed.

It is printed to call their attention to the fact that the Catholic Church has a social program—to let them know that there are men of God working not only for their spiritual but their material welfare."

But it was the vocation of the *Catholic Worker* to go far beyond Union Square in giving flesh and blood to the social program of the Catholic Church, up to this time only a dry skeleton hidden in the closets of scholarly journals and academic pow-wows.

There are many reasons for young Catholic writers and editors to be grateful to Dorothy Day, Peter Maurin and the *Catholic Worker*. They were pioneers in dynamic lay Catholic journalism in this country. They used their writ-

ing talents to breathe the breath of life into dogmas too often only catechetical formulas. For many of us, more than any other instrument, they brought religion to life and gave it new, exciting, challenging meaning.

Because I was among the thousands who were profoundly affected by the *Catholic Worker*, because it has meant so much to me in my own life and work, any marking of what the paper, the movement and its leaders have meant to the Church in America finds me deeply stirred and anxious to express full gratitude to the Providence which directed them.

John Cogley
Chicago, Ill.

Elizabeth Burrows

Ozark, Arkansas
April 22, 1948

Dear Friends:

You're swell to give me a chance to speak a piece for the anniversary issue of the *Catholic Worker*, but all the same I claim it as my right and entitlement.

Who has sat on the fence longer than I, lazily watching you? The solid 15 years, and from such places! South Side Chicago, remember, Mott Street and the Ozarks. But as true a slant as I ever had on you was given me in Texas City, Tex., the eve of the first anniversary of the disaster, this April 16.

A lot of us went back for the Pontifical Mass for the victims of the tragedy. Chief among them as you know was Father William Roach, pastor of St. Mary's there and a former *Catholic Worker* sympathizer, who gave his life to assist the dying.

That evening some of us were having the sort of bull session old John Cogley always loved. Father John Roach, twin brother of Father Bill, was there, along with some other priests, and a gang of lay-people.

There was talk about mystics, real and pseudo, and finally the conversation drifted around to the *Catholic Worker* movement. A priest from back east said thoughtfully that he'd never quite made up his mind about the movement but a funny thing once happened to him in connection with it.

He was speaking for the Chinese missions and was in Boston when he received a letter from a Catholic women's organization somewhere in New York State. The letter, on engraved stationery, asked him to address the group, asked if he desired transportation costs and if he would be present at a Silver tea and guest at a luncheon.

He answered yes to all questions, made the trip and the talk. But not a word was said about transportation, there was no tea, no food and no cent for the Chinese missions.

Well, he thought that as long as he'd made the trip and was that near the Catholic Workers headquarters, he'd go see the place, since he'd been reading the paper for quite a while. Once there he was asked by Miss Day to address the group about the missions, and he was happy to do it. Then she said they would take up a collection.

He said indeed not. It was a shame he could bring them nothing, poor as they were, and he certainly would not accept money from them. Miss Day whispered that he would have to receive the donation or hurt everybody's feelings.

It was literally a business of passing a hat, he said, and the Chinese missions got more than fifty dollars. (He said to the exact penny, but I cannot remember. Obviously he will never be able to forget.)

You know I've watched you with a critical and sometimes jaundiced eye (having a sometimes jaundiced soul) during these 15 years. And I've been mad enough at you to do howling cartwheels, such as that time I spent \$7 cussing you long distance from Chicago.

Yet in the testing, I've never seen you compromise a principle—however cock-eyed that principle seemed to me—and I've never seen you fail in charity.

And, come to think of it, it is precisely those two points as practiced by Holy Church that have lured a lot of other watchers off their fences into her fold.

It is this absolute charity of yours coupled with your absolute poverty that has terrified me all these years and made me sure of never joining you on Mott Street. Where have I seen vowed poverty so perfect as your unbound?

You are so poor you have no door to close against the poor. You are helpless against helping them. You cannot hold back a moment of time or a crust of bread for yourselves. You have no bed if someone else needs it, no assurance of care in your old age, not even the riches of homage. Your only wealth is the faith of sparrows and surely our dear Lord has kept justifying that faith.

Understand, though, this doesn't mean that next week I won't be angry enough at you to ship you a mountain rattler. No security even in the love of your friends, but please always count me one, mad or mild.

In Christ,
Elizabeth Burrows,
Editor, *The Spectator*,
Ozarks, Arkansas.

Katherine Burton

Dear Friends:

There are many who, through the past fifteen years, have to a much greater extent than I aided the *Catholic Worker*, and defended its ambitious hopes, that I feel I hardly dare add my words to theirs. All I have done is subscribe to it, read it carefully, show it to the faithful and the doubting alike, and send it to other people.

I have disagreed occasionally with some of its statements, but at the same time I have been uneasily aware that I may be at the same time disagreeing with statements by one of the Popes who wrote on labor and social justice. Or I have disagreed in part with what the *Catholic Worker* has unhesitatingly stood for: complete pacifism as a method of lasting peace. Less sure, I have felt that it may be better sometimes to yield a little in order to gain more. But as I grow older and am more and more aware of everlasting values, I am beginning to realize that the *Catholic Worker's* immovable attitude is more right than mine.

The *Catholic Worker* believes in giving the coat that hangs in one's closet to the poor, because it belongs to the poor. I am afraid mine is apt to hang there too long even though it finally does go where it should have gone earlier. It is a matter of degrees of giving, but sometimes a few degrees can be terribly important, both to the one who receives the coat and even more to the one who gives it.

To me the *Catholic Worker* is like a small light in the dark forest of the present world. When I am unhappy about things, when I tend to feel a hopelessness creeping over me, when I read the statements of the children of the world and think how truly they seem wiser than the children of light, then I strain my eyes through the dark and see the small steady light of that indomitable little paper gleaming there. It has often heartened me and made me feel ashamed of ever feeling down-

hearted as to the final resurgence of love and charity. As Dorothy Day herself phrased it, the world has lost the virtue of hope. And that is the virtue which this paper has never lost. Ad multos annos is my wish for its fifteenth birthday.

Katherine Burton.
Bronxville, N. Y.

Bill Gauchat

"Do you still run that crumb joint?" The words came to me in a barber-chair; me getting one of my rare hair-cuts. I was shocked. In a country barber-shop the skidrow lingo touched a bare spot. The barber cautioned me politely to sit still. "That place on Franklin Hill, I mean? The face behind a copy of LIFE was not unfamiliar. The setting was, though: He was Duagan, retired on account of stomach ulcers, from the police force, and living now on a little farm. "You remember me." He says. I sure did. "Yes," I said, "the House of Hospitality is still open."

A few months ago, about the time our fourth baby was born (the fourth girl, too) I received a long distance call from Cleveland. My caller was a young priest. He had been on the farm here, he reminded me, for a few weeks as a seminarian. "Now about that de Porres house on Franklin . . . " It is not clean, and the statues in the windows give the Church a bad name . . . there is an outside toilet . . . the backyard is full of rubbish . . . a city health nurse contacted him. One of the men who lived there had tuberculosis.

My temper, God forgive me, answered for me: "We can very easily remove the statues."

A poor man, mortally ill man, came to us; we fed him (as we would feed Christ, with what we had . . .) we gave him a bed (as we would give Christ a bed, not too clean perhaps, but the best that we have). We looked up the schedule for out-patients at City Hospital . . . gave our guest care (no questions asked, no Social Security Number, no Case History, altogether very unscientific) and at the appointed hour he arrived, (and waited in line several hours) and was found to have tuberculosis.

Suddenly we became criminals! Our blankets and mattresses were burned, we were found to be lacking in cleanliness (as if we didn't know it). And the statues of St. Joseph and of the Sacred Heart in our front windows were bringing discredit upon the Church. And all because we took in a homeless, poor, hungry, and woe-fully sick man.

O Hygiene! O Sterility! O damn.

The United States Steel Corporation's National Tube Mills in Lorain, Ohio, employs over ten thousand men (10,000), not counting women and children. Their employment office covers the country by means of public and private employment agencies and newspaper advertisements enticing new laborers . . . and a thousand come and a thousand leave each month. The ads forget to mention that there is no place to live in Lorain. A single bunk nets a landlord thirty dollars a week, three men sharing it in eight hour shifts . . . That's one reason a thousand men leave Lorain each month.

When the wind is in the West the smudge from the Lorain Mills blights the blue of the sky over Avon; and every night the furnaces redden the sky. We are only seven miles from Lorain, we on the farm.

"There are twenty-two babies on the farm," Dorothy counted.

"Are you going to take in the whole of Mexico?" Our neighbor asked irritably.

"We never had colored people here before," another "good" neighbor told me.

Our anger answered: "Tell it to the Tube Mill!"

To the new assistant Pastor we confided our anxieties over our new families. Said they were Catholics . . . "Mexicans," he said with a hearty chuckle, "I know

them, when I was Chaplain at the Air Field at Albuquerque—they go to Church to be baptized, married and buried. We'll see them at Parish Visitation!"

There remains love and that is all.

The excitement, the lure of novelty, the hope of accomplishment, the pleasure of gratitude, are gone. There is only to love.

The glorious inspiration of building a new society within the shell of the old died, a lingering death. Much like the death of one of our "family" dying of tuberculosis, or syphilis, or cancer. The long vigils in the night, the low gasping, the ever lengthening stillness, the quick catch of breath.

It wasn't the war, nor the newest weapon of war, the atomic bomb . . . it was simply a realization of the reality of Original Sin.

We used to talk about rehabilitating men, never realizing that we, the discussers, the smug ones, needed the reconstructing.

All we can do, as Christians, is to love. Grace must do the rest. The result, the reward, whatsoever is to come, rests with God.

And what is it to love? To see in every human being the image of God. God whom we must love with our whole mind and our whole strength, above all things.

And every means all! And all includes logically every white, or black or red or yellow man, woman or child; of any creed or belief, religious or political . . . Communist, Protestant, Buddhist, Mohammedan, Catholic practicing or fallen, rich or poor, bathed or unwashed, pleasant or damned unpleasant. It means love is hard. To give food, and drink and shelter for the love of Christ, and solace, comfort and a friendly word, whether we feel like it or not, because a human being needs it. Not because the human being agrees with us, is grateful, is "deserving" or any other natural reason. Of course, it's goofy. It's the folly of the Cross.

The atom bombs may fall and American material civilization with it, the skyscrapers, the steel mills, the harbors, Hollywood, the cathedrals and universities, Barclay Street and Life Magazine, but after that cleansing cataclysm, somewhere among the ruins there will remain some Christian souls, and charity. Love will remain.

William Gauchat
Cleveland, Ohio.

Father Carrabine

Dear Friends:

Cisca and its publication *Today*, and its present Moderator are deeply indebted to the *Catholic Worker* and gratefully acknowledge that debt on the completion of its fifteenth year. Very nearly all our outstanding leaders either came to us with fire in their hearts and very little smoke in their eyes after C.W. indoctrination or went from us to the C.W. for further indoctrination or for a self-forgetting outlet for their zeal.

Inspiration, experimentation, training and actual personnel for Cisca's paper *Today* stem right out of its New York and Chicago Houses of Hospitality. Every permanent staff member; editors John Cogley and Jim O'Gara; present and former Business Managers Gerry Griffin and Tom Sullivan got their apprenticeship in the apostolate and in their specialized work as full time C.W. workers. John was co-founder of the Chicago House of Hospitality. (Another co-founder Ed Marciniak, was in my 14 years with Cisca its most outstanding president).

Students in Cisca who have cooperated with the *Catholic Worker* have been marked for generosity, courage, energy, self-effacement, articulateness, liturgical mindedness and intelligent Christian "radicalism."

It is impressive to me to total up my indebtedness to the C.W. and it is a joy to acknowledge it—and to ask God to continue to guide and bless it and keep its inspired co-founders Dorothy and Peter among us as our blessing for many years.

Martin Carrabine, S.J.
Chicago, Ill.

CHRISTIANS COOPERATING

Commune in the Jungle

BILL PATRICK

For some years now we have been reading with great interest your paper the "Catholic Worker," which you send regularly to us, and I felt I would like to write to express our appreciation for the stand you have taken for many of the fundamental truths of the Christian life, and at the same time to report shortly about our life and progress here in Paraguay.

Values

Amidst the flood of new inventions for the greater comfort of the human race, the increasing emphasis placed upon visible and tangible success, the growing spirit of hatred and mistrust between nations, and the babel of voices which pours in from every side, it is refreshing to us to see in you a group struggling to place the truth before men, to overcome the prejudices and passions which cause war and racial discrimination, to help the poor and the oppressed, to restore the sanctity and purity of the family life as the central unit of a greater society, and to bring men back to a sense of their original calling, back to the real and fundamental values of life. It is our wish to enter into an ever deepening contact with all such groups as yours, for the spirit which drives men to speak fear-

lessly against all the perversity in the world today also brings such men together in a common seeking for truth, in a common desire to live that life of unity and peace which is the answer to all human need and misery.

27 Years

It is this urge to unity and community, proceeding from the spirit of love, which brought us together, and which has kept us together during the 27½ years of our common life—years filled with struggle and often privation, but bringing with them an ever deepening sense of fulfillment of that calling which is the will of God for all men. It is our experience that this life of complete sharing, this life of the common effort and the common table, where each gives according to his strength and receives according to his need, is the answer to the questions of a humanity torn in a thousand directions. We here are of many different nationalities, but we find the question of race or national antagonism does not and cannot arise amongst those moved by a common spirit, for they have become citizens of a new kingdom.

Education

In the same way problems of education are also solved in the spirit

of unity existing between parents and teachers, so that the children grow up with a sense of the wholeness of life, and are able to see clearly the issues which lie before them when they reach maturity. Divorce, unemployment, social injustice and all such questions have no reality in a life of wholesome simplicity, because there is a harmony and oneness in the will of God which reveals itself not only as the negation of falsehood, but as the affirmation of truth in newness of life.

Work

The last seven years of building up here in Paraguay have been years filled with work and rich in experience. The country itself is very poor, and crippled by having no direct outlet to the sea. Disease of all kinds is rampant because of the extreme poverty and lack of hygiene amongst the country people. This poverty has been greatly aggravated by the events of the past years, for in 1945 and 1946, we were invaded by swarms of locusts, and as you perhaps heard, 1947, was a year of civil war. This fighting, which took place to a great extent in our vicinity placed us in a difficult situation, but throughout the whole of the hostilities not one of us was harmed. We did of course suffer considerable material loss in the requisitioning of horses, wagons, cattle,



etc., and it is only now that we are feeling the full effects of this on our agriculture which is the economic basis of our life. Here the loss cannot be estimated in terms of money, for the work of years has been damaged. In the country as a whole the result, apart from the immediate suffering and misery, was that a very high percent of the livestock was slaughtered, and few crops were planted. This has been followed by another huge invasion of locusts, eating everything before them, and now by several months of drought which has paralysed work on the land.

Sickness

At the same time a wave of disease seems to be sweeping over the country, and a continuous stream of sick people pours in daily to our small hospital, so that our three doctors—the only ones serving a huge section of Paraguay—are kept busy almost day and night. During the past months there has been a steady average of about 20 outpatients daily, apart from those cases which have to be admitted, and the calls upon the doctors to visit sick people in their homes. Many of these patients make journeys of one, two or even three days to see the doctor, and one woman told me that we were the only hope the poor people here had of relief for their suffering. This great poverty is indeed a problem, for it means that very many cannot pay at all, while others offer to make some gift in kind or to do odd jobs. This makes it every difficult for us to get an adequate supply of medicine, for which we must pay cash, and such things as an X-Ray or refrigerator, simple necessities of any hospital,

The State and War and the Popes

"It is certainly a finer and more wonderful thing to change the mind of enemies and bring them to another way of thinking than to kill them. We ought then to be ashamed of ourselves, we who act so differently and rush like wolves upon our foes." St. John Chrysostom.

Is the state guided by Christian moral principles in such a manner that we can submit our consciences to it?

"In these latter times especially . . . in the constitution and administration of States the authority of sacred and divine law is utterly disregarded." (Leo XIII Annum Sacrum.)

"If we enquire into the kind of life men everywhere lead, it is impossible for anyone to avoid the conclusion that public and private morals differ vastly from the precepts of the Gospel." (Leo XIII Exeunte jam Anno.)

"The State which should be intent only on justice and the common good, has become instead a slave bound over to the service of human passion and greed." (Pius XI Quadragesimo Anno.)

Are we to submit our consciences to rulers of the state because "they have more knowledge than we do"?

"Many lukewarm souls, although they adore God in the depths of their consciences, non the less co-operate, at least materially, whether out of human respect or fear of social hardship, in the de-Christianization of a nation." (Pius XI Firmissimum Constantiam.)

"There are those who think whatever is permitted by the laws of the State, or at least is not punished by them, is allowed also in the moral order, and . . . they act even against their conscience, thus often bringing ruin upon themselves and upon many others." (Pius XI Casti Connubii.)

"For the preservation of the moral order neither the laws nor sanctions of the temporal power are sufficient." (Pius XI Casti Connubii.)

"To hand over moral teaching to subjective and temporary human opinions instead of anchoring it to the holy will of the overlasting God and to His Commandments, means opening the doors to the forces of destruction." (Pius XI Mit brennender Sorge.)

"It is a high crime indeed to withdraw allegiance from God in order to please men; an act of consummate wickedness to break the laws of Jesus Christ in order to yield obedience to earthly rulers." (Leo XIII Sapientiae Christianae.)

Is there one set of morals for individuals and another for Nations?

"The Gospel has not one law of charity for individuals, and another for States and nations." (Benedict XV Pacem Dei Munus Pulcherrimum.)

"No real peace can exist unless the teachings, the commandments, the example of Christ are faithfully followed in public and private life." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

"The whole essence of a Christian life is not to take part in the corruption of the world, but to oppose constantly any indulgence in that corruption." (Leo XIII Exeunte jam Anno.)

What are we to think of our Nation or any Nation that contemplates war?

"Any nation so mad as to contemplate war would be guilty of monstrous murder and almost certainly of suicide." (Pius XI Christmas Allocution.)

Is "Civilization"—"The American way of life"—worth preserving?

"The habit of life which can be called really Christian has, in great measure disappeared, so that human society does not seem to be progressing on the road to good, as is men's boast, but actually going back to barbarism." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

"When God's commandments are despised . . . it means that our specious civilization rests on a tottering basis, and is destined to fall in lamentable ruin." (Pius XII Sertium Laetitiae.)

Have National States aided or hindered the spread of Christianity?

"We lament . . . those bitter enmities and rivalries between nations which hinder so much the cause of peace, that insatiable greed which is so often hidden under a pretence of public spirit and patriotism." (Pius XI Quas Primas.)

"It is from intemperance of desire, sheltering itself under an appearance of public good or love of country, that come the rivalries and enmities that we see between nations." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

are luxuries beyond our reach. The accommodation is also too small, and wards are urgently needed for maternity and isolation cases.

Needs

You will see from this that any assistance which can be given to us in this work would be more than welcome. I know that you are a poor and struggling group as we are, but there may be amongst your readers those who are able in some way to make it possible for the poor in Paraguay to have something of that medical attention which is the simple right of each citizen of the U. S. A. It may be of interest to you to know that those who come to our hospital are almost all Catholics, but of course we make no distinction of race, creed, wealth or position, but help each according to his need.

D. P. Orphans

It is in this sharing of the blessings which have been given to us that we find joy for the present and a purpose for the future. Thus we have also decided to take in sixty war orphans from Europe to give them a new beginning in life. We have sent brothers to Europe to seek out the children and to arrange the transport, and here in Paraguay a high proportion of our working strength is employed in building houses and planting food for them. Here also we need any help which can be given, whether

it be of money, gifts or working strength, and we will gladly send full details of this plan to anyone who is interested. This contribution we are able to make to lessen the suffering in the world is small enough, but it is given gladly. We are poor, but the earth on which we live is rich, and it could nourish many more than are here at present. We need those who are willing to help us to show to men that brotherhood is not something to be longed for but something to be lived. It is perhaps not without significance that here in Paraguay, the home of Jesuit communities, freedom of conscience is offered to us in all those vital questions concerning men today, and the possibility of living together in peace and brotherhood is given. We feel deeply grateful to God for each day we are able to experience this unity and joy together.

Please write and tell us what you think of the various points raised in this letter and please ask any questions you wish. We send greetings and good wishes to you in the fight you have undertaken, and hope that we may truly be led closer together in this common search and struggle.

Sociedad Fraternal Hutteriana, Primavera, Alto Paraguay, South America.

French Christians on the March

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

The most spectacular manifestation of the communitarian movement in France is the community of Boimondau. But there are many other experiments carried on in different parts of France, under different conditions and in ways which, though they stem from Boimondau, are far from being servile copies. In FRANCE ALIVE I mention communities which run a building industry, a printing farm, a lumber yard, etc. The principle alone remains the same.

It is not a cooperative. Because in a cooperative what binds the members together is only material advantage.

It is not a phalanstere. Because in a phalanstere people get together all by themselves in order to live an ideal communal life away from the rest of the world.

It is not the reform of a plant. The plant is only the economical function of the community.

It is not a communistic experience. It is founded neither on partisan ideology nor on class struggle.

It is a family of families, the cell of a new society. Before starting any economic expression of the community, a common ground of understanding and friendship has to be established. This first work of growing roots spiritually is absolutely necessary and often several months elapse before anything practical is attempted.

In the country the communitarian experiments are also growing. Six years with no fertilizers, no building material, no tools, and in addition no dray animals makes it very difficult for any peasant to start up hill again all by himself.

It was like that at La Motte-du-Caire (Basses Alpes) where seven peasants used to meet in the winter evenings around a fire, in whichever farm happened to have a fire, and talk things over. They talked tractor. Oxen or horses were too expensive for each one of them to buy for whatever work the animals could turn out. A tractor could take care of more land. But the trouble was that, for generations, all their properties had been divided in small pieces, separated by hedges, walls. They talked, they discussed, they disagreed, they talked some more. Through the long winter evenings they come to know each other well, and the women were there too, sewing and saying a word here and there. It went on during the whole winter 1944-45. Two farmers put down on a piece of paper what was in favor of their getting together and,

on the other side, what was against it. Finally it came to be accepted by all that—

1. The enclosures should come down and all the land be exploited by the same tractor.

2. That everyone should be equal. But some had much land to contribute. Others little. An average was established. Those above the average were reimbursed in money. Those who were below the average completed with money.

3. That the number of days of work should be the same for all.

4. That all profit should be divided equally between the seven farmers with a special provision for children.

5. That one man, chosen by all, should be responsible for the driving and the care of the tractor.

The seven peasants got their tractor. They put their lands together and they worked the whole thing as a team.

They have done it now for two years and the results are good; not only evident material prosperity, but a new spiritual lease on life, through their proud feeling that they are pulling through and the exhilarating joy of team work which has branched out in countless social expression of friendship.

If the ferociously individualistic French peasant can so re-think his life in christian terms fitted to our present world, it is not surprising to hear that among industrial French workers there are already now approximately fifty live communities, some of twelve families only, some of one hundred, more or less prosperous, but all developing steadily. They are all faithful to Boimondau basic principles:

1. A common ethical minimum is to be accepted by all.

2. The responsible ones are elected unanimously.

3. All forms of human activity are recognized by the group and are taken into consideration when fixing salaries.

4. Accord between private and general interest is to be sought for.

5. Everyone is expected to search for an explanation of man's destiny, and whatever is accepted should be reflected in the daily life.

6. The means of production belong to the community.

The French do not pretend at all to have evolved an answer to the ills of the day. They are just making a trail which cuts right straight through the capitalist-communist jungle.

Under the Yoke

(Continued from page 1)

he did recognize them as he had written them, but as they are spoken in the charade, he "could not remember."

John Cort, of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, and one of the editors of the *Commonweal*, who spent a few years with us on Mott street, said once that he thought the most significant message the Holy Spirit and the Evil Spirit become incarnate in one and the same flesh, the flesh of war? Surely it is blasphemy to think it. Yet worse blasphemy to live it, and not say it. Evil fruit of an evil tree. "Do men gather figs of thistles, or grapes of thorns?"

So we're going to "contain" Communism, the papers tell us. One remembers the words of Pius XI, that we have yet to see what sort of a world is going to burst out of a crucible in which so many energies are fomenting. I have a non-Catholic friend who predicts that the world is in for an era of totalitarian dictatorships, and when we protested, he reminded us that it is one thing to consider things as they should be, and another to consider what is probably going to happen.

On every hand we see violence as a technique, the use of force as a means, and—more than that—as a means of love.

In Colombia, S.A., the well-beloved lawyer and political leader, Gaitan, was assassinated, shot five times, and for several days there was rioting, almost a revolution, streetcars were overturned, much property was damaged. The lawyer was leaving his office when the crime was committed, and the mob bludgeoned the murderer to death with shoeshine boxes. The story went that Gaitan had exonerated a man of the murder of one of the assassin's relatives. So that one might say that the motive of the assassin was love, in the same way that the motive of the killers of the assassin was love. Violence was its technique. Are these the ways of love? I remember the words of De Rougemont in "Love in the Western World" that all love whose fruit was evil should be regarded as hatred, or psychic malady. There is a strange apple growing on the tree of Christian love these days, the atom bomb—the atom bomb, the lover's caress of western "Christian" civilization.

The Irgun, the Jewish terrorist agency, recently blew up an Arab village, killing 200 women and children. The Zionists publicly reproved them, saying—you know not what shame you have brought on Jewry. Since the beginning of *The Catholic Worker*, the Movement has proclaimed that the use of force is a non-Christian means, and for many friendships it has meant the parting of the ways. This has been painful to both sides, and it is the dearest wish of our hearts that we be bound together in charity with those dear friends who have disagreed with us on the question of Pacifism, but we must be true to our message and our mission of the folly of force. In this public reproof of the Irgun, we see at least the faint glimmer of the idea of the refusal of impure means, but it is the Jews, not the Christians, who made this protest.

A terrible civil war is being waged now in the Holy Land between Arab and Jew for possession of the country, and no one can see any solution. There is not the slightest pretense in this country that our position in the matter depends on anything else than two factors, Arabian oil, and the winning of votes in the next election. The oil is for warmaking, present and future wars, for we have more than enough oil for peace economy. So that war, or preparation for war, is the end of the modern state, not a means to the end, but the end.

What is the worst that could happen to the Jews if they should submit? What is the worst that

could happen to the West if the Christian peoples should follow the way of non-violence, in the face of Russian aggression? Occupation by a foreign, dictatorial, atheistic government.

These are exactly the conditions under which Christ lived all His life. The Holy Land was an occupied country, and the occupier was foreign, dictatorial, atheistic, oppressive. None of the happenings in our life are fortuitous, let alone in the life of the Incarnate Word, and do we find no example to be imitated in the political actions of Christ's life? There was at that time a political group in Judea plotting against the foreign usurper, and it was in an attempt to implicate Christ with these that the coin was tendered Him, with the question, to whom do we owe allegiance, to God or to Caesar? Did He bless or proclaim a holy war? No. He did what would seem weak-kneed, unpatriotic to all proud crusaders of holy wars. He advised submission, non-resistance to the foreign usurper. "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's."

Yes, the Jews refused Him from the start because they expected their Messiah as a temporal ruler, they expected right to be identified with might, they wanted freedom from foreign rule, the sceptre of the kingdom to be the sceptre of temporal estates. And in that wish the sceptre passed from Israel. We, with like thoughts, fear to let the sweet Bride of Christ, the Church, which we have identified with Western civilization, bear upon her neck the yoke of the conqueror. Not that we should seek the domination of tyrants, either from abroad or from home, but we do not defend liberty, especially the sweet liberty of the slaves of Christ, than by any other means than Christ, Himself, defended it—non-resistance, non-cooperation, non-violence. Would Christ have His dear presence in the Blessed Eucharist defended by any other means than He permitted for defense of His sacred body visible in human form? He says to Peter now as then: "Put up your sword into the scabbard."

It is interesting to note how often in the Old Testament God permitted His chosen people to be occupied by enemies, or even carried away as work-slaves to concentration camps. I am not here attempting to interpret these happenings; that is for Rome, and it is also certain that war was permitted in the Old Testament, just as divorce was, because of the hardness of men's hearts. But in the light of the present practice of the schools to allow the use of any means whatsoever to prevent America being an occupied country, or to defend western civilization, these things are certainly thought-provoking.

The heading of Chap. 27, Jeremiah, is as follows: "The prophet sends chains to divers kings, signifying that they must bend their necks under the yoke of the king of Babylon. The vessels of the Temple shall not be brought back till all the rest are carried away."

"Thus saith the Lord of hosts the god of Israel. . . . "But the nation and kingdom that will not serve Nabuchodonosor, king of Babylon, and whosoever will not bend his neck under the yoke of the king of Babylon: I will visit upon that nation with the sword, and with famine, and with pestilence, saith the Lord: till I consume them by His hand."

"Therefore hearken not to your prophets, and diviners, and dreamers, and soothsayers, and sorcerers, that say to you: You shall not serve the king of Babylon."

"For they prophesy lies to you: to remove you far from your country, and cast you out, and to make you perish."

"But the nation that shall bend down their neck under the yoke of king of Babylon, and shall serve him; I will let them remain in their own land, saith the Lord: and they shall till it, and dwell in it."

Irene Mary Naughton.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 2)

him monthly, it seems as though the March issue of the *Catholic Worker* was the first he has read and he was very enthused. . . . And a diocesan paper in Connecticut reprinted most of Robert Ludlow's April editorial, front paged it!

Relief!

A seventy-two year old man who has been staying with us for some time has been trying to get an old age assistance for the past two years. Each time he journeys down to the City Welfare Bureau he has



been rejected. But he does not give up hope very easily so he made the attempt again last week. The social worker in charge called me up, and told me that it was futile for our friend to persist since he has a place to stay with us. It was impossible to convince the woman that our friend would like his own room and the privacy that he couldn't have here. This is the type of action that literally smothers and chokes whatever charity these people are supposed to be issuing. If the poor ever began to demand what is their just due I am sure that it will be of no avail for people in foreign lands to write and tell us how to vote. Because the system is such that, "it would be like a group of men standing on the brink of a frozen pool and shouting to the men drowning under the ice that they should take good deep breaths if they want to be healthy." To quote our friend Eric Gill.

Prompters

The motion pictures visited our neighborhood in two different guises recently, however they were essentially the same. The first instance was the shooting of a couple of scenes of Victor Mature in our local restaurant and butcher shop. I don't know the name of the picture, however it isn't important.



But Victor with the aid of a prop smile, and a few memorized lines went through the actions dictated to him by the director. The next intrusion of the motion pictures in the neighborhood arrived in the guise of a Newsreel company. These people picked out several Italians in our neighborhood placed them before a microphone and a camera and asked them their opinions on the results of the Italian elections. However these people were carefully hand picked, that is the Newsreel people made sure that the individuals to be questioned before the camera were satisfied with the returns. And then they wrote out the answers that were to be repeated before the camera and saw to it that those people memorized the answers before the microphone and the camera went into action.

TOM SULLIVAN

Without Poverty

(Continued from page 2)

sage we had for the world today was poverty.

All the world admired and talks of the poor man of Assisi. Christ is honored even by the unbeliever, the hater of churches, as the poor man who washed the feet of his disciples and had no place to lay His head. Poverty is praised and sung of in song and story. But its reality is little known.

It is a garden enclosed, a secret beauty. It is to be learned by faith, not by reason or by sense. It is not just simplicity, which can be a very expensive proposition indeed.

One time we were cleaning a poor woman's house for her when she was in the hospital having her sixth child. The house was filled with rags, with junk. Some of those helping wished to throw stuff out, clear up the place, both for the sake of room, and of order. But to the poor, one of those who was acquainted with poverty remarked, all those things, although they look like rags are necessary. The ragged shirts, diapers, snow suits; things washed (there was little time to mend) and shapeless and grey with age, used time after time for one child after another. Poverty is disorderly, crowded, noisy, smelly, ugly and offensive. To the senses. But God is a Spirit and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth. In the eyes of faith, poverty can be discerned for the beauty that it is.

Peter's poverty might have been thought to be that of an old peasant who was used to nothing better. "After all he never had anything, he was one of twenty-three children, they lived like animals, their manure pile was their greatest possession." I have heard just such remarks as these.

And of course there is truth in the fact that he was not used to soft garments nor the homes of comfort. He was always in good trim to practice the life of poverty.

One of Newman's Lenten sermons talks of our endeavors to multiply comforts and get rid of daily inconveniences and distresses of life.

"Cold and hunger and hard lodging, humble offices and mean appearance, are considered serious evils," he writes. "All things harsh and austere are carefully put aside. We shrink from the rude lap of earth and embrace of the elements and we build ourselves houses in which the flesh may enjoy its lust and the eye its pride."

Cold and hunger and hard lodging and all things that affront the senses were well known to Peter. But what of the interior senses, the memory and the understanding and the will? These last years we have seen all these mortified in him. His memory and his understanding are gone, and his will is fixed on God. When we wake him in the morning all we have to say is "Mass, Peter," and he is struggling and puffing and panting to get out of bed. At night it is the same for compline and rosary unless we forbid him to get up and make him lie still.

There is a dear priest who used to talk to us about being victims. I could write a book about him, so great was his love of God and of souls, but this is about Peter. He too became a victim. What he loved most, after his spiritual work, was to do active work for souls, build houses, work his electric saw, make things for the chapel, travel about to talk of the

things of God. He was known for his activity. Then, at the age of 57, paralysis and loss of memory set in, incontinent and bedridden, he began his last days or years away from all those he loved, far from the activities he craved. I asked him if he had offered himself as a victim, and he said wryly, "One doesn't realize what one is saying often. We offer God so much, and maybe we think we mean it. And then God takes us at our word!"

Peter gave himself, he offered himself to a life of poverty, and he has been able to prove his poverty. It is not just something he was used to, or was attracted to in a superficial way. His poverty, his self-abnegation was complete.

And now he is dying (if not already dead to the things of the world). "His life is hid with Christ in God." He is not even appreciated for the saint he is (and understand that I use this term as one uses it for one not passed upon formally by the Church. A rector of a seminary once said to his students, "I want you all to be saints, but not canonized ones. It costs too much.")

Father Faber describes what Peter's actual death will be like, in one of his spiritual conferences on Death, entitled, *Precious in the Sight of the Lord*.

"Let us speak of one more death, and then close our list. Let it be the death of saintly indifference. This is a death so obscurely veiled in its own simplicity that we can hardly discern its beauty. We must take it upon faith. It is the death of those who for long have been reposing in sublime solitude of soul in the will of God. All complications of disappeared from their inward life. There is a bare unity about it, which to our unseeing eyes is barren as well as bare. All devotions are molten in one. All wishes have disappeared, so that men look cold, and hard, and senseless. There is no glow about them when they die. They die in colorless light. They make no demonstration when they go. There is no pathos in their end, but a look—it is only a look—of stoical hardness. They generally speak but little, and then it is not edifying, but rather on commonplace subjects, such as the details of the sick room, or news about relatives; and they speak of these things as if they were neither interested in them nor trying to take an interest. Their death, from the very excess of its spirituality, looks almost animal. They lie down to die like beasts, such is the appearance of it, independently as if they needed none of us to help them, and uncomplainingly, as if fatalism put them above complaining. They often die alone when none are by, when the nurses are gone away for a while. They seem almost as if they watched the opportunity to die alone. As they have lived like eagles, they mostly die high up, without witnesses, and in the night. This death is too beautiful for us to see its beauty. It rather scares us by something about it which seems inhuman. More of human will would make it more lovely to us; for what is there to be seen when the will of the saint has been absorbed long since in the will of God. Like the overflow of some desert wells, the waters of life sink into the sand, without a tinkling sound to soothe the ear, without a marge of green to rest the eye." *Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints.*

St. Leo Shop

R.F.D. 4, Upton, Mass.

Stained Glass Medallions
Religious Greeting Cards for
All Occasions
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

Revolution and Compassion

(Continued from page 1)

what is meant by Christian anarchism which opposes freedom to slavery, non-violence to war, decentralization to the national State. It is a revolution which invites the cooperation of all radicals, which stretches out the hand to all men of good will whose consciences have been tortured in the totalitarian regimes of the day.

Our Communist Brethren

To our Communist brethren, to Communists throughout the world, many of whom burn yet with a zeal for righteousness, a love for the oppressed, a desire to see justice achieved we would ask once again that they pause to reconsider the events of the past, the history of violence, the mockery the State has made of any attempt at unity with all men. And to consider if their good and laudable aims in the economic field are not being obtained because the method of obtaining them has swallowed up the end and become the end. That the State does not wither away, it becomes stronger; that violence does not disappear, it becomes the ordinary instrument of governance. And that a new slavery replaces the old slavery of private capitalism. That there really was no dynamism in the stupid materialism and atheism of the bourgeois and that to retain it as part of the Communist ideology is the height of reaction. For the truth did not end with Karl Marx for he did not rid his thought entirely of the false progressivism and scientism and materialism of the nineteenth century bourgeois. Indeed, in one sense he glorified them, he made them the criterion of justice. People like those connected with the Social Democratic Federation, who are fast becoming professional anti-Communists (to say nothing of the Catholic press) are going also along this same road of illusions. The illusion that another war will at last settle the totalitarian business, that Nazism is done with and now we must have done with Marxism. And again war is to be waged by national States, and again it will not determine the right and wrong of anything. It will fashion other totalitarianisms, it will make a world of conscript slaves, it will pulverize the world. For if we will not use the Christian means of non-violence, if we will not accept the example of Gandhi, then we have no right to expect the end will be any different than the means we use warrant, it will rise no higher, there will be no redemption from this choice.

Someone said to a friend of mine that it seemed to him more compatible with the Faith to be a Communist than to be an industrial capitalist. I think he is right. I could conceive of a Communism devoid of materialism and atheism and being in harmony with Catholicism, I cannot conceive of industrial capitalism being such. I know there are those in the Church who say that to be a Communist you must be an atheist. But they are wrong. Wrong as far as acceptance of the purely economic theories of Communism go. For if one rejects the philosophical basis of Marxism and the means advocated to obtain the goal of Communism, there is nothing to object to from a moral standpoint. And by rejecting those things the way would be open for a great union of radicalism with religion in a last desperate attempt to achieve that justice on earth

which would be the visible expression of the love of Christ. It is along that road the Church will triumph, never will she do so by coercion and personal intolerance. It may be the road to which she will eventually be forced.

Catholic Action

But it is not the road in which Catholic Action tends, at least as we know it in this country. And the peculiar value of *The Catholic Worker* seems to me to lie in these largely unexplored possibilities and it gives opportunity for what, in the long run, may prove very valuable service to the Church. So that it would seem to be a mistake to channel this into what most Catholics would regard as the "safer" course. It is well that it proceed pretty much as it has, reaching always more and more people and influencing minds rather than concentrating on organization and pressure group technique. There must be room also in the Church for these different approaches and for different temperaments and for as much freedom as possible. A good priest once said to me that the more canon law there is the less religion, and in a sense it is true. For organization and rules only too often gain efficiency at the expense of the spirit—they tend of their very nature to stratify, to provide a framework for the mechanical performance of duties. So that here also there is room within the Church for a Christian anarchism. Which, because it is Christian, is never synonymous with disregard for morality or for revealed truth. But which is unalterably opposed to any coercion of conscience. And that is the freedom of which St. Paul speaks well.

But we are weighed down with many things, the flesh, the world and the world of the subconscious. And there must be compassion. Christ and Freud taught us there must be compassion. And a revolution without pity can end only in a reign of terror, in a new slavery. There must be no coercion of conscience. But if we bear the marks of original sin we bear also that of the Redemption and we too often lose sight of the fact that the new life made possible in Christ holds the possibilities of greater achievement than any man has hitherto known. And yet we continue to talk as though man's nature was hopelessly corrupted by original sin. As though there was no use in doing anything, as though Christ never came. There is a dangerous tendency in all of us to hanker for the Old Dispensation, for natural ethics. To forget that there are unexplored depths that could be possible with that new life coming from Christ. That He would lead us beyond slavery and beyond war and beyond national States to a realization, even in this world, of the Brotherhood of man under the Fatherhood of God.

But it will be a revolution with pity or it will be no revolution at all. It will leave judgment to God, there will be no guillotine, no torture chambers. There will be no Inquisition, for it will be seen that the way of love is superior to all else and that as one grasps more and more of truth so does he love more. If these things cannot be then let us sit down and weep, for we are indeed lost and it is as well that we depart from the face of the earth.

EASY ESSAY

(Continued from page 1)

- To give up old habits and start to contract new habits is to liberate oneself.
- To liberate oneself is to show others how to liberalize themselves.
- Why be a liberal When you can be a liberator?

III. Modern Education

- Henry Adams says that you cannot get an education in America because there is no unity of thought in America.
- Norman Foerster of the University of Iowa says that State Universities do not know what it is to be educated.
- President Hutchins of the University of Chicago says that Universities turn out graduates without giving them an appreciation of the human values that are embodied in the masterpieces of literature.

IV. Secularism

- The fruit of Liberalism is secularism.
- Secularism is the separation of the spiritual from the material.
- When religion has nothing to do with education, education is only information.
- When religion has nothing to do with politics, politics is only factionalism.

V. Materialist Slogans

- The fruit of secularism is materialism.
- The materialist philosophy growing out of secularism finds its expression in materialist slogans.
- Here are some:
Service for profit.
Time is money.
Cash and carry.
Business is business.
Keep smiling.
How is the rush?
How are you making out?
How is the world treating you?
The law of supply and demand.
Competition is the life of trade.
Your dollar is your best friend.
So is your old man.
You are all wet.
So what?

VI. Looking for Dictators

- Patrick Henry said:
"Give me liberty or give me death."
- Men have liberty but intellectual liberals have failed to tell people what to do with it.
- And because men don't know what to do with liberty they look for dictators to tell them what to do.
- And the dictators tell them "You do what I tell you or I will knock your head off."
- Men look for dictators because intellectual liberals through their so-called liberal education have made man unknown to man.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 3)

to ponder and try to understand what a different way of working, different jobs, a different attitude to work, would mean in the lives of all. (There is plenty of other work besides factory work. Not all workers are factory workers. There are the service jobs, the jobs that have to do with food, clothing, and shelter. There are the village jobs. Not all would have to be farmers. We are not shouting for all to rush to the land. There is the village economy. A destruction of cities may force us to consider it in the future).

Machine and War

The Catholic Worker movement is distinguished from other movements in its attitude to our industrial civilization, to the machine, and to war.

To make a study of the machine, it would be good for our readers to send to India and get this book of Richard Gregg's, called the Economics of Khaddar (hand-spun and hand-woven cloth). It is published by Jivanji Dahyabhai Desai, Navajivan Press, Kalapur Ahmedabad, India. "The symbol of the unity given to all Christians by Christ himself was food, bread and wine; so the symbol of unity of all India given by Gandhi was means to food—the spinning wheel."

Gandhi was concerned with the poor and with unemployment. So was Peter Maurin. He started his movement in 1933 when unemployment reached the peak of 11,000,000. It was war which put all these men back to work and it is recovering from war which is keeping them at work, though unemployment is again setting in. Peter did not believe in the use of force, any more than Gandhi did to settle disputes between men or nations. He was inspired by the Sermon on the Mount, as was Gandhi, and there was no talk in that of war. It was turning the other cheek, giving up your cloak, walking the second mile. It was feeding and clothing your enemy. It was dying for him on the Cross. It was the liberty of Christ that St. Paul talked of. Christ constrained no one. He lived in an occupied country, all his years and he made no move to join a movement to throw off the yoke. He thought not in terms of the temporal kingdom of the Jews.

Use of Power

The problem of the machine is the problem of unemployment. Or rather, the problem of power. "The right use of power is the important thing, the machine is only an incident." A spinning wheel is a machine, so is a typewriter, a churn, a loom, a plow. These machines use the available mechanical energy of men, women and children, young and old. The old man (anyone over forty five in our industrial era) can use any of these machines. Mechanical energy is derived from food eaten by the person. Not from gasoline and water power, or electricity or coal. Men have to eat, employed or unemployed. The efficient thing to do is to use the available energy, human energy, to combat unemployment. Then we would not have to fight about oil, and such like raw materials.

There have been many tributes paid to Gandhi for his non-violent resistance, his pacifism in a world at war. But little to the "economic validity of his program." That is what this book is about. And I would wholeheartedly recommend it to all missionaries who have been sending us their desperate appeals these last years. We must continue to help them of course, but the works of mercy are not enough. Men need work as well as bread to be co-creator with God, as He meant them to be, in taking raw materials and ennobling them.

Richard Gregg

Richard Gregg synthesized his book as follows (paraphrasing mine).

"In addition to being a consid-

ration of the economic validity of Mr. Gandhi's programme, and of one aspect of the Indian renaissance.

It may be regarded as a discussion of a special instance of the economic validity of all handicraft work, versus power-machine industry;

"or as a discussion of a special method of unemployment prevention and relief;

"or as a new attack on the problem of poverty;

"or as an indigenous Indian form of cooperation;

"or as illustrating one phase of the relations between Orient and Occident;

"or between Western capitalism and some other forms of industrial organization;

"or as a fragmentary and tentative investigation of part of the problem of the limitation or balance of use of power and machinery in order to secure a fine and enduring civilization;

"or as a partial discussion of the beginning of a development of a sounder organization of human life.

"If India will develop her three great resources, (1) the inherited manual sensitiveness and skill of her people; (2) the wasted time of the millions of unemployed; (3) a larger portion of the radiant energy of the sun,

"and if she will distribute the resulting wealth equably among all her people, by the wide use of the spinning wheel and the hand-loom, she can win to her economic goal."

Cardinal Suhard

"You have to take a position on our contemporary civilization, to judge, condemn or correct it," Cardinal Suhard says. "You must draw up an objective evaluation of our urban civilization today with its gigantic concentrations and its continual growth, inhuman production, unjust distribution, exhausting form of entertainment . . . make a gigantic synthesis of the world to come . . . Do not be timid. . . Cooperate with all those believers and unbelievers who are wholeheartedly searching for the truth. You alone will be completely humanist. Be the leaven and the bread will rise. But it must be bread, not factitious matter."

That is why we rebel against all talk of sanctifying ones surroundings. It is not bread in the first place. It is not worth working with. We must think of these things, even if we can take only first steps out of the morass. We may be caught in the toils of the machine, but we do not have to think of it for our children. We do not just think in terms of changing the ownership of the machine, though some machines will remain and undoubtedly will have to be controlled municipally, or regionally.

Peter Maurin's vision of the city of God included pacifism and distributism. And that is what distinguishes us from much of the lay apostolate today. It is the talent Christ has given us and we cannot bury it. The April issue of *The Catholic Worker* has devoted its space to pacifism, and that was the issue distributed on May Day through the streets of New York. This May Day article is again a recapitulation.

Dorothy Day.

Retreats

At the Newburgh Retreat house (Maryfarm) the next retreat will be for men over Memorial Day, given by Fr. Francis Meenan, a Holy Ghost Father from Norwalk, Connecticut.

June 13-19: Study Week.

July 4th weekend, retreat for women.

July 18: Fr. Veales, Josephite from Washington, D. C., a retreat for men.

August 1: Friendship House retreat.

August 14: Study Week.

Labor Day weekend, Fr. Purcell, Augustinian, will give a retreat for families.

THE LETTERS OF ERIC GILL

Edited by WALTER SHEWRING

344 Letters in a Book Set in Gill's Perpetua Type with 12 Pages of Illustrations, 500 Pages in All—Price \$5.00

Order from

DAVID HENNESSY
THE DISTRIBUTIST BOOKSTALL
BERKELEY SPRINGS, WEST VA.

