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Byzantine Rite

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Those who are interested in the reunion of the Catholic and Orthodox Churches—and this is a necessary first step to the time when there will be one fold—will want to receive the publication which Father Ourousoff plans to get out. The letter regarding it is published in this issue of our paper. Father Ourousoff is himself a convert from the Russian Orthodox Church and is now a Jesuit of Byzantine Rite stationed at the Russian Center at Fordham University.

In this business of reunion with the Orthodox there is not the same problem with the tiny group of Russian Catholics in this country as there is with the other groups (Ukrainian, Carpatho-Russian, Melchite, etc.) who likewise use the Byzantine liturgy. Because the Russians have adhered rather closely to purity of Rite and have not succumbed to the temptation to Romanize. It is true however that considerable feeling against the Jesuits still persists among Orthodox so that they are quite suspicious of Jesuits of Byzantine Rite.

* * *

It does not seem to me that one of the reasons given by those who justify "Romanisms" in the Liturgy—that these things are necessary to hold the young people of the parish—holds much weight. Is it seriously to be asserted that if the ablutions are taken at the proper time (i.e. on the prothesis table after completion of the Liturgy) there will be a serious revolt in the parish and loss of young people? Or that if the use of alb and amice are discontinued a wholesale exodus will result? Or that people will lose the faith if an iconostas is erected? Or if Holy Communion is received standing? I do not think that such would be the result. And yet the adoption of these things—things that seem unimportant—would help greatly to remove fear among the Orthodox that to become Catholic would mean to become Roman. And yet regrettable things occur even in parishes where some of the clergy are concerned to maintain purity of Rite. I have in mind a Byzantine Rite parish recently transferred to a new building in which there was opportunity to have the arrangements in accord with proper liturgical requirements. And yet, instead of erecting an iconostas, a considerable sum was sunk

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

I should no longer be writing the On Pilgrimage column, but should be turning that job over to Ammon Hennacy, who from now on will be our roving editor, travelling from city to city and reader to reader all over the United States, for six months of the year.

As for me, illness and a doctor's ultimatum decrees that I stay home for the next months anyway. Riding all night on buses, over the last twenty years, has caught up with me.

There are various aspects to being sick. There is the first miserable aspect when one is feverish, nightmarish, depressed, full of pain and suddenly conscious of one's mortality. In the midst of pain one has occasional flashes of insight that at least one is not doing one's own will, and that saying "Thy Will be done," and "Be it done unto me according to thy word," is really saying something! An act of the will to say it, even if one may be afraid of not really meaning it. But enough of such self-scrutiny. There is too much of this self-analysis.

Bossuet

"Adore God with all the capacity you have," Bossuet says, "yet without anxiety as to the degree of your success or of your love, as to whether you are concentrated on God or on yourself, whether your time is profitable or wasted . . . There is no place for calculations or precautions, strive to adore and let that suffice."

There is also, on rare occasions during illness, a sudden sense of excitement and anticipation, expectation and hope. After all there is something to look forward to! Everlasting life, heaven, joy everlasting, all of which is God. "I must rejoice without ceasing though the world shudder at my joy," Ruysbroeck says.

All this might sound very morbid and a hangover of the November pre-occupation with All Saints and All Souls, death and transfiguration, except for the fact that Advent has begun and we are told in liturgy and sermon to look for the first coming of Christ in the stable, the coming in our own lives when we die, and the Last Judgement.

Two Sides

Life and Death are two sides of the one coin, inseparable. Here we have all these growing things

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Easy Essays

By PETER MAURIN

Charity and Poverty

The philosophy of the capitalists with capital that is to say the bourgeois class is the philosophy of the fat belly.

And so the philosophy of the capitalists without capital that is to say the working class is the philosophy of the fat belly.

To the philosophy of the fat belly which is the philosophy of both the bourgeois class and the working class must be substituted the philosophy of Christian charity and Christian poverty.

Christian charity and Christian poverty will be brought to the common man through Round-Table Discussions

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Conversion of the Working Class

By DR. S. BOLSHAKOFF

On my return from Spain I met in Southern France, in one of its most austere Abbeys, a remarkable man, who told me a good deal about that baffling problem, the conversion of the working class to the Church. In my journeys across W. Europe I came to the conclusion that with the exception of Ireland and Southern provinces of Holland and a few isolated districts in Wales, France, Portugal, Belgium, Germany, etc., the bulk of the working class ceased to practice religion. In the industrial districts of Spain and Sweden, France and Austria, etc., I doubt that even 5% of the working class could be called regular churchgoers. I have

no reason to suppose that it is any better in England. All kinds of explanations are advanced to minimize the gravity of this phenomenon: wrong policy of the Church authorities in the last century, the indifference of the wealthy and educated lay churchmen towards the right solution of the social problem in the past, etc. The fact remains that the workers are very few in churches in proportion to their numbers.

* * *

Twenty years ago a remarkable French priest, Fr. Voillaume, inspired by the methods suggested by the celebrated hermit of Sahara, Fr. Charles de Foucauld, murdered

by the Tonaregs during the First World War; to advance the Christianization of the Moslems, decided boldly to apply the same methods toward the conversion of the workers. Fr. de Foucauld advocated the Apostolate of Presence, which Father Founder of the Anglican Cowley Fathers recommended nearly 100 years ago to Fr. Neil in India. According to Fr. de Foucauld the Islamic world is so self-sufficient and hostile to the Christian message that any active propaganda will only worsen the present unsatisfactory situation. The only way to penetrate the Moslem World is the Apostolate of Presence

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

Two young men, who will be ordained priests in a matter of months at a local seminary, came in on the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day to help serve dinner to the three hundred ambassadors of Christ who had their meal with us on that holiday. Another volunteer in the person of a hardworking young saleslady from a downtown department store appeared to offer her services with the serving of the feast. The dinner was quickly served without an incident. The unperturbed Roger O'Neil, our chief cook and his fine kitchen staff put in an extremely arduous day in a serene atmosphere. All of us are greatly indebted to these generous souls.

Little Things

As we surveyed the Feast on Thanksgiving we noticed the little things which were missing. There were no table cloths nor saucers for the cups, however, I am sure we wouldn't use them if we had them in our possession. And there was but the one course dinner with no soups, cocktails, drinks nor fancy deserts. But it was a good solid substantial meal. Even if we could have afforded a larger meal our small kitchen prohibits the preparation of gigantic dinners for large numbers of people. We fully realize that it was a miracle that we had the good meal that we did.

St. Francis

With the above attitude glowing within my bourgeoisie mind I began to read a book on Saint Francis of Assisi edited by Otto Karrer—what a book to read on a holiday. As I read I felt that I was being rebuked with each sentence. Again and again I was made aware of how far removed we are from the ideals of St. Francis, especially in regards as to what he preached about poverty, and how he lived it. Some of us state quite simply and sincerely that the saints were to be admired not imitated—I wish I could believe that.

However, this is not the time of the year to be talking about St. Francis and his poverty since Christmas is at hand. Injecting the

subject of poverty tends to dampen the spirits of many of us and we could all do with less kill-joys. However, Francis had made poverty a joyous thing: something that I am afraid will never be accomplished by us.

Shorty Smith

Losing track of the number of times that Shorty Smith has been in Bellevue hospital is not hard to come by. Shorty is in again. Some weeks back the doctors at Bellevue had sort of given up in operating on Shorty, after the fourth operation failed to take. They decided that he should submit to frequent ray treatments and Charlie McCormick drove Shorty to the hospital each morning for the ordeals. This went on for two weeks. Despite the coldness of the weather, Shorty would not wear an overcoat as he left here each morning for the visit to the hospital. We surmised that Shorty felt that the wearing of an overcoat indicated a somewhat permanent absence from the house was in the offing. Today he wore the overcoat since Charlie had to escort him to the hospital in a public bus, station wagon bogged down again, and today the doctors decided to hospitalize Shorty for closer examination. Please pray for Shorty.

French Student

One Friday night about ten o'clock we had a phone call from the Municipal lodging house. Could we put up a young French student from Paris? The voice from the Municipal said that they were not permitted to accommodate the young man without clearing the business through the French consul. We agreed to take the pilgrim although every bed in our house was filled and there was no place to bed him for the night except the library floor.

Time Element

The newcomer spoke fairly good broken English and we were able to learn that he was touring Canada and this country for a three month period. He said he was a student in a school of commerce (Continued on page 6)



The Christian Commitment

By EMMANUEL MOUNIER

In the modern world, which is the end of a world, the end of the individualistic, liberal and bourgeois epoch which has dominated three centuries, I believe that the incarnate spirit is largely dead in those who profess it. We need not consider how to save this dead formula, we do need to attempt to discover a new embodiment of the spirit. Especially among Christians, we think that we see something of the eternal, with a strange form, since the eternal is capable of infinite transformation. I recall the audacious courage with which the fathers of the Church faced such a problem. When the Barbarians had come, at a time when there was a civilization, a culture—fundamentally Latin—so vital that the Church saw the advantage of uniting with it, of joining with what remained of the Roman world. It represented order, the police, schools, the structure of society itself. They were able to join Christianity to it and thus oppose the barbarian world which appeared as a group of savage hordes bent on the destruction of the treasures of civilization. The fathers of the Church knew that the ancient order was dead. They knew this more readily than other people because that civilization was openly and totally anti-Christian. They knew this, and as you know, they went out to meet the barbarians. And many of the barbarians were converted, many founded monasteries. The history of Christianity from this time on was the history of its union with the barbarian world. Today the situation is analogous. All that constitutes culture, politically, socially, economically and spiritually, is not false in itself, and is still filled with spiritual worth. But these values have reached a point where they are hardened, near death under the form in point where they are hardened, which they exist. Our role is not to defend the values as they are, for we would then defend an enormous dead weight. Our role is to discover new forms—and perhaps we must be more open with those who seem Barbarian to us, men who are uncultivated, of little knowledge and competence, but (Continued on page 6)

Pastoral Letter On Man And the Machine

By FRANCIS WALSH, BISHOP OF ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

Dearly Beloved Brethren and children in Jesus Christ:

New things are not always bad for us. The gospel of Our Lord came to us as the good news. But the last few generations of our people have experienced such an overwhelming succession of new things that it is surely good to pause and take stock of the situation.

Those who know best tell us that whereas a man on a machine can produce more food more quickly, the family farm produces much more food from the same acreage of land. Whereas the machine leaves behind its millions upon millions of lifeless acres, the family farmer leaves to his son the legacy of a soil enriched by his labour. It would seem that, having applied the riches of our new knowledge to the growing of food in plenty, we are faced with the spectre of world famine. Having fought our wars, we stand in fear of the most terrible war of all.

How have we come to such grave misuse of our new knowledge? How can the spirit and the ideals of this progress be reconciled with the Christian way of life?

Some hundred and fifty years ago the thing that is called the Industrial Revolution began to destroy the independent craftsman and to force him into the new centers of industry to find a living. Mass production by ever large mechanical units reduced the worker to the level of a commodity called Labour. Of this commodity the factory system buys as much as it needs. Even work on the land has been mechanized; family holdings have been replaced by larger and larger units; the country people still continue that flight from the land, which swells the populations of the cities. In our own country, more than one in every three people lives in a city of over one hundred thousand souls.

Unfortunately, the machine was invented by a world that had not the moral strength to control it. The machine is not wrong; but it is wrong to turn the large mass of humanity into machine tenders and render their work sub-human. From this wrong have developed those large agglomerations of humanity which pack our cities; people who realize less and less where man comes from and what is the purpose of his existence. Large numbers of them are deprived of the knowledge of man's Christian dignity; they have no idea that the precious blood of Jesus Christ was shed for each of them. The gap between them widens and increases their loneliness. The worker is less and less interested in his work. For less work he demands more pay. Frustrated and discontented, he is losing the domestic virtues. His house is a dormitory. His children are the responsibility of the government. His main enthusiasm is for betting and gambling.

Even if we admit and welcome all the improvements that modern science had brought to our lives, can the situation we describe be an improvement on what went before the Industrial Revolution? Is it an approach to the Christian ideal, or a departure from it?

The law of man's nature was confirmed to the Jews on Mount Sinai. Among the other commands that make up the law we have these: "Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, nor his field, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is his." (Fifth chapter of Deuteronomy).

The primary needs of man are food, clothing and shelter. Like his body itself, all these come from the earth. In producing them from the earth, the labor of man is most closely associated with the divine ordering of things. In the peaceful possession of his share of the earth's surface, with his wife and children around him, man leads the most natural life; the life that gives to him and his family the greatest freedom, security, stability, happiness. It is not in the possession of many things, nor in an ever-rising standard of living, that man is happy. He is happy in the secure possession of those things which come nearest to his nature and nearest to his real needs: the love of woman, the love of children and enough of this world's goods to provide them with reasonable comfort. This simple, normal life is something so primary in God's law for man, that it is desirable to realize it among as many people as possible, over the whole habitable surface of the earth. This is clearly the teaching of the Holy See.

Man is not only a family man. By his very nature he enters into a larger society. In that form of living which we call civilized so-

Andre Racz

The Contemporaries Gallery at 959 Madison Avenue near 75th St. in New York City is exhibiting the work of Andre Racz. Although the current exhibit has been highly praised by a number of critics, including Aline B. Louheim in the New York Times, this gifted artist has not generally received in this country the attention he merits.

Andre Racz' first book of seven engravings, "The Flowering Rock" was begun in 1943, while he was living in Maine. His later collections, "The Battle of the Starfish" and "The Reign of Claws," like the first, draw on marine life for their subject matter. In 1948, Curt Valentin published fourteen of his engravings illustrating the Stations of the Cross. A volume of poetry by Gabriela Mistral, "Poemas de Las Madres," which appeared in Santiago, Chile, in 1950 includes fifty of his line drawings as well as an appreciation of his work and a bibliography.

The exhibit at the Contemporaries, which is Andre Racz' first comprehensive showing, consists of fifteen etchings, engravings and aquatints. These plates will furnish the title-pages and accompanying illustrations for three books of his poems in Spanish. These, his latest works, display a high degree of technical mastery. Most of them are suffused in black with areas of unexpected lighting, highly appropriate to his Biblical and religious inspiration. A curiously ominous effect is often achieved in this manner, but all fifteen engravings have qualities of depth and grandeur which will reward a considerable amount of study.

The current showing will continue through December 5. The Contemporaries Gallery is also offering color prints by several artists, including FRITZ EICHENBERG, to whom we are indebted for so many excellent illustrations.

To Bethlehem

By EILEEN FANTINO

Step step hoofs heavy laden
Flowering the sand
Each beating hoof stepping
Moon calm eyes east downward
Wet with the night desert mist
Stirring sand air and robes
With every step
Led gently led gently
Over the gold sands
Heavy laden beast obedient mystery
Stepping closer to the city
Patient mystery at the gate
Through the echoing talk brawling city
Patient mystery at the inn
Bearing the urn the flame within
The flame's sacred source
And sacred bride
Stepping closer to the cave
Once heavy laden beast
In the manger feed
Soon to see with all the prisoners of mystery
Heavy laden
In the manger of creation
The one star's heart
The Child.

RACIAL INTEGRATION ON THE HIGH SEAS

By WILLIAM WORTHY

For nearly two weeks out of Yokohama, Japan, a flock of tireless black seagulls had been following us homeward-bound American seamen. They were the type that dive and in mid-air gracefully catch any food which sailors toss to them from a ship's fantail. When, as we neared California, they abruptly left us and made way for a new flock of white seagulls, their "abject" departure signified to privately joke-cracking colored crew members that the United States—with its priorities and privileges for any living thing that's white—was not far away.

During the month-long trans-Pacific voyage from Japan through the Panama Canal to Texas this was actually the first and only trace of a physical "color barrier" (if one can facetiously so describe the competitive conduct of two always hungry flocks of birds). To the fifty thousand colored and white members of the CIO National Maritime Union equal job opportunity aboard their ships has for 15 years been an old familiar policy—accepted by all of them, written into their union's constitution and contracts with ship-owners, and backed up with the potent threat of a 99-year expulsion from the union for any violators.

To me, however, working my one-way homeward passage from Yokohama to Corpus Christi, Texas, after a 28-month, 24-country round-the-world trip, the experience of being in a "checker-board" (interracially equal) crew was both new and refreshing. Rooms (cots), meal tables, showers and everything else was shared in common on a wholly non-discriminatory basis. Years ago as a college student I had

worked on a ship, under contract to an AFL union, on which colored workers were restricted to the lower echelons of the steward's department, were segregated in sleeping quarters and mess halls, and on the bi-monthly paydays were always the last crew members to be paid. Many of today's wealthy colored doctors and lawyers, having worked during school days on American ships, can recall the segregated "glory holes" down below the water level where laughter—the laughter that keeps one from crying—compensated in part for the inferior accommodations, the lowest wages and the humiliation of the worst jobs.

In those days it would have been unthinkable—and even today aboard ships organized by other American unions it is still unthinkable—for colored seamen to advance to such positions as steward, electrician, engineer, chief mate or even captain. But aboard this 17,200-ton tanker with a capacity of 142,000-barrels of oil there are two colored officers: chief steward Branford Philipps, a resident of Harlem at 237 West 142 Street, and Edward M. Johnson of Cranford, New Jersey, who serves as second assistant engineer. Mr. Philipps' all-important "food and lodging" department includes the chief cook, second cook and five other men, racially mixed. In the spotlessly clean engine room during two daily four-hour watches from 4 A.M. to 8 A.M. and from 4 P.M. to 8 P.M. Mr. Johnson has under him an oiler and a fireman (both white) and has the responsibility of implementing all orders from the bridge and pilot house.

This tanker, the S.S. Coalinga Hills, was built during the war when little thought was given to such "extras" as a recreation room for the crew. Therefore the crew mess hall serves (outside of meal hours) for card games, checkers and "bull sessions." If a photographer were interested in getting a "typical" recreation scene he would at any hour of the day or night be likely to find at the mess hall card and checker tables a mixture of Negroes, Whites, Puerto Ricans and other Latin Americans. Ironically enough one would have to search far and wide within the United States to find large numbers of white and colored wage-earners fraternizing during after-job hours to as great a degree as do the fifty thousand white and colored NMU-CIO members out on the deep blue sea.

Thanks to the union's strength other human relations aboard ships have also changed. Today seamen need no longer endure the agonies of life under an "evil" (chronically disagreeable) colored cook nor tolerate the tirades of white officers. Chief steward Philipps personifies the change in his courteous dealings with those under him. At sea since 1923 and now occupying his well-paid responsible position, he has passed through the bitter pre-union days when hungry seamen "on the beach" had to bribe stewards in order to land a job. "The chief," as he is known aboard this tanker, has sailed around the world three times and has been in nearly every major port in nearly every country.

Once during shore liberty in Capetown, South Africa, he was arrested and fined one pound when, mistaken for an African and asked to show his "internal passport," he used a bit of mildly strong language in replying to the policemen. And in 1948 all the newspapers of Norway rose to his defense when some white Americans asked the owner of the Hotel Norge in Bergen, Norway, to order him from the ballroom where he was guest of a Norwegian man and wife. Within the USA many white and colored Americans still cling to the stereo-

type of seamen as illiterate tramps, tough derelicts and rootless ne'er-do-wells. But quite aside from the high middle-class wages now being earned by both skilled and unskilled American sailors, these men are witnessing at first hand the essential facts of today's divided world—facts which are not being taught in American schools and colleges: the paramount fact of unjustifiable Western wealth and inexcusable Asian poverty and hideous African exploitation, the fact of the universal longing for peace, the persisting illusion of white nations during a global revolution against color bars.

Until about 1947 the National Maritime Union was under the control of Communists. Yet even violent and unbalanced anti-Communists always conceded that the union from its start in 1937 rigidly enforced its policy of racial equality. Today, under anti-Communist leadership, this policy continues unweakened and unchanged. The same severe 99-year expulsion awaits any member from whose tongue a derogatory racial or religious epithet slips out as well as any member who concretely attempts to practice discrimination. No fair-minded person can criticize the union's leadership on this anti-discrimination policy enforcement. Yet in spite of all this, the colored seamen aboard the S.S. Coalinga Hills—and I dare say aboard the other NMU-organized ships—manifest the sense of uneasiness and racial self-consciousness which is the birthmark and the "brand-in-depth" of every colored American ashore.

The reasons for this apparent anomaly are multiple. Paramount, of course, is the fact that Texas was our destination. Enough said! Once ashore in that crude and crass state colored crew members went one way—the familiar, racially segregated way. Integrity in America is a high-cost commodity which few think they can afford. And relatively few are those white seamen who, on shore, will argue, for example, with a Southern taxi driver that refuses to carry their dark-skinned comrades.

With the quasi-military U. S. Coast Guard deciding who can and who cannot be a seaman aboard privately owned merchant ships, American sailors these days tend to avoid any conduct which anyone might call "communist." And to fraternize with Negroes, especially in Texas, is quite enough "evidence" for the witchhunters of 1953. (Even in non-racial union affairs aboard the tanker I observed one ambitious seaman re-

MARYFARM

By DUNCAN FORD

Winter came in with a bang on the night of Friday, November the 6th, and Maryfarm was covered with a white blanket of snow the next morning. Blasts of cold wind out of the Nor' East blew the glistening crystals into high gusts and there was a driving hail storm which made rather rough going for those who got up to sing Prime in the chapel at 6:30 before Father Foley said daily Mass.

On the Feast of All Saints the chapel was decorated with some beautiful flowers, the gift of Mr. A. Paladine, the florist, of Newburgh, and on All Souls Day High Mass was sung, followed by two Low Masses. Thus the spiritual side of life goes on. Meantime, John Fillingier and his crew betake themselves to the woods with saws and axes to chop down and cut up trees destined for the furnace and stoves in order that there may be heat during the cold weather. I believe that the goal is forty cords. Some wood!



Visit to Peter Maurin Farm

By ROLLANDE POTVIN

I arrived late at night. The entire family was waiting on my arrival: Dorothy with all her warmth, Betty Lou with her bright and sparkling smile, Mary with her serious look, Molly with her arms wide opened, and others, all there saying hello in the most welcome way. The first impression was one of a home and happily with a mother who never loses sight of the tremendous value of moral strength, wisdom and sunlight of spirit. I found myself inspecting the room with a guilty conscience: I should have known about Peter Maurin farm sooner, for one has no need of special insight to find out what was the reason of this cheerful atmosphere: I was another member of the family. I unpacked and wanted to stay for awhile.

The next day was an eye-opening surprise for me. It went on with a certain amount of little discoveries of my own. For instance, it is hard to realize that Peter Maurin farm is located in New York City. I have come to associate New York with towering skyscrapers and a neon lighted Broadway. But actually to live on a farm right in the city of New York is almost unbelievable. The farm is about 23 acres of very poor and run down soil. Compared to the farm at Newburgh it is not very productive. The smog and the chemical in the air have a retarding effect on fruit trees. However, the vegetable garden which had been planted this year kept the table supplied with fresh vegetables until middle November.

Father Duffy, who is in charge of the farm development is trying his best to bring back the farm to its original productivity. Compost heaps have been started, and organic material from the woods have been dug into the soil. But lack of power tools has proved to be a real handicap in bringing the farm back to where it can produce. The farm could use a rototiller.

It did not take me long to discover that the Chapel is the main point of interest. It is named the Little Way Chapel in honor of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus. The Chapel is located about fifty feet from the main house and on cold mornings one does not linger on the way to Mass. I like this little chapel. Simple, hidden in what previously had been a cow barn.

Complete transformation, although it has remained poor and informal.

Two Masses are celebrated every morning by our resident Chaplains, Rev. Clarence Duffy and Father Joseph Kiely. At night, when the heavy smog comes down and shuts us up in its impenetrable gloom it is a consolation to look in the direction of the Chapel and see the flickering glow of the sanctuary lamp.

Someone said: "It's better to light one candle than to curse the darkness." At Peter Maurin farm what ever is felt, is felt deeply; therefore on your inspection tour you are bound to discover that the bakery under the direction of Betty Lou and Vincenzo (alias Jimmy) has more than paid for itself and has lighted many a candle. The oven, salvaged from an old battleship, can make 80 loaves at a time. Every other day sixty or eighty loaves of whole wheat bread are baked for the line at Chrystie Street. It is rich, solid and nourishing bread. I would like to describe to you this small bakery where only two people can work at ease in it, but I keep seeing only one inscription on the wall facing the entry: "I am the living Bread which came down from Heaven."

At this point I have to talk about a homely little room converted from an old wagon shed: Hans's room. Painted in light blue you cannot help but think how courage and desire of security gave you all the ingenuity required to achieve in real concrete a simple thought as a home of your own.

I can go on and on with description—Leonard's shrine representing the Head of Our Lord left me rather pensive! White and brown colors mixed up together, diluted by rain but yet not enough to cover the true expression of Our Lord's face; a few autumn colored oak leaves to adorn it and this nude gray simple shrine; a symbol of the naked soul in front of His naked Lord.

Peter Maurin farm gives you plenty to think even for a short visit. I shall come back one day. Nothing is impossible to will power and with the help of God, the kind of close spiritual and human ties we all long for—and which we are often too skeptical, too frightened, to strive for—are really within our grasp, if only we have the courage and the vision to reach for them.

THE EMSPAK APPEAL

The U.S. Supreme Court has set the last week of November as the time to hear an appeal on the case of Julius Emspak, Secretary-Treasurer of the United Electrical Workers Union, for his refusal to answer 68 questions before the House UnAmerican Committee on Dec. 5, 1949.

This is the first case where the power of a Congressional Committee to curtail freedom of speech as guaranteed in the First Amendment has been brought to the Supreme Court. There is no question of guilt other than "Contempt of Congress," which brought a 6 months sentence and a fine of \$500 on Feb. 26, 1951. This contempt consists in refusing to answer questions about his fellow members of the union, and concerning their political and economic beliefs, as well as his own.

McCarthy and the Tories who support him have never been known to show an interest in any of the principles of freedom formerly associated with the name American in the days when immigrants welcomed the Statue of Liberty. Just as the DAR is as far removed from anything revolutionary as it is possible to be so are the members of the House Un-American Committee the most un-American people in this country.

Einstein has given the best way of answering these bigots: a refusal to recognize their jurisdiction; a refusal to appear before them. Once you appear there is always a Gitlow or a Budenz to fabricate stories about your past. A perusal of the speech of Debs to the court in Cleveland in 1918 establishes the norm of revolutionary spirit from which we have sadly detoured. What we need is more of the spirit of Debs when he was threatened with violence in Leadville, Colorado. His reply was, "This will either be the beginning of unionism in Colorado, or the end of me."

Ammon Hennacy

+ + FROM THE MAIL BAG + +

Missouri Farm

Dear Dorothy:

We are getting our first decent, well, our only rain for over six weeks. It started last night and it is still drizzling. I think we have received at least an inch and a half. Everything here seems in good shape.

The farm is doing fine. Our cattle are still in good flesh despite the drought. We've about fifty head now counting calves, and plan on wintering all of them. I've enough roughage to get them through the winter and plan on about twenty five acres of pasture wheat next spring. Fran's rabbits are out of production for the moment. The buck we had died from heat or overwork or something. I haven't got around to getting her another one and all the does are ready to breed. A kennel outside St. Louis had a mighty fine young Collie female that had turned ill and they planned on killing it. I asked if I could try to do something with it and they let me have the dog. Fran took care of it for several months, brought it back to good enough shape to breed to one of the kennel studs and now we've a flock of good Collie pups running around the farm. She loves dogs and is very good with them. She feels that if a farm is going to have a dog or a cat, they should have good ones so that the offspring can be given away or sold with little or no trouble. Most of the time, when farms have a female dog or cat, and very few will have one, the pups and kittens are usually running around half starved to death or someone has the miserable job of drowning them. I think she'll register these pups and get rid of them through want ads. They're Cattle dogs and really breed up. We bought a new bull too. The price spread between really good registered cattle and ordinary cows is very small at present. I went to a dispersal sale north of here, 165 head of registered polled Hereford cattle and saw bred heifers sold for \$129, due to calf in April. We bought a good young bull and from the looks of him, we should have good calves.

* * *

Marty Paul, Dave Dunne, Frank Lakey, and I took a run to South Bend to visit Julian Pleasants and a few other people there. Father Ward, Willis Nutting, John Julian Ryan. Everyone was extremely nice to us. We stayed at Julian's house. I could write a little article for you

sometime on the trip and my impressions. I think Julian's ideas on Part Time Farming (whoops) are (as Ruth Ann put it) a little academic. I wish I knew the exact acreage down there but I didn't get the figure. At any rate, they have three or four families living on this plot. One family had a little dairy project going, about seven cows. In this day and age, that doesn't constitute much of an enterprise. At any rate, he has the equipment and the cows and from the looks of things, he's doing a good job. Julian has a cow and a few chickens and the other family has no livestock, that I could see. At any rate, they are all part time farmers but as far as Julian is concerned, his farming operations are no more extensive than the average suburban dweller that has a few acres and wants to cut down on his monthly food bills. If he lost his job in the city, he'd certainly lose his foothold on the land. This same holds true for all the families down there. From what I could see, they were all very dependent on their respective jobs in South Bend. I like his part time farming though but with the emphasis on the other side. For instance, we could assimilate four or five families here. They could build homes cheaply. Our neighbor built a three room house that can be added on to for \$500 and he thought he was spending an awful lot of dough. It seems he had to spend half of it on floors, sills and a few other things he could not grow on his own farm. I don't see anything wrong with oak floors and sills though myself. At any rate, the heads of these families could get jobs in surrounding communities like Hermann or Montgomery City, or like Fred O'Connell is thinking of doing, open up their own business, in his case, a garage. In this way, the farm would be the backbone of their economy and if at any time, any of them lost their jobs or were laid off, the farm could absorb them without too much trouble. As far as cooperating with the system is concerned. I feel an obligation to grow as much food as I can off this land God gave me in order to feed a lot of people we will never see nor care to see the working of a farm. Willis Nutting mentioned during one of the evenings that he and his wife grow only what they need and if they have any left over, they give it to their neighbors. He said that it was against their principle

to sell anything. How can a person buy if it is against their principle to sell?

* * *

I saw Notre Dame. It burned me a little. They've got a big hotel right on the campus. It was donated by some dying millionaire and Dave Dupme was not allowed in the dining room because he didn't have a tie on. They've got a doorman all dressed up in a green uniform who opens and closes the front door for all the weaker students or non football players, I guess. They also had a bookrack with a pile of busy book covers and feature articles on the necessity of Sex. What gets my cork is the fact that they've got all this dough for all these tremendous buildings, non-educational buildings and they haven't got a department on the place devoted to Agriculture. In fact, I know of only one Catholic U. in the country with an Ag department, and that, somewhere out in the state of Washington. This made me think of Peter and his ideas and our farm once again. If we had a few bucks, I'd build a dormitory and mess hall and give young fellows an opportunity to come out here and work and learn something about farming. We could combine a semi-monastic life with farm work and classroom study and approximate what the Benedictines tried to do a few hundred years back. I'm trying to be plastic to God's Will in my behalf. This gives me a farm for Alcoholics, a foster farm for children, a part time land and city venture and an agronomic University to work on in the near future. I'll probably end up jerking sodas for Walgreen's.

* * *

Joe Powers, a young fellow from Cleveland, has been helping us for almost four months. He plans on staying here this winter too. He's working very hard and has been a big help to me. I guess Bill McAndrew will be out to Marty's in a few days. Incidentally, Marty bought a baler this summer and baled about 12,000 bales of hay. He does a real good job. The center is still going strong in St. Louis. They need a full time employee though. As it is now, they only stay open in the evening but still have Thursday and Saturday. Our love and prayers,
Jack Woltjen.

CATHOLIC WORKER IN CLEVELAND

Dear Tom,

Can you send us this month's bundle of papers to our new address, 977 East 67th Street (Rear). We are now living in three small rooms, and our only means of sustenance is selling the papers at the various churches. We hope to find a larger place very soon, on the West side of town where we have fed and clothed the hungry for almost 18 years.

Yours sincerely in "Him",
The Catholic Worker
977 East 67th Street (Rear)
Cleveland 3, Ohio

LECTURES

Friday night speakers during the month at 223 Chrystie St.:

December 4—Ed Skillin.

December 11—Bayard Rustin.

December 18—Helen Iswolsky on Dostoyevsky.

Tuesday, Dec. 29—Gerta Blumenthal on James Joyce.

NOTICE

Ammon Hennacy will speak at Friends Center, 5 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, Mass., Thursday, Jan. 7, 1954, 8 p.m. Auspices of Fellowship of Reconciliation, on The Catholic Worker movement.

News Letter

Fordham University
New York 58, N. Y.
Russian Center

Father Andrei Ouroussoff, S.J., has asked me to write you concerning his projected plan for a kind of newsletter of authentic information about the Russian people.

Our barrier of language, our lack of direct contact with sources, our dependence mainly on censored dispatches from the USSR makes it difficult for us English-speaking people to be sure that we are getting a true picture of the Russian people itself. For example, the common confusion of identifying Communism with the Russian people can hardly be reconciled with the fact that hundreds of thousands of Russian people have escaped and continue to escape from the Soviet Union.

The key to the understanding of many world problems today is to understand the Russian people themselves. Since Father has direct contact with many valuable sources of information and also receives over fifty publications direct from the Soviet Union and from Russian refugee organizations throughout the world, he is in a unique position to share his knowledge with English-speaking people.

In his bulletin Father plans to present a complete picture of the Russian man: his psychology, his religious life, his education (primary and secondary), his entertainment (theatre, sports, art), his everyday private life, his reaction to Communism and to anti-communism. The content of this newsletter will be a direct translation from the sources of information themselves.

In order to start this bulletin, Father needs to know who is interested. Then, when he has enough names and addresses to warrant it, he will send out the first issue. Would it be possible for you to help us contact:

1. People who would be interested in receiving this bulletin.
2. Persons who might be interested in helping to finance it, and
3. Any technical help and advice that can be offered.

If you can help in this project, I would appreciate your sending me the names and addresses of such people.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

P.S.—Please address all mail to: Miss Margaret A. Heinzmann,
c/o Rev. A. Ouroussoff, S.J.,
1619 Broadway, Room 906,
New York 19, N. Y.

SOCIALISM

Michael Gunn,
483 Atlantic Ave.,
Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

Michael Harrington,
New York City, N. Y.
Dear Michael:

I enjoyed your talk on Stalinism at the C. W. on Friday night. It was the best resume of historical research that I have heard on this subject. Congratulations, you were brilliant.

The question period was a different matter. It was here to my mind, that you displayed a typical youthful lack of basic logic. Judging by your name and your cooperation with the Catholic Worker, you are, like myself, an Irish Catholic. But you do not reason like one.

You said you were a Socialist, and you spoke and reasoned as an Internationalist. You condemned the bureaucracy of Russian Socialism and the unscrupulous use of power by its leaders, thus, you infer that your type of Socialism would have less bureaucracy and of course would not be unscrupulous. This is, wishful thinking, but I prefer practical reasoning. Socialism cannot function without a gigantic bureaucratic staff. Bureaucracy cannot be otherwise than uncompromising and therefore unscrupulous. Bureaucratic unscrupulousness means the enslavement of the masses.

I detest slavery. I have known what it is to be hungry, but I never would sacrifice my God given freedom for government security, Socialist or otherwise. You seem to think it will not be slavery if the power is in the hands of paternal minded politicians who will administer everything under the banner of Socialism. But even paternal Socialism is only practical by usurping the freedom of the individual. God himself thinks so much of freedom that He does not stop the Nero's; the Lenins or the Stalins from murdering the innocents. If Peter Maurin were still alive, we can imagine what his feelings would be if he could hear promulgated in the C. W. office, an approval of the Socialism that he denounced so often and so forcefully.

I do not write this letter in a spirit of reproach or antagonism. At your age I was attending Communist schools and meetings. I heard the same platitudes then that you repeated on Friday night. I have noted the results carefully. The results are diametrically opposed to the dream that was presented.

There is only one body that has guided man unerringly and true and that body is the Catholic Church. The Popes have condemned Socialism. They have proposed Franciscanism as ideal and the Guild system as practical.

Peter used to say, "Give me twelve good Irishmen and I will conquer the world." You could be one of the kind of Irishmen that Peter had in mind. God has given you a mental brilliance; all you need now is courage and especially humility to follow the guidance of the Church. All others have proved failures. Again congratulating you on your prepared talk, I am

Sincerely yours,
Michael Gunn.

ROSARIES

Mercy Home Hospital
North Bend, Oregon
September 4, 1933

Catholic Worker
Dorothy Day, Publisher

I read your good paper, and want to make an appeal for old rosaries, cast off beads of any kind, old necklaces make fine Rosaries. I will make them and send them to poor missions.

Thank you and God bless you.

Clara M. Clark

Readings for the Land

Same Farm Road,
Schwenksville, Pa.,

Dear Miss Day:

We have felt great sympathy for your friends who have moved into the country and are having such a hard time. They seem to be battling against great odds—with large farms in need of repair and holding down jobs in nearby towns in order to live.

We moved onto this 3 acre farm over a year ago. Since we knew little about farming we hesitated buying a larger place which was run down and needed a great deal of capital and know-how to put it back in shape.

Since living here we have learned a lot about farming and animals. We have 6 goats, 60 chickens, and a bee hive. We have soy beans in our fields to rejuvenate the soil and hope to put in hay this fall.

We were helped considerably by the Country Bookstore, Noroton, Conn. Their "Havemore Plan" gives a good over-all view of a small place and what to raise. This book is full of practical helps... shelter, food, capital needed to raise goats, rabbits, chickens, sheep, etc.

"How to Live in the Country Without Farming" by Milton Wend (Doubleday Doran) is mainly concerned with care and repair of the home... installing electricity, heat, plumbing, finances, purchasing, etc. "Five Acres and Independence" by M. G. Kains (Greenburg) is a practical guide to the selection and management of the small farm. Care of poor soil, planting orchards, and irrigation, are carefully studied. If your friends read some of these books they would be off to a good start. They would find that a little land, well managed, can give all the milk, eggs, and vegetables needed, plus an income on the side.

Our two little children love it here. They play with the stock and revel in the outdoors.

God has showered us with graces. We know what it's like to have sweated over building a fence and to finally see it up. We have learned more about prayers than ever before.

Sincerely,
Jane D. Murphy.

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Personal Friend

My Gandhi by John Haynes Holmes. Harpers, N.Y. 1953. \$2.75.

By AMMON HENNACY

"If you are arrested, go to prison quietly.

If assaulted, bear it cheerfully. If shot, die peacefully."

Gandhi's "Order of the Day," in the Crisis of October, 1928.

The following quotations from the book are refreshing and pertinent:

"A Diogenes in action, a St. Francis in humility, a Socrates in wisdom, he reveals to the world the utter paltriness of the methods of the statesmen who relies upon force to gain his end."

The saints, for some mysterious reason, are also invariably happy people. St. Francis of Assisi could be stern, unbending, but was far more often joyous. In this they differ from the theologians, who are so deadly serious, and from the ecclesiastics, frequently so cruel. So it was with Gandhi who never allowed pain, or disappointment, or frustration to get the better of him."

"As St. Francis nursed the lepers and kissed their sores, so Gandhi ministered to the untouchables as occasion offered."

Rev. Holmes divides the life of Gandhi into three periods. That in South Africa from 1893 to 1914; in India gaining freedom from Britain from 1914 to 1947; and in India overcoming the Hindu-Moslem hatreds from 1947 until his death on January 30, 1948. In South Africa he was just another fledgling lawyer with his first big case at hand. Here "he conquered himself, and he conquered the government which oppressed his people." Among many educated Hindus he had the conscience which was aroused by the condition of the coolies. In searching his mind as to what to do about it he was gradually awakened by Ruskin, Tolstoi, and Thoreau, gaining a title for his propaganda from the latter's Essay on the Duty of Civil Disobedience. Rev. Holmes shows that Gandhi's acceptance of the asceticism of St. Francis gave this practice of the simple life, vegetarianism, and non-medical attitude a new turn by insisting that it was the natural way of living, rather than a stern and sad penance. One event that helped wake Gandhi up was that he was not allowed to enter a Christian church where whites, as in Cicero, Illinois, worshipped their risen Christ.

Gandhi is quoted in reference to his opposition to Gen. Smuts: "The British want us to put the struggle on the plane of machine-guns. They

have weapons, and we have not. Our only assurance of beating them is to keep it on the plane where we have weapons and they have not."

Gandhi often said that it is better to kill a tyrant than to kneel in obedience, but it is better to convert him into ceasing to be a tyrant. In World War I Gandhi still believed in the British Empire so he asked those who believed in violence to fight with weapons for England, while those who believed in non-violence should come with him as stretcher bearers. Too often has pacifism meant a passivity, a weakness of character, an acceptance of exploitation accompanied by sweet platitudes. It is this brave and tolerant spirit of Gandhi which today would praise the courage of the Rosenbergs in the shadow of the electric chair rather than to eulogize the informing by the Gitlowes, Budenz and Chambers.

The Amritsar massacre of April 13, 1919, wherein over 400 men, women and children were slaughtered by the British troops changed Gandhi's mind about the benevolence of the British Empire. The broken promises of Dominion status for India also awakened him up. He went to jail repeatedly, answering the squeak of the timid pacifist that "you can do more good on the outside" by saying that he always made the best bargains for India when he was in jail.

It is difficult for Westerners to appreciate the prolonged fasts by which Gandhi awakened the supine masses of India. As Christ took the sins of the people upon him so did Gandhi fast to awaken the conscience of the oppressor and the courage of the masses of India. Without his good humor, as when he put a pinch of contraband salt in his tea, when lunching with the British Commander, he would have drawn the blows of the oppressor upon him. The average American pacifist misinterprets Gandhi when he "goes limp" and makes the authorities more trouble by the egoistic idea that he "won't contribute to his own imprisonment." This touches the heart of no one; it just makes them mad.

Twice when it seemed that his campaign would succeed Gandhi called the whole thing off because a few people in India, who were not even his followers, used violence. In this his action was prophetic for after India was free it was, and now is, the great problem of hatred between Hindu and Moslem that prevents any really peaceful India. The capitalist press exaggerates the violence in India. (Holmes inaccurately calls



it "anarchy" instead of chaos.) Really less than 10% of the territory of India and 5% of the people has this religious conflict.

Gandhi never turned anyone away who wished to speak to him. This is in great contrast to stuffed shirt intellectuals.

Tagore and many pacifists opposed Gandhi's burning of piles of British cloth in his boycott of British goods. It is so easy to forget that Jesus did turn the money changers out of the Temple; that Saint James did castigate the rich; that Debs and Mother Jones were at their best when they opposed Jim Hill and Baer, to whom "God has entrusted the coal mines in Pennsylvania." Gandhi is a saint, but above all he is a Rebel Saint.

Revived Art

WOOD ENGRAVING by R. J. Beedham; with an introduction by Eric Gill; Faber & Faber, Ltd., \$1.25.

By EMIL ANTONUCCI

Wood engraving is the art of cutting lines on the end grain of hard, dense wood, for the purpose of reproduction. It is a very difficult art and, until recently, a dying one. It was dying because of few men who had the skill in technique were without imagination. It is coming alive because of artists who are bringing back imagination to this ancient skill.

Most books on the subject are too vague; they talk aesthetics, the subject of least value to an artist. Mr. Beedham's book is a gem of clear, simple exposition. After you read it, you need only take the tool in hand and go to work.

There is a short, excellent introduction by Eric Gill.

PRINTING

THE HAND PRESS, by H. D. C. PEPLER; Ditching Press, Ltd., \$2.25.

By EMIL ANTONUCCI

Some time in 1916, Hilary Pepler, a Quaker convert to Catholicism, joined with Eric Gill and Desmond Chute to form St. Dominic's Guild in Ditchling, England, a company of craftsmen who were united by a common way of life. A way of life opposed to the prevailing industrial factory system and its works. Pepler was a printer and set up a press. Gill left Ditchling later on but Pepler and the press continued for some time until financial pressure forced its transformation to machine operation on a commercial basis.

The Hand Press is a witty and lively account of the early history of the press and the painful joys of printing by hand in an industrialized world. Like most opponents of the industrial system, Mr. Pepler was well aware of its essential anti-human nature. But, he also shares the weaknesses of so many of the system's opponents in falling to supply, even in theory, a more feasible human system of production. He insists on seeing the situation in terms of a dilemma: the

(Continued on page 6)

Letters by a Saint

ST. BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, Seen through His Selected Letters. Translated by Rev. Bruno James. Henry Regnery Company, Chicago. \$3.50.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

In his foreword to this selection of the letters of St. Bernard, Thomas Merton suggests that one of the things we can glean from the saint is "that letter-writing is an art which has been forgotten, but which needs to be relearned by men." If this is not an original observation, it is magnificently justified by these letters. Bernard must have worn out many a quill with his voluminous correspondence, and even these are not all. Father James tells us that he has avoided the longer letters, but this judicious sampling admirably serves the editor's purpose in revealing the "many-sided character" of the saint.

St. Bernard, man of the Middle Ages though he was, is by no means a remote figure. His influence has penetrated through the centuries, and his spirituality breathes the same vitality now as it did at the time he preached it. His life and works are well documented, and his writings have left us a precious repository of his thought. The particular value of the letters is their personal quality, and the variety of people to whom Bernard addresses himself.

Popes, kings, fellow abbots, novices, lay people—Bernard has a word for each. He counsels, admonishes, instructs. He is forthright, humble, fearless. What he says carries weight, and in spite of the length of many of the letters he never wastes words. Moreover, he is an excellent stylist. His originality is the more arresting for the phrases in which he vests it; his familiarity with the Scriptures flows steadily through his writing.

Bernard's letters not only reveal the character of the saint but inadvertently deepen our understanding of his era. The turbulent Medieval history of the monastic foundations is of course Bernard's chief concern and he throws many a shaft at those who object to reform. His brilliance is tested against that of Abelard—he relates the encounter, with a cursory summary of Abelard's influence, in a letter to Pope Innocent. He dispels the notion that the monastic life was considered a rare vocation for a few chosen souls in his admonition to a young man who hung hesitant between the world and the cloister. He speaks easily to kings and emperors, rebuking injustice and scandal, commending their good deeds. He is truly spiritual

father to the European community of his century.

A witness to Bernard's warm heart is his letter to Peter the Venerable, Abbot of Cluny, following an exchange of missives concerning the misunderstanding between the two great foundations. He protests his affection for Peter, deprecates the praise which Peter has showered on him, and speaks of being "happy to be loved by and happy in loving you." This correspondence, incidentally, is among the most interesting in the volume since the editor has summarized Peter's letters for the benefit of the reader.

On the other hand, the saint could withhold his warmth as he did in a protest to a "certain layman" who tried to dissuade a relative from his religious vocation. Bernard is outraged and vehemently upbraids the man, closing his letter with, "Although she has done nothing to deserve it, I greet your dear wife in Christ." The saint also finds time to comfort the mother of a wayward son, to preach a crusade, to advocate the protection of the Jews of whom he speaks of "as those for whom we have a law and a promise, and whose flesh was shared by Christ whose name be for ever blessed," and to defend himself against slanderers whom he dismisses as "noisy and importunate frogs." Nor does he forget, in a consoling letter to one of the homesick sons of Clairvaux, to remind the monk "to return as soon as you can those books of mine which you borrowed." A practical man, Bernard, as well as a holy one.

Through all the letters runs the thread of Bernard's desire for solitude, for the eremitical life from which he had been thrust by the strenuous demands of Church affairs. Over and over again it appears in his concern for the spiritual welfare of those monks who have been elevated to high places in the Church. More than once he expresses the hope that his ill health will allow him to live peacefully in the cloister. God willed otherwise and the Church has been enriched beyond measure of Bernard's influence and teaching.

The depth of his spirituality is these letters, but they contain, of course, a minimum of his thought and should serve to lead to a further exploration of St. Bernard's writings. We can be grateful to Father James for such a readable translation, and for making available a collection so absorbing, arranged in such a way that Bernard appears to his best advantage—a vital personality energized by holiness.

Church in America

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND GERMAN AMERICANS by Father Colman J. Barry O.S.B. The Bruce Publishing Company, 110 Bruce Bldg., Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin. \$6.00.

THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP IRELAND by Msgr. James H. Moynihan. Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd St., New York 16, N.Y. \$5.00.

By ROBERT LUDLOW

These two books are reviewed together because they deal with much the same subjects—principally with the controversy over Americanism. It was a regrettable controversy and one which engendered bitterness but which is now all but over. Father Colman Barry gives the most objective account of this, which is perhaps to be expected, because Monsignor Moynihan is writing of Archbishop Ireland who was somewhat of a hero to him.

The German Catholics in this country wanted not only to pre-

serve their religion but their language and customs as well. They regarded the non-German elements (whom some of their spokesmen lumped together as "Irish") as advocates of a dangerous liberalism and believed they were bent on destroying national parishes. The more moderate elements among the Germans held that it was desirable eventually to adopt the English language in their churches and to become Americanized. But they held this would come about in due time without having it thrust upon them by the "Irish" clergy. At a matter of fact their viewpoint has been largely vindicated by history.

German Catholics and Byzantine Rite Catholics

But to Archbishop Ireland, who was the most vociferous opponent of the German contention, national parishes were a hindrance to the spread of Catholicism in this country since they identified the Church with foreign ways and influences. And the Archbishop had

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First After the Unique

SAINT PAUL Apostle of the nations, by Daniel Rops, Fides Publishers, \$2.75.

By RICHARD CHARPENTIER

Daniel Rops wishes us to know St. Paul because: "It has been said of him that he was 'the first after the Unique'; his rôle was such that we cannot understand Jesus and his Word without referring to the saintly genius of Tarsus—to his message and to his deeds."

It is in the letters of St. Paul that we find his message and it is of reading these letters that St. John Chrysostom writes and Daniel Rops quotes: "I recognize the voice of a friend; I have almost the impression of seeing him in person," and he adds, "then I exult joyously and arise from my sleep; the sound of that trumpet of the Spirit exalts me and overwhelms me with happiness."

It is just such an experience that Daniel Rops not only has upon reading St. Paul but by means of his keen insight into what Paul

is and his ability to express it enables us to have it too.

He traces the life of St. Paul from his childhood in Tarsus and the influences upon him thru all the more important circumstances of his life and throughout he uses beautiful description coupled with historical, geographical, religious, political etc. sketches of the sect of Galileans and the world that they came in contact with. Throughout there is the analysis of Paul and his message.

The only way to show how Daniel Rops is able to give this aliveness to St. Paul is by passages from the book.

His description of Paul at the stoning of Stephen: "A little way off from the place where this crime was occurring a young man stood motionless, as if rigid with emotion. Not handsome; small, ruddy, with shaggy beard and bandy legs. Every few minutes he nervously wiped the back of his hand across his brow and the top

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Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

in Paris. I asked, "Aren't these trips abroad rather expensive for an impecunious student?" He replied, "No, you see I worked my passage over on a ship and immediately found a job in the tobacco fields of Canada upon my arrival. With the money I earned there for two months I was able to visit around Canada and United States until I came to New York on my return home. I ran out of money last night and now I will obtain a job aboard ship and work my passage back home. I have seen most of Europe this way. It is not the expense that is the obstacle but it is the trouble of finding the time to do these things."

Great Aid

Three nights after his arrival in the house we found a bed for him which someone had vacated that day. He had a sleeping bag with him and said he would prefer to sleep on our roof rather than put someone out of a bed. We had visions of him rolling off the roof in the night so we begged him to accept the bed. After the breakfast of his first morning in the house he asked to be given some work to do while he was waiting for a ship to carry him home. A few of our dirty walls were pointed out to him and he eagerly began to wash them with a real thoroughness. After a week in our house he found his ship and we all hated to see him leave.

Letter

Today we received a letter from him stating he was on the seas. He thanked us and said he would never forget the Catholic Worker—meaning that he liked it here, I guess. Although we have learned that there are various interpretations when someone says "I will never forget the Catholic Worker."

Tiger

Our oldest resident, Tiger, an alley tomcat, limped into our kitchen early one morning with an injured leg. He was in such pain that he refused to allow anyone to touch him, thus we were unable to discover the wound if there was one. In view of the fact that Tiger had moved into this house before we did and has consistently done a good job in keeping our brother rats and mice at a safe distance from us we decided something should be done for the animal. Besides his invaluable service Tiger has gained a high esteem in the house sheerly through his fine personality.

Animal Hospital

Tiger was installed in a neighborhood animal hospital within three days. The two volunteers who brought Tiger to the hospital were unable to help the doctor fill out the chart as to Tiger's pedigree, his age or how his appetite was since the accident. While Tiger was in the hospital I visited the institution to learn when he would be released and to inform them that we had no money for hospital bills—if they intended to charge us. While I sat in the waiting room with several other people, a man was explaining to a woman, "people are much more important than animals and I don't see this excessive concern over house pets." She cut him short by stating that she agreed that people were more important than pets but that human beings have a definite obligation to look after any animal that they had accepted into their homes.

Tiger was welcomed back after five days in the hospital. He still limps but is definitely going to be back on his four feet soon.

Television

A friend of ours asked us to transport his small television set from a repair shop to his home. This was agreed upon and the set was picked up and deposited in our library until such time as the owner becomes more than insistent that the set be brought home to him.

After coming to a hurried decision this wasn't an actual case of theft and that we would even-

tually return the set to its rightful owner, we turned the knobs and the set was on. The word of TV spread fast in this house and everyone who could tear himself from the charm of his own voice was planked in the library enjoying the programs.

Protest

We know that television has become a new moral issue in the lives of some people: it is considered a new form of decadence in modern society. Well, this may be true, but it filled quite a void in the lives of the members of our family here on Chrystie St. However, an elderly lady who takes all her meals with us and sits in our library smoking cigarettes and talking quietly to herself, took a stand against the TV by refusing to enter the library on the first night. She replied, when questioned as to why she wasn't in the library that night, "I don't like TV."

Apostle

On two different occasions I had the weird sensation of watching a heavy set blonde girl hammer a man on to the sidewalk along the Bowery. It was a different man each time. This woman is quite powerful. I guess that she would be considered an expert counter puncher in ringside jargon. A bystander informed me that she only begins to slam the men against the sidewalk when she is drinking. Otherwise, she is generally attempting to help the men to turn to religion and away from the Bowery life. She is often known to drag a man off the sidewalk, who was drunk, into a hotel where she would pay the man's room rent and ask the hotel clerk to look after the poor fellow. She has purchased meals for the hungry and has given outright gifts of money to others in need. As far as I could learn she has no affiliations with any of the Bowery Missions, but is sort of a one-woman apostolate.

Results

Three ladies visited us as a result of our writeup regarding the railroading of one woman to a mental hospital by our local Welfare Department. None of these women knew each other but they did happen to be readers of our paper. Although they all had one other thing in common—trouble with the relief department. Two of them were actually threatened with forcible incarceration in mental asylums.

One lady suggested that someone start a committee which would specialize in preventing the poor on relief from being railroaded to mental hospitals. This is a good suggestion and I hope someone undertakes such a project. The poor on relief really have no one to turn to, principally because there is a general attitude about that no one should be on relief at this time when jobs are plentiful. They say if you are not working it is because you do not want to work, therefore you are lazy and you deserve the harsh treatment that the Welfare Department metes out to you.

Printing

(Continued from page 5)

hand press or total industrialized printing; a choice between excessively precious and expensive printing and the cheap, badly made article we get today.

Pepler realized that the true value of the hand press lies in the great control over it the printer has, so that the press is his tool and not vice versa. But, he failed to realize that because of this great control, the hand press is essentially a highly creative tool, with which the printer can experiment and create with a wider use of imagination than is technically or financially possible with present

machine press practice. Pepler, together with almost all hand printers, puts great emphasis on the high degree of technical excellence possible with a hand press, which becomes simply an excuse for a lack of creative imagination so that in a period when all the arts were going through an immense creative revival and transformation, the hand printers were busy preserving a kind of precious tradition drawn from a long and concentrated backward look. Except for the printing of Eric Gill and his son-in-law, Rene Hague, the most considerable contribution to good creative typography and the art of printing has come from designers working exclusively for the machine press.

There is a lamentable disease among hand printers which has them believe that printing by hand is of necessity finer printing than by machine. This is not so. There is no technical reason why fine printing cannot be done by machine press. It has not been done because industrialized printing and the particular development of its presses was motivated by the desire for volume production for profit with little or no consideration for quality. But it is perfectly possible to use the machine press in such a way as to produce the finest printing, under the same human conditions that obtain in the hand press and with considerably less drudgery. In other hand arts like painting and sculpture, a constant creative action is necessary throughout the whole process of making an object. But the presswork aspect of printing, by hand or machine is essentially a mechanical process. (If you are printing more than one hundred impressions on a hand press, your actions cannot be considered to be anything more than reflex action.)

Decentralizing the printing industry so that the small machine press run by two to three men, who do complete jobs and not pieces of a whole, makes up units which can produce as large a volume as needed with all the human advantages of hand printing.

It seems tragic that such a strong and vital mind as Pepler's should at the close of his life see his ideas as "driven to the wall." No opponent of the factory system should expect to see any change for the better in his lifetime. No rebel can expect that. But, what he should have is the knowledge that a genuine, workable, human equivalent to the factory system is possible without the loss of either the real advantages of the machine or the dignity of men.

Saint Paul

(Continued from page 5)

of his head where the hair was getting thin. Feature tense, teeth clenched on his lips, gaze fixed, he watched the scene with avid interest."

A typical description of his journeys:

"He found the Corinthian community had quieted down. He remained there all through the winter of 57-58, applying himself to restoring order where this was necessary and to consolidating his work. Calm returned to his heart. But this man of fire was so made that he could really live only when he was looking to the future. He had bound himself to the two realities of the present; he could see too that at Jerusalem he would meet with other obstacles but beyond all this what he saw was Christianity taking a new step forward, the Gospel conquering Rome itself, the center of that empire of which he had as yet known only the outermost parts." A summing up of Paul's life, "The Christ who conquered him will parade him on the highways of the world as his captive and his slave, as for Paul he will find the hours of his life always too few to attest adequately his love for the one who loved him enough to strike him to the heart."

Church in America

(Continued from page 5)

that early enthusiasm for the American government and traditions which blinded him to the fact that he was helping to build up a nationalistic spirit, different from the German to be sure, but nationalistic nevertheless. Many of Archbishop Ireland's patriotic speeches have a ring of chauvinism and bravado about them which could not help but irritate German Catholics. And yet the Archbishop was sincere in his belief that the Church was better off in a country where there was no union of Church and State and on this point he was quite correct. What he failed to see was the danger that has come of bending over backwards to prove oneself a good citizen and ending up by adopting bad as well as good American standards. He did not see clearly the danger of State schools which have ended up as little more than indoctrination centers for Americanism. Nor did he appreciate sufficiently the need for a pluralistic society which would not level everyone to a pattern but which would retain the good contributions of all national groups. His opposition to national groups and the establishment of national parishes resulted in the clumsy handling of the Byzantine Catholics in this country—a subject which Monsignor Moynihan does not mention. Perhaps the Archbishop was so caught up in his campaign against national parishes that when Father Alexis Toth, a Ruthenian priest, approached him with the request that parishes of the Byzantine Rite be established, he thought of this as another attempt at national parishes and refused to cooperate. Consequently some thousands of Byzantine Rite Catholics went under the jurisdiction of the Russian Orthodox Church. I am not excusing this action on the part of Father Toth and his followers—they should have appealed to the Holy See. But it is surely regrettable that the way was made so hard for Byzantine Catholics because of a lack of understanding on the part of Latin authorities. Happily this situation is being remedied today and now the big problem is to get Byzantine Catholics to stop imitating the Roman Rite and return to the

proper observance of their own Rite and customs. Not an easy task as many of them have hit on "Americanization" (which to many seems to mean Latinization) as a means to hold their young people.

On the other hand there was often a regrettable and undeniable nationalism (of the bad sort) among the more extreme of the German clergy. They made the mistake of identifying their religion with particular cultural and linguistic patterns and with autocratic government. Just as the various national groups in both the Roman and Byzantine Rites do today. The Americanizers no less than the others. It is a natural temptation—one likes to worship among congenial elements and in an understandable way, a way to which one is accustomed. But what is one to say, for example, of peoples using an identical Rite, in the same language (Old Slavonic) who are yet so nationalistic and antagonistic to each other that a Ukrainian parish will not accept a Carpatho-Russian priest (and vice versa) and ill feeling exists between them and the Russian Orthodox (complicated also by Latinization) to the extent that the so-called "Uniate" Churches are all but useless as means to reunion.

But there is no cause for the Americanizers to congratulate themselves for they also have fostered a type of nationalism which is not easy to see because most of us live in the midst of it and it is our culture. It needs to be pointed out now and then that Catholicism is no more to be identified with this Americanism than it is with Germanism or Ukrainianism. Political democracy is not Catholicism—nor is monarchy or fascism or Socialism. The American way of life is perhaps no worse than many another but it is a way which one may reject and still remain a Catholic. At the same time it is a way one may accept and still remain a Catholic. That was Archbishop Ireland's contention—but in advocating it he seemed to run roughshod over the sensibilities of those who did not share his enthusiasm. A balanced and fair account of all these issues between the Archbishop and the German Catholics is given in Father Barry's account.

The Christian Commitment

(Continued from page 2)

who bear a richness of devotion and action within themselves.

This, I believe, is the great and difficult mission which waits us in the world to come. A mission of prophecy and discovery. And we must take care not to succumb to the appearance of words, but to seek the basis of reality. Does such a position commit us to a particular political attitude? On the whole, yes, in the sense of a humanistic socialism, a liberal communism. We have discovered that the economic and social development of Europe demands a profound revolution of the economic structure along socialist lines, but at the same time we desire that socialism save the individual. That is, we must take care that a formula does not make for confusion.

Certain quarters have often denounced, with unjust violence, but not without effect, socialism without socialists. As the whole world is revolutionary, the whole world today is socialist. But the word itself is so convenient and popular that many have a tendency to appropriate it and subsume under it confused positions. This overgeneralized notion is not historically effective. A true socialism demands a profound reform in the structure of the city which we have not ceased to call for, and in virtue of this, we have remained a radical movement. It is, from a spiritual point of view, an extremist position. There are those who have consistently maintained that

the spiritual is almost automatically in solidarity with moderate solutions. But if we have a profound sense of the spiritual, and notably of Christianity, we will see that although it is not systematically radical, it commits us to extreme positions in a great number of cases.

Then there will be in our political and social commitment, a certain radicalism which corresponds to the exigencies of our position. This is not a systematic radicalism. It will simply be an awareness of the reality of history. If I emphasize it, it is simply in the measure that others reject it a priori in the name of spiritual reform. We must face historic necessity, notably a sense of the situation, which is one of the most important elements in history, a sense which is opposed to certain French traits, especially the Jacobin fault of always decreeing things a priori and acting upon the decree. We will restore ideas which are not far from those conservative propositions of de Bonald and de Maistre in our revolutionary program—especially their idea that custom has a value independent of decrees. Such is the synthesis which we should try to make. We should make it as far as the human condition permits, so that spirituality may be synonymous with the effective in history, so that realism will no longer be synonymous with confusion.

(Reprint From Fiches Documentaires)

EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 1)
Houses of Hospitality
and Agronomic Universities

We cannot do better in the twentieth century than to do what the Irish people did in the seventh century when they laid the foundations of Medieval Europe under the leadership of the Irish Fathers

This is what I try to point out in the "Easy Essays" running in the Catholic Worker

Rich and Poor

They say that the rich are getting richer and that the poor are getting poorer

And the rich like to get richer and the poor don't like to get poorer.

So there is a rub between the rich who like to get richer and the poor who don't like to get poorer

Afraid of the poor who don't like to get poorer the rich who like to get richer look to the State for protection.

But the State is not only the State of the rich who like to get richer it is also the State of the poor who don't like to get poorer.

So the State sometimes choose to help the many poor who don't like to get poorer to the expense of the few rich who like to get richer

Dissatisfied with the State the rich who like to get richer turn to the Church to save them from the poor who don't like to get poorer.

But the Church can only tell the rich who like to get richer "Woe to you rich who like to get richer if you don't help the poor who don't like to get poorer."

It is the rich who try to become richer who make the poor dissatisfied to be poor.

But it is the rich who try to become poor who make the poor satisfied to be poor

"The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bossuet

In the economy of the Church the poor come first and the rich come last.

God and Mammon

Christ says — "The dollar you have is the dollar you give."

The banker says "The dollar you have is the dollar you keep."

Christ says "You cannot serve two masters God and Mammon."

"You cannot? And all our civilization consists in trying to find out how we can" says Robert Louis Stevenson

"The poor are the true children of the Church," says Bossuet

"Modern society has made the bank account the standard of values." says Charles Peguy.

Six Economies

In a capitalist economy everybody is a coupon clipper

In a Facist economy everybody is a soldier

In a Bolshevik economy everybody is a State employee

In a Syndicalist economy everybody is a union man

In a Technocratic economy everybody is an applied scientist

In an Agronomic economy every scholar is a worker so every worker can be a scholar.

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



Racial Integration

(Continued from page 3)
sorting to incipient McCarthyism in order to silence any who might not otherwise have favored his election as delegate to the union's convention.) Once the gangplank was lowered onto Southern soil, the interracial relations among the crew members underwent a profound physical metamorphosis.

Equality just melted away under that Texas sun.

But even before we reached Texas I should say that the social psychologists had been proved partly wrong. For I recall an able Howard University professor on a nationwide radio broadcast in 1942 arguing against racially segregated institutions because, he confidently declared, "changes in the social structure will surely result in changes in the attitudes of individuals." The abolition of segregation, he predicted, will quickly lead to the disintegration of racial prejudice within men's hearts.

Some individuals, 'tis true. Some men's hearts, most certainly. But, sadly, not all. And because the prejudiced attitudes of some long-sailing white seamen aboard this tanker had manifestly not disintegrated, colored crew members consequently found daily occasions to engage in conversation about the race problem. Strident grumbling by several white crew members about the wholesome and well-cooked food — criticism born during uncreative use of leisure time and directed pointedly at the colored steward and cook — was, correctly or incorrectly, interpreted by myself and others as being a convenient and indirect outlet for racial prejudice. A few sharp words were exchanged one night at the checker table between a white oiler and colored cook — and the atmosphere became charged with racial overtones although no epithets were spoken. As our tanker awaited its turn to pass through the locks of the Panama Canal, the tight-lipped chief engineer (white) used his thumb to order a black Panamanian canal worker out of his deck chair — and colored crew members joined the Panamanians in resenting the unspoken words of "white supremacy."

"You can take the farmer out of the country, but you can't take the country out of the farmer" was the apt expression used by a veteran colored seaman to describe the physical success of the union's anti-segregation policy and the partial spiritual failure to make of CIO-organized ships completely natural interracial habitations. But quite possibly this will remain a futile endeavor as long as every American ship must sooner or later sail back to segregated home ports, not only along the coast of Texas but also along certain northern beaches where colored seamen, despite their bulging wallets, hardly ever feel at ease.

TREATMENT OF CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS DURING WORLD WARS I AND II AND ITS RELATION TO THE CONCEPT OF FREEDOM

Harry Wallenberg, Jr., 7700 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles 46, Calif., has prepared an interesting study of the treatment of conscientious objectors in the United States during World Wars I and II and its relation to the concept of freedom. Copies of this may be obtained from him for fifteen cents.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

around us, children dashing in and out of the house in the excitement of the holiday season which begins now with Thanksgiving and is prolonged to Epiphany, everybody thinking, when there are children around, of gifts to give and gifts to be received. And what are all these but samples of God, His comfort, His Beauty and His love.

It is hard not to dwell in these too much.

Ruskin

The second aspect of sickness is the blissful "taking things easy" staying off one's feet, leaving "activity" to others. Not so easy as it sounds in one way, when there is so much to do, and one sees others groaning under their hard work. "So much to do, so few to do it. Everybody sitting around doing nothing, leaving it to me to do." This is so general an attitude of mind amongst workers that one longs to plunge into the cleaning, washing, cooking, dishes, or whatever else is at hand, and heartily enjoy doing it. It is hard to remember that those people who groan the most and are the most critical of others are really happy working and would be most unhappy if their work were taken from them. If people would only remember "the duty of delight," as Ruskin said.

Lean-To

Thank God I have a lean-to, built on the side of the house, almost fifteen feet square, with a good wood-burning stove in it and windows on three sides so that I get the sun all day long. Here I can retire, close the door, read and write. And here I shall be for the next few months.

I am sorry to miss speaking at Helene Iswolsky's Third Hour group, and to Douglas Steere's class at Haverford. I cannot speak at the Sunday forum at Our Lady of Victory Parish in December, nor at Smith College Newman club in January. So I shall write. Letters alone take plenty of time.

Chickens

Yesterday afternoon a station wagon drove up to the door with a man and wife and a dozen children, all theirs, and forty-five chickens, which they had culled from their flock of three thousand and had brought to us as a present. Fr. Duffy and Hans went tearing around with boards and hammers and nails, repairing one of the chicken coops, putting up chicken wire, perches, and in fifteen minutes our new guests were housed, beautiful white birds. One laid an egg immediately which Jim took for the pumpkin pie he was

making. I don't know how he made six good pumpkin pies with one egg, but perhaps he used egg powder too. George showed up later and looking at the pies, went down the road to get a pint of cream which he whipped and spread over the pies. It was for Sunday, so nobody was thinking in terms of the little fast of Advent. The Thanksgiving spirit was still in the air.

Turkey

Frances Mazet and Mary Benson from Providence sent in an 18 lb. ham and a 22 lb. turkey by Greyhound bus and Stanley went in to the Fiftieth Street station to pick it up. The Hennessy family came in on the feast too. The other Granny showed up for a week's visit there, and so Tamar and Dave could walk over to see me, Tamar coming daily. One day Tamar and Mama Hennessy came with all six children. Becky who is usually the loudest of all, sat down quietly with St. Patrick's Summer, which is advertised as Theology and Sanity for children, and was engrossed in that. It is Marigold Hunt's and a fascinating exposition of the Holy Trinity. I read it myself, I read it to the children, and now Becky is reading it over again and Tamar is waiting to read it. It doesn't sound like anything to describe it, but just think of having one of the saints come to expound some point in doctrine to you, something to enlarge the mind and heart so that one suddenly feels as though one had a great lung full of good fresh air from the sea, or some draught of delicious cold water from a mountain spring.

While Becky read, Susie, Nickle and Eric vied with each other to put more wood on the fire, Mary went around taking her clothes off, not just because she was hot but because she is two and a half and you don't know what she is going to do next. As for Margaret, four months old, she lay and gurgled after a satisfactory nursing.

Another Baby

Just before Marge Hughes's last baby was born, one of our friends came to see her, and with uplifted eyebrows said, "What, more people?" Well, we have more people at the Peter Maurin farm this month—little Christina Maria arriving on November 17th. She wasn't born here in the house as Mary Elizabeth and Dan Dellinger were, but in the little hospital down at Princes Bay. Unfortunately Christina Maria and her mother are not going to stay with us long, as she is getting a post-

(Continued on page 8)

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Problems in the Conversion of the Working Class

(Continued from page 1)

ence, to be found in small religious centres, the members of which will abstain from any propaganda whatsoever but merely present to the Moslem the highest examples of Christian living. Deeds, not words count with the Moslems.

* * *

The religious Society founded by this pioneer, is called the Little Brothers of Jesus. There are now 150 professed members. All brothers are workers. After one year of postulance, while still working in a factory, the new recruit goes for one year of the novitiate in their Mother House in Sahara. Returning to his factory the newly-professed Brother remains six years in simple vows. He continues to work on his old job. The Brothers prefer to be semi-skilled workers and not to look for highly specialized and wellpaid jobs in order to keep contact with the mass of the workers and to avoid the fate of so many Trade Union leaders who become strangers to the rank and file. The Brothers live in small groups of four. They rent a flat in which they live, have their chapel, library, etc. One of the Brothers is a priest who says the Mass and leads the Offices but he has no privileges and works in a factory as anyone else. They have, in the evening, one hour meditation before the Blessed Sacrament. The Brothers are dressed like workers but they wear on the lapel of their coat a small red cross in enamel. In the chapel they wear the long white alb with a red heart crowned with a cross embroidered on the breast, as Fr. de Foucauld did. The Brothers are prohibited from buying houses. They do their domestic jobs themselves.

* * *

The Brothers are not middle class people, who took a fancy to live like workers in order to convert them; they are workers. All Brothers must undergo the full course of theological training, prescribed for the priests in the Roman Church. This training lasts six years, part of which is spent in their House of Studies in Aix-en-Provence where they are taught by the best Dominican professors. The fully qualified do not preach, conduct retreats or discussions.

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publish books or papers. They merely live Christian lives as well as they can. Results of their Apostolate of Presence are already very encouraging. The Brothers have several centres in France and abroad. Everything about them is unusual, astonishing from the accustomed point of view. They are the clergy of the new industrial civilization. Yet the early Christian clergy in the Roman Empire should be very like them.

* * *

The Brothers, whom I met, were remarkable people. They were workers and yet they were not only well-read and well-travelled but also cultured. They could stand well against the best trained Communist agitators or unbelievers. I discussed with the Brothers the psychology, ideas, ideals and so on of the working class in France and elsewhere. I must admit I learned more from them in a few hours than during years of laborious study in all kinds of academic institutions. The conditions of the working class in various countries vary a good deal. There must be not too easy generalizations. In France, for instance, the distance between the employers and the workers is so great that there is no mutual confidence, no common language. This explains the deep and continuous unrest in French industry. In the nationalized industries the workers have no confidence in managers. The pressing need in France is to unite the employers or the managers with the workers in the pursuit of the common good. In Great Britain such collaboration is already possible and this is a great achievement and augurs well for the future.

* * *

My friend was rather pessimistic about the working class of Scandinavia. Although the Scandinavian workers attained the highest standard of living than any workers elsewhere, they did not contribute much to the working class as a whole. They were merely interested in their own well-being and the fate of their more unlucky brethren in other countries hardly troubled them. In America the same preoccupation with personal comfort and material well-being was even more wide-spread. Every section of workers was fighting for its own benefit indifferent to what will happen to others. That often left the struggle among the unions themselves. The happiness was considered to consist in the highest comfort; that is in a multitude of gadgets to procure pleasure and to reduce pain. This is not far from hedonism. The French working class, although dechristianized, is still idealistic. It wants the improvement of the conditions of the working class as a whole, in France and elsewhere. It is ready for sacrifices for its ideals. This is why Communism appeals to many French workers, who couldn't be satisfied with a bourgeois comfort only. For the same reason the French workers could be converted easier than in other countries. They are Christians in heart although not in fact. They could be converted by example, not by words.

Byzantine Rite

(Continued from page 1)

into a marble altar rail—a useless appendage in a Byzantine Church.

The same condition exists in regard to extra-liturgical practices. There, Roman customs and ceremonies have been adopted wholesale. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament is one instance. It has been said that it is but natural there would be a certain borrowing between the Rites. But hardly to the extent where a whole tradition is replaced by its opposite. And it has not been the custom in the East to give extra-liturgical devotion (such as Benediction, Visits to the Blessed Sacrament, etc.) to the Reserved Species. The fact that the Blessed Sacrament is veiled in these services held in Catholic Byzantine Churches does not remedy this situation—it is a clear violation of the traditions of the Byzantine Rite. As is also the use of confessional boxes, holy water fountains at the doors, Western five decade rosaries, statuary, etc. Roman forms for making confessions are widely used—even the "Hail Mary" is taught according to Western usage.

* * *

There may have been a time—there undoubtedly was a time—when it could be given as a legitimate excuse that all these things were encouraged by the Roman clergy perhaps with the hope that parishes of the eastern rites would become more and more Roman and finally pass out of existence as distinct groups within the Church. But it is surely apparent today that it is the will of the Holy See that this should not happen, that the various eastern rites should be preserved and that in their integrity—not as hybrids. And if we are at all concerned with these larger questions of reunion we will see the necessity of preserving ritual purity even at the expense of some parochial inconvenience. It may take some drastic changes to adhere to the Byzantine ruling that no more than one Liturgy be celebrated on the same altar on the same day. But our Orthodox brethren have managed this quite well—sometimes by having two "Churches" in one building so that an early Liturgy (in English) could be celebrated as well as the usual ten or ten-thirty Liturgy. Needless to say the existence of "Low" Masses is one of the most glaring Romanisms that should be eliminated if any headway is to be made towards reunion.

Father Ourousoff's publication should help greatly in all these matters and serve to promote understanding and charity among Catholics and Orthodox.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

tion where she can work and keep the baby with her.

Blizzard

We had one good snow storm the early part of November, a real blizzard that came upon us nine o'clock one morning and lasted all day and night. There were high winds, and a great tide came in which meant that two hundred families had to be evacuated by the Coast Guard. Peter Maurin farm is two miles up the road from the beach and one mile up from Arthur Kill which is the river which separates Jersey from Staten Island. On either side of us are fields and woods, miles of undeveloped land. And yet only a mile away also, right over the Arthur Kill, is that tremendously developed industrial area of Jersey with its towering chimneys and blast furnaces, and oil refining plants, and chemical works and the smog sometimes settles over us and sometimes is so thick one can almost taste the metallic flavor of it. There has been a great to-do about smog and smaze this past month, as though it were something new, but it dates back to the beginning of the industrial revolution. Read-

Pastoral Letter on Man and the Machine

(Continued from page 2)

ciety, it is neither possible nor necessary that everybody should be engaged in the producing of primary necessities. The different social and cultural needs of man give rise to different crafts and professions. To these men are drawn by the needs of the community, by inclination, by talent, by education, by opportunity.

* * *

Civilized living naturally leads to the creation of towns. The interchange of goods and of ideas, the ruling and good order of the whole community, demand the existence of towns and cities. In an enduring society town and country life will be bound together in a balanced organic unity, something like the unity of man and woman in domestic society. In our history the city has been the source of ideas, and of our faith, just as it grew to be the center and source of unbelief. But town and country each need the other, or both will die.

* * *

Both in town and country life the freedom, the dignity, the sense of responsibility in man demand for him that economic freedom which God demanded for him on Mount Sinai. Man has to work both for himself and for the community; both the individual and the community are most secure when most men are independent owners. That this is the Christian ideal is clearly the teaching of the recent popes.

* * *

The wage-contract is not wrong. But the wage-state is wrong, that state where most men are automatically turned into the commodity called labor. If in most of their social teaching recent popes talk about owners and wage-earners, it is because they are facing actual conditions in the world and suggesting how to make life more tolerable.

* * *

The Industrialism we deplore is not the necessary outcome of new knowledge. Industrialism is both the effect of unbelief and the cause of it. Man's nature does not change, nor do the laws that govern its happiness. Man's work is hard. "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat bread." (Gen. 3). Just as we try to make child-bearing easier for woman, we try to make work easier for man. But the easy way is not always God's way. Take away from man's work the free and personal element and work becomes intolerable, even though it mass-produce for his needs with such incredible ease. We have departed from the Christian ideal and taken the easy way, the too-easy way. Men continue to accept less and less responsibility for themselves and for their families. For that reason the government assumes more and more control over our lives and our children's lives. The trade unions which fought and won the battle for the just wage, are now too often controlled by militant atheists. Is there not a danger that we may become the thing we were going to fight?

* * *

To the children of this world, religious and eternal truth will always appear unlikely. In spite of God, the whole trend of human affairs seems to move in one direction; it surges forward with what seems inexorable sureness.

* * *

But man is not God. In all human affairs the tide does turn. The tide is turning. In our cities, among the downtrodden masses, militant atheism is being faced with a new, a young, an inspired Christian ideal. As never before in its history, the human family is in its own hands. It may seem impossible now for us to see through the tangled complexity of our lives to a simple, Christian issue. But Our Divine Lord has promised that His Holy Spirit will be with us all days. We must never let fear or despair take possession of us.

* * *

The safeguarding of human personality, of human freedom, by means of economic freedom and by work of a human kind—this does not appeal to a people who have come to despise hard work, self-control, enterprise and independence; who prefer security, comfort, mass-produced pleasures and something over for the pools.

* * *

If men only knew what man is, great changes would take place in a short time. But men must be persuaded that the kingdom of heaven opens to force and the forceful make it their prize (Matthew, 1). There must be hard thinking, hard praying, patient persuading.

* * *

We must remember that justice alone will never prevail. Justice must have charity, love, as its motive. Instead of everybody trying to be richest, everybody should try to be poorest. And if everybody tried to be poorest, nobody would be poor. That is the gospel of Him who, being God, and possessing all things, emptied Himself and took the form of a slave.

* * *

This change of heart is more necessary to our generation than the abandoning of our technical knowledge. If the change of heart took place, we cannot guess how much or how little of our technology would survive; nor would it matter very much. For those who love God, all things work together unto good. And if everybody put the Good God first, things would be very well indeed.

Given at Fetternear on the Feast of the Purification of Our Lady and appointed to be read in all the churches on Quinquagesima Sunday, 1953.

Ug Gaskell's life of the Brontës, one is surprised to find that that wild and desolate section of the moors that surrounds Haworth is often overhung with the smog from the textile mills that bloomed in that area.

Sunday Afternoon

Mike Gunn arrived as usual, just at dinner time, and was gravely concerned over the plight of the chickens. He immediately set to work to collect the eggs, which had been laid helter skelter, and to put in some nests for them from old boxes and heaps of straw. Father Duffy has some hay stacks of oats which are coming in handy as bedding and feed, and he is gloating of the compost afoot. Other visitors come in, the coffee pot is put on the stove, people come in with hands and feet tingling, smelling deliciously of fresh cold air. One of the family arrives home slightly drunk (there is always a fly in the

ointment) and one must listen and pretend not to notice anything in speech and behavior and pray thy the storm subsides and that to many people don't notice. It is amazing how much can transpire in a household and nobody knows that a minor crisis is going on. If there is a great furor, as sometimes there is, the thing to do is to retire to the chapel and bow the head and let the storm pass over. Everything passes. The thing to remember is to be kind, always to be kind, and gentle. The meek will inherit the land. So, peace be to you all, and Merry Christmas.

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