

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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120

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## ATOM BOMB AND CONSCRIPTION STILL ISSUES TO BE FACED

When we said in our February issue that we believed the proposed atomic bomb tests should be abandoned, a friend asked whether we thought we could sweep back the sands of the sea. His question implied that we were undertaking an impossible task, expressing opposition to inevitable events.

We must admit that what our friend said seemed to be true at the time. As a matter of fact, our editorial ("Stop That Bomb Test," Feb., 1946) stated that we did not expect our small voice to have any effect on the course of events. We were simply putting ourselves on record.

That opinion remains unchanged today, but things have happened in the intervening two months which tend to show that perhaps our position is not so untenable after all.

The rising tide of opposition by scientists to military control of atomic energy is one of the most important things that have happened. It is also one of the most encouraging things.

Postponement of the tests last week by President Truman is also of great importance, because it is an indication that abandonment may be contemplated.

The latest and most significant development as we go to press is the introduction of a resolution in the United States Senate proposing abandonment of the tests. The New York Times (March 30) reports on the introduction of the resolution as follows:

Outright cancellation of the two projected atomic bomb tests at Bikini Atoll this summer went suddenly and intensively under Senate debate today (March 29) when a new member, Senator James W. Huffman, Democrat, of Ohio, introduced a resolution to request President Truman to abandon the experiments on surface targets.

The measure received prompt

indorsement from Senator David I. Walsh, chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, which recently approved legislation authorizing the use of an estimated \$425,000,000 of naval craft in the tests. The House already has passed this measure.

"I see no objection to the resolution," Senator Walsh said.

"In fact, I think it is desirable that the Senate and the President should reflect further upon whether it is wise to proceed with the experiment, and I think perhaps it is very wise for the Senate itself to take a position in regard to the matter or to inform the President what its feelings about the matter are."

Mr. Walsh indicated that he might reopen hearings on the ship-use bill, which is now on the Senate calendar awaiting call.

Senator Huffman, making his first address to the Senate, attacked the projected Bikini tests as costly, unnecessary from a scientific standpoint, and as being planned when "this is no time for martial gestures."

Andre J. de Bethune, Ph.D., a young scientist who worked on the Manhattan Project at Columbia University, in an article in this paper last month expressed criticism of the fact that domestic control of atomic energy is still in the hands of the Army, and said that the Army can think only in terms of war and weapons. Now it is evident that scientists have learned an important fact. They know that the control of atomic energy must not be left in military hands, because the military mind holds to no purpose but the waging of war, sees no vision but that of the battlefield. The scientists have made a great forward step in recognizing this fact and acting upon their knowledge, but they and all of us must advance further and learn the answer to the all-important question:

If military control of atomic energy is morally wrong, is not

(Continued on page 2)

## When Tobacco Growers Are the Law

Reprinted synopsis from The American Child, published by the National Child Labor Committee, New York City.

The Shade Tobacco Growers Agricultural Association of Connecticut believes that the "free enterprise" system includes the right to employ children on its own terms.

After seeing to it that the bill introduced in the 1945 Legislature which called for a 14-year age limit and an 8-hour day was defeated in the House following favorable action in the Senate, the Tobacco Growers Association proceeded to decide what voluntary standards it would adopt and whom it would allow to inspect the farms to see whether these standards were maintained.

After at first refusing, the Tobacco Growers Association at length permitted the Dept. of Labor partially to inspect conditions. Adherence to the voluntary 14-year standard was found to be generally satisfactory, but supervision continued to be in-

adequate for the day haul boys and girls from Connecticut and Massachusetts, and for local boys and girls.

One of the members of the Legislature, Rep. Hazel Thrall Sullivan, who lives in a tobacco-growing district, sums up:

"No information is presented in this report which the last Legislature did not have when it turned down the very reasonable proposals to enact legislation to cover the age and hours of minors in tobacco field employment."

"The spectacle of an industry employing large numbers of youngsters 'conceding' to delegate on its own terms the temporary right of inspection and asserting that it might otherwise consider inspection by the State Labor Department as 'trespass' is to be an amazing brand of *lese majeste*."



## MISSIONARIES, NOT IMPERIALISTS

Easy Essays by  
PETER MAURIN

### I. Eire's Exemplars

1. The world is cursed with imperialists.
2. What the world needs is missionaries, not imperialists.
3. When the Irish were scholars they were missionaries;
4. They were not imperialists.
5. When the Irish were missionaries they went all over Europe, starting with England.
6. They had not swords or guns, but knowledge and zeal.
7. Through words and deeds they taught people to rule themselves.

### II. Patriotism Or Principle

1. Some people say: "My country is always right."
2. Some people say: "My country is always wrong."
3. Some people say: "My country is sometimes right and sometimes wrong, but my country right or wrong."
4. To stick up for one's country when one's country is wrong does not make the country right.

5. To stick up for the right even when the world is wrong is the only way we know of to make everything right.

### III. The Notions Nations Need

1. The English believe in colonial expansion.
2. The French believe in colonial expansion.
3. The Germans believe in continental expansion.
4. The Pope does not believe in colonial expansion or continental expansion.
5. Nations thought that they could do without the Pope.
6. Nations need right notions and the Pope has the right notions that nations are in need of.

### IV. Spiritual Supremacy

1. What the Irish scholars taught is what the Christian fathers taught.
2. What the Christian fathers taught is what the Holy Father teaches.
3. The Holy Father teaches the supremacy of the spiritual over the material.

## Signs and Portents

Once upon a time the masses had the faith, and the leaders did too, though often they did not act like it. Kings knelt before the Pope and made pilgrimages and did penance for their sins, and when they had to fight, they did not fight during holy seasons. There was horrible poverty and cruel torture and suffering—there was no central heating nor modern plumbing for the rich or the poor—there was exploitation then as now but there was faith and we see the signs of it now, huge testimonies such as the Nuernberg Cathedral which just crumbled into dust last week, dissolved by rains after being disintegrated by bombs.

Then the leaders fell away and in their enlightenment they brought darkness on the earth. Then came the days of the French encyclopedists, who knew, as Peter Maurin liked to point out, "more and more about less and less." Then came the days of the treason of the intellectuals. And the masses as distinct from the people, in that they could be so swayed by their leaders, fell away from the faith.

Until Pope Pius XI said sadly, "The workers of the world are lost to the Church," and called for a lay apostolate with leaders of workers who themselves were workers.

The leaders of the earth are meeting now, right here in our midst, just a short subway ride up to the Bronx. No need of expensive airplane travel to reach this scene of deliberation. It is right here with us and the delegates are settled down comfortably at the Waldorf-Astoria and such like grand places. They had been doing a great deal of deliberating over in London and the New Yorker's report concluded nostalgically with the reflection that in other times the delegates would have begun their conferences with prayer in

(Continued on page 2)

## Deo Gratias

We sent out our appeal last month and the bills are getting paid, and we beg God to bless "all those who have done us good." Whenever our friends respond to our call we are humbled exceedingly and can only reply to them that we will try to be better stewards. We would like to write an article on money some day, especially about the money of humble people who use it carefully for their own needs and for those of others, who work hard to earn it, and to whom it represents toil, backbreaking work, their energy and life itself that they have given in exchange for it. We recognize that those who have responded to our appeal have given to us of time and energy and love, and we in turn must be good stewards and give work and energy and love to those and for those who come to us and with whom we live. We must serve one another, as Christ served us when He was here with us.

Again we thank you, and "May God be gracious to you... and give you heart to worship Him and to do His will with a great heart and a willing mind. May the Lord our God hear your prayers and never forsake you in the evil time."—2 Mach. 1:1-5.

## And Destitution?

There is a wonderful prose poem by Charles Peguy, the French radical, on poverty and destitution which we would like to print entire in our May Day issue. For this issue suffice it to say that the point he makes so strikingly is that fraternity comes before equality and liberty, and that when we regard men as our brothers, the first duty we have, is to care for their bodily needs. This duty comes before any education, indoctrination, religious instruction or anything else. *The works of mercy come first.*

Man is made up of body and soul and it is through the senses that he learns to love God. If we let that body die through neglect to feed and shelter it, then in this dying weakness it is hard to reach the soul. So in spite all our talk of the primacy of the spiritual which we firmly believe in, we have to put first always, the practice of the works of mercy. It is the one sure way we have of showing our love for God. We love God, and it follows that we love our brother.

Lent is a time of almsgiving, a time when it is emphasized. Men fast in order to have more to give to others, not only to share a little in the sufferings of Christ and their brothers. Last week there were collections in the churches for the Bishops Emergency Relief Committee for Europe. This is a collection which is made all over the United States and should be contributed to by

all Catholics, for their fellows throughout the world. This week the Catholic Charities Drive starts in New York, in this vast city of nine million people. (All Canada has only eleven million.)

Right now New York is so crowded that it is impossible to get a hotel room either in the midtown hotel section or on the Bowery. Even the cheapest "flophouses" are crowded to overflowing, and we are hard put to it to house our surplus now that the house is always full. Perhaps the crowded condition in this section is due to many coming out of the army and coming home to find families doubled up, due to our disgraceful housing conditions.

Of course the meeting of the UNO in the Bronx had something to do with it. Hotels reserved space for delegates and visitors. But the increase in the

(Continued on page 2)



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120

## ON PILGRIMAGE



THE 29th of March, and a perfect spring day here at Maryfarm. A blue haze hangs over the valley below me, the cherry and pear trees below the little cabin where I write are about to burst into bloom. Here on the porch, two leaping baby goats are a great distraction. They are one week old today and, a buck and a doe, the young of Susie, born last year on April 3, the very day my little granddaughter was born. Their mother is giving two quarts of milk a day, which nourishes the granddaughter and partly nourishes the orphan children, three of them, of Susie's mother Chloe, who gave birth to the kids day before yesterday and died the day after. I say partly nourishes, because a young goat drinks a quart and a half of milk a day, and we supplement Susie's milk with canned milk for the orphans. Everyone asks for news of the farm, as a farm, and I always think of the animals, because although we call this place Maryfarm, we are not doing a great deal of farming.

Ever since seeing William Cobbett's *American Gardener* (a very rare book which deserves reprinting and is on a par with his *Cottage Economy*), I have thought how necessary it is for families who wish to settle on the land to learn gardening and small husbandry and some craft. We should be thinking in terms of village economy instead of farm economy. There is such a need for shoemakers, carpenters, stone masons, gardeners, etc. It is harder to get shelter these days than it is to get food.

RIGHT now we have on Maryfarm an assortment of animals. There are three families on the farm and each has goats and chickens. In addition, my daughter has a cow and a sheep. The retreat house has two buck kids to raise for food; two sheep to shear for wool, and two heifers to raise for milk cows; and, aside from the baby goats, my son-in-law takes care of these animals. Joe Cotter, who has been doing all the electrical work around the place, takes care of rabbits, and John Filliger, who has come back to help us after an absence for the duration, takes care of the one horse, Dolly, who is blind and for whom we paid \$40. Together with Dolly and a neighbor's horse, John has spread manure, cleared the fields of rocks, and plowed a garden patch and two little fields for potatoes. As usual, we plan to concentrate on roots, trying to get potatoes, turnips, cabbage, carrots, beets and onions, all of which can be stored without canning. Angela Costanza, one of the staff of the retreat house, aims to put up tomato paste in quantities this year. But what fruit we get will go on the table during the season for it. Last year the late frosts and the terrible storms of midsummer, which washed out roads and shredded the cabbage in the fields and destroyed trees, not only destroyed our wheat fields, but also our berries, cherries and pears.

(Hans Tunneson, our Norwegian seaman fellow worker, has just finished fencing in a little garden around the cherry trees for the goats, and soon the twins and the triplets will be gamboling there together.)

GOD has greatly blessed us these last two weeks in sending us Fr. Thomas Benedict

Grace to be our chaplain for the month. Fr. Roy is still on an extended tour of the South. Fr. Grace has been a chaplain in the Canadian air corps during the war and does not have to report back to duty for another month. He has been busy, indeed, helping us around the retreat house, and his suggestions and direction have been invaluable. There is now a little shrine to St. Joseph up on the crest of the first hill, on the picnic grounds, only as yet we have no St. Joseph of proper size to put in it. We need a statue about ten inches high, and we are hoping to get one of our artists to carve it. Our large statue of St. Joseph, which Tina de Aragón made for us, is in the chapel and too large for the shrine.

What a peaceful and joyful day! We have changed our hour of meditation to quarter of six in the morning, now that Spring is here, and it is wonderful to get up in the early light, feed the baby goats and then spend that quiet hour before Mass in our beautiful barn chapel. Now at ten Irene and Ruth are out in the field putting in onion sets, a long and arduous job. John is cutting up potatoes with the help of Stanley's brother Walter; Stanley is running off cards on his press; Hans is working at fencing, Joe at the electrical work in the big room in the attic which now has two immense dormer windows in it; Duncan is making dinner, and Father and Joe Connell are downtown shopping and seeing about repairs for the car. Father is interested in painting, and the stone house is all newly-whitewashed. Our family at the retreat house numbers fifteen, and as I write I see a shirt-sleeved man carrying a suitcase trudging up the road, and this morning a cab drove up with a young, colored girl come to visit us for a while. And so it goes here, people coming and going, many visitors, many readers of the paper coming to discuss ideas. Never was there such a paper as THE CATHOLIC WORKER, I am sure! Do the readers of the *Commonweal*, *America*, *Nation*, *New Republic*, *Common Sense*, come to spend weeks, and by the hundreds, at that? It is not only the farm with its retreat house that receives such constant visitors. There were two hundred and fifty retreatants last year. No, it

is also in the city, at the House of Hospitality. Peter Maurin started many people on pilgrimages when he began talking about Houses of Hospitality and Agonomic Universities fifteen years ago.

### Retreat

The Spring retreat will begin Sunday night or Monday, April 22, and continue through the week. Please let us know if you are coming so that we will have a general idea of how many to prepare for.

Maryfarm is two and a half miles south of Easton, Pennsylvania, and can be reached by Lehigh Valley from Pennsylvania station, New York, and by many bus lines. The trip takes an hour and three-quarters and the fare is three dollars and eighty cents a round trip, either by bus or train. When you reach Easton either take a cab, if you have a dollar, or telephone Easton 9479 and if the 1935 Ford station wagon is working, we will pick you up.



ADE BETHUNE

## Msgr. Stedman Is Dead

One time when I was on a trip to our Seattle House I saw a Pullman car porter sitting in his ear reading the day's Mass in Fr. Stedman's little Sunday missal. One day in our back yard at Mott street I saw a man on the breadline reading one of Fr. Stedman's New Testaments. And now, after the tremendous task of publishing, arranging and circulating 20,000,000 missals and New Testaments in the last fifteen years, missals and Testaments which have been translated into Italian, Spanish, French, Polish, Chinese, Japanese and Indian Fr. Stedman is dead at the age of fifty. His death means a great loss to the world. He was a great man, and worked himself to the bone to spread the news of God's love to the world. Last spring he sent us a few hundred copies of the Sunday Missal for use in St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. All the initial cuts in these last two and succeeding issues, are used by his kind permission—taken from "My Lenten Missal" which was illustrated by Ade de Bethune. "May eternal light shine upon him, O Lord, with the Saints forever, because Thou art kind. Grant him everlasting rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon him, with Thy saints, for Thou art merciful."

## Signs and Portents

(Continued from page 1)

the vast Cathedral opposite the London meeting halls.

Not so now. They did not pray in San Francisco, nor did they pray here in New York.

One of our Italian priests here in New York, Fr. Ferme, spoke on the subject during a communion breakfast last year. He said brightly, "Why did we not pray? Out of consideration for Russia, just because they do not believe, or Mr. Molotoff does not believe? Why such human respect? Why not say to Mr. Molotoff—'Mr. Molotoff, don't you want to go out in the hall and smoke a cigaret? Mr. Molotoff, don't you want to go out to the washroom, so we can say a little prayer? That is—unless you want to stay here with us and pray.'"

No, we do not hear much about prayer at these conferences

our dear, sweet, Christ Himself, among the heads of nations. Are there any Christian nations left in the world? President Truman is worried about it and called out last month for another St. Paul, another saint, another Moses to lead us out of the bondage of war.

In the Churches there was prayer by the people however, for Divine Guidance. And lo and behold, on the day of the opening of the UNO, there appeared a story in the daily papers of the prayer of a worker. A prayer had been offered up at the beginning of the sessions. In the ballot box, made of metal by an Italian workman and craftsman, there was a prayer to God for love and unity among nations, written out by this very worker as his contribution to the peace. God be thanked that this was so. And may we not consider it as a sign and portent, a promise perhaps of the return of our brothers the workers who the late Holy Father in grief-stricken tones reported as having been lost to the Church?

## Destitution

(Continued from page 1)

use of the dormitories and "cells" in the Bowery hotels points to an increase in destitution, joblessness, homelessness, and a desire to get to this vast city where, as the Italian saying has it, "everybody's tragedy is nobody's tragedy" and one can lose one's hopelessness and loneliness in the crowded streets of the slums. There is always "easy" money in the city—seamen coming in from the seven seas, soldiers discharged from the army with mustering-out pay. But even the panhandlers, and all those classified so dismissively as bums have their own particular type of destitution, very graphically and movingly described by John Cogley, former editor of the Chicago Catholic Worker, in an issue of *America* last month.

The other day we received a letter from one of our readers saying that according to stories she had seen in the papers, there was no hunger in Italy—"that they were all cooking their vegetables in oil," and had she been wasting her time sending packages to the addresses we listed with Doris Ann Doran's moving story of tragedy and want abroad.

We would like to reply to her, to this good kind reader who has been depriving herself in order to aid others—that it is a conspiracy of the devil to blind people's eyes to the necessity of helping others. Either one will be given long lectures on the undeserving poor, (did Christ come to save the deserving?) or one will be blinded by newspapers and advertising men to the destitution around. "There is no poverty any more in this day of progress, and if there is destitution it is because of shiftlessness and drink," one will be told. War, conscription, long drawn out and expensive sickness and death, famine and pestilence—all these tragedies are disregarded and people hesitate and say "Is there any need for me to skimp and do without in order to help others?"

We beg you to help, for the sake of your own souls as well as those of others. We beg you to help the Bishops' committee (send your contribution to your own bishop.) We beg you to help the Catholic Charities in their many wonderful works throughout this vast diocese. We beg you to send packages to Europe individually, not only contributing to "drives." Yes, scatter your seed—spread yourself out, help in all directions, and the bread you cast upon the waters will return to you, and the seed you scatter will bear much fruit, a hundred fold. You are helping your father, your mother, your own children. And most of all, you are doing these tender works of ministering, to

## Atom Bomb

(Continued from page 1)

the same control of human life a far greater evil?

We believe that the authority to cut a young man off from his normal life and vocation, to separate him from his family and his community is of far greater importance than the power to split atoms. It is more important because it is an interference with the destiny of a human soul. It is usurpation of authority in the moral sphere, as regards the individual. Collectively, this power to conscript men for military duty results in turning the whole world into an armed camp. If you think this is theory, just look at the world today, and think again. Observe our own country, where the military authorities are demanding extension of the draft although we are no longer at war. They will use any pretext, adopt every subterfuge, to gain their end. And we find ourselves living in an armed camp.

Christians are not supposed to live in armed camps. The atmosphere of armed camps is poisonous with hatred, whereas Christians must live in that communion of love which is the life of the Mystical Body of Christ. The two states of life are unalterably opposed to each other. We will take an important step toward true Christianity when we realize this truth and act upon it.

Many awakened Christians are acting today by signing the Catholic Voluntary Peace Declaration Act. This act has been printed in diocesan papers, and in other Catholic publications. Its preamble reads as follows:

I hereby declare my goodwill to volunteer for active service in the ranks of the numerous Catholic Voluntary Peacemakers of all nations, who have already—even in countries where tyranny of conscience still refused them legal recognition, and still charged them with disobedience to Caesar—conscientiously renounced to support conflicting National War Efforts, to militate instead for an undivided Catholic Peace Effort, and to raise a vast International Army of Volunteer Peacemakers to Christ the Pacific King of kings.

You may obtain the entire pledge by writing to one of the following addresses:

United States: The Ass'n of Catholic C.O.'s, 115 Mott Street, New York 13, N. Y.; Canada: The Catholic Pacifists Ass'n, 2115 Dorchester Street W., Montreal; England: PAX Society, 78 Bristol Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset; New Zealand: Catholic Peace Society, 39 Forfar Street, Mosgiel.



# The Winter Journey Of Ammon Hennacy

HAVING worked during the summer in the orchard, I now had earned a vacation in December. My employer had presented me with a fine wool sleeping bag. On December 15th I hiked before daylight eastward over the pass toward Amarillo. Walking twenty-three miles and riding 183, I came about an hour after dark to a farmhouse and asked if I could sleep in a shed or barn. It was bitter cold and the man asked me in the house to get warm. Later he insisted that I occupy a spare bed in an enclosed porch, saying that I could sleep in my sleeping bag any time. His forecast was correct, for of the twenty-two nights that I did not stay with relatives on this hike, this New Mexican was the only farmer who allowed me on his place. I love the land, and it would please me to tell of the hospitality of those who live on the land, but alas, the farmer seems to have the mind of those who live in the city: prosperous and selfish.

In Texas a returned soldier in a truck gave me a long ride. Passing a small town, he said: "See that undertaking establishment? Good money in the business. I used to own it, but saw so many dead in Europe that I swore I would never bury one more person. So I sold my business and bought a farm."

ON one lonesome stretch of the highway hundreds of cars passed without noticing me. Finally a young couple stopped, told me to put my bundles in the rear, and crowded themselves to allow me to sit with them in the front seat. We struck a snow storm as we arrived in Oklahoma City. I put on my galoshes, which I had carried along with my lunch and other things which might be needed in a hurry in a flour sack hung in front of me, which balanced the sleeping bag on my back when I hiked. A girth strap of wide leather, wound around the back and buckled in front, formed a harness.

During two nights in Oklahoma I slept in old, vacant houses along the road, with doors and windows missing, but the floors were dry. Both times I was directed to them by the keepers of small stores who were unwilling to permit me to occupy their nearby sheds. The temperatures these nights were below zero. My sleeping bag was warm enough, but tying it up in the morning was a problem, for my hands became very cold.

In Webb City, Mo., I met several soldiers with bus tickets in their pockets hiking from the West Coast, trying to get home for Christmas. No room on bus or train. (My sisters had offered me a round-trip ticket, but I felt that I did not wish to be the occasion of the Government getting that much war tax. I now found that even if I had a ticket I could not have used it. So the absolutist turned out to be practical for once.) In the afternoon a man who had attended Quaker meetings in Philadelphia in his youth, but who was now a Catholic, gave me a ride from near Kansas City to Des Moines. He was an officer in the Kansas City Co-op Wholesale and a friend of Monsignor Ligutti. He was much interested in the copies of the Catholic Worker which I gave him. It was now after dark and bitter cold. I phoned Monsignor Ligutti and made an appointment for 8:30 the next morning. Salvation Army, hotels and tourist camps were full, so the only recourse for this anarchist was to ask for the hospitality of his enemy, the State. With very little formality I was ushered into a tank cell and was the only occupant of a fifty-bed room.

IN the morning it was storming. Monsignor Ligutti greeted me cheerfully and I warmed myself before his cheery fireplace in the large house where the offices of the Rural Life Conference are located. He was to leave for Rome the next day. He was interested and sympathetic with my mode of life and travels and enthusiastic about

the Catholic Worker. Presenting me with about ten pounds of literature, he wished me well on my trip.

Near Stirling, Ill., I walked about seven miles, and it became dark. Finally I saw the lights of a 24-hour restaurant at an intersection. I was very hungry and tired. The proprietor of the restaurant suggested that I sleep in his basement between the potatoes and the onions. I was glad to accept this offer.

I was awakened at 5:00 a.m. by a waiter, and told that a trucker would take me as far as Joliet. It was now the day before Christmas, and I was 125 miles away from my destination, Evanston, Ill. Sleet on the windshield and a bitter wind made this the worst weather of the trip. Finally repairs were needed on the truck and I was 45 miles away from Evanston.

FOR five days I visited my mother, who, although raised a Quaker and now an earnest Baptist, appreciated the Catholic Worker. Also my five sisters and my brother, whom I had not seen for about seven years. My nephews and nieces were interested in tales of the West and of the Indians. One brother-in-law had been raised a Christian Scientist; he was an ex-soldier, and was interested in the booklet I gave him published by the Conscientious Objectors who were Christian Scientists. Another brother-in-law lived in a suburb where there was a small Catholic Church. My sister had tried to give Catholic Workers I had sent her to Catholic neighbors, but with little success.

Leaving just before dark, I took a street car to Berea to visit my hiking pacifist friend, Phil Mayer. He is editor of the Walden Round Robin, and although he is a humanist is enthusiastic about St. Francis of Assisi. At breakfast next morning his wife read a few pages from the Little Flowers of St. Francis in lieu of a blessing. It told of the angel in disguise who knocked in such a hurry on the door, and of the ill temper of Brother Elias. It seemed to me a good lesson on faith and peace and trust in God. One of Phil's enthusiasms is the reciting of the epic poems of Vachel Lindsay. He showed me a letter from Lindsay's widow, who had been a Communist for years, in which she spoke of her recent conversion to the Catholic faith and her pleasure in knowing that he knew of the Catholic Worker.

That evening a lady stopped and gave me a ride for fifteen miles. I told her that it was unusual for a lady to pick up strangers, especially at night. She said that one of her sons had been killed while walking along the highway, and that still another son was still in the army, and she always picked up anyone she saw.

AFTER that ride I kept looking for a farmhouse but found none near the road. Down

the road I saw the light of a garage. Going inside, I saw it was one of those 24-hour garage-restaurants. While eating I heard conversation which told me that the young proprietor had had a nervous breakdown that morning and had not yet regained consciousness. His wife had worked all day and was weary.

One girl had to cook, wash dishes and wait on table. The father-in-law was busy attending to gasoline customers. I said that all of my journey had led me to that place that night, and proceeded to wash dishes, peel potatoes, etc., for several hours, until the work was caught up with. I slept on a bench by the entrance, although I did not sleep much because of the noise which lasted that Saturday night until 4:00 A. M. In the morning the wife of the proprietor fixed me an especially fine breakfast and wondered what they would have done without my help. She wondered, too, how I happened to come at just the right time. I told her that nothing just "happened" in this world, that all things work together for good to those who love the good: God. I had barely stepped out of the place in the morning when a taxi stopped and the driver, who was going to work, took me the 28 miles into Toledo.

This Sunday I walked 22 miles. Each place where I hoped to get something to eat was marked "Closed on Sunday." Toward evening I saw a church spire in the distance, and supposing it

Ammon Hennacy, who wrote "God's Coward," the story of his experiences as a Conscientious Objector in World War I which was published in the Catholic Worker several years ago, lives the simple life on a ranch in New Mexico. Our readers will remember several of his stories which we have recently printed. He has chosen the life of an agricultural laborer because he is opposed in principle to the payment of taxes which are to be used for war purposes.

was a Lutheran church I determined to ask the wife of the pastor for coffee. Coming closer, I saw a sign which read "Assumption." Where had I heard that word before? I had only had time to read Dorothy Day's column in the December Catholic Worker in Cleveland. Sitting down on my pack in front of the church, I looked it over again, and saw that Dorothy had been there a few weeks before. Knocking on the convent door, I asked

for Sister Colombiere. I was ushered into the parlor and soon the sister arrived, wondering how I knew her name. I showed her the copy of the December Catholic Worker, which she had not seen, and we spoke of the work she was doing in home arts and crafts among the children of the parish, and of my adventures.

In a few minutes another sister announced that my venison was ready. I had not said that I had nothing to eat since morning, nor that I was a vegetarian, but I suppose I looked hungry. Sister Suzanne spoke up quickly, "Oh, I know what he likes, for my father is a vegetarian." So eggs and cheese were substituted. The sisters were interested in the story of my hike and in my anti-war activities. The priest there is just a young man. I was unable to see him, for he had a committee meeting with parishioners concerning his co-operative freezer-locker and credit union.

After supper I attended Benediction in the church, hearing with pleasure the clear voice of Sister Colombiere, which matched her radiant countenance. I felt that all things did work together for good, as I had asserted that morning, for if I had received a ride I would have gone through this small settlement and not known I had missed it. The sisters gave me some blankets and I slept on a mattress above the garage. I left early in the morning, my pack about five pounds heavier because of the sandwiches, celery, carrots, cake, etc., which the sisters had given me.

ARRIVING in Chicago at noon the next day, I had a visit at C. Y. O. headquarters with Nina Polcyn, Florence and Margaret, old friends of the Milwaukee Catholic Worker group. I also spent several hours visiting with my old friend, Claude

McKay. He was enthusiastic about the Catholic Worker movement and glad to know that I had planned to visit the Trappist Monastery near Dubuque. He had visited them once. His good cheer and kindly manner were inspiring. I also met a C. O. friend recently released from Sandstone.

As I walked up the long hill on Route 151 to the south of Dubuque, Iowa, I commenced to snow. About 9 miles further on I heard the bells of the monastery tolling to the right. A man picked me up and wanted to know where I was going. I told him to the monastery. He wanted to know whether I was going to join the monks. I replied that I was not, but that I was a kind of desert monk myself. Two miles further along, on a dirt road, I came to a parish church surrounded by pine trees, and a little further on were the imposing monastery buildings.

IT was just dark. Brother Joachim, a native Irishman, red-bearded and smiling, greeted me. Supper was ready, and he personally served me and two other guests. The Trappists do not eat meat or eggs, but serve both to visitors.

Soon I met Brother Edmund, a graduate of the agricultural college at Las Cruces, N. M. After supper I attended Benediction. We all retired early, as the brothers get up at 2:00 a. m. and pray until breakfast at 8:00, and then are assigned their labor on the farm. Brother Joachim gave me a recently published book which gave a history of the order. After breakfast I attended High Mass in the beautiful chapel. Visitors are partitioned off by locked gates from the brothers. Those in the choir put on white

robes instead of the brown habit. Their vegetarianism is practiced as a penance, and not because of any especial regard for animals or health. They also take a vow of silence for life. The monks sleep in one room. There are 57 there at present, each having a cot in an enclosure something like a voting booth; the partitions are made of canvas. They sleep in their clothing.

In 1849 Bishop Loras of Dubuque offered the brothers 500 acres of land. It was accepted and the monastery was founded in that year. The present Abbot is Alfred Beston. There is a monastery in Rhode Island, and one in Kentucky, from whence thirty brothers left last year to found a new monastery in Georgia.

The brothers knew of the Catholic Worker. I gave them several copies, and left at 2:00 p. m. the next day. Brother Joachim accompanied me for a few steps outside in the bitter cold and wished me peace and God-speed on my journey. In this world of speed and strife, of atomic bombs and commercial fraud, it is refreshing to rest in the quiet of this peaceful monastery.

I arrived in neon-lit Cheyenne at 9:00 p. m., found the Salvation Army full up, and again had to reside in the jail. Going south the next morning toward Denver a middle-aged man picked me up. He asked my destination and why I was hiking. He soon said, after looking closely at my Gandhi cap, "I don't like such people as you. You seem to be smart, but have no ambition. Going around the country like this and living on charity in a jail. I never took a dime from anybody. I am going to leave you out right here, although I could take you to Denver if I liked." Knowing it was little use to discuss life and its problems with this irate Babbitt, and wondering how he ever detoured from his bourgeois mentality enough to pick anyone up, I thanked him for the ride, walked on a mile and got a ride with a jolly U. S. Marshal to Denver by noon.

The next day, after 21 miles of dreary walking over straight but hilly roads, I arrived at 7:00 p. m. in a small settlement. The one store was closed. Going to the house with the brightest lights, I was greeted at the door by a Spanish man who worked on the section gang. His wife was away and he invited me in, gave me supper and breakfast, refused to accept any money from "my amigo." I gave him my last Catholic Worker.

An ex-soldier going west to college stopped and asked me to get in. He said he thought I was an Indian, and had picked me up because of the pack I was carrying. We arrived in Albuquerque at dusk. I phoned my employer to tell him I had at last come home.

A smoldering fire in the fireplace greeted me. Hovey, the ex-soldier who rooms next to me, had expected me home that night and brought a quart of milk from the dairy for me.

I had walked 490 miles and had ridden 3,582, a total mileage of 4,072. Glad to get back to this land of sunshine, I reviewed the results of my trip. I had acquired a sympathetic feeling toward ex-soldiers. It seems that their difficulties had made them kinder than were the civilians. I felt happy with the memories of my family and friends. I felt renewed faith in that Providence which brought me safely through wind and storm and home again. I brought Lipa, my little Mexican friend, some mittens I had found in the road, and Ernesto a cap. The new irrigation ditch was nearly finished and several months of pruning the trees under the rays of the sun and away from the fog and smoke of cities awaited me.

AMMON HENNACY.  
Box 869, Route 1,  
Albuquerque, N. M.



Ade Bethune



# HOLINESS FOR ALL

By HIS EXCELLENCY, NORBERT ROBICHAUD  
Archbishop of Moncton, N. B., Canada

## The Model for Holiness: JESUS CHRIST

THE CHRISTIAN lay person must put no limits to his holiness: he must be holy as the Heavenly Father is holy: "Be ye perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect." That was the topic of our last chapter. How shall we realize that ideal? What we say here will be an answer to the question.

In order to bring about this realization, certain persons recommend purely and simply the imitation of the perfections of the Heavenly Father. These persons insist a great deal on the practice of the Christian virtues; humility, penance, mildness, etc. To a soul who wishes to follow their method they will praise the advantages of such or such a virtue, they will analyze the means for putting it in practice, they will point to the happy affects it will have upon life. Now all that is excellent, but so abstract that most souls have not the courage to go far with it; they seem willing to leave to the "elite" the job of arriving at perfection by a route made laborious by so many abstractions!

A far more simple method, more practical and more concrete, is to imitate Jesus Christ. Has He not Himself said to us that He is the way, that none can go to the Father but by him? Has He not taken human nature upon Him with a view to manifesting the perfections of the Father and thus helping man to reproduce these perfections in Himself? It was while contemplating this perfect resemblance of Himself that the Heavenly Father exclaimed: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Besides being the perfect image of the Heavenly Father, Christ has the advantage of being a model within reach of imitation by us all. He is in fact a living person, a Man of flesh and bone like ourselves—hence no abstraction, no generality without form and without life. And this is precisely why souls are so eager to imitate Christ. He is a model Who so incarnates all the Christian virtues that the example He gives of them causes hearts to be thrilled and wills to be stimulated. Just by contemplating Him one is drawn to follow Him, almost we should say in spite of self.

But Jesus is above all a living model. There before our very eyes He practices the virtues He preaches. In our presence He lives the holiness of the Father with a view to showing us how to go about securing it. That is why when He preaches, His word never sounds false; it is never without being supported and sustained by His own example, by His life. No one ever heard Him say: "Practice humility, practice meekness," but rather we hear Him say, "Learn of me because I am meek and humble of heart." Before



HIC EST FILIUS  
MEUS DILECTUS

And Jesus being baptized, forthwith came out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened to him: and he saw the Spirit of God descending as a dove and coming upon him.

And behold a voice from heaven, saying: This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

St. Matthew, 3:16-17

preaching the Christian's sublime prerogatives as set forth in the Beatitudes He had already lived them: He knew well what it meant to be poor, to be meek, to mourn, to hunger and thirst after holiness, to be pure, to be merciful, to be peace-loving, to be persecuted. Thoroughly initiated in all the secrets of human psychology, He knew perfectly well that men judge of a doctrine not so much in itself as in the one who sets it forth; He knew that in the concrete (rightly or wrongly) religion is never worth more than the one professing it. So instead of preaching in the abstract, Jesus always presents Himself as an example. "Follow me," says He simply to the Apostles. "For I have given you an example, that as I have done to you, so you do also." There you have the summary of all His pedagogy, as He exemplifies it in all His discourses. He began by living, by practicing—and then He preached. Behold here a sublime lesson for every Christian who purposes being an apostle; it is the lesson all the saints have pondered and learned.

So in order to tend efficaciously to the perfection of the Father we have simply this one thing to do: to keep the eyes of our soul fixed upon Jesus and to conform our conduct to what we see there set forth.

To keep our eyes upon Jesus means to follow Him all along the route of His life here below: to see him obeying His parents in Nazareth, to contemplate Him laboring in the workshop with Saint Joseph, to accompany Him throughout the highways of Palestine, to listen to Him discourse with the Pharisees, to witness Him reproving the Apostles, to share His moments of leisure and recreation at Bethany—and above all to suffer with Him in the terrible ordeal of His Passion and death upon the Cross. In order to do that, one has only to open and read and re-read and study, and

meditate upon and pray over and love the holy Gospel. How sad it is to see the Book of the Gospel missing from the sitting or reading room of Christian homes! The reason is not far to seek why the Christian spirit has given place to the worldly and pagan spirit; worldly periodicals, often even indecent movie magazines now replace the Bible and Bible History in the generality of our so-called Christian families. Let us throw out these intruders before they complete the corruption of soul and mentality among the growing generation.

Now the conforming of one's conduct to the model we have contemplated is the second but not less difficult duty in imitating Christ. After having studied the Gospel and meditated upon it we must ask ourselves how Christ would be acting were He actually in our place, were He now in our very world, amid the circumstances we now are called upon to struggle with. A farmer, for example, could ask himself what Christ would be thinking of, what sentiments would be filling His soul if He were to be cultivating the soil and spending His days behind a plow or a mowing machine. A laborer in some factory could ask himself how Jesus would act if He, too, were working there, what His attitude would be, both towards His employers and His fellow laborers. A fisherman could picture the probable behavior of Jesus if He likewise were to be earning a living upon the high seas or preparing for market the catch that has been taken. And so on for the school teacher, the lawyer, the doctor, the household servant, the store clerk, etc. We are a little too timid in causing Christ to come down into the concrete situations of our lives. It is true that this seeing Him in our own circumstances is a trifle embarrassing—it is so much more interesting to see Him in the statues about our altars and in the stained glass windows of our churches. But still, if we have the obligation of reproducing in our hearts His portrait, it is certain that He must be nearer to us in our daily lives than that. Since Christ is a universal model, available to all men, He can be and should be for each of us at once real and present.

Since then the role of the Christian, who is a child of God, is to please God in doing God's holy will, it should be his ambition to reproduce in his daily activities the example and the very life itself of the Son of God made man.

[This is Chapter 4 of Archbishop Robichaud's Book, "Holiness for All," Chapter 1 of which we reprinted in a recent issue. We will give you various other chapters in future issues, by kind permission of the author and the publisher, the Newman Bookshop, of Westminster, Md.]

# CULT :: CULTIVATION

✠ ПАСХА ВЪ СТАРОЙ РОССІИ ✠  
[Easter in Old Russia]

By CATHERINE DE HUECK DOHERTY



NOW the evening service was over. The people were leaving. The church was dark again, with only the altar lamp and the vigil lights adding color to its dimness.

I was kneeling at the altar rail saying a few last prayers, the smell of incense heavy in my nostrils, when it seemed as if the church walls had dissolved and I was back again in the Russia of my forefathers . . . and it was Easter. \* \* \* \* \*

EASTER in old Russia—the feast of feasts. More celebrated in that country than Christmas in the West. To the Russian, who went to Confession and Communion but four times a year at the most, Lent, the preparation for Easter, was a very holy, serious and important time. A time of mourning, cleansing, and reparation, at all of which the Russian excels, as witness our literature with its deep analytical spirituality.

That is why, during the somber, tragic days of Lent, Russia became busy with nothing but the spiritual and the mystical. Life slowed down, became subdued. All music ceased. Women dressed in black; all ornaments were laid away. During the first and fourth weeks and Holy Week all public amusements ceased; theaters and such movies as there were closed their doors. Even business made way for spiritual needs and practices. For the services during Lent were many and long. Offices, homes, factories speedily adapted their business hours to them, making special allowances for attendance by their employees during working hours.

The fast was rigid, permitting no meat at all through the forty days of Lent. Fish was used on Sundays and a few week days, but not on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday. No milk or butter or any other products made of milk; no eggs; no candies or sugar for the duration of Lent. Honey, vegetables, raisins made up the diet, which was measured qualitatively rather than by quantity.

WHEN a Russian had selected his special Lenten week at the end of which he would go to Confession and on the Sunday to Communion, he went about the preparations for these two great sacraments most seriously. His fast became extremely rigid. Prayer was almost constant, with accent on examination of conscience and contrition for his sins. All through the week, attendance at church services occupied almost half the day. At last, when the appointed day for Confession arrived, before leaving his house he called all his household together and, bowing deeply before each member—from his kin down to the least servant—he repeated the age-old formula: "In the name of Christ, forgive me if I have offended or scandalized you." And back from each came the old answer: "May God forgive you—I do."

Communion day! Always the greatest event in a Russian's life, it began with early rising, preparatory prayers for Mass and Communion, the departure for

church, and attendance at the lengthy Eastern Rite Liturgy, that lasted for from two to three hours. And all this, fasting.

At home, for that one day, the somberness of Lent was put aside. The house was bedecked with flowers and spotlessly shining and clean—a whole week had been spent making it so. At the doorstep the family, who had attended earlier service, gathered to welcome the Lord and Master of the universe in the heart of their loved one. Congratulations were in order. Faith, radiant and simple, shone forth uninhibited.

IN penance, prayer and fasting, the Russian Lent passed slowly, mournfully. Holy Week drew near. Throughout Russia the atmosphere grew tense. Business stood almost at a standstill. All thoughts were with the Lord—in His Passion, at Golgotha and the crucifixion.

Yet among all these spiritual exercises, every free minute was used for the physical preparations for the great day of the Resurrection. Not content with the cleaning done during the week of preparation for Holy Communion, all Russia washed and scrubbed and cleaned feverishly for everything had to be resplendent for the joyous day of days, Easter.

The kitchen too teemed with activity. For Easter food was very special and had to be cooked ahead of time. The *koolitch*, a special rich bread, needed a lot of kneading and working at. I should like to meet the foreigner who could enumerate the ingredients that went into its making! And no matter how rich a family might be, how many servants it might employ, each member took a personal hand. Mother supervised the cooking, father helped with the kneading, sister shelled the almonds, brother cleaned the raisins. All happy, flushed, and excited.

And the *paska*—what is it? I wonder. Cottage cheese, sugar, butter, eggs, all beaten up and thoroughly mixed together by every hand in the family until it was a creamy white delicious whole. Then the mass was put in a special mould and under a heavy pressure, from which it emerged, days later, firm, about eight to ten inches high, with a cross clearly etched on each of its four sides and the letters IX (Jesus Christ in Greek) interwoven in it.

Then, oh joy, eggs were dyed. All the children, even baby, took part in this. Yellow, green, red, gold, silver, they were the first notes of color in the grey-ness of Lent, the forerunners of

(Continued on page 6)



# CULTURE VATION ::

## The Habit of Perfection

**E**LECTED Silence, sing to me  
And beat upon my whorled ear,  
Pipe me to pastures still and be  
The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb:  
It is the shut, the curfew sent  
From there where all surrenders come  
Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shelled, eyes, with double dark  
And find the uncreated light:  
This ruck and reel which you remark  
Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hutch of tasty lust,  
Desire, not to be rinsed with wine:  
The can must be so sweet, the crust  
So fresh that comes in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend  
Upon the stir and keep of pride,  
What relish shall the censers send  
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride  
And now the marriage feast begun,  
And lily-coloured clothes provide,  
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

—GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

## Temptations Of Mothers

**T**HERE will be always excitements, unhealthy excitements, beckoning her away from her duty. The thought will come, why shut yourself up all day with the child? Why not come out and share your life again with others? Why not just mingle with the stream? But no, her motherhood is her work. She is, before all things, wife and mother. Nothing else is finer. If that be lost, what matters any gain? It is in her motherhood, it is in his fatherhood that is really achieved the purpose of the love betwixt him and her. God planted that and has nourished it, and the child is the purpose of it. Here is the child.

So with her as with that other mother and foster-father—all the fine things we think of them came from their relation to the Child. She is great because hers was the womb that bore Him; hers were the breasts that gave Him life. Here is an old man (so we think him, though nobody knows really whether he was old or not; we know so little about him), who would have been forgotten were it not for the Child. We are told of his dreams, we are told of his name, but he is to us only the foster-father. That is enough for us. He took the place of a human father in the Child's life. That Child was God. Thus came their great work to them from their Child.

So it is with the work of fathers and mothers the world over. This is the work that is noblest and best. It is the

work that is the best rewarded of any work, from horizon to horizon of the daylight or the darkness. There is no love that earns so blessed a reward as that of the parents who have lavished wise love. So will come sweeping back to them the echoes of gratitude. Not love merely, but wise love, will earn its perfect reward.

—Fr. Bede Jarrett.

## THE BEST GUARANTEE AGAINST UNCERTAINTY

In these days there are many uncertainties ahead, but one thing is definite. There is plenty of American soil which still can be improved and which will provide a living for a man and his family if they are healthy, energetic and have the right attitude towards the land.

A self-sustaining small holding is still the best guarantee against uncertainties. It is a way of living close to the growth of nature, in which land can be transformed into a "garden" producing practically all the food a family needs and providing a firm foundation for other activities, small home industries, art, handicrafts, etc.

Such holdings of perhaps five to twenty-five acres each could be linked together in local co-operatives, again on a self-supporting basis. I am sure there is plenty of room for these, as nuclei for new cultural centers. Thus we would create "The Garden of God" and man could find his highest satisfaction in living in communities such as these.

EHRENFRIED PFEIFFER  
(as quoted in LAND & HOME,  
June 1945 issue).



## GOOD FRIDAY BIRTHDAY OF THE CHURCH

Good Friday, day of death for the human Christ, is the day of life, the birthday, of that "glorious society of love," that assembly of the faithful, which we call the Mystical Body of Christ. This article is made up of excerpts from the Papal Encyclical on the Mystical Body (1943).



**A**S He hung upon the Cross, Christ Jesus not only avenged the justice of the eternal Father that had been flouted, but He also won for us, His brothers, an unending flow of graces. It was possible for Him personally, immediately to impart these graces to men; but He wished to do so only through a visible Church formed by the union of men, and thus through that Church every man would perform a work of collaboration with Him in dispensing the graces of redemption. The Word of God willed to make use of our nature, when in excruciating agony He would redeem mankind; in much the same way throughout the centuries He makes use of the Church that the work begun might endure.

**T**HE thought of Our predecessor of happy memory, Leo XIII, occurs to us: "The Church, which, already conceived, came forth from the side of the second Adam in His sleep on the Cross, first showed herself before the eyes of men on the great day of Pentecost." For the divine Redeemer began the building of the mystical temple of the Church when by His preaching He announced his precepts: . . . that He completed his work on the gibbet of the Cross is the unanimous teaching of the Holy Fathers, who assert that the Church was born from the side of our Saviour on the Cross like a new Eve, mother of all the living. "And it is now," says the great Ambrose, speaking of the pierced side of Christ, "that it is built, it is now that it is formed, it is now that it is created . . . Now it is that arises a spiritual house for a holy priesthood . . ."

**O**N the Cross, then, the Old Law died, soon to be buried and to be a bearer of death, in order to give way to the New Testament, of which Christ had chosen the Apostles as qualified ministers; and it is by the power of the Cross that our Saviour, although He had been constituted the Head of the whole human family in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, exercises fully the office itself of Head in His Church. "For it was through His triumph on the Cross," according to the teaching of the Angelic and Common Doctor, "that He won power and dominion over the gentiles"; by that same victory He increased that immense treasury of graces, which, as He reigns in glory in heaven, He lavishes continuously on His mortal members; it was by His blood shed on the Cross that God's anger was removed, and that all the heavenly gifts, especially the spiritual graces of the New and Eternal Testament, could then flow from the fountains of our Saviour for the salvation of men, of the faithful first of all; it was on the tree of the Cross, finally, that He entered into possession of His Church, that is all the members of His Mystical Body; for they would not have been united to this Mystical Body through the waters of Baptism except by the salutary virtue of the

Cross, by which they had been already brought under the complete sway of Christ.

But if our Saviour, by His death, became in the full and complete sense of the word, the Head of the Church, it was likewise through His blood that the Church was endowed with that fullest communication of the Holy Spirit, through which from the time when the Son of Man was lifted up and glorified on the gibbet by His sufferings, she is divinely illumined.

**T**HE Son of God and of the Blessed Virgin is to be called the Head of the Church for His singular pre-eminence. For the Head is in the highest place. But who is in a higher place than Christ, God, who as the Word of the Eternal Father must be acknowledged to be the "first born of every creature"? Who has reached more lofty heights than Christ, Man, who, though born of the Immaculate Virgin, is the true and natural Son of God, and thanks to His miraculous and glorious resurrection, a resurrection triumphant over death, has become the "first born of the dead"? Who finally has been so exalted as He, who as the "one Mediator of God and men" has in a most marvelous manner linked earth to heaven; who, raised on the Cross, as on a throne of mercy, has drawn all things to Himself; who, as the Son of Man, chosen from among countless, is the object of God's love beyond all men, all angels, and all creation?

**I**T is manifestly clear that the faithful need the help of the divine Redeemer, for He has said: "Without me you can do nothing," and in the teaching of the Apostle, every advance of this Body towards its perfection derives from Christ, the Head. Yet this, too, must be held, marvelous though it appear: Christ requires His members. First; the person of Jesus Christ is borne by the Supreme Pontiff, who in turn must call on others to share much of his solicitude lest he be overwhelmed by the burden of his pastoral office, and must be helped daily by the Church praying.

Moreover, our Saviour does not rule the Church directly in a visible manner, and so in carrying out the work of redemption, He wishes to be helped by the members of His Body. This is not because He is indigent and weak, but rather because He has so willed it for the greater glory of His unspotted Spouse. Dying on the Cross, He left to His Church the immense treasury of the redemption; towards this she contributed nothing. But when those graces come to be distributed, not only does He share this task of sanctification with His Church, but He wants it in a way to be due to her action. Deep mystery this, subject of inexhaustible meditation: that the salvation of many depends on the prayers and voluntary penances which the members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ offer for this intention and on the assistance of pastors of souls and of the faithful, especially of fathers and mothers of families, which they must offer to our divine Saviour as though they were His associates.

## Journey In The Night

Journey in the Night. Father Brice, C.P., Frederick Pustet Co., 1945.

**N**OT long ago Father Gillis in his syndicated column reaffirmed what the passing ages of Christianity continue to assert: "No man can preach the whole doctrine of Christ without stirring up trouble." This is true simply because real Christianity runs against the grain of our nature and we, poor fools, are ever ready to protest and demand a compromise. When the preacher or writer states the Christian doctrine pure and simple, he meets with trouble. That trouble usually consists in bitter and violent persecution during life and after his death the burying of his works in oblivion.

The Spanish Reformer of the Carmelites, St. John of the Cross, was no exception. He preached the folly of the cross, was called a heretic and "dangerous" in his lifetime, and after his death a cloud of oblivion shrouded his works. But now it would seem that the cloud is lifting. St. John of the Cross is being brought into the clear light of day by a number of popular writings treating of his works. Among the foremost of these is the recently published "Journey in the Night," by the Passionist, Father Brice. The author, as can be perceived from the book, is well acquainted with his subject and does not in any way dilute the doctrine of complete detachment that is the substance of the Mystical Doctor's writings.

"Journey in the Night" is, as the subtitle states, "A practical introduction to St. John of the Cross and, in particular, a companion to the first book of the 'Ascent of Mount Carmel.'" It is intended for both clergy and laity, for as Father Brice points out, St. John writes for all without exception. Thus the book, proposing as it does to introduce the saint to the generality of Christians, inclines to be light in style and easily readable.

The trouble with previous volumes concerning the Mystical Doctor is that for the most part they were not written in a popular vein but tended more to become theological discussions. Father Brice avoids this tendency to dryness by his short chapters and clear summaries of ideas often difficult to grasp. He analyzes, defines, explains, rephrases—all with the final end of kindling in the reader the desire to plunge immediately into the "Ascent" itself. More than that, the author substantiates the writings of the Mystical Doctor with parallel texts from other spiritual writers, notably St. Paul of the Cross.

However, to one unfamiliar with St. John of the Cross, "Journey in the Night" will be a shock. It will be a shock precisely because it preaches complete detachment from the things of the world as the characteristic outward sign of Christianity. This detachment is a consequence of our being baptized—of our promising to renounce the world. Father Brice chides those who would compromise with the world and he does so without mincing words. For example, in his very introduction he states his belief that "the radio along with the newspaper magazine and motion picture, constitutes one of the greatest sources of religious imperfection." This is difficult to swallow at first. But then, so is the Gospel difficult.

The author, continuing in the vein he inaugurates in his introduction, proceeds to explain more fully St. John's doctrine of renunciation and its practical effect on Catholic life today. It will be hard at first to under-

(Continued on page 6)



## Prosperity Based on Exploitation Must Cease, Says Indian Leader

Empires which prosper by the exploitation of millions of natives in Asia and Africa are faced with dissolution, according to Jawaharlal Nehru, member of the India Congress Party's Working Committee. "Colonialism must go," he declares, and that is the title of a brilliantly written article from his pen, published in the *New York Times* (Sunday, March 3, 1946), which we quote:

"The break-up of the old empires based on colonial economy may lead to harder conditions of life and to somewhat lower standards in the countries which have so far been dominant and have drawn upon the resources of their dependencies. In the long run this should not be so as new techniques are adding tremendously to the wealth of the world. But in the near future some falling back seems probable."

"We do not want any lowering of standards anywhere, even where they are higher than ours:

we want to raise our own standards to the highest level.

"But it is obvious that high standards elsewhere based on an economy which results in low standards in Asian and African countries cannot be allowed. If the people of any country can maintain high standards by their own productive efforts they are welcome to do so, but such standards must not be at the expense of starvation and misery elsewhere."

"Indeed, low standards and the brood of poverty will tend to pull down standards in other places and will also disturb the economy and peace of the world. We have to aim at the raising of the level of the common man everywhere and for that purpose we have to pay especial attention to Asia and Africa, which have suffered most in the past. The world has to pull together or not at all."

\*Italics ours.—Ed., C. W.

## IN RESPONSE TO OUR APPEAL

### So Many in Need

Dear Editors:

Enclosed find all I can spare at this moment, when all my friends and relations have to be kept from starving in poor old Europe. How I wish I was rich just now, so I could give, and give to my heart's content, and also send you a hundred instead of just one dollar.

With all my good wishes for all of you always. God bless you all!

L. R.

New York City

### Utica Knights Aid Europe

Dear Editors:

Enclosed please find our small donation in response to your appeal just received. May God bless you in your work.

Incidentally, because of the articles in your paper asking for food and clothing for the war-torn countries of Europe, our local Knights of Columbus Council has taken up the work. They have appealed to their members, asking them to bring food and clothing to every monthly business meeting. A special committee is responsible for wrapping and mailing the donations.

By the way, it took my husband two hours just to make out the custom tags, etc., for fourteen packages, and it cost the council about \$1.50 for each eleven-pound package sent. Is this the most economical way of doing the job?

Sincerely yours,  
(Mrs.) J. B. Gribbin

Utica, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

I am sending you a money order to help with your work at any House of Hospitality or with any work you may be connected with. I just received a refund from my income tax, so I had to share my good fortune.

Your paper is very much enjoyed by several around here. The letter from San Francisco concerning "Caritate Dei" was mighty welcome because we can't send packages to certain foreign countries from here. Palermo, Sicily, is an instance. I admire your straight-from-the-shoulder attitude concerning the atomic bomb, especially the indiscriminate type of bombing which also kills the innocent along with troops.

One day I was fingering a pencil and the enclosed is the result. Very poor, I'd say, but it was how I wanted to bring out the point.

If the international situation

doesn't get too critical I should be getting my discharge in about six months.

You probably are so busy you won't be able to read the "poem" (I should say scribbled lines), but you won't hurt my feelings. Waste baskets are handy items.

Good luck,

Yours in our Lord,  
(Sgt.) Eugene Pastro.

Anchorage, Alaska.

### What Think You?

I'm flushed with wine as on I dine,

And still my table overflows.  
I take one bite and sip my drink  
Then cast my eyes about  
And notice others too, the same  
as me.

Our faces full are fond content  
As delicate like we mince our fare,  
And all our thoughts are centered there.

No longer can I fill myself!  
I'm over-glutted now, I feel.  
Remaining food is gathered up,  
And carried off to refuse pails.

Sitting down upon a lounge,  
In comfort long I sprawl.

The newsboy's ware comes to my hands,  
And there in boldest lines  
The print does seize my eye.

How can it be!—Our Uncle Sam  
Does wish that each of us  
Should share our food with those  
Who now are held by Hunger's hand.

No Siree! That just can't be!  
Why, we would starve  
And suffer then ourselves!  
And if I would not make this sacrifice,  
Why, who could hold me thus accountable?

So with an angry frown  
I threw the paper down,  
And at the time I could have sworn  
I heard these words forlorn!—

"Remember if you do but this  
For e'en the least of these  
My little ones,  
You do it unto Me!"

I guess I am but dreaming,  
Or possibly 'tis but the passing  
Of the wind beneath the eaves.  
But yet I wonder—long I ponder.

Gene Pastro.

Helsingfors, Finland,  
March 10, 1946,  
By Air Mail.

Dear Miss Day:

Thank you for the copies of *The Catholic Worker*, which have reached us for the first time since 1941. We are indeed very happy to receive your paper. However, I should like to tell you of the change of address which we have had since then. If you can send one copy of your paper to Sister M. Tharsilla, Helkankatu 3, Lahti, Finland, and one copy to Sister Clara Marie, Engelplatsen 1, Helsingfors, Finland, we shall all have the pleasure of reading it.

We notice that you have asked your readers to remember the children with packages of food and clothing. May we beg you to add our names to the list also, since in both places we are looking after poor children?

With a fervent prayer that God will bless your great work, I am

Yours in Christ,  
Sister Clara Marie,  
C.P.P.S.

## Catholic Action Is Called For

Dear Father Duffy:

God bless you for the courageous voice you are raising on behalf of the most pitiful, inarticulate victims of "man's inhumanity to man," the inmates of our woefully benighted "mental hospitals"—so ironical a blot on our vaunted "modern progress."

A real mental hospital operated along scientific and Christian lines, as you suggest, would provide a splendid model, if funds and means were available, which I hope may sometime be realized, but would be a mere drop in the ocean now in rectifying prevalent deplorable conditions in our state "hospitals" for the mentally ill. As good Doctor Edith G. G. Graff says, "these state hospitals have to be dealt with," first of all. One wonders why our numerous Catholic hospitals have not attempted the establishment of mental clinics, at least for the more easily salvageable border-line cases.

Amid the prevalent apathy of our so-called "Catholics," prating of "Catholic action," the "Mystical Body of Christ," etc., it is exceedingly heartening to hear the fearless protesting voice of a Catholic priest whose love of man through love of Christ is truly Catholic, "not in word nor in tongue, but in deed and in truth"—a shining light! With the start and inspiration you have given, let us Catholics show what we can really accomplish when aroused to real Catholic action.

Sincerely yours,  
A. L. G.

San Francisco, Calif.

## JOURNEY

(Continued from page 5)

stand this doctrine because we have fallen into the fallacy of believing that because the things of the world are created by God, and are therefore good, we may use them primarily for our own self-satisfaction. But such is not the purpose of creation. Creatures were made primarily for God's glory, not our contentment. Disorder enters in when we become attached to creatures for themselves.

Then again St. John teaches a

love of God. But lovers do not give each other bad gifts but rather good ones, else they would not be expressing very much love. So we in loving God must give Him good gifts. Thus we give up creatures precisely because they are good. Catherine of Sienna summed it all up when she said, "the path of pleasure is not the path of Christ the Crucified."

To those moderns who teach St. John of the Cross is given the same treatment which that Doctor merited—persecution, misinterpretation, charges of heresy, eventual vindication, but popular oblivion. We do not think that Father Brice will be an exception, for the sentiments of the world never change. And they, most definitely, are opposed to the sentiments of the Beatitudes.

MICHAEL J. FITZPATRICK.

## Russian Easter

(Continued from page 4)

joy and Spring—and of Easter and the Resurrection, Alleluia!

Yet all during these activities involving foodstuffs, not once was the fast broken. Impossible as it may seem, it was true. Although I must admit that the heavenly smell of a *koolitch* baking is almost more than man can bear, yet such is the strength of faith and custom that I never heard of anyone succumbing to temptation.

HOLY Thursday. Memories of long ago. Evening. The family went in a body to church. Each person carried a slender wax candle. This would be lighted during the long three-hour service of the "Forty-Gospels," when the life of Christ was read. Then everyone went home shielding the candle from the wind, for it had to be brought safely back, to light the perpetual fire burning before the ikon of our Holy Mother.

Many a Russian artist has rendered that home-coming of Holy Thursday night. The dark streets, the shadowy figures coming out of church carrying the lighted candles shielded by their hands, the light reflected on faces, old and young. A beautiful scene, worthy of the best talent, yet hard to paint because of the expressions on those faces. For how can men paint God glimpsed in the faces of other men?

Good Friday. God is dying. It seems as if Russia died then too. Business closed down completely. No hustle or bustle in the streets. A hushed silence fell over the country. Government buildings were decorated in violet and black, the colors of mourning. Only the churches were full to overflowing. In the middle of each stood a silver coffin surrounded by flowers offered by the faithful, symbolizing the death of the Saviour. An orderly, endless procession of people entered, approached the coffin, knelt and kissed the cross on its sides. Princesses, chambermaids, working men, and courtly officers all mingled in the greatest democracy of all—that of Christianity.

AT LAST Holy Saturday. Still a day fasting that would end only at midnight. For in old Russia that was considered the hour of the Resurrection. But the fast could not keep out the air of great expectancy, nor wipe the glow of happiness from human faces. From ten at night until midnight multitudes, dressed now in the gay colors so beloved by the Russian peasants, or in their best finery, made their way to the churches. The midnight Mass started at last. It began with the antiphon of Lauds for that day. In a loud, carrying voice the priest proclaimed: CHRIST IS RISEN! The whole congregation answered: VERILY HE IS RISEN! Then the priest,

turning around, kissed the deacon, who then passed the kiss of peace down the clerical line.

At this point a westerner would have been sorely puzzled, for everyone in the church turned around and kissed his neighbor, exchanging over and over again the joyous salutation of the priest: Christ is risen! Verily He is risen!

At that same moment all the church bells started ringing freely, with a song of great gladness as if repeating, Yes, Christ is risen! Rejoice all ye faithful! Love has conquered death! Christ is risen! Verily He is risen! Beautiful and unforgettable was the sound of the "forty times forty" bells of Moscow. A boastful historian once said that they could be heard beyond the seas. I wondered. Could they? All I knew was that they echoed in every Russian heart, no matter where he was, at Easter-time, bringing joy and gladness even to exiles.

The service over, one more task was left: that of securing the *paska* and *koolitch* and eggs that had been left in the sacristy for a special blessing. Then home through illuminated streets of a jubilant town filled with multicolored, hungry throngs, singing, kissing each other, wishing each other "Happy Easter!" and hurrying home to eat, at long last, to repletion.

AND at home all was ready. The house was clean and full of flowers, with a big table set in the middle of the dining room, the *koolitch* in the center of it, with two *paskas* at each side. Further down the table were the multicolored eggs, then the roast turkeys, chickens, hams, the wine and fruit and candies. Food enough for three days of rest and rejoicing. And the presents were lying there, too, for in Russia Easter was present-giving time even more than Christmas. And last but not least was the fun of seeing "big sister" blush and blush again as a score of young men, having formed a queue, were claiming the kiss of peace from her pretty lips. For, as you know, no one could refuse that kiss in Russia at Easter time, and so the only thing left for one was to wish that she were young and bold and pretty, and in Russia during that holy season. Easter was youth's time. So the elders laughed a lot, teased a little, and let it go at that.

Now father would cut the *koolitch*, the symbol of the Bread of Life—Christ. And then a scoop of the *paska*, which symbolized the Lamb laid to the slaughter. Thus were blended the Old Testament and the New. Now an egg, the symbol of infinity—of life eternal. Mother, bowing low, passed the plate with these three to family, guests, and servants, for all were gathered around the festive board. With these foods the Russians broke their fast, for it was symbolic food—food that had had a liturgical blessing.

Yes, Easter in Russia is the feast of feasts, the day of days.

Someone was gently touching my shoulder and whispering that it was time to go, the church was being closed for the night. I looked around. It was all dark. The vigil lights were all out. Only the altar light glowed blood red against the darkness. The sexton was speaking to me. I arose and left for home—but only part of me got there. The other part was listening to the "forty times forty" bells of Moscow, that I knew now could be heard beyond the seas.

### The Catholic Worker Penny Press

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**V**ERY popular among the faithful are the devotions of the Stations of the Cross. Since the days of the Crusades, representations of the holy places of Jerusalem have existed here and there in the West, and penitential processions have been held in imitation of the sorrowful journey of Christ to Calvary. Later the Franciscans, as "guardians of the Holy Sepulchre," obtained the privilege of erecting Stations of the Cross in suitable places, and numerous indulgences were attached to them by Supreme Pontiffs. The devotion of the Way of the Cross is especially suited to remind the faithful of the Passion of our Lord and excite in them a penitential disposition.

*Catholic Liturgics, Stapper-Baier.*



**T**RADITION asserts that the Blessed Virgin used to visit daily the scenes of Christ's Passion, and St. Jerome speaks of the crowds of pilgrims from all countries who used to visit the holy places in his day.

It may be safely asserted that there is no devotion more richly endowed with indulgences than the Way of the Cross, and none which enables us more literally to obey Christ's injunction to take up our cross and follow Him. A perusal of the prayers usually given for this devotion in any manual will show what abundant spiritual graces, apart from the indulgences, may be obtained through a right use of them, and the fact that the Stations may be made either publicly or privately in any church renders the devotion specially suitable for all.

*Catholic Encyclopedia.*

## THE WAY OF THE CROSS



THESE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE STATIONS ARE THE WORK OF ADE DE BETHUNE, CATHOLIC WORKER STAFF ARTIST.



**I. Jesus Is Condemned to Death**  
**L**EAVING the house of Caiphas, where He had been blasphemed, and the house of Herod, where He had been mocked, Jesus is dragged before Pilate, His back torn with scourges, His head crowned with thorns; and He, Who on the last day will judge the living and the dead, is Himself condemned to a disgraceful death.  
 Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father.  
 Have mercy on us, O Lord, have mercy on us.  
 V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.  
 R. Amen.  
 (The above prayers are repeated after each Station)

**II. Jesus Receives the Cross**  
**A**HEAVY cross is laid upon the bruised shoulders of Jesus. He receives it with meekness, nay, with a secret joy, for it is the instrument with which He is to redeem the world.

**III. Jesus Falls the First Time**  
**B**OWED down under the weight of the cross, Jesus slowly sets forth on the way to Calvary, amidst the mockeries and insults of the crowd. His agony in the garden has exhausted His body; He is sore with blows and wounds; His strength fails Him; He falls to the ground under the cross.

**IV. Jesus Is Met By His Blessed Mother**  
**S**TILL burdened with His cross, and wounded yet more by His fall, Jesus proceeds on His way. He is met by His Mother. What a meeting that must have been! What a sword of anguish must have pierced that Mother's bosom! What must have been the compassion of that Son for His holy Mother!

**V. Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross**  
**A**S the strength of Jesus fails, and He is unable to proceed, the executioners seize and compel Simon of Cyrene to carry His cross. The virtue of that cross changed his heart, and from a compulsory task it became a privilege and a joy.

**VI. Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus**  
**A**S JESUS proceeds on the way, covered with the sweat of death, a woman, moved with compassion, makes her way through the crowd, and wipes His face with a handkerchief. As a reward of her piety, the impression of His sacred countenance is miraculously imprinted upon the handkerchief.

**VII. Jesus Falls a Second Time**  
**T**HE pain of His wounds and the loss of blood increasing at every step of His way, again His strength fails Him, and Jesus falls to the ground a second time.



**VIII. Women of Jerusalem Mourn for Our Lord**  
**A**T the sight of the sufferings of Jesus some holy women in the crowd were so touched with sympathy that they openly bewailed and lamented Him. Jesus, knowing the things that were to come to pass upon Jerusalem because of their rejection of Him, turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

**IX. Jesus Falls the Third Time**  
**J**ESUS has now arrived almost at the summit of Calvary; but before He reaches the spot where He is to be crucified, His strength again fails Him, and He falls the third time, to be again dragged up and goaded onward by the brutal soldiers.

**X. Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments**  
**A**RRIVED at last at the place of sacrifice, they prepare to crucify Him. His garments are torn from His bleeding body, and He, the Holy of Holies, now stands exposed to the vulgar gaze of the rude and scoffing multitude.

**XI. Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross**  
**T**HE cross is laid upon the ground, and Jesus is stretched upon His bed of death. At one and the same time He offers His bruised limbs to His heavenly Father in behalf of sinful man, and to His fierce executioners to be nailed by them to the disgraceful wood. The blows are struck! The blood gushes forth!

**XII. Jesus Dies Upon the Cross**  
**F**OR three hours has Jesus hung upon His transfixed hands; His blood has run in streams down His body, and bedewed the ground; and, in the midst of excruciating sufferings, He has pardoned His murderers, promised the bliss of paradise to the good thief, and committed His blessed Mother and beloved disciple to each other's care. All is now consummated; and meekly bowing down His head, He gives up the ghost.

**XIII. Jesus Is Taken Down From the Cross**  
**T**HE multitude have left the heights of Calvary, and none remain save the beloved disciple and the holy women, who, at the foot of the cross, are striving to stem the grief of Christ's inconsolable Mother. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take down the body of Her divine Son from the cross and deposit it in her arms.

**XIV. Jesus Is Laid in the Sepulchre**  
**T**HE body of her dearly beloved Son is taken from His Mother and laid by the disciples in the tomb. The tomb is closed, and there the lifeless body remains until the hour of its glorious resurrection.  
 Text from the St. Andrew's Missal.





# THE LAND

## Come Back, Come Back To the Land

By EOIN McKIERNAN



SOONER or later modern man must forsake his cities and return to the land. He may do it through a realization of the human frustration of the cities; he may do it through love of God and the knowledge that religion survives in the cities only by transfusions of fresh blood from the land; he may do it, driven therefrom by the awful destruction of atomic bombs. Sooner or later he must go back to the land—and to God.

Religion apparently does not thrive in the seething, heaped-up masses of humanity that are our huge cities. The cities themselves are a result of the intense industrialization to which mankind has been subjected for over two centuries. They are the solution to the industrialists' need for cheap and plentiful labor, but they are no fertile soil for the growth of Christianity.

The beautiful, meaningful customs and traditions of our Faith, its folklore, if you will, come to us from the times when men tilled the earth, and, illing, thought. There is something in modern urban life that, for most of us, is destructive to thought. There is something about living in New York, Boston or Chicago that makes for an intellectual listlessness, that develops a passive and receptive mind instead of that inquiring and reflective mind which is so favorable to the burgeoning of Christianity in our lives.

THE urban mind of our civilization is under constant assault by high-pressure advertising, political propaganda, and inane amusements. Under repeated goading, the mind exhibits a nervous excitement which is the antithesis of that tranquillity required for contemplation of God and our obligations to Him. Losing its facility for discriminating, it becomes like a radio set, receiving everything, differentiating nothing except as it is manipulated by another. Because it has lost its perceptive ability this mind accepts its morals and ethics as readily from a soap advertiser as from the Church.

There is a difference in the mind developed on the land. That is not to say that commercialization has not affected farming. It is not to say that people on the land have better morals. But the potentialities and possibilities of life on the land are immeasurably better suited to a truly Christian life than is the case in the cities. The very nature of farming encourages deliberation, builds resourcefulness, and sponsors initiative. The city stifles: the land fructifies the mind. It is these qualities that make the land the necessary basis for the spiritual regeneration of our society. Farming stirs the reflective faculties and all nature co-operates to lead man heavenward.

LIFE on the land is not affected to the extent that city life is, by the crassness of commercialization. It is more elemental, more basic. It is humanity without the concealing embellishments of the city, and, in this respect, more sincere. It is a short step from the seed to God: it is quite a step from the skyscraper to God. In the former the mystery of nature impels us to the worship of God: in the latter we worship man through admiration for his skill, forgetting that the bees and the ants are our superiors in engineering.

Come back, come back to the land, where we can build our

lives around Penance. Come back to the land, where we can slough off our respectability, our mediocrity, our machine-pressed uniformity, where we can nurture our person-ness (I must use that word because personality has come to mean something that goes with a toothpaste ad) for the glory of God. Come back to the land, where the Mass shall be the nexus of our community, where we shall be partners with God in bringing the earth to life, where we shall look upon the sun "within the flaming monstrosity of the West," where we shall discover "Earth's crammed with heaven And every common bush affire with God."

### I AM THE VINE

Lord, make me a living branch  
Of Thee, Who art the Vine;  
Let the Blood within Thy veins  
Flow deeply into mine.

Let me flourish to Thy glory,  
Lord, abide in me;  
Branch embedded in the Vine  
May I live in Thee.

MARY C. FERRIS.

## Peter Maurin Says

Feeding the hungry and clothing the naked are the kind of apologetics that you do not have to apologize for.

A bourgeois is a person who tries to be somebody by being like everybody else, which makes him a nobody.

There is no mission without the man and there is no man without a mission. (Ortega y Gasset).

Each farming commune will be one small parish where the priests can rub shoulders with their people.

Gentlemen brag about their broad acres but there is nothing gentle in living on the sweat off other people's brows.

A home belongs on a homestead and the homestead should support the home.

A generation ago the clergy were interested in brick and stone churches and not in homes. Now they are appalled at juvenile delinquency.

The poor man is not angry at the rich man because the latter has riches and luxury. The poor man is angry with the rich man because the rich man does not set standards of right living. (Bernanos).

The Bowery bum is no worse than the Park Avenue bum.

I want a theology that has something to do with sociology.

There is too much denouncing and not enough announcing.

## Mission for Agrarians

By JOHN CURRAN

A FEW of the reasons for a return to the land are here restated in order to clarify some of our Catholic minds. First of all it is no attempt at escaping the evils of the society in which we live but, rather, it is an effort to integrate that society along organic lines.

As E. I. Watkin has pointed out our Catholic life today is off center; that is, it is eccentric, off balance, and hence not functioning properly. The liturgical life is practically lost for the layman and for most of the clergy, and in its place is substituted "popular devotions" that lack the power of the official prayers and rites of the Church. On farming communes we hope to live, literally and figuratively, in the shadow of the Cross. These farming communes will be small parishes where the pastor will be able to know and rub shoulders with his flock and to take a personal interest in each member.

I have not the time nor the space here to point out the imperfections of the large city parishes and I leave it to the reader to do some thinking for himself. Just a hint: What meaning has the liturgical cycle with its rogation days, blessing of crops, etc., for the city man? Step out of the city church and at once you are in a pagan environment. The parochial school child has nothing constructive to do after school and naturally thinks of movies and the lures about him. In the small country parish based upon the ideals of Catholic agrarianism he is continually "exposed" to a higher spirituality whether at school, farming, or working at the crafts. It isn't a question of founding an isolated utopia, nor of living amongst the birds and the flowers. It must be an effort to light again the liturgical candle so that its light may shine for the common man and allow him to see the unity of theology, moral, doctrinal, and ascetical and mystical. (Read Fr. Hugo.)

THE family. "A home belongs on a homestead and the homestead should support the home." There is a practical answer to divorce, juvenile delinquency and most family troubles. Take that statement apart and look at its implications. Father is a father and not just "the old man"; he fosters the talents of his own and his neighbor's children and he teaches them the difference between "falling in love" and growing in love along with teaching them how to get food from the soil. The family is united in a common endeavor and home is far more than a place to hang their hats. How thin are the bonds of family unity in the city, where one child is a stenographer, another a clerk, a third an auto mechanic, and father is absent all day. It is good to have a diversity of talents but it is better to have diversity in unity in the organic way that God uses. The home should be on a small patch of ground for the sake of privacy, with a kitchen garden, and possibly small animals. The staple crops, woodlots, etc., should be on common land, and this brings us to a larger unit of society, the community.

Community means common unity that stems from the altar rail, not standardization, not assembly lines, and most decidedly not tabloid minds. It does not mean every man working with a hoe, but every man using the talent that God has given him for a worthwhile purpose. When the scholar sweats with the worker both get a better appreciation of the other's point of view and both react upon each other to

produce a closer knit understanding. Class warfare is avoided and so is the ivory tower of the intellectual. Within this nucleus of society there would be an organic growth in all fields until some would be prepared to "can the can," as Peter Maurin says.

Housewives know what labor it is to preserve food, all the boiling, putting up in jars, etc. When a man is working hard and interested in his work he finds himself caring little about the kind of food he eats as long as it gives him strength. Peter says eat what is in season and let the excess rot or throw it on the compost heap; grow grains and root vegetables for winter use. At the end of winter the root vegetables are pretty well played out, but then it is Lent, a time of fasting, and after Lent we get the tonic vegetables, asparagus, rhubarb, dandelions, etc. "Raise what you eat and eat what you raise." Probably some of the old monks in monasteries on the land could give us more pointers on this.

WHILE we would accept responsibility for the conditions of the working man in such cities as Detroit, Leeds, and both Birmingham, we do not see much sense in going into a monastery to pray for them and at the same time using the products of their exploitation. This means having crafts as well as professions based upon the needs of the community on the land. Instead of accepting labor-saving machinery to create leisure in which to be bored we would prefer a leisurely way of working in which to produce things and men really worthwhile, a way of working that would not only be enjoyable but would be, in effect, a school for social development.

Perhaps this all seems too idealistic. The Mormons and the Amish have done something in this direction. The expressions "Holy Ireland," "Holy Poland" and "Holy Russia" refer generally to the rural sections. You don't hear of "Holy London" or "Holy New York," and what man has once done he can do again. The scholars master subjects, and it is about time they learned to master situations. All kinds of religious groups are able to create an environment, within boundaries, where the off-colored joke is just not in place, and by that are able to give real wit a chance to grow. Today the people are hungry for folk music and real food, both corporal and spiritual, instead of the ersatz stuff which each year becomes worse. The robe of Christ was honestly and holily made. If we are to eat the Food of Christ then we, also, should make the robes of His people in the same manner. That would be truly taking upon our shoulders the cross of the exploited proletariat of today.



St. George, Martyr: The feast of St. George (April 23) is found in the Ethiopian, Coptic, Syriac and Latin Liturgies. The Ancient "Georgia" is named after him. He is renowned as the armed defender of the Church, one who carried the trophies of victory over the enemy. The Emperor Diocletian had at first favored this illustrious son of a noble family of Cappadocia, but when St. George reproached the Emperor with his cruelty to the Christians, he was cast into prison and put to death with such great cruelty that in the Eastern Liturgy he is styled the "Great Martyr." England chose him for her patron in 800.

—St. Andrew's Missal.

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