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Spanish Archbishop On The Duties Of The Employers, Towards Their Employees

Following are excerpts from a lengthy pastoral of Archbishop Marcelino Olaechea Lozaga of Valencia, Spain, regarding the duty of employers to give a living wage to their workers. They were issued by NCWC News Service:

Some time ago some exemplary employers in our archdiocese, desirous of performing their duty conscientiously as the Church requires, gave to us a list of their employees and the daily wages of each employee. The employers asked whether they were acting as good Catholics.

We have delayed our answer since we wanted it to apply to all employers in the archdiocese, as regards to a minimum, though just, salary for workers. We wanted to make this application not in a general sense, nor with literary inaccuracies, but in very concrete manner regarding the needs in our archdiocese and in our day.

The task we have imposed is not an easy one and we feel sure that some will not understand us and that others will only scan through this pastoral so as not to put an obstacle in their path.

On our part, we thank God if our words may offer greater enlightenment to some employers and consequently greater effort to their workers, in the noble accomplishment of their respective rights and duties.

We write, furthermore, for employers of good will who know they are their workers' brothers and who wish to act as such.

We write with anguish at seeing a future world torn by extreme violence, a future which can be avoided only by a Christian social doctrine, annointed by fraternal charity.

Workers have the indispensable duty imposed by nature to live in a worthy manner and to see to it that their wives and children live in a worthy manner. They have no means of accomplishing this duty except through their work. Thus their work must be a sufficient means to them.

Let us see, venerable brothers and beloved children, to what extent employers are in conscience obliged to pay an average family wage.

On the strength of Rerum Novarum, Catholic sociologists concluded that payment of an average family salary obliges employers in conscience. Many, however, influenced by incorrect doctrines and others by shameful interests, were content to recognize only the obligations of charity. To them, the deprivation of such a salary represented a serious sin against natural morals and, with greater reason, against Cath-

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HOMeward BOUND

By AMMON HENNACY

(A mix-up by proof readers cut my homeward trip in the last issue, so here is the remainder of it. The name of Francis was added to that of John the Baptist when I was confirmed October 21 by Bishop Flannery at St. Patrick's Church in Newburgh. Within that week while at Mass in our parish Church of the Nativity here my Confirmation caught up with me and what I had designated last spring as Number 4 in my What Life Means to Me now became Number 1. At different times of my life I have written down my emphasis on this subject. Here it is as of today. 1. Daily Communion. 2. Voluntary Poverty. 3. Sermon on the Mount, which is the returning of good for evil in personal contact. 4. Pacifism, which extends this principle as far out into the world as possible: with me it is the non payment of income tax for war. 5. To be a

worker and not a parasite. 6. To be an Anarchist, which means not to vote or take any part in government, but to govern one's self. 7. Vegetarianism, along with no liquor, tobacco, coffee or medicine.

In the next issue I will report upon my trial this Nov. 5. I was arrested for selling CW's at 43 and Lexington and rearrested for refusing to "beat it." Dorothy, Eileen Fantino, Bertha Tistus, John Stanley, Stanley Borkowski, Lee Perry, and Jackson Maclow also sold CW's on that corner while I was in jail, but were not molested. The Civil Liberties Union is handling my case to prove that this is still a free country.)

Towards Los Angeles

My anarchist friend Olga Robinson planned a FOR meeting in the Quaker Church in Palo Alto. This was a small but very interesting

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REQUIEM FOR FATHER ROY

By DOROTHY DAY

Fr. Pacifique Roy, Josephite, is dead. He was taken ill in 1946, was unable to be active or say Mass until two months ago when a turn for the better enabled him to say Mass every day during the month of September. He became ill on the Feast of St. Francis, and died on the feast of the maternity of the Blessed Mother. He was buried two days later, and I did not receive word until a week later, so I could not go to his requiem mass. However, I can write his obituary.

I have written it already in a

chapter called *Retreat in The Long Loneliness*, but it could occupy many chapters. This short article could not encompass all he meant to us.

Sister Peter Claver brought him one morning to the back kitchen and dining room on the second floor of the rear tenement on Mott street, where the Catholic Worker house was then located. He was impressed by our poverty, which made him feel at home used as he was to the homes of the colored in the south and in Baltimore where he was then stationed. He

had the same immediate approach to the problems of the day that we had in the works of mercy. He always started to better conditions, giving away what he had in money, skill, as well as spiritual gifts. "Love is an exchange of gifts," St. Ignatius said and the spiritual and the material were always inseparable to him. What he talked to us about was not the social order, but love and holiness without which man cannot see God. He spoke with such absorption that all who came, stayed to listen, and

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Clarification On Distributism

By ED MARCINIAK

David Hennessy, as reported by Dorothy Day in the October 1954 CW, tags six of us, Monsignor George G. Higgins, Father John F. Cronin, S.S., Father William Smith, S.J., Brother Gerald J. Schnepf, S.M., John Cort and myself as supporters of the industry council idea (please note my use of "idea" for "plan").

So far so good.

But then David goes on to explain the industry council idea which the six of us are to have swallowed down to the very sinker. According to David, the industry council idea, among other things,

"is a design for the corporate state," "is all for co-management," tries "to make the best of our present capitalistic system" and "is for working from the top down, [while] the other [distributism] works from the bottom up."

If that's an accurate description of what the industry council idea is all about, I don't blame David for suspecting that assorted sextet named above is lead-headed.

But David's sketchy picture of the industry council idea nowhere matches my view of the industry council idea. In fact, he's talking about some economic blueprint

that I, both privately and now publicly (if Dorothy Day publishes this script), disavow. (I'm speaking here for myself. The other members of the sextet are well able to take care of themselves.)

To put me in my place, David claims he's a distributist and I'm not. I couldn't be, says he, because I back the industry council idea. But David is dead wrong because I'm both a distributist and a disciple of the industry council idea. I can prove it by showing that David has a private version of the industry council idea and a

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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

This press date finds us minus two of our three editors. Dorothy Day is on a long lecture tour across country. Ammon Hennacy is spending five days in the city jail on Rikers Island. Ammon was arrested twice in October and charged with selling without a license the Catholic Worker and his book entitled, "The Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist." The judge decided that Ammon was guilty and offered him the choice of five days in jail or a ten dollar fine. Ammon refused to pay the fine or permit anyone else

to come through with the money, and consequently was forced to go to jail. Ammon's lawyer, Emanuel Redfield of the New York Civil Liberties Union, maintained that Ammon had the Constitutional right to disseminate literature without a peddler's license. Thus at this moment Ammon is concluding his second day in jail while Mr. Redfield is appealing this unjust conviction.

We must repeat that we are tremendously impressed by Ammon's sticking to his convictions to the

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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

The Catholic Worker criticism of bourgeois society is the criticism of St. Thomas More.

The Catholic Worker aims are the aims of St. Thomas Aquinas in his doctrine of the Common Good.

The Catholic Worker means are the daily practice of the Works of Mercy and the fostering of Farming Communes where scholars become workers and workers become scholars.

AIM OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create order out of chaos.

The aim of the Catholic Worker is to help the unemployed to employ themselves. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to make an impression on the depression through expression. The aim of the Catholic Worker is to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

THE COMMUNIST PARTY VS. THE CATHOLIC WORKER

The Communist Party credits bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission. The Catholic Worker does nothing of the kind; it condemns it on general principles. The Communist Party throws the monkey-wrench of class-struggle into the economic machinery and in doing so delays the fulfilling of the historical mission it credits to capitalism. The Catholic Worker aims to create a new society within the shell of the old, with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new. The Communist Party stands for proletarian dictatorship. The Catholic Worker stands for personalist leadership.

TAKING BACK OUR THUNDER

Announcing the coming out of the Catholic Worker, the editor of Columbia said that the Catholic Worker was stealing the thunder of the Communist Party. And seven American Bishops said in 1933 that the criticism of the Communist Party is a sound criticism. Writing about the Catholic Church, Albert Jay Nock said, "Rome will have to do more

than to play a waiting game; she will have to make use of some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

The Catholic Worker is making use of some of the dynamite inherent in the message of the Catholic Church.

TAKING BACK OUR NAME

The name Communism does not come from Karl Marx, it comes from Proudhon.

Proudhon was a Frenchman and France is a country with a Catholic tradition.

And Catholic tradition gave to Proudhon the word Communism.

The word commune exists in French history since the eleventh century.

The Communist Party has taken the word Communism from Catholic tradition and has failed to give us a sample of Communism.

No member of the Communist Party

has ever said that there was Communism in Soviet Russia. What they have in Soviet Russia is State Socialism. State Socialism is not part of Catholic tradition, but Catholic Communism is. When we call ourselves Catholic Communists we reclaim our own.

CONFUSED MARXISTS

The Catholic Worker is accused of confusing the workers. We do not confuse the workers, they are already confused. Not only are the workers confused but Marxists themselves are confused.

That's why we have a Communist Party a Worker's Party a Socialist Party a Socialist Labor Party. And Marxists are confused because Karl Marx himself was confused.

So they write books to help understand Karl Marx. But the writers of these books have not thrown any light on Karl Marx's confusion.

CONFUSED CATHOLICS

That the Catholic Worker confuses Marxists is an admitted fact. But many Catholics say that the Catholic Worker confuses also Catholics. But modern Catholics were always confused. Because they were confused modern Catholics listened to modern economists who were telling them that the time had come, at least in America, for a two-car garage, a chicken in every pot, and a sign "To Let" in front of every poorhouse. And when the depression came they believed with everybody that prosperity was just around the corner. And when it failed to appear

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LOVE IS A WARMING FIRE

Dear Friends in Christ:

Once again we are appealing to our brothers, our readers, our fellow-workers who are so close to us through these years of our association. The ideal of course, is for each one of us, personally, to practice the works of mercy; or for the St. Vincent de Paul society in each parish to do so. The ideal would be for a mutual aid center in each parish to help neighbors with food, clothing, shelter, and services such as nursing, caring for children, doing the wash, painting drab homes—a kind of work camp for energetic Christians. Lacking these centers, it always comes back to what each one of us personally can do, as a family; but houses are small, other members of the family may not be united in this attitude. And that is why our readers send us help to do what we can, we who are writing about those things.

Pope Pius XII said in an address to a group of nuns a few years ago, that one must never be afraid to run into debt to help those in need. And our Lord said, "To him who asks of thee, give; and from him who would borrow of thee, do not turn away."

We are unprofitable servants, and it is a hard thing to keep writing these appeals twice a year for keeping up our houses, in which we seem to have settled down in the comfort which comes from the work of a community. The best reason for keeping our houses and farms going is the picture they present of the love men can have for one another, the help they give one another, the camaraderie, the dispelling of loneliness and lovelessness, and above all, the providence of God, His loving care of us. "Cast your care upon the Lord, for He has care of you." Literally, He has shown it, these last twenty-one years. No matter how high the price of living goes, we continue to house a hundred people, counting the two farms, and feed them, in addition to a line of two or three hundred twice a day. A tremendous amount of clothing is distributed. And a big bill runs up for food and fuel. Our modest comfort comes quite as much from Larry's painting, and Hattie's curtaining the house, and Rose's cleaning, and Veronica's nursing and mending, as from the fuel and clothes. Love is a warming fire, too.

This work came about because we started writing of the love man should have for his brother, in order to show his love for God. It's the only way he can know he loves God.

The main thing, of course, is to love, to love even to the folly of the Cross. In the book of Osee the picture of God's love is the picture of a prophet loving his harlot wife, and supporting not only her but her lovers. What foolish love, what unjudging love! And the picture of God's love in the New Testament is of Christ, our Brother, dying for us on the Cross, for us who are ungrateful, undeserving. Let us love God, since He first loved us. And let us show our love for God by our love for our brothers.

Our houses are full, there is sickness and suffering aplenty in our midst. Our job seems to be just to keep on, to be faithful to the work we have started to do, and which we so often do so poorly. And we need your help for it. So we ask again, knowing we shall receive. God has care of us, through you. We ask our Lady and Therese, and Francis, and all the Guardian Angels too, to bless you this Month of the Rosary.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

DOROTHY DAY.

ALL LAND BELONGS TO GOD

By LEE KLEISS

This may sound strange as any science fiction story, and therefore I would like to share it with you. Imagine yourself on an Indian train which resembles a street car with its wooden seats and open windows. We are headed for Pusa Road Station in the State of Bihar. At present this whole area has been badly affected by the floods. It almost seems as if the train proceeds across a lake. Only trees and the railway ramp are showing above water. The train travels more and more slowly. Out of curiosity we open the door to look out. The bridge had given away under the pressure of the flood waters. We are heading for a new emergency bridge. The engineer, to his neck in water, watches anxiously as our engine advances. The bridge holds, we are the first to cross. What a cheer from the work crew!

Somehow this seemed a fitting entrance into the territory in which Vinoba Bhawe is walking. A journey into No Man's Land: for he believes that the land belongs to God, no one should possess it. We may use it as we use the rain that nourishes the soil, or as we use the air we breathe. We all have the need and the right to food, shelter, and clothing. In poverty stricken India with its high percentage of unemployment this is a serious problem. Yet if every family possessed five acres of land, all the basic needs, food, shelter, and clothing, would be solved. A peasant can grow his food, find mud, stone, or bamboo to build his little hut, and grow cotton which he can spin and weave himself. If he owns his own land, he will care for it and nourish it so it will give better and more produce. As a laborer he has no such concern for the soil.

Many articles, pamphlets, and books have been written about Vinoba Bhawe, but come along with me now to meet him. I joined five girls from the social workers' training center where I had been staying. At 7 a.m. we reached a little village where

green arches of welcome had been constructed, and children and adults have already gathered. The children were practicing songs and calls: "Mahatma Gandhiji—Jay", "Santa Vinobaji—Jay", "Who will be landless in our village?—No one will be—No one will be." A jeep came through with a loud speaker announcing Vinobaji's arrival in Hindi. The children lined up on one side, the adults on the other side of the road. After fifteen minutes we saw some twenty people approaching, Vinobaji leading by some inches. All were clothed Indian style, in white homespun cloth. The people cheered, and as the group passed us, quickly followed. I was caught in a swirl and a rush and could hardly get a good look until the afternoon prayer meeting.

Already at 3 p.m. people were assembled and squatting down on the ground, and by 4 p.m. some 25,000 had gathered. One of the members of the group adjusted the microphone and sang a song about this revolutionary movement. Someone else sang. There were announcements, "Please be seated," "Do not smoke during the meeting," etc., and the calls were taught to the audiences crying, "No one will be, no one will be." Then he sat for the half hour of prayers sung by the group. As his speeches are in Hindi I could not

follow. He speaks about love—how we should love one another, help one another, and share one another's burdens. Everyone should earn his bread by his own brow, not by the labor of others. Everyone has the right to food, shelter, clothing. Just as God lets the rain fall on the just and the unjust, and has given us air to breathe, so we should not deny anyone his basic needs of food, shelter, and clothing. For this reason the landless peasant needs land. He asks, "Will you please give? Adopt me into your family and give me a share of land which I will give to the landless. As the average Indian family has five children, let me be the sixth and give me a sixth of your land."

During the speech, children rise and squirm, but there is silence. All try to listen. The two loud-speakers are certainly not enough. Children form half the audience, and what noise there is comes from them. They are not prevented from coming and leaving during the meeting.

After the speech Vinobaji remains to autograph his translation of the Gita into the vernacular. The Gita has often been called the Hindu equivalent of the Sermon on the Mount. In the meantime members of the group are circulating through the crowd with special papers to be filled by those who give land.

THE BLACK SANDS OF CONCHALIO

By BRUCE CUTLER

More combers always rise to attack.

Waging wars of slow attrition, if four fall on rock, four will take their place. A black seagull holds up the vault of heaven, and for a moment whoops the cadence as he breaks and rises with the surf.

Pacific shore, wilder surmise north of Darien, where wakes Cut by Esso tankers foul in oil and swirl that we transmute on typhoid-ridden lakes—we stand as militant, deaf to the shrill cry of gulls, incredulous, as combers when they rise with lungs abursting for the kill.

The Anatomy of Anger

By DENNIS CLARK

Anger had a body on August 21 in the troubled streets of North Philadelphia. The body was big and had many members and the anger spirit roared in its heart. It sent great bolts of hate hot sound moaning through the night filled streets. The body was a mob, a "mobile vulgus," the monster of social forms. And any man who stared at it could tell why Caesars trembled when the violent giant appeared.

The terrible creature had been summoned by fools on the night of August 20. It had continued to grow in noisy knots of ugliness. A Negro car washer had bought a house. He had made some repairs and moved in. His pink skinned neighbors turned white with rage and mumbled incantations. Out of nowhere the body took shape and growled in the pangs of its birth. But as it grew, over the pavements, into the streets, there rumbled in its tense and nervous center the deeper groans of a demon. Suddenly it moved, showing its strength, and that defiant act was testimony that the body was fully diabolized.

The windows of the house that the Negro had bought were smashed and shattered to bits. The mob became greater, bolder, more hysterical and chanted its bitterness in round after round. "Get out, Nigger! Get out!" The police arrived and formed their lines. They seized the mob's edges and sought to calm it as it chanted and cursed and swayed. "Come out, Nigger, we'll make you a meatball! Get out, Nigger! Get out!"

What were the forces that had bred this body of anger and what were the parts that composed it? Fear was the bone of the body and insecurity was in the marrow of the bone. Fear of strangeness had focused on this Negro who had moved into 2863 North Judson Street. All of the stories of murder and dope and all of the tales of vicious crimes that fume from the squalid slums of Philadelphia's Negro areas had been revolved in the Judson Street neighborhood until they hardened into bones of conviction. People had taken news accounts of brutality and outrage and cast their new neighbor in the role of a criminal. They feared for their property and they feared for their families. They feared the beatings, the shootings and gang wars. They were afraid of the overcrowding and dirt that they asso-

ciated with Negroes, and of what such conditions would do to the value of their homes, the largest investment they had ever made.

Ignorance formed the internals of the mob. This ignorance fed on rumor and suspicion. It digested every idle word and stupid statement and concocted them into a vile system of boiling calumny that repelled logic and stifled thought. "The Niggers never done no fightin', they dug in forty miles behind my outfit in France." "They got a plot, see. 'A Nigger in every block', that's their slogan with that there National Association they got." "I don't care, it's not right. They should do like in New York. They got their Harlem and they let other people alone." Such was the food of ignorance. Parts of the mob

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BIRTH PREVENTION

More than one fifth of the world's people—a total of 450,000,000 persons—now live under governments which are actively sponsoring either abortions or birth control as an official plank of state policy. This figure includes India, with 365,000,000 persons (pre-partition figure) and Japan with 85,000,000 persons.

Premier Pandit Nehru's Five Year Plan for the development of India includes provisions for Fertility Stations to spread and disseminate birth control measures. Japan in 1948 passed a Eugenics Protection Law providing not only for the distribution of birth control apparatus but for legalized abortions.

The reasons for these drastic steps are various. There is obviously the influence of a pagan understanding of life. But one serious reason is also economic pressure: the simple fact that these countries have not enough food for their people. Peripheral reasons, which are not negligible, include the fact that articulate Westerners have advised Eastern people to solve their economic problems by birth control (Margaret Sanger, the founder of Planned Parenthood, last April 16, for example, became the first American woman in history to address the Japanese Diet) and the fact that in some measure America, Australia, and New Zealand by maintaining high immigration barriers against Asiatics have helped keep an over-populated nation, such as Japan, hemmed in within its own geographic limits.

Father W. A. Kaschmitter, a Maryknoll missionary, has advocated as a solution renting land in the United States to the Japanese to establish farm colonies to grow food which in turn would be exported to Japan. He points out that the Japanese, being excellent, intensive farmers, could take over land that is being lost each year by soil erosion. Father Kaschmitter's thesis has been presented at some length in recent issues of "The Maryknoller" mission magazine, and though he admits that the plan is at present a "pipe dream" it has attracted considerable attention as a well-reasoned, positive and potentially workable solution.

Father William J. Gibbons, S.J., a demographer, told the World Congress on Population in Rome, which was marked by sharp clashes between birth control advocates and their opponents, in September, that the United States "could without difficulty receive perhaps twice as many immigrants as it is now doing, which would mean between 300,000 and 400,000 annually."

The Jesuit, a professor at Loyola College in Baltimore, pointed out that at the same time the United States at present admits more immigrants yearly than any other country in the Western Hemisphere. "This is a fact," he said, "which is not always appreciated by critics."

In addition to the United States' ability to take more immigrants, if immigration barriers were lowered, Father Gibbons said that Canada "should be able to absorb one or several hundred thousand immigrants annually" at present, Brazil could take from 100,000 to 300,000, Argentina up to 100,000, and Vene-

zuela and Colombia could take between 20,000 and 50,000 a year.

Meanwhile the situation in Japan becomes increasingly desperate, according to letters received recently by this correspondent. Americans are almost immune to warnings that "time is running out" for the phrase has been used too often by journalists to cover a vast array of situations. But widespread abortions under the government laws plus the economic pressure and other factors have produced an increasingly unhealthy atmosphere, and put Japan in a potentially explosive condition.

Though emigration is not the entire answer for Japan, which as a nation has a total area of farm land equal only to that of New York State, most experts agree that it would have an important psychological value. At present the United States admits only 185 Japanese a year under the McCarran-Walter Act and Australia admits none. If the United States were to admit ten times as many Japanese annually, and if Australia would admit limited immigration of Japanese, the murder of infants in Japan might diminish or cease altogether and the whole atmosphere change from one of despair to one of creative hope.

As one surveys the situation at present, it seems that this is almost a prelude to the Apocalypse. Daily Catholics pray to our Blessed Mother "blessed is the fruit of thy womb" and "show unto us the fruit of thy womb," while the wombs of an estimated 6,000,000 Japanese women have been ripped open since 1948 in abortion operations to slay infant lives. Daily Catholics pray to the Divine Saviour who came to earth as the Infant, while whole nations are committed to utilizing state machinery to block the birth of infants. The need for reparation by prayer and penance is great. At the same time one can only hope that a new generation of Western Catholics is arising, trained and educated in Catholic principles, who as doctors, statesmen, economists, demographers, journalists and lawyers will be equipped to deal with problems in the social sphere and make a world that is again human and where human life is of value, rather than an enemy to be destroyed.

As a practical measure this correspondent advocates writing to Senator Herbert H. Lehmann (D) or Irving Ives (R), United States Senate, Washington, D. C. (for New York State), telling them that you want immigration barriers lowered immediately for the Japanese and Indians.

George Carlin

ON PILGRIMAGE

After almost two years at home (Chrystie St. and Peter Maurin Farm) Dorothy Day is setting out on a western trip. She can be reached from Nov. 9 to Nov. 16 at Maryfarm, Little Canada, St. Paul, Minnesota, and c/o Nina Polcyn, Benet Library, Wabash and Congress, Chicago, Illinois, from Nov. 17 to Nov. 24. December dates will be listed in the next issue of the paper, but she is counting on celebrating Christmas at Msgr. Hellriegel's parish in Baden, St. Louis, Mo.

FROM THE MAILBAG

It is so hard to print letters in full that once in a while we will try to give our readers a sample of our mail by synthesizing some of the letters we receive during the course of the month.

From Ernest Lundgren: He and Hans Tunnessen are busy working at St. Joseph's Farm, Cape May Courthouse, taking jobs on the side painting and carpentering, and using the money to build up the house and outbuildings which they eventually hope to be another little retreat house like Maryfarm, especially for families who will come weekends and camp out around the place in tents and trailers and what outbuildings they can put up. This is a fine team to work together, both of them ex-seamen, one a Swede, one a Norwegian, both converts. They drive up often to Peter Maurin Farm for Sunday dinner.

From Andy Spillane, another seamen who goes round the world on the S. S. President Monroe, and keeps us informed as to his whereabouts with postals which the children and all of us love. At present he is in Bombay and will go from there to Karachi, to Pakistan, to the Suez Canal and to Europe. He tells of sitting at a little cafe watching the world go by. "Outside the door all the cooking is done in the open in little pots. Of course they are poor people, in

congested slums, it's a sad sight everywhere, and its the same nearly everywhere else."

T. Ryah, 156 Durham Rd. Sparkhill, Birmingham 11, England, tells of a Guild of Catholic Paper Sellers, under the patronage of the English Martyrs, approved by His Lordship Bishop Bright. "This is a lay Guild composed at the moment of professional men and factory workers, working in their spare time, knocking at doors, selling on the streets, at meetings held in the public squares, outside factories, in fact, anywhere crowds gather, not omitting outside church doors after each Mass. A mention in your own paper would be appreciated as we wish to extend the Guild."

M. Ellanor Drouin of Biddeford sends us a wonderful article from Worship about Cardinal Lercaro of Bologna, who said when he came to his new diocese three years ago, "I was born poor, I have lived poor, and everything I have is yours." And he added, "Woe to me, if one day I should go to bed without being worn out by exhaustion." From Ravenna where he had been bishop, he brought along five boys, waifs whom he had personally rescued from the Po river flood and whom he had given a home in his own bishops' palace. He now has twelve more and they sit at the same table with him, and he helps them with their lessons at night. (At St. Vincent's hospital the other day I saw a blind Indian boy whom our own Cardinal Spellman brought back with him from India some time ago for special treatment here.)

From Mario and Estelle Carota and all the Carota family at 2627 Haste St., Berkeley, Calif. They had just moved back into the city from their Agnus Dei Farm at Aptos, with their thirteen children. They don't like the city, but they cannot support themselves on the land yet. They are still hoping to get a family industry going. They are living right now in an old sorority house which has seven bedrooms, and they tell me there is room on the parlor couch for me when I come west to visit. They have great praise for the Christian Family Movement, and the particular branch they are speaking of is made up of Mexicans and Negroes and the chaplain is Fr. Garcia. "He is a wonderful priest and works with the minority groups in this country. Mario teaches one night a week catechism to couples about to be married in the church. It is so little for us to do when Father has so many couples asking for instruction that he could use three other priests, plus lots of lay help. He has no rectory, he visits and says Mass now at labor camps, as does Fr. McCullough all the year round. Fr. Garcia's little book is filled with appointments with families which he is always on the fly to keep. As I write, Mario is developing pictures for a poem he

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THE GRAY LOG

Asleep or dead:

in the hallowed ivory of sand and air:
so fitting, so necessary:

heavy with the years of the returning sea:

Oh gray log, prowbent to the deep sand
keep watch beneath the oblique moon
sorceress moon

casting unearthly foam on herb and tree
wandering moon

bearing the night's heavy freight to a slumbering beach:

Oh gray log, keep watch

over life emerging from the rhythm of the night
over the dour water
dark and deep

Only life is deeper.

To the corner of this alien beach
fall pale streaks of light
gathering patiently, knitting closely
healing us, oh drift of wood
from too much mystery
from the enigma of time and timelessness:
Oh gray log, await
the silence stretched expectantly
over a dawn-awakened sea, life breaking
from the shadows:

from the pale porcelain of an early sky
a golden dragon decants into crystal,
clear as a waterfall, luminous as a darting bird:
over the vibrant expanse for a clouded moment
hear the long casual music of the waters
under priceless expenditure of rain:

bright waterwash gurgles against arrowhead granite,
a poem in thrust stone from the sober hill:
honeysuckle light splashes in the running green:

Only life is brighter.

WILLIAM J. GRACE

ERRONEOUS ECONOMIES

Pope Pius XII, in "Menti Nostrae"

Likewise there must be a correct attitude in regard to the social teaching of our times.

There are some who become fearful and hesitant, when faced with the wickedness of Communism, which aims to rob of their faith those very people to whom it promises material prosperity . . .

Others show themselves no less timid and hesitant in the face of that economic system which is known as Capitalism. The Church has not failed to denounce the grave consequences that can follow from it. The Church has not only called attention to the wrong use of capital, of the right to property promoted and defended by this system, but has insisted just as much that capital and private property must be a means of production for the benefit of the whole of society and of sustaining and defending the freedom and dignity of the human person. The errors inherent in both economic systems should convince everybody, priests in particular, that they ought to uphold faithfully the teaching of the Church, to spread the knowledge of it and to show how it can be applied in practice.

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Position of the Church

A GUIDE FOR SOCIAL ACTION
by Yves de Montcheuil, S. J.
Fides, Chicago, \$1.50.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

In collecting these essays of Father Yves de Montcheuil, the editors have served well the cause of clarifying the position of the Church in the temporal order. In this country particularly, where there is strong and well-defined separation of Church and State, the question of the place of the Church in the social structure is one which causes endless controversy and has evoked a good deal of serious study.

Father de Montcheuil has examined all the areas of social life in to which the influence of the Church penetrates, and has made clear in just what way such influence may be used directly or indirectly. He makes no claim to original thinking; for the most part his elucidation of the Church's role would appear to be based on Papal encyclicals. However, he does a masterful job of practical application of the ideas which he discusses, and the book is truly valuable in its concise definition of the way in which Christianity must act on the world.

In the earlier chapters a general analysis of the place of the Church is discussed. The author speaks of the problems inherent in present-day life and the duty of the Church militant to offer a Christian solution to them. He discusses the idea of a Christian civilization in a realistic fashion, neither advancing theocracy as a practical possibility, nor dismissing the very real shaping which Christianity has wrought in Western life. He goes on to speak of social justice and its ramifications, of community and the crying necessity for it, not only among individuals (though he always comes back to individuals) but between institutions.

He analyzes such questions as civic duties, always stressing the moral element inherent therein; the use of force which seems, as he defines it, to be synonymous with strength guided by love and justice and to imply none of the oppressive qualities usually associated with the word. In his essay on anti-Semitism, however, there is a quality of restraint which mars the logical break-down of all the bogeys offered by the anti-Semites. In spite of Father de Montcheuil's reasoned arguments against deep lack of charity which is anti-Semitism, his constant reference to the "Jewish Problem" and what is to be done about it seems fabricated from the same tissue which has caused the existence of such a problem. Father de Montcheuil is by no means an anti-Semite, make no mistake about that, but his rea-

soning carries him too far in such statements as "When there is reason to fear abuses, the state must exercise special vigilance over the Jewish community, just as it must over national minorities, large associations, international cartels, etc." It would seem that the shoe is on the other foot. The Jews are more often abused than abusing. And why, as he suggests further on, must we decide on the attitude we should adopt toward the Jews any more than we decide on conscious attitudes toward any other human beings. Thanks to statements such as these, his analysis of anti-Semitism loses in power.

The latter part of the book is devoted to a discussion of the Church in the political sphere, and here we get into questions which are of particular vexation in this country, especially in the realm of liberty and of the Church and political power. These chapters are valuable in the clear distinction they draw, and they provide lucid insights into the thorny area in which the layman can or cannot act as a representative of the Church. Morals and politics provide the opportunity for Father de Montcheuil to literally lay out a guide for action in this field and he does it admirably. This section concerning politics is the clearest and most practical in the book, but to anyone interested in the position of the Church in our social structure, the whole series of essays will be most welcome.

One carping note, however. If the publisher expects anyone to read his book, it is time he made them readable. I am referring to the use of a nine point type for a book face and the apparent expectation that one can finish the book without an attack of vertigo. Fides has made a point of giving us inspiring and worthy books without which the Church in America would be much poorer; is it too much to expect more readable and less startling formats as well?

Common to Joy and Sorrow

THE WAYS AND POWER OF LOVE, By Pitirim Sorokin. The Beacon Press. Price \$6.00.

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

This is a book about love. It is a practical book about love, it shows how one can become a lover. It is an important book: because love is the most important reality in the world and in eternity. Never, it seems, has the world been so empty of it, and everyone in the world so intent upon seeking everything to satisfy the emptiness excepting the love that could fill the hunger and thirst.

"We shall concentrate (in this book) . . . on the psychological and sociocultural planes of love—love as a "visible" empirical psychosocial phenomenon," writes Pitirim Sorokin.

This book, then, is a study of love on the empirical plane. It is exact and phenomenological compared to which, for example, the pseudoscientific researches of Kinsey are no more than a game played with stacked and marked cards. Definitely, step by step, empirically, Sorokin walks away from the morass of the subconscious (which is the universe for Freud and his disciples) to the footpaths of the everlasting hills. If one must disagree with the propositions of this book, one must put up facts, not scientific theory, nor pious dispositions, nor patriotic positions.

A reader, like this reviewer, may be at first frightened by the terminology, or vocabulary, Sorokin uses for his chapter headings. But this is merely an optical illusion. One soon appreciates the appropriateness of the author's choice of words. Love by itself is a worn-out word without meaning. He describes the religious, the ethical, the ontological, the physical, the biological, the psychological and

(Continued on page 5)

EARLY FATHERS

THE WESTERN FATHERS. Translated and Edited by F. H. HOARE. Sheed and Ward, N.Y., 1954. \$4.60.

By AMMON HENNACY

(Printed in readable type, with many explanatory notes, this is a history of Saints Martin of Tours, Ambrose, Augustine of Hippo, Honoratus of Arles, and Germanus of Auxerre, given from ancient writings. These men lived from 350 to 450 A.D.)

Aside from the fact that a convert should know more about the early Fathers of the Church, my interest naturally was first about St. Martin who cut his cloak in half and gave it to the beggar, and who refused the bonus that the Emperor was handing out to the soldiers, saying: "I have been your soldier up to now. Let me now be God's. Let someone who is going to fight have your bonus. I am Christ's soldier. I am not allowed to fight."

The Emperor called Martin a coward hiding under the mantle of religion. Martin replied: "I will stand unarmed in front of the battle-line tomorrow and I will go unscathed through the enemy's columns in the name of the Lord Jesus, protected by the sign of the Cross instead of by shield and helmet." The next day the enemy surrendered without a battle and Martin was praised by all for his courage and true spirituality.

St. Germanus, on the eve of a battle, had the army shout "Alleluia" three times in a place where the echo magnified the words and the enemy became frightened, surrendering without a blow. St. Ambrose refused to allow the Emperor to enter the Cathedral until he had made public penance for destroying the city of Thessalonica.

There were "absolutists" in those days, although by their ex-

treme dogmatism they became known as heretics by the name of Donatists. In the persecution of Diocletian around 305 A.D. many Christians in Egypt surrendered the sacred books and vessels. Those who remained true felt that this surrender negated the validity of the Sacraments of these apostates and all who followed them. By creating a new Church with their own Sacraments they were very powerful for years. St. Augustine was an absolutist too in a better way for he was forthright in his advice not to flee in the face of danger for he "will do more harm by setting an example of fleeing than he can do good by performing the service of living; and then flight should be out of the question."

On the matter of voluntary poverty and a denunciation of materialism in the churches these early Fathers were as unpopular then as those of us are today who do not rely upon bingo and raffles for income, but who pray to St. Joseph. St. Martin shrunk from gold pieces saying that "gold could break a Church sooner than build it." And it was told of St. Augustine that "He never had the passion for erecting new buildings," and when the Church was poor "would even order some of the sacred vessels to be broken up and melted down, for the benefit of captives and as many of the poor as possible." St. Germanus reproved his followers when they sought to scold an illy clad man for stealing clothing for, "If yesterday we had given you the clothing you lacked, you would not have been reduced to stealing."

When a man left the deeds of his property to the Church and kept the income of the property while he was yet living and later asked that the deeds be given back to his son and 100 pieces of gold was given instead St. Augustine returned the deeds and refused to touch the gold. He also reprimanded the man for his double-dealing.

BOOKS RECEIVED

By DOROTHY DAY

"A book is a window by which one escapes," Julian Green says. "Spiritual reading is the oil which keeps the lamp burning."

A new series of paper-covered books, Image books, published by Doubleday, provides windows aplenty and the oil to keep the lamp burning when it is night or the day is dim. We cannot praise this series enough. They are all reprints which have gone out of print and books which people have borrowed and never returned, perhaps because they kept passing them on.

"THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST" is one of them, by George Bernanos. The movie made from the book could never do justice to it. His discussion of poverty, of war, are unforgettable.

"DAMIEN THE LEPER," by John Farrow. When one of the women in St. Joseph's house read this book she wanted to set right off for Molokai. OUR LADY OF FATIMA, by William Thomas Walsh. An unforgettable scene is that of the children in prison. A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH by Fr. Philip Hughes. Peter Maurin used to say that the best way to study history is to study the history of the Church. THE SPIRIT OF CATHOLICISM, by Fr. Karl Adam. The first serious book I read as a convert to the Church. I've given it to the countless prospective converts since, and now this cheap price, 75c means everyone can have it. PEACE OF SOUL, by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen. A message of hope, that most sinned against of all virtues. Dom Chapman says the most important work in the spiritual life is to achieve peace of soul. "First keep thyself in peace and then thou wilt be able to bring others to peace," reads the Imitation. THE CHURCH SPEAKS TO THE MODERN WORLD, the social teachings of Leo XIII, with an introduction by Etienne Gibson, and this is an Image book original. Here is a book so rich, so full of meat, so encyclopedic that it alone could educate a man.

The prices are different on each book. The last named is 95c; The others are 65, 75 and 85c and we hope they are well sold on every book stand in every bus station and railroad terminal and corner candy store in the country.

And oh, yes, here is another one at the bottom of the heap, for fifty cents MR. BLUE, by Myles Connolly, an old favorite, a little work of genius. It is not much more than a long short story, but when Peter Maurin read it he dashed off a letter, back in 1932, asking Myles Connolly to be the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, but since the paper had not even started yet, and Myles had a good job in Hollywood, it is easy to be seen why he is not now living on Chrystie street.

We and Our Children (Molding the child in Christian living) by Mary Reed Newland, P. J. Kenedy and Sons. \$3.50. 267 pages and a bibliography. Here is a book which every mother and grandmother will enjoy and refer to, and they will not only learn how to teach their own children, but they will be planning themselves and reopening their own

spiritual lives. Remembering how my own grandchild said last Christmas that he was bigger than God since God was a little baby, I was delighted to read how Mary Newland taught her children under four about the Trinity. "After much thinking and struggling, we have hit on a way, inadequate at best, of trying to explain three-Persons-in-one God by comparing it to their own human father. At home, among the children, he is known as Daddy and his role is that of father. At work among his fellow workers, he is known as Mr. Newland and his role is that of wage earner. To Mother he is known as Bill and his role is husband. He is the same man but he has three different roles to play. Very roughly it draws a parallel to the Three Divine Persons of the Trinity. God the Father we think of as Creator. God the Son as Redeemer and God the Holy Ghost we think of as Divine Love."

I skipped all over the book, finding each part delightful and then passed it on to my daughter who will enjoy it as she always has, Mrs. Newland's articles in Integrity. I'm only praying she does not die of envy at the idea of the fourteen-room house for the Newland menage of ten people, not too large at all, for a growing family. On the other hand a small house with small children, when there is an attic and basement, can be a comfort too, easy to heat and easy to keep an eye on the children in.

Mrs. Newland lectures all over New England as well as writes, and one can see that her writing is an outgrowth of her living. It is all tried and true stuff.

And here is a beautiful book to give a child for Christmas, Martin de Porres Hero, by Clair Huchet Bishop, illustrated by Jean Charlot, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.50. Martin de Porres is one of our favorites and many of the Catholic Worker Houses of Hospitality have been named after him. On Mott street, when Ade de Bethune was drawing murals, she made a big one of the Blessed Martin, kneeling by the bed of an irascible sick man, feeding him with a big spoon, from a big dish of beans which some of the men in the house pointed out as very indigestible for a sick man. That picture and that saint made an impression on the men who came in to eat with us every day on the bread line. Only recently one of them came in and told me that years ago, when he had two broken arms, he came to the Catholic Worker and was spoon-fed just as that sick man was. Again we find a saint devoting much time to the sick, serving as an assistant to a doctor before he became a lay brother in the Dominican order, and afterwards showing even profligacy in taking in everyone in need, so that every extra room and corridor of the convent was filled. Martin is a New World St. Francis in his love of birds and beasts and the descriptions of his encounters with them are beautiful. The story I like best in the book is how Martin came across some poor children hiding up in a fig tree, so they would not be caught stealing fruit, and how he found a piece of unclaimed land for them and got fig tree saplings and helped them plant an orchard for themselves which became the orchard of the poor children of Lima for years to come. Why didn't we do that with our Puerto Rican children this summer when the neighbors complained about them stealing fruit? Oh, the opportunities we miss!

This book is so good, and the illustrations in it so charming, that I am sure our readers will want all the other books of Clare Bishop for their children's libraries.

MARITAIN

Approaches To God. By Jacques Maritain. Harper and Brothers, New York. \$2.50.

By NATALIE T. DARCY

"Approaches To God" is not among Maritain's great books; yet it is important for through it a wider reading public will be intellectually quickened to pursue the other works of this highly illumined mind. Beginning with the charity which is as characteristic of Maritain as is his intellectual depth, he tells us that "For a man there are as many approaches to God as there are wanderings on the earth or paths to his own heart." The way of approach chosen by the author are those achieved by the natural forces of the mind rather than by faith and they are so presented that they can be read with high interest by persons who are neither philosophers nor "believers."

The prephilosophic way is one in which certitude is achieved by an

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CHRYSTIE STREET

(Continued from page 1)

extent of going to jail as he has time and again over the past forty years. Still we can't help but be depressed at the thought of Ammon being locked up in that reprehensible tomb on Rikers Island. All of the individuals that we have talked with here at the house who have spent any time on Rikers Island recall the experience with great horror. To understate the case the judge and the police involved in Ammon's episode certainly displayed woeful ignorance of justice and charity on their part.

One warm October night during this period of Ammon's altercations with the law, a husky young policeman wandered into our house. He swung his nightstick and looked the place and the people over very carefully. He smiled expansively as though he was the new owner of this building. My first impulse was to blurt out, "What do you want?" Instead I held my peace and waited him out. He continued to smile and said he was just paying a friendly visit.

He asked who was in charge. I said I was. Then he repeated the same question over several times, "Are you people being troubled by anyone in this area?" We replied in the negative as often as he asked this question. He appeared incredulous. His repetition whatever the cause annoyed us. Finally we offered that we were doing fairly well solving our daily problems. We also added that we called on the police only in really desperate situations, which was but once in the past five years. The smile on his face vanished when we said that we had learned over many times that the less one has to do with the police the better off you are. Of course we said all this with a half-smile, however, we got the point across and we parted with everybody smiling.

A couple of days later another policeman hurried into our office. This one was stern, he had a mission. He shot out with great irritation, "Won't you people do something to prevent the men on your soup and coffee lines from building fires against the wall of the theatre next door?" We agreed that we would pass the word along to the men on the line. This was to be the first time in ages that we had passed the word along the line on anything. Much as we disliked it we knew that the theatre had a somewhat legitimate complaint—even though we know that human rights preceded property rights.

We passed the request along the line twice but the effect is nil. However we continue to remember that we are not talking to a group of home-owning solid citizens—these men on the Bowery are frequently hanging on to life by a thread. Many are ill and a major contribution to their poor health is traced to a lack of homes plus malnutrition. Thus the fires continue to glow each night alongside the building of the theatre. Whenever we approach these fires where three to six men are gathered nightly, we hasten our step. Those people are not a cheerful sight to study since the men are generally emaciated, old, poorly dressed and weak. It is a picture we want to erase from our memory as we enter our own warm house.

One recent Saturday noon, two of the men working in our kitchen went into the empty lot next door. They brought back to our yard a man who was seriously ill. He was delirious and had several days of growth of beard so that we hardly recognized that he was Joe Feeney. At one time this man had worked in our dining-room. Joe was a man of sixty years with a soft Irish brogue. The poor man was so sick that we decided not to move him into the house from his position on the mattress in the backyard. We yelled up to the office to Ammon Hennacy to phone a priest and an ambulance. Father Barbera, a Jesuit priest from our par-

ish church, Nativity, arrived in a few minutes and administered the Last Rites of the Church. Shortly thereafter a city ambulance brought our friend to a nearby hospital where he died three hours later.

Last Monday morning at ten o'clock smoke filled our library which is directly over the kitchen. In a matter of seconds we were running up and down the stairs from our kitchen to the library and back in order to discover the source of the smoke. This could not be another fire within eighteen months of our tragedy in April of last year! I felt a wave of hysteria coming on as our good cook calmly pulled the pipe from our gas stove leading up into the chimney. Five minutes later he was hacking away at our library flooring and dousing the fire with one of our fire extinguishers. The smoke continued and I had visions of the entire floor and wall of the library going up in flames. With that thought in mind I phoned the fire department. In less than ten minutes twenty firemen were cutting a huge hole in our library floor with their axes. The fire-chief turned to me and asked if we had insurance on the house. At that point I was fortunate to remember my name as I stared at five more firemen dragging in a thick hose filled with water. I replied that we had no insurance. The chief turned to his men and said, "Take it easy meg, these people have no insurance."

These firemen were God sent and the fire was under control within thirty minutes after their arrival. Of course there were also a good part of the chimney demolished besides the two by four foot hole cut through the floor. You could see down into the kitchen. Since everyone else in this house took this near catastrophe so serenely I decided that I better get ahold of myself. On three separate occasions I was told by unperturbed members of our house, "It could have been worse."

A phone call to the insurance company revealed that we did have insurance. It expires in 1955. In order not to pass up a few loose dollars we mentioned to the insurance man our little hole in the wall and floor. He briefly and firmly informed us that the damage was done by the fire department not by the fire and from his logical reasoning we would have to foot the bill. According to this argument advanced by the insurance company we made a mistake by calling in the fire department. If we had waited and allowed the fire to do more damage we would have been able to collect.

We are filled with gratitude each day as we open the mail containing notes, letters and money in response to our October appeal. This indeed is a gratifying and humbling experience, especially the contributions from the truly poor plus those who can ill afford to give. All of which forces us to renew our hopes of becoming worthy stewards and profitable servants.

Many thanks too for all the sheets that you have sent in. I sometimes think I overdid that last request for sheets in the October issue. A couple of people sent in several dollars and said in what seemed like disgust, "For heavens sake go buy yourself some sheets with this money." Every morning we have been receiving sheets in the mail, parcel post, etc. It seems that every three hours someone with a wide smile is handing me a parcel of sheets. It has got to be a big joke. I never knew that there were so many sheets. Now I get nervous everytime I see a parcel delivered to this house. So please, I beg you do not send anymore sheets to us. If you have sent them already you must know that we are terribly grateful and we will and can use everyone of them. From now on please just send the cash as we have not been able to pay more than half of our tremen-

dous expenses with the returns from the appeal.

Whether or not it is due to increasing unemployment we are having a steady rise in the number of people coming to us each day asking for food, clothing and a place to sleep. We are beginning to feel like a veritable Simon Legree as we have to tell at least five men a day that we do not have enough room to take them in. Many of them ask that they be permitted to sleep on the library floor. Then we have to drown their hopes by stating the fact that the sleeping space on that floor is completely taken up. A friend of ours once said that if you have an empty bed in your house which could be put to the disposal of some poor homeless person and you fail to fill that bed then you can be sure that the Devil is sleeping there. It is with considerable relief that we can say the Devil is out of a bed as far as this house is concerned.

Due to overcrowded conditions and other valid reasons we decided to rid our premises of all the ten cats in the house, excepting two, Cleo and Tiger. We thought that those two would be capable of controlling all the rats and mice who make their home with us. Since this clean-up we have two more stray cats which moved in without a by-your-leave. Our kitchen staff have taken a particular shine to one that they claim is a pure Maltese. This cat they have named Herman despite the fact that some visiting fireman said that you should not give an animal a Christian name, however, the name Herman stuck. Herman disappeared for two days last week and the house was thrown in an uproar. Individuals ran up and down the stairs from the roof to the cellar yelling, "Where is Herman?" There was great rejoicing upon his return. Since then he has assumed more importance than any animal or human in the house. When you ask the merits of Herman you are told that he is a pedigree cat. Or they tell you he is willing to eat any scrap of meat that is placed before him. When Herman encountered his first mouse he would have run from it except he knew he was being watched by his proud sponsors.

Maritain

(Continued from page 4)

intuition of being which comes to a man when he is suddenly aware of his own existence and that of other things—each totally self-assertive and each acting as a potential or actual threat to the existence of the others. With this awareness comes an intense feeling of loneliness and at the same time, a realization, not expressed in words, that there must be another Being, "transcendent and self-sufficient and unknown in itself and activating all beings, which is Being-without-nothingness, that is, self-subsisting Being, Being existing through itself."

This prephilosophic approach to God is a natural knowledge of which the philosophical proofs of St. Thomas, for example, are a development raised to the level of scientific discussion. A good third of this book is devoted to an exposition of these five Thomistic proofs or ways of approach with a clarification drawing on long-awaited examples from modern science. Then Maritain presents his "sixth way" which is one of the highlights of the book: Approached from the prephilosophic level it is an intuition but an intuition which presupposes the experience of the intellect when a man is engaged in pure thought and suddenly, at the same time, asks himself how he, a thinking self, was born in time. This "lived contradiction" can only be squared intellectually by the acknowledgement of a self born in time but insofar as it is thinking, not born in time. "... the creature which is now I, and which thinks, existed before itself eternally in God, not as exercising in Him the act of thinking, but as thought by Him.

Common to Joy and Sorrow

(Continued from page 4)

social aspects of love. Love: "has, at least, five dimensions: (1) the intensity of love; (2) its extensity; (3) its duration; (4) its purity; (5) the adequacy of its objective manifestations in overt action and material vehicles in relation to its subjective purpose."

He explains adequately each of these dimensions and then gives us this proposition: "The greater the five-dimensional magnitude of love, the less frequent it is in the empirical sociocultural world." This is Sorokin's first law of love. It is as valid as Gresham's law on coinage. Real love is rare and its counterfeit is driving love from the marketplace of the world.

Sorokin discerns four levels in the human personality: the unconscious, the bioconscious, the socio-conscious, and, the supraconscious.

The existence of the three first levels of personality structure is hardly questioned, says Sorokin, but the existence of the supraconscious mentality, energy, and activities is denied by many scholars of both the social sciences and humanities because it goes against the dominant materialistic and mechanistic metaphysics. But shortly thereafter he states that "the supraconscious is known very little."

He attributes to the action of the supraconscious all the great fruits of intuitive knowledge in the sciences, art philosophy, and religion: the leaping arc of flame from the drudgery of discursive reasoning to the direct apprehension of reality. It is an empirical fact, and no wonder, that the supraconscious is known very little. But that does not make it less a fact. Newton, Bacon, and Einstein; Beethoven and Mozart; Michaelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci and El Greco; Dante and Shakespeare; Augustine, Thomas of Aquin, Maritain; these and others of their stature are few and far between in any and all the centuries. In other continents in other ages there were similar great men; but they were few and far between as in the western world. Their lives and their works testify to the reality of intuitive knowledge; and to its rarity.

What the world needs today above everything is saints, Sorokin writes: "For contemporary mankind, ravaged by moral atomism and egotisms, an emergence of a great genius of love is particularly needed. One or a few such heroes of unselfish love can morally ennoble the demoralized humanity more than most of the ordinary agencies of crime prevention, of utilitarian "moral rearmaments," of police forces, and of legalistic or revolutionary movements for "justice and equity." Even if these moral agencies can help in bridling the extreme forms of selfishness, they can hardly lift

It bathed there in the life of God; it lived thereby a suprapersonal (suprapersonal in relation to every created personality) and divinely personal life, by that life which is the eternal act of intellection of the divine Self itself, thinking itself." How much clearer and deeper does this "sixth way" of Maritain make the concept of man as the image of God!

Finally, the author treats of the ways of approach to God through the practical intellect: the way of artistic creation; the way—enveloped in moral experience and the way, related to the order of moral experience, which is based on the testimony of the mystics. In these last chapters there is a message for all those who may call themselves agnostics or atheists but who are at the same time, more acutely aware than most men of the metaphysical anguish, the nostalgia for Being which is common to the creative artists. These chapters especially, but not exclusively, make the book one which can be given with confidence to our non-Catholic friends.

the moral standards of the rank and file to the loftiest peaks of the sublimest love. Only the human incarnations of unbounded love can accomplish this task. Herein lies the limitless importance of their creative genius."

The author then describes the techniques of the various yogas. The raja yoga of Patanjali, the purest, most spiritual of the yogas. It is the "Mary" Yoga; Mohandas Gandhi practiced the karma yoga, the "Martha" yoga. This section of Professor Sorokin's book was most instructive for this reader, and most compelling to meditation. God made (besides everything that exists) both the East and the West, and the honest and austere of the twain are meeting daily and eternally in God's good grace.

And what is the basic discipline of the yoga? Voluntary, control of the senses, including the subconscious; control of the conscious, in such normal natural actions as breathing, micturition, and defecation, hunger and thirst; chastity: in its purest crystal form; and Charity: Obedience to the wants of all creatures. The true follower of yoga, being emptied of self, is ready to be filled with Reality, here and hereafter.

The next empirical study is that of the monastic system of techniques in creative love. This is the western system of monasticism, founded by St. Basil. But, I quote the author: "In their basic characteristics, however, the educational techniques of the Taoist the Hinduist, the Buddhist, the Jainist, the Christian, the Mohammedan and other monastic institutions are essentially similar."

There is an excellent chapter on MONASTIC "PSYCHOANALYSIS", COUNSELING AND THERAPY. He shows that the monastic fathers knew well about the hidden or unconscious maladies of the human soul. The contemporary theories of the unconscious, of bringing repressed wishes into the open, and so on, were well known to the monastic educators many centuries before Freud and recent psychiatrists.

There is a review of the altruistic techniques used by the Bruderhof communities, and the Menonite and the Hutterite brotherhoods. This chapter should appeal especially to those who are interested in the Catholic Worker's ideas of Farming Communes.

In summing up Pitirim Sorokin points out that in achieving an extension and deepening of love one runs into the hatred one's own narrow tribal group. "Hence the tragic martyrdom of the apostles of universal love, who have been condemned to death, imprisoned, banished, tortured, and variously persecuted by the partisans of tribal loyalty. Socrates, Jesus, St. Peter, St. Paul, Al Hallaj, Gandhi and some 37 per cent of the saintly Christian altruists are eminent examples of its victims. . . . Almost any universal altruist is bound to become a "subversive enemy" to be persecuted by the "patriotic", tribal altruists. In this sense the eternal tragedy of the agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi continues in human history unabated. . . . Most of the political parties, racial, occupational, national, and other groups have been guilty in persecution of their "disloyal" members whose "disloyalty" consisted exactly in extension of their love far beyond the boundaries of the respective organization. And so this drama is continued up to this day when a multitude of "patriotic governments" and "crusading committees", relentlessly persecute many a "disloyal" altruist in the name of Communist, Socialist, Liberal, Conservative, Fascist, Democratic, Capitalist, Labor, Atheist, Religious, and other tribal solidarities and lilliputian in-group patriotisms. And so far, no end of this tragedy is visible." (p. 460)

Sorokin's final words in this remarkable book is a plea and a plan for universal brotherhood.

Father Roy

(Continued from page 1)

that day found him giving, and us receiving, a little "retreat". It was the retreat of Fr. Lacouture, his fellow French-Canadian, which had inspired him as he inspired us that day so that we began "to see all things new." For me it was like falling in love again. I began to understand many things. Fr. Roy talked all that morning and all work was put aside to listen to him. Of course the cooking went on, and the serving went on, and people came and went, but we continued to listen. I don't remember who of us were there, but I know all morning there was a group around him.

Although he was stationed in Baltimore, he thought nothing at all of running up to New York on his day off, and it got so we did the same, running down to Baltimore. We had a house there and there was many a visit from him, and many a day of recollection he gave. He was a great believer in fasting on bread and water during these days, although the "water" at breakfast could consist of black coffee which helped keep us awake during the conferences. At the close of the day, he would feast many of us at his rectory, down in the basement of the church where the janitor, Mr. Green, used to cook up a good meal. One time it was roast groundhog.

Later Fr. Roy got permission to come and stay with us at Easton, Pa., at Maryfarm, and there the first thing he did was put in electricity, wiring the place with his own hands. Then he set himself and all others around him to work digging ditches to bring the water from the spring on the hill down to the barn where we set up dormitories for our retreats.

He did not reproach us with the fact that our austerity was often due to lack of vision and hard work. He just set to work to remedy it. We had hardship enough in the cold in the barn where the kitchen was downstairs, the chapel, library, dormitories were upstairs. Father himself slept in the upper men's dormitory with old Mr. O'Connell, Peter Maurin, Duncan Chisholm, Hans Tunneson, Joe Cotter and I don't know how many others. The rest all loved him but Mr. O'Connell, who was a trial to us all, didn't love anyone. He perhaps was going through the dark night, to put a charitable interpretation on the matter. All natural love seemed to be pruned away from him. One morning when we were singing the Mass down below the chapel (the men's dormitory was like a closed-in balcony in back) Mr. O'Connell began banging on the floor with his shoe and roaring for us to cut out the noise. Confined to his bed by illness, we had to keep him there for some weeks until he was able to return to his carpenter shop in which he also had his bedroom. Fr. Roy himself used to look wryly at his altar boys, Victor Smith and John Thornton as they sat at either side of him singing the Gloria out of tune, those first months we started singing the Mass.

We were better later on. We had a sung Mass every day because the diocese were in, so did not permit the dialogue Mass, so we were the gainers when Fr. Roy decided on the sung Mass.

To him Mass was truly the work of the day and he spared no effort to make it as beautiful and worshipful as possible. Even during the coldest weather when the water froze in the cruet and his hands became numb he said Mass slowly, reverently with a mind intent on the greatness, the awfulness of the Sacrifice. To one priest who complained of his powerlessness to cope with the darkness of the times, he said courageously (it is hard to correct a fellow priest about so personal a matter) that if he would stop gargling the words of the Mass in his throat in a horrible parody of oral prayer, he would be making a beginning. That same priest who was also a

sensitive soul never again slurred over the words of the Mass. When he emphasized the fact that the maniple used to be a cloth over the arm, to wipe away the sweat and the tears of the first priests offering up the holy sacrifice and said that when we had participated in this great work of the day we had done the most we could possibly do, one of the members of our community took it too much to heart. On those days when we had no priest and Fr. Roy was away on one of his journeys this fellow worker used to toil down and up the long hills to St. Joseph's two

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO:
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:
PERHAPS IT
MAY BEAR
FRUIT



miles away and then lie recumbent for the rest of the day while the rest of the community, including his wife, chopped the wood, carted the water and did the work that meant warmth and food and shelter for the community. He had done his work for the day, he said, carrying the burden of the community for us all.

There was just enough truth in what he said to make us feel guilty at our sloth.

But Fr. Roy's Mass once offered did not prevent him from being a most diligent worker. He had what Peter Maurin called a philosophy of labor. He took great joy in it and counted any day lost that did not see some heavy manual work performed. He felt he could not eat his bread without having shed some sweat. And if visitors and errands and other duties deterred him, he started in after supper putting up shelves, hammering, sawing, finishing off some piece of work until midnight.

In addition to singing his office, he spent an hour of adoration and in order to make us share this hour he urged us to go to the chapel right after breakfast to pray. I can still hear the scratching of Jane O'Donnell's pen as she got off some letters in the last pew, or the turning of pages of one or the other of us as we tried to avoid the onerous work of praying. We preferred to read about God rather than to face Him. Fr. Roy himself had his troubles. Every time a car drove up or a delivery was made, one could see the stirring of his expressive back, the slight twitch of his head.

He was a good looking man, tall, lean, with warm and yet piercing eyes; slow, sure, meditative in his movements. He had good hands well used to toil. I remember when I once cut my hand slicing bread, he laughed and said, "Rejoice in the Lord always!" and later when he cut his hand on the circular saw and had to drive himself, streaming with the blood to the hospital four miles away, I asked him when I returned from

the city whether he had rejoiced. "I danced with joy," he said, "especially when they were sewing me up."

He liked to sing French folk songs and I remember Polly Robinson driving in to the city with us singing with him. She was a Quaker and a pacifist, with Fr. Roy for a bit, and when Fr. Roy, with French discretion thought about it after he justified his singing with "One must reach people in many ways, you know." But it was he who was severe, not us. He didn't like a radio in the house, and certainly he would never have stood for television. Both let in too much of the world. It would make for tepidity, he thought, and the lukewarm, God vomits out of his mouth.

But he loved parties and we celebrated many feast days. He loved to go down to the A.&P. on Saturday night and collect their leftovers which they gave us free and many a time we were up late cleaning turkeys with already odorous insides, and burying luxury fish in the snow outside in lieu of a deep freeze. We didn't care if the dogs got them, nor did we care much for turkey when we got through. When he had to pay for food (he was almost too paternal we often thought) he'd buy pigs feet or such like cheap delicacies and Eileen McCarthy used to beg him for a little of the pig higher up. She meant a ham, of course, but Father countered her Irish wit with some of his own; he brought her some pigs' tails!

He shopped, he built, he dug, he all but started a lumber mill. It was during the war and there was a great scarcity of lumber, so one day during his hour's meditation, with his eyes glued to the floor before him, it occurred to him that the boards of the floor, used to accommodating trucks and farm wagons and tractors were unnecessarily thick for a chapel and library. He started at the very conclusion of his hour, tearing up the boards from the floor of the chapel, leaving great chasms looking down to the depths of the former cow stalls below. It did not matter that a retreat was to start the following Friday night. In fact there were still great gaps in the floor when the retreatants started to arrive, and they were put to work nailing down the floor with the boards which had come in greater quantity from the saw mill on the hill made from the four inch thick flooring that he had taken up. He quadrupled his supply of wood by the move.

Hans Tunneson kept up with him in much of his work, though Hans was cooking and baking at the time. He complained though that all the work Fr. Roy did was geared to tall men—the sink was too high, the shelves too high, the tables and benches too high—even the toilet seats in the new out-houses which Fr. Roy built were too high, indelicate though it may be to mention it. But it all goes to show how encompassing, how all embracing his love and fatherly concern for us was.

Our life those years, was indeed beautiful, with work, with song, with worship, with feasting and fastings. He was strict about the latter and many a supper was of corn meal mush or oatmeal. He ate with us, he shared all our hardships, he rejoiced and sorrowed with us. He heard our confessions and he gave us the bread of life.

And he introduced to us the retreat. We always refer to it as that or as "the basic retreat," although we have made many a stimulating retreat since under men who have never heard of Fr. Roy or Fr. Lacouture. He gave us conference after conference and he gave the same conferences over and over again, with the same enthusiasm. We didn't mind it when he would insist that Fr. Onesimus Lacouture was the greatest Lacouture since St. Paul. We were used to enthusiasms that tended to exaggeration and hyperbole. We knew what he meant. What he convinced us of was that God loved us and had so loved us that He gave His own Son, who by His life and death sent forth a stream of graces that made us brothers in

grace, closer than blood brothers to Him, and to each other. He made us know what love meant, and what the inevitable suffering of love meant. He taught us when there were hatreds and rivalries among us and bitterness and resentments, that we were undergoing purifications, prunings, in order to bear a greater fruit of love. He made us feel the power of love, he kept our faith in love. Solovier has written of this power, in *The Meaning of Love*.

Perhaps Fr. Lacouture was not much of a theologian as theologians go, nor Fr. Roy either. Perhaps there was "inexactitude of expression" perhaps he was misunderstood and people went to extremes in their hatred of the world; perhaps he was a reproach to the clergy in his condemnation of luxury and even more in the im-



plied reproach of his way of living, in his unuttered criticism, his lack of human respect. I suppose he felt his lack but he tried to make up for it by giving us the best he had and the lives of the saints to read, and the Imitation of Christ, chapter by chapter as penance in the Confessional.

He also sent us to Fr. John J. Hugo of the Pittsburgh diocese of whom I can write much, and probably will in a future story of the retreat. "The man who can really give the retreat is Fr. Hugo," he always told us, and before even Fr. Roy had come to live with us, we had gone for those retreats at Oakmount which brought such joy to our souls. Fr. Roy himself visited Pittsburgh and stayed at St. Anthony's Village where the retreats were held, and at the House of Our Lady of Good Counsel which was started in the Hill District. He was the despair of the other priests by the charge account which he ran up at "Jimbels," as he called the store, for photographic materials, he was preparing slides of the Shroud of Turin and the lives of the saints to teach the children and all of us, and the colored on the Hill at the time.

Fr. Roy's wanderings took him on a trip to St. John's in Minnesota where he prepared a retreat which ninety-five priests attended and which Fr. Hugo gave. It caused a good deal of controversy among the more articulate of the priests, but many a letter I received from priests who made the retreat and who found too, that it made all things new. Fr. Flannigan of Boys' Town was one of them.

I could say that if it were not for Fr. Roy, Applied Christianity by Fr. Hugo would never have been written, or gone into the many editions that it did—or those other masterly works. In the Vineyard, The Weapons of the Spirit, The Gospel of Peace, Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors and The Crime of Conscriptio, not one of which has ever been condemned though the controversy about this presentation of Christian doctrine goes on still.

That we must die in order to live, die to the natural to put on Christ, we must offer ourselves up as a sacrifice with Christ. Many of the priests who have taught this doctrine have experienced it. Fr. Roy used to say, "God takes us, at our word. We little know what we

say." He himself after a few years with us most certainly became a "victim soul" to use an expression of modern piety which has become stereotyped and shop worn. He loved above all things, in the natural order, his active life of work. He had a passion for work, one could see it, just as Peter Maurin had a passion for thinking, for indoctrinating. Both were great teachers, who taught by their single mindedness and their lives. And both had to pay the price.

One morning, not long after his extensive travelling and preaching in the south (it showed the greatness and wisdom of his superior liberty) he was given such complete (thereby) he got up to say Mass in our barn chapel and we were horrified to find him suddenly communicating right after the Sanctus bell, before even he had consecrated the Host. By the vagueness of his words and gestures we saw that something had happened, something similar to what had happened to Peter Maurin. He might have had a slight stroke in his sleep which impaired his memory, it might have been a blood clot on the brain,—none of us knew enough about these things to say. It was hard to get him to a doctor. What he wanted, he said, reverting almost to childhood, was to go home. He wanted to get up to Montreal, where in the bosom of his family, he could be diagnosed and treated. "Maybe he needed the rest of his teeth pulled out," he said naively. His nephew was a dentist and could do it.

So Harold Keane took him by plane to Montreal and he took up his home in his sister's house. The next thing we heard was that he was in the Hotel Dieu, in the ward for mental patients. What had happened was that he had gotten lost, had wandered away in upstate Quebec and was found in a tiny village, living, with a priest too, and serving as altar boy. The priest had not known he was a priest too, dressed in a suit over a pair of pajamas as he was, but took him to be some poor man wandering in. (Mauriac said that Christ was a man so much like other men that it took the kiss of a Judas to single him out.)

I went to see him in the mental hospital where it is also customary here in the states also to put people who have lost their memories. He remembered me, but not the others at the farm. He cried a little when he showed me a bruised face where one of the other patients, another priest, had struck him. He told me how an attendant, changing his bed had called him a dirty old pig. He wept like a child and then remembering, suddenly smiled and said, "Rejoice!" I was crying too, and in our shared tears, I felt free to ask him something I would never have said otherwise, feeling that it would be an unwarranted and most indelicate prying. "Are you, have you offered yourself?" I asked, "as a victim?"

It was then he said to me, "We are always saying to God things we don't really mean, and He takes us at our word. He really loves us, and 'and believes us'."

Fr. Roy didn't have to stay in the hospital very long. He could go home again to his dearly loved sister, Mrs. Riendeau who with her husband carefully cared for him this summer. (His order always paid all his expenses.) Then there was an opportunity for him to live in a retreat for old and ill priests at Trois Rivières, Quebec, where with the help and guidance of a brother priest, he was enabled to offer up once more the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. For only two months he had this great privilege and then he became ill with what they took to be a slight case of grippe and within less than a fortnight, he died. He was fully conscious when he received the last rites of the Church and he died, his sister wrote me, rejoicing.

Eye has not seen, nor ear heard what the Lord has promised to them that serve Him. And since Wisdom is the most active of all active things, Fr. Roy is once again active though most assuredly, with an activity which enables him to rest in peace.

Homeward Bound

(Continued from page 1)

meeting. While here we stayed at the home of Gerhardt Steinke, for my friend Vic Hauser had wanted to visit friends near San Diego and was driving south. Gerhardt is writing his thesis on Hugo Ball, a German anarchist who became a Catholic, but remained an anarchist, seven years before his death in 1927. Next we spent the night with Ward and Lorna Moore and family in Monterey. Ward had written the excellent review of my book in the *NATION*. He is orthodox Jewish and a friend of the CW. I had written to Milton Mayer since 1939 but we had never met. He was away but Mrs. Mayer graciously called a meeting of friends in Carmel for that evening in her home. Some Catholics, but mostly liberals came and we had an interesting evening. We had visited the poet Robinson Jeffers that afternoon. He has the reputation of being a cynic but he was kindly and pleasant.

I had corresponded with Johnny Lovewisdom for five years but had never met him. Vic knew him well but as about the Yogi I had met were frauds I thought Johnny must be another one. I was pleasantly surprised to meet him in the foothills near Three Rivers at the site of the old time (1886-1892) Kaweah Colony. He had studied all occult religions and in 1945 had been baptized a Catholic by a priest in Quito, Ecuador. He prays and meditates for many hours daily all these years and earns his living by picking fruit.

My old friend Charles Kelly of Phoenix now works at the Friends Service Committee in Pasadena and arranged for a meeting in the Orange Grove Quaker meeting house. Donald Reed, young Catholic CO to military drill at Loyola had planned my meeting at the Little Theatre where I spoke after having been introduced by Father Brusher to an enthusiastic audience. Frieda Graham, active Communist in Phoenix, now living in this vicinity; I was glad to see her and her three children again. I am proud of my friendship with this fine woman with whose ideas I disagree, and in my mind there is no "guilt by association," but "blessings by association" with her fine spirit.

Fr. Coffield was away at a retreat but I was welcomed by Brother William Thomas, a spastic in a wheel chair, who at the mission in El Monte seeks to establish "a benedictine life of prayer and work for physically handicapped men." They have a small print shop, wood working tools, sewing machine, and a fine group of young Spanish in the neighborhood who cooperate with them. I met them and with some Christian Family couples and answered questions until after midnight. Seven acres have been purchased and will be laid out in homes to be built co-operatively. The spirit of these folks is wonderful and it cheered me to meet with them. Ginny Anderson from Phoenix was visiting her mother in Pasadena and I was overjoyed to see her again and to visit with pacifist friends she brought together. Dan Marshall, last minute lawyer for the Rosenberg's, and civil liberties enthusiast, invited me to accompany him and his son to Mass on a Sunday morning, after which we visited until noon. Bill Wharton was driving south so I went with him.

TOWARD THE HOPI

Bill left me at Abe Zwickel's in Vista. Vic had arrived a short time before. That night I addressed a FOR meeting and the next night some others who could not make the other meeting at the home of my old time Phoenix friend Art Hulbert. The next day and night I spent visiting Henry L. Nunn at La Jolla. Readers of the CW will remember my review of his book *The Whole Man Goes to Work* in the CW. Vic met me at Oceanside and we drove over beautiful mountain roads and hot desert until we came to Cathedral City, the poor

man's Palm Springs. Here we met gracious Cornelia Jessey Sussman, who had written the review of my book in the CW, and her husband Irving who teaches English in the high school in Palm Springs. They are Jewish converts to the Church and helped clear up some points of doctrine in which I was not too clear. Vic left to visit Johnny Lovewisdom and I visited with these two fine friends for a couple of days. Cornelia reminded me of Carmen Moran in her warmth and spontaneity. Soon I was at the home of Platt and Barbara Cline in Flagstaff and the next day was at the home of my Hopi friends at New Oraibi, greeted warmly by the unspoiled Hopi youngsters who remembered me from two years ago. We attended the Velvet Coat dance at Walpi the next day. Here Hopi children play around happily in a space as big as two city blocks with no fences to protect their falling the 400 feet to the bottom of the cliff. In Prescott I visited Mr. Stuart, former tax man in Phoenix, and his wife. They run the *COURIER* there.

PHOENIX

The heat that struck me was like an oven but soon I got used to it. Rik Anderson, Morris the Hopi and family, Joe Craigmyle and scores of other friends welcomed me. I visited James Hussey, saw their new baby, and just missed a job of irrigating, he said. The flock of sheep had increased mightily and the whole landscape looked familiar. After all of my travel over the green fields and wooded mountains the semi desert land around Phoenix with the cardboard-like mountains surrounding still seemed to me the most beautiful. Rik and I visited the family of Molokons down the lateral where their son Dan had gone to prison, but we did not see him as he was away that afternoon. The good nuns whom I knew were all away at summer school, but I was happy to see Sister Roquita at St. Joseph's, Fr. George Dunne, and my parish priest Father Lawrence.

TOWARD NEW YORK CITY

Prof. Earle Warner of the University, an old friend, had me speak to the FOR at the Quaker meeting house in Tucson. Mrs. Hogan of Tulsa spoke rather independently at a Great Books Club and the leader told her she spoke like an anarchist. She denied it, but later finding one of my books in the library of the Christian Family group where she attended she read it, subscribed for the CW, and now invited me to speak in the library of the school at Christ the King Church. The priest and the group asked intelligent questions and I was happy to have met them all. Riding at midnight after the meeting I got to Memphis the same night. Here Bob Steed and several young couples met me at the bus and we had a cool meeting outdoors at Helen Day's small House of Hospitality. Sunday I went to Mass with her and Butch and we later rode around in Jim Crow buses visiting friends.

Francis Gorgen, fellow vegetarian from Wisconsin, met me at the bus in Chicago and we went to the Morrison Hotel where we met Dr. Herbert Shelton, editor of the *HYGIENIC REVIEW*, and head of the group of Hygienists who were having a convention there. That evening we met my daughters Carmen and Sharon at the restaurant in Evanston where they were waitresses at night. They have worked here off and on for six years. Sharon is getting her Master's degree in music this summer and Carmen will obtain hers next summer. My visit with my girls in this restaurant atmosphere showed them to be happy, courteous, and not of the temperament usually associated with followers of unusual religions such as they belong to. After this double work and study of the summer they will have the month of Au-

gust at Mt. Shasta, California, with the youth of their religious group.

Rev. Horton, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in Rochester, had asked me to speak to their group and I was pleased to do so at the home of George Kingsley who was one of the 1940 non-registrants who did time with Dave Dellinger. One Catholic from Ohio and Tom Scabill were the only ones from the Rochester CW present.

The Maryfarm retreat with Father Casey provided a good rest after my long trip.

ANGER

(Continued from page 3)

would begin weakly, tentatively. They would not be strongly motivated, but after feeding on lies and half-truths, they would be firmly attached and active with the life of anger.

The arms of the body were made of excitement. They tingled with curiosity and rippled with enthusiasm. About half of those in the mob were teen agers riding high on the thrill of the occasion. They called back and forth, mocked the police, jeered and shouted and howled like hyenas when some happening stimulated their eager emotions. They whispered obscenities and sneered. When the Negro realty dealer who had sold the house drove up to talk to the police, the teen agers blasted the area with sound, screaming and beating on nearby board fences. Another Negro, possibly coming from work, had wandered into the tumult. The young hoodlums hooted and cursed him, shoving and mauling him till he fled. It was thrilling to have a target—a target you despised—and to be able to beat it and pour out every ounce of resentment in your person against it.

What covered the thriving energy of this body of anger? The thing drawn about it and binding it together was white skin. The surrounding neighborhood was rather heavily Italian and Irish. The homes were modest row or porch front row houses, the kind common through mile after mile of Philadelphia streets. White collar workers were a minority. Most of the men were skilled mechanics or semi-skilled workers. The women were hardy housewives, proud of their sons who were strong and fresh faced. The sons stood in the crowd while their parents laughed and the street lights shone on their moving white faces.

The mob had a magnetism that drew all kinds of people to it. Plainclothesmen watched carefully. Suddenly there appeared in the neighborhood white sheets of paper, signed "A Wellwisher," typed with sentence after sentence of inflammatory encouragement. "The decent people of Philadelphia sympathize with you in the infestation of your neighborhood by Niggers. There is only one thing to do. Put your house up for sale and move out. Pay no attention to the civic bodies and clergy who are supposed to work on you. The Niggers have a word for them . . . 'white trash'." Where the sheets came from nobody knew. Were they the timely tinder of the secret fomenters that Senators ranted about, or were they the handiwork of local professional racists? Nobody knew, but some of the neighbors read them with satisfaction.

The physique of the mob was spent after three nights of disturbance. Its body dissolved as an organic thing, but its spirit hung in the neighborhood. It was divided up among the people and carried away to be nurtured and preserved. The stormy genii was forced to retreat from the streets of Philadelphia, but not before it had made the city's Greek name a translation of irony. The monster was gone, but its disciples would render it idolatrous homage. In a dozen cities where crowded Negro populations are bursting substandard housing belts, that spirit will be invoked and maledictions will be chanted. This is sure to happen unless the spirit can be exorcised; patiently, relentlessly and wisely exorcised in the name of sanctity and sanity.

Spanish Archbishop

(Continued from page 1)

olic morals. They thought it sufficient however to repent without making restitution for the damage done.

Others held that the paying of an average family wage is a matter of commutative justice and that for forgiveness of the guilt, restitution was necessary.

In short, the granting of an average family salary.

1) Obligates an employer in conscience and under pain of mortal sin, at least by reason of charity. Therefore, without repentance and intention of changing his sinful way, he cannot be absolved of this sin.

2) It surely obliges by reason of social justice and the government can and even must impose it by law, with the prudence which the welfare of the people allows.

3) It is very likely that it obliges by virtue of a commutative justice and that, therefore, restitution is needed for forgiveness of this sin.

What reasons excuse from paying an average family salary?

We feel that all are summed up into one and one only: the impossibility of the firm to do so. Surely, the following reasons do not exempt an employer from paying an average family salary:

1) Lesser profits than at previous times; if previous profits were exaggerated; especially if they were exaggerated because he did not pay the workers an average family wage.

2) He is not excused from such payment because of lesser output of the firm, as Pope Pius XI says, through his negligence, laziness or carelessness in looking after its technical and economic progress.

3) He is not excused by wanting to support himself and his family through continuation of a firm which, not even under normal conditions, can provide workers an average family wage.

4) He is not excused by the very debatable liberal idea, to which many have taken recourse and we are taking recourse today, that a rise in salaries brings as a fatal and immediate consequence a rise in prices and, therefore—in equal and greater scale—a drop in the purchasing power of salaries.

Thus, payment of an average family wage obliges today in Valencia under pain of serious sin, not only by reason of charity, not only by reason of social justice, but most probably by reason of commutative justice. The employer who can pay it and does not is, without a doubt a bad Catholic. He is a great promoter of communism. He belongs with those employers who make their workers hate the religion which they claim to practice.

He is not absolved before God because he goes to Church—his workers would like something different from him. This is not fantasy. We ourselves heard this point made by workers in Spain.

He is not absolved, furthermore, by donating money or giving special help to the clergy or to religion.

He is not absolved by practicing paternalism, often exaggerated, applauding and even rewarded by decorations.

He is not absolved by giving certain alms, since charity which cloaks injustice is not charity.

So, in detail, are the persons guilty of such a serious sin against charity, against social justice, and most probably, against commutative justice?

They are persons upon whom rests the responsibility of paying an average family wage and who on their part do not make this possible.

If the firm belongs to one or more individuals, they are the guilty ones, whether they are owners, managers, employers, shareholders or industrial members.

If the firm belongs to a group or corporation the individuals who are part of it are guilty in proportion to the power they hold in it. The guilt falls on the administrative counsellors, the delegated counsellor perhaps more so than others, the manager, members and shareholders according to the amount of their shares, and the stockholders, in the measure of their stocks.

We know an employer who, after nobly fulfilling the social laws, provides free of charge for his workers: a home, food, meals for the workers' school children (since he considers that these children represent a future asset to the firm, inasmuch as they are making the effort to educate themselves), refreshments for all the children of his workers, clothing for all workers twice a year, barber shops, motion pictures, an excellent restaurant where prices are much lower than elsewhere, and store that saves them the retailers' profit on their purchases.

He considers the workers as his brothers, lives in their midst, works with them, and with them takes a pleasant annual excursion through parts of Spain and even abroad, stopping with them at good hotels.

His brotherly solicitude goes as far as making available to his workers a large deep freeze so that they may enjoy fresh things in the heat of summer.

He exhorts them to save and opens savings accounts for each and stimulates them by means of different prizes.

Is he prodigal?

No, he is a great Catholic, an efficient industrialist. He desires money only as a means of making available new sources of wealth, and of bringing this wealth to the workers, his brothers whom he considers as an extension of his own family and who consider the firm as part of the home.

We are sure that these workers, noble and grateful as they are, are producing more than twice what they would do otherwise.

Two years ago we visited eight countries and in each we inquired about the social conditions of workers.

We do not know whether we are too pessimistic, but one cannot help being so when considering that today, aside from praiseworthy reforms imposed by social legislation in some countries, the condition of society is such as to warrant a repetition by Pope Leo XIII of his *Rerum Novarum*, that enlightened Encyclical which was like a blessing of Jesus upon workers.

An outspoken French writer, strongly linked to the communists of his country, acknowledged that if he were to ask the communists what is worse than a bad employer, at least 60 per cent would reply that the one thing worse is a good employer.

We think that a bad employer is not considered a bad thing by the communists, but a forerunner. He is one who ploughs the furrow in which their ideas may germinate—a furrow of poverty, hunger and hate in the hearts of workers.

A good employer who pays well, as though he were paying his own brothers; who bosses well, as though he were bossing his own brothers and who educates well, as though he were educating his own brothers or his children, drives away poverty, hunger and hate. He becomes the number one enemy of communism—and number one friend of Jesus Christ the worker.

May He give to employers, light and strength to understand their duties and practice them.

Distributism

(Continued from page 1)

mistaken notion that distributism and industry-councils are mutually exclusive. Let me explain.

I believe in a society where "property and power are as widely and as fairly distributed as possible amongst all people," a definition borrowed from the Distributist Association of the United Kingdom. (David can't complain about the orthodoxy of my source, since he's always peddling the Association's pamphlets.)

Following up that definition, let me list what distributism aims to achieve. It is primarily concerned with distribution: the better use, decentralization and distribution of wealth, property and economic power. Not all distributists agree on methods but they are all of one mind that it must be done.

Distributism recognizes that all men were intended by God to exercise Christian stewardship over their property, over the things they do and make. Workers today have very little to say about the products on which they labor and, except for collective bargaining, about the policies by which their corporations are run. The average workingman is voiceless when it comes to making sure his industry serves the common good.

Labor unions have been a partial means of giving the workingmen some responsibility. Purchase of stock by employees, decentralized management, stock-sharing plans are all a step in the right direction.

Distributism cries out against our monster-sized cities, our more-or-less permanent slums, our gigantic bureaucratic industrial organizations, our family warehouses (which in genteel circles are called "skyscraper apartments"). The distributist protests against the way we have swallowed up human beings and families in the vortex of streets, concrete, political bureaucracy and industrial red tape. Under such conditions the human person is overwhelmed by mass, noise, smoke, speed and density.

Distributism recognizes that the trouble with private property in

this country is that, while great progress has been made, it is too private—not enough people get a chance to own property of their own. Distributism wants community groups, business organizations, unions, and government all to help the American workingman own his own home, to share in the ownership of the place where he works for a living.

Distributism recognizes that the major problem of much mechanization is that the factories were laid out by engineers and experts primarily interested in production and profit rather than in fitting the machines to human needs. Only recently has effort been made to modulate the tempo of assembly lines, factories to a human rhythm. (For an example, see Emery Biro's article in *WORK*, October 1954, entitled "Oh, For Just A Little Relief on the Auto Assembly Line.")

All the objectives I have attributed above to distributism are also sturdy planks in the industry council platform. I have never heard a defender of the industry council idea whittle down the importance of any of these distributist objectives, though I have heard them vigorously criticize some covered wagon versions of distributism.

But where I part company with David's private exegesis of the distributist scriptures is on the need for the functional, organic reorganization of the major industries and occupations to serve common good. To this reconstruction and reorganization American sociologists, somewhat hastily, appended the American title "industry councils."

David Hennessy, of course, wants to reconstruct the social order; he wants to make industry serve the common good. So do I. But I don't want to leave it to chance and the whims of supply and demand. Neither do I want to leave it to the government alone. Nor do I want to leave it to the classes (landlords, labor, management, stockholders) to settle by private class brawls.

The industry council idea calls for responsible self-government on an industry-wide, profession-wide basis. Workers, since they eat, so to speak, at the same table, ought to be cooperators in the common job of making sure that the industry to which they belong and the national economy as a whole serve the public good.

Let me make my point with just one example, the coal industry. A 100,000 coal miners have been unemployed for months. Slack work and shutdowns are widespread in

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the hard and soft coal mines. Miners and their families are suffering chiefly because there has been no industry planning to meet the industry's problems of overproduction, of competition from oil and gas and from hydro-electric and atomic power, of high prices, of mechanized mines, etc.

Why can't workingmen have a voice in the setting of the coal industry's overall policies? Why can't the workers, in addition to being owners, help frame a national policy on coal? Such a national coal policy, spurred on by government, would aim at serving the needs of the man that mines the coal by stabilizing a sick coal industry. The only alternative is public ownership.

David's distributism would never help any coal miner. That's why we need the industry council idea applied, not only to the coal industry, but to textile industry, to shipping, to finance, to the medical and hospital professions, and so on.

If David wants to criticize the industry council idea I have described here, let him go to it. But don't let him waste his time on the machine-factured version which Dorothy Day reported on in the *CW*.

Mailbag

(Continued from page 3)

is writing in pictures about the family. If he ever finishes it I will send you a copy. Carrol McCool of St. Collette House in Oakland came for a short visit and he says he gets discouraged with the system but just keeps going which is very edifying to us."

From Arthur and Emilia Vigil, who are part of a lay missionary group in Mexico are working with two other families, all of whom are working with Fr. Donald Hessler, Maryknoll priest and his group. Bishop Lane has written of the necessity of whole families entering the mission field. They are more effective than the single apostles since through the children, and through the needs of the family, they reach their brothers among those around them. Anyone interested in helping these families who are giving themselves for three year periods to the mission and need the support of the faithful to keep them there and to provide them with the materials for clinics, cisterns, farming, and other works of mercy write and ask them to send their circular letter from Calle 15 de Septiembre, No. 22, Chetumal, Quintana Roo, Mexico.

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Easy Essay

(Continued from page 2)

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We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor.

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We need Houses of Hospitality to bring social justice through Catholic Action exercised in Catholic institutions.

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