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EDITORIAL—

Wise as Serpents and Simple as Doves

Two of my favorite characters are Don Quixote and Prince Myschkin, two fools, two good men; two simple men. I am sure that Peter Maurin was thought to be just such a fool by many who knew him. Roualt, the greatest religious artist of our day, draws pictures of clowns, and of Christ, and they look alike, for he is portraying the folly of the cross that St. Paul speaks of.

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

Five Forms of Capitalism

I. MERCANTILE CAPITALISM

1. In the Middle Ages the consumer went to see the producer and asked the producer to produce something for him.
2. There was no middle-man between the producer and the consumer.
3. When the producer started to sell his produce to the middle-man he no longer saw the consumer.
4. The producer saw only the middle-man and the consumer saw only the middle-man and the middle-man was only interested in buying cheap and selling dear.
5. And the functional society ceased to exist, and the acquisitive society came into existence.
6. And everybody shouted: "Time is money."

II. FACTORY CAPITALISM

1. When the use of steam was discovered the middlemen started factories.
2. The craftsmen deserted their craft shops and went to work in the factories and became factory-hands.
3. Factory owners turned out gadgets to take drudgery out of the home.
4. And then they took women out of the home and brought them into the factories.
5. And then they took children out of the home and brought them into the factories.
6. And then men had to stay home to look after the young children.

III. MONOPOLY CAPITALISM

1. With the American Civil War monopoly capitalism came into existence.
2. Monopoly Capitalism brought in the trusts.
3. With monopoly capitalism came high tariffs for the protection of infant industries.
4. With monopoly capitalism came unionism for the protection of proletarianized workers.
5. With monopoly capitalism came trust-busting laws for the protection of the buying public.
6. With monopoly capitalism came federal laws

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I wish we could be such fools, always seeing the good in others, blind to their faults, not judging them, lest we be judged, always turning to the light rather than to the darkness, to the good rather than the evil. Perhaps it is a particular temperament that has this ability. St. Francis de Sales confessed himself to be a hot tempered and impatient man, but he said "You will attract more people with a drop of honey than with a gallon of vinegar." Still, we are supposed to put on Christ, and put off the old man.

I am told by some of my confreres that Christ went in for some denouncing, too, as well as blessing. He said "Woe to ye, scribes and Pharisees," on a number of occasions. He was scathing, as far as I can see, when it was a matter of pride and wealth—lawyers, scribes, Pharisees and priests—His warnings are for them, but for the masses who shouted for His crucifixion. He said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." He forgave Peter, the fisherman, who denied Him even after Christ had called him a Rock on which He would build His church.

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Almighty and everlasting God, who didst cause our Savior to take upon Him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the Cross, that all mankind should imitate the example of His humility; mercifully grant that we may deserve both to keep in mind the lessons of His patience, and also to be made partakers of His resurrection.

The Problem of War And the Old Testament

By MILTON MAYER

A young man came to see me. He was, he said, a Jew, and he wanted to know what sanction there was in the Old Testament for conscientious objection to wars. I asked him if he was a conscientious objector. "I don't know," he said. I asked him how his conscience was in the matter. "Well," he said, "I'm a Jew." I asked him how his Jewish conscience was in the matter, and he said that that was what he didn't know, on account of the Old Testament.

I asked him why the Old Testament bothered him.

"Well," he said, "the Jews fought, with the approval of God."

"Oh no, they didn't," I said.

"Oh yes, they did," he said.

"Oh, no, they didn't," I said. "They fought at the command of God."

"But," he said, "the Commandments say, 'Thou shalt not kill.'"

"So they do," I said, "and they don't say 'Thou shalt not kill except—' either. And yet the Book of the Law prescribes the death penalty for certain offenses, and, as you and I say, God commanded the Jews to fight and destroy His enemies. So there seems to be a contradiction in the Old Testament."

"There seems to be," said he.

"We must resolve it," I said, "or stop being Jews. We can't believe in a self-contradictory God. Even Aristotle knew that one of two contradictory propositions must be false. We can't believe in a false God."

"No," he said, "we can't."

Neither of us said anything for

maybe half a minute and then he said:

"There is the possibility, of course, that we read the Bible wrong."

"A necessity," I said, "if we believe in God."

"Do you know what I think?" he said.

"No," I said, "tell me."

"I think the answer is that it's

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On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

February 26.—Although I spend more than half my time at Chrystie street, I like to write my *On Pilgrimage* column from the country in order to bring a breath of the soil to our readers. Today, Monday morning, I am sitting in my room at the Peter Maurin Farm, on Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, and looking out the window as I write. The east window looks over fields, sloping down to the woods and the little brook which rises in a swamp a mile away and flows through our land, marking the eastern boundary, down to Lemon creek and into Raritan bay. The woods are brown and the fields are golden in the sun, and the trees in the woodlot, stand out black and beautiful against the rising yellow field beyond. There is a blacksmith shop and a shed there,

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Pacifism and Natural Morality

By ROBERT LUDLOW

There are certain implications for pacifism contained in three propositions of St. Thomas Aquinas—pacifism and its relation to natural morality. The propositions are these:

Violence is unreasonable.

Man's perfection rests in his reason which differentiates him from the rest of creation.

The natural law proceeds from man's nature.

It is upon the basis of these propositions, among others, that I believe pacifism to be part of the natural law. A great deal of confusion results from the fact that many people think of the natural law as something static, as not having developed. As being incapable of future development. As being something that we do not discover more and more about as we discover more and more about man's nature.

Let us consider the relevance of this matter in other fields. There is the question of polygamy. Can it be said that polygamy is absolutely contrary to the natural law? Hardly. At certain periods it has existed with the permission, or rather (so to speak) on orders from God. And yet moralists are agreed that God could not sanction what is absolutely against natural morality. It is the same with divorce and slavery. Due to peculiar circumstances, due to the fact that man did not then realize the fullness of his nature, due to "hardness of heart"—these things were allowed to avoid greater evils. But never in the sense that God approved of them as fully in accord with man's nature or, consequently, as fully in accord with natural morality. For they were (and are) opposed to the perfection of man's nature. And so it is with war, which cannot be said to be absolutely opposed to natural morality

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Convicts Protest Prison Brutality By Slashing Heels

Thirty-seven convicts of the Louisiana State Penitentiary chanted the "Heel String Boogie" and slashed their heels in a protest against the brutality of their guards last month. The men cut their Achilles' tendons with razors. Ten of the men who took part in the original demonstration on February 17 mutilated their other heel on the 26th.

Warden Rudolph Easterly, chairman of the Louisiana Prison Committee which controls the 15,000 acre farm and 2,700 convicts, suppressed the news of the protest which was not revealed until February 25th when a convict smuggled a letter to a relative. He described the ten men who slashed both heels as attempting to elicit sympathy and said that they would "do anything to get their names in the paper." Prisoners charged guards with beating them with water-soaked ropes and clubs. "We just couldn't stand it any longer," one said.

Governor Earl K. Long stated that his personal investigation indicated no truth in the brutality charge and offered to appoint a 7 member citizen's committee to make a thorough probe of prison conditions. After his denial, the ten men repeated their slashing and six new mutilations were reported. The new outbreak was prompted when the original group were isolated for transport to a new prison hospital. They feared that they were being sent to Camp E for habitual criminals and second offenders.

As yet the full story is not known. Some of the prisoners who charged beatings had no marks on their bodies. Some of the men who did not participate in the protest support the warden in his statement.

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Conscientious Objector Gets Ten Year Sentence

Robert Michener, 19-year-old, Quaker objector, was sentenced to ten years in prison by Judge Delmas Hill in the U. S. District Court at Topeka, Kansas, on February 23. Michener plead guilty to failure to fill out the Selective Service questionnaire, failure to report for his physical examination, and refusal to report for induction. Judge Hill sentenced him to five years in prison, the maximum under the law, on each count. Two of the sentences are to run consecutively and the third to run concurrent, so the effect is the same as a single ten-year sentence.

Michener had previously been sentenced to a year and a day for non-registration by the same judge. He served this sentence at Springfield, Mo., until his release on parole. He was still on parole at the time of his second conviction for refusal to cooperate with the Selective Service Act. Although a resident of Hays, Kansas, Michener was a student at Drake University at Des Moines, Iowa, at the time of his second conviction.

The District Attorney's office received Michener's full cooperation. When he heard about his indictment by the Federal Grand

Jury, he voluntarily returned to Kansas from Iowa without being arrested. He reported to the District Attorney upon his return, pleaded guilty when arraigned be-

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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

There is a Jesuit priest over in Manila, P. I. who has made two of the local daily newspapers during the past month. His name is Father Hogan and he is from Philadelphia. He was in Manila before the War and returned there in 1946 with the special mission to teach the Church's doctrines on social justice. Of course he has met fierce opposition from employers, politicians and wayward union chiefs. Among his many accomplishments he did succeed in breaking the monopoly that had controlled the cargo handlers on the Manila docks.

An old friend of ours stopped in to see us this morning. This

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Wise as Serpents, Simple as Doves

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De Rougement calls attention to the fact that Satan can be in the Church as well as in those who persecute the church. Christ said, "Get thee behind me Satan," to Peter, the first Pope.

Brother Augustine, of the Missionary Servants, tells hilarious stories of Father Judge and the beginnings of the two orders he founded. All holy founders did extravagant things, and were strange and startling in the eyes of the world because they were trying literally to practice Christian teaching. Accepting everything as the will of God and rejoicing always led them into strange situations. There are always the fools and the conventionals among us in our various Catholic Worker Houses around the country, and while I sympathize with the conventionals and rejoice that they are the backbone of the movement who keep things going, still I rejoice that we have an abundance of fools, like Joe for instance who went up into the choir loft after Holy Communion and started to play the organ because he was so happy. I wish we had a Joe now at Nativity Parish where we have not had a sung Mass since we moved in in September.

All this ruminating about fools may sound lightly written, but it comes as a result of the tragic case of the Martinsburg seven, as they were called by the Communist press, who aside from the Negro press were admittedly the leaders in the protest against their execution which took place last month, and which we denounced on the front page of The Catholic Worker. We should have started denouncing long before the attitudes which led to the killing of these seven Negro youths. We urged the Commonweal to send a telegram, which they did, and we also urged the Sun Herald to send an eleventh hour protest and appeal, which they also did.

This article is a humble confession that we did nothing before, and we should have, and ignorance is our only excuse. But as Fr. Furley once pointed out, Our Lord Himself did not excuse ignorance when His followers said, "When did we see you in prison and did not visit you?" and He replied, "Inasmuch as ye did not do it to one of the least of these, ye did not do it to Me." It is a clear condemnation.

The Negroes in this country have long been "the least of these." The fact that things are improving for them, thank God, must not blind us to the fact that they are one-tenth of our population, and the poorest, the minority group with the least chance at education, decent work, and the respect which we owe them as brothers and fellow citizens.

Ignorance on the one hand, and the fact that Communists led in the protest, are two reasons, the third being the fact that the crime of which the Negroes were accused was rape, a sex sin. One would think from the attitude of the white population that a sex crime in a Negro is more reprehensible than in a white, since no white man was ever executed for that crime in the State of Virginia. The one

white man executed with the seven was accused of murder as well as rape.

I have again and again referred in print and in speech to the fact that the Communists are willing to risk poverty (losing their jobs) and violence, in espousing the cause of the Negro in the south, whether in the field of labor or in defending them when they are suffering injustice in courts and prisons. The Catholic Worker has a long record of trying to help in these instances, by enlisting popular sympathy and support, from the Scottboro case back in 1933 to today. The fact that the Communists take up a case should not deter us. The criticism is made that the Communists use it for propaganda and the Communist is condemned for hypocrisy, for using a case to show the masses of the world that here in America there is one justice for white men and another for Negro. On the one hand they are showing what is true, and must we be afraid of the truth? Father Dunné who has won fame and the love of the people for his magnificent articles, The Sin of Segregation and The Short Case, and his play Trial by Fire pointed out that we are always accused of stirring up class war and class hatred when we bring these putrid sores to light.

If on the other hand the Communist is illustrating his constant point "all men are brothers," by his zeal in working for his brothers when they are in prison and discriminated against, he is doing just what Catholics are always doing. Only they neglect to perform these works during times of strikes for fear of being implicated perhaps, in a criticism of the status quo, or in class war, in which they seem to think all men should be pacifists.

As a convert I am always getting letters asking me to write articles showing how it was the social teachings of the Church that brought me to the faith, or reading of the Catholic Press. The latest letter wanted the latter thesis stressed. Neither had anything to do with it.

Missionaries care for the sick, feed the hungry, and perform many of the works of mercy as the simplest way of showing what they believe, that God is our Father and all men are brothers. That does not minimize what they are doing, the fact that they are trying to make a point by it. If we love another we want to show that love by gifts, and it is natural and supernatural to be grateful.

We will never do any harm by recognizing the good in our brothers, even in those who deny God and persecute religion. If they love their brethren we should do likewise and more,—we should love our enemies and do good to those who persecute us and spitefully use us. Calling them hypocrites and cynics is neither forgiving nor doing them any good. It is judging their motives.

When we see Chinese generals like Mao-Tse-Tung and General Chu Teh exemplifying voluntary poverty, living in the caves in Shensi, for example, and exem-

Easy Essay

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for the conservation of natural resources.

IV. FINANCE CAPITALISM

1. With the First World War finance capitalism came into existence.
2. With finance capitalism came installment buying.
3. In January, 1927, Yale Review published an article by a business man where he said that installment buying brings the result of booming boom years and starving lean years.
4. Installment buying gave us the New Era with the promise of two car garages, a chicken in every pot, and a sign "To Let" in front of every poor-house.
5. But the promise failed to materialize and people found themselves in the midst of the depression.

V. STATE CAPITALISM

1. Finance capitalism had not been able to employ the unemployed.
2. The State had now assumed the task of employing the unemployed.
3. Economic activities are now supervised by State bureaucrats.
4. State bureaucrats can give to the people state supervision.
5. But state supervision is not a substitute for personal vision.
6. And without personalist vision people perish.
7. Personalist vision leads to personalist action.
8. Personalist action means personal responsibility.
9. Personal responsibility means dynamic democracy.

(To be continued)

Conscientious Objector Gets 10-Year Sentence

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fore Judge Hill, and was sentenced immediately.

Judge Hill has the authority to modify the sentence any time within thirty days of the date of sentencing. Several interested persons and organizations are asking the judge to reconsider this sentence, the harshest given any Selective Service violator since the passage of the original draft law in 1940.

plifying manual labor by cultivating fields around their headquarters, (as two Time reporters wrote in a book published in 1946) reading the Chinese classics, writing poetry, starting a university at Yenan and running a printing press to indoctrinate the Chinese masses, we must recognize what we see of good in them and love it. Indeed we must look for these things in order to be able to love our enemies.

We fail seventy times seven in doing what we talk and write about. The night before the Martinsburg Seven were killed, Mike Kovalek, Joe Monroe and I prayed from twelve to one, saying the rosary and Matins for the seven who were being put to death as we thought at that moment. (We learned afterwards that they were legally murdered at seven.) We did not pray for their murderers, we prayed for them. And all night too there were prayer vigils being kept in Richmond where the executions were taking place.

It is a hard doctrine, this loving your enemies, this being as simple as doves, wise as serpents. Maybe the Communists are being just that, in expressing brotherhood. The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light. It is hard to love pharisees and scribes, the hypocrites and cynics too.

O God take away my heart of stone and give me a heart of flesh!

D. DAY

Peter Maurin Farm

By IRENE NAUGHTON

As I write this, on this sunny, windy last day of February, there is a very fat bird bending down the topmost branch of our tall pear tree. He seems to be surveying our little farm here with satisfaction, as I am. Isidore and Albert are pruning the pear and apple trees, cutting away the deadwood and piling it up for firewood, cutting off some of the new wood,—the suckers,—twisting, shaping. Our Lord said of us, that every branch that beareth not fruit, he would cast into the fire, and that which bore fruit, he would prune that it might bring forth more fruit. Our Dep't of Agriculture pamphlet on Pruning says that overpruning is more dangerous than underpruning, and it's good to reflect that our Father, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, will be as kind to us in this regard as we are to our fruit trees, much more so, for we might make a mistake and kill the tree, but He, never.

Yesterday Isidore took the cuttings, which Mr. Gericke of the Organic Farm had pruned from his vines, and planted them in flats indoors, white and purple grapes, the fruit of the vine, to be transplanted outdoors when all danger of frost is past. Meanwhile, the old vines must be taken care of, feeding man until the new-ones take their place. So the older generation faithfully does its work in the world, handing on the task to the new, until the full stature of the Mystical Body of Christ is reached, and the Second coming of Christ, and the end of the world. Just as the vines, our work is to feed, to feed the body and, to feed the soul, of ourselves and others. Raising children, and raising the food to feed them, and feeding them also the Word of God, this is the true work, the slow hidden laborious work that goes on all over the world, underneath the showy work that makes the front pages. Our civilization has a preponderance of the false, the parasitical work,—the clerk, the bureaucrat, the pseudo-intellectual, the over-elaboration of housework, and of fastidiousness about clothes.

Sundays

Yesterday, when we were working in the fields, Tony quoted that passage in the psalms where God says that He has sent His Word into the world, and that it will not return to Him void. What a promise of fruitfulness! These last two Sundays, we certainly have been fed with that Word. Father Konrad, from Brooklyn, spoke to us on the Theology of Baptism, on February 17, and Father Keane, also from Brooklyn, spoke to us on the Baptismal Liturgy, on February 25. We heard again how this Sacrament gives us the divine life, sons by adoption, where Jesus is Son by nature, so that we can simply call God Father. For Jesus was "the first-born of many brethren," and we are those brethren. "If we but knew the gift of God."

Asparagus Patch

Last Saturday, Ed Barry, and one of his five young sons, John, and Mike Lewis, drove in from Brooklyn with two tons of manure for our garden, the second load they've brought. It was a big dump truck, kindly lent by a relative of Ed's, and the manure was from a Brooklyn stable where some of the street peddlers keep their horses. On Monday, Charlie McCormack drove in from Chrystie St. with Tony Aratari, so that we might use the wagon for a day, to transport what compost was ready onto our asparagus patch. Charlie, Tony, Isidore, Albert, Rita and I, worked on this, and by supertime, the several tons of compost and the two tons of manure were spread over almost half of our three acre asparagus patch. We need more fertilizer. It was a beautiful day, sunny and warm, although the wind rose in the afternoon, and, as Dorothy said,

blew away your energy. Staten Island is certainly a place of wind, and we are going to have to plant more trees and hedges as wind-breaks.

In the middle of the afternoon, as we were taking a break, leaning on our forks out there in the sunny field, several of us got into a discussion on this question of loving individuals supernaturally whom you do not like too much. I've heard it batted out before around the Catholic Worker, and one persistent viewpoint is that most of us feel insulted when someone says that they love us supernaturally or acts that way. Last night I read in "The Spiritual Legacy of St. Mary of the Holy Trinity" something very apropos of this. Our Lord said to her, "These are two very different things: when you are kind to a soul whom, at the bottom of your heart, you do not esteem; or when you use your kindness to seek and find the beauty hidden in a soul that you are not inclined to esteem." St. Mary asked Our Lord, "My Lord Jesus, of the two, which pleases You most?" He answered "The second." There is a passage about the Blessed Mother in the sacred Liturgy, "Blessed are they that watch at my gates," and that seems to me to indicate the way we should regard and reverence all human personality, a listening and a waiting.

Lime

On Tuesday night, after the Chrystie St. people had wended their weary way home, the telephone rang, and Mr. Hauber informed me that the Government lime had arrived at Princess Bay freight yard, and must be picked up the following day. So this morning bright and early, the wagon reappeared, this time with Michael Kovalek and Charlie, and a load of lime. Dave Mason was down at the freight yard handling the lime from that end. As I write, four loads have been brought in, and there are two or more to be picked up yet, as we are getting six tons. Three tons must go on the two-acre garden patch before the harrowing, and already out the window now, I can see Rita and Isidore starting to spread it by hand. We'll just manage without machinery as much as possible.

Laundry and Bakery

On last Saturday, 1,500 bricks were delivered here, and as soon as the sand and cement arrive, the cellar dirt floor must be paved for a laundry. We are getting some sinks and tubs from our good friends, the Sisters of St. Francis, part of a whole truckload of beds and such to arrive here Thursday or Friday. The bakery is all finished, painted white by Ray and Isidore, tables and kneading troughs made by Hans. Ruth Farny has come for 3 mos. to get the bakery started. A thousand pounds of whole wheat flour has arrived, slowed up by the rail strike, and on Friday, we start baking for the Chrystie St. house and line, at least part of the week to start with, and soon we trust the whole week. All who visit here will be asked to lend a hand with the kneading.

Carpentry

Meanwhile, Hans goes on, building and repairing. We are growing into the house and farm, shaping it, fitting it. What was once a second floor closet has now become a stairway into the attic over the smaller house, and there is room for two or three beds there. "I hate to see a job unfinished," Hans says, and with neatness and dispatch, he starts and finishes a job. It is a lesson in how to work to watch him. What a project, I thought to myself, a stairway into the attic, and lo and behold, in two days it was finished, and Hans is today making a room out of the attic over his own tiny room down in the carriage house. "When you get older," he said the other day, in his Norwegian accent, "you realize how little you are, and how little you can do."

The Fruits of Wonders in the Lives of the Saints

By Raymond Larsson

I:

How the Blessed Man, Patrick was Released from Bonds, and of the Flowering of Winter's Boughs.

ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER LOIRE, in the France of another day, when there were heroes abroad, and valiant men on earth — whose fame was not another's blood spilled out, and another's guts burst through a broken hulk, to spill what was a man into the depths of hell — there stood, and there stands still, if the havoc wars have wrought in slaying themselves has not blasted even it, a certain curious tree, ancient beyond generations' days, and a certain curious bush. And as ancient as that tree is this, its ancient tale:

It once befell the noble Patrick to become captive, and to be bound by a certain warlike chieftain, whose name long is unsounded by any knowing tongue. On the night first of his captivity, in his grief, he heard from Heaven, and from one unseen, a voice, saying, "For two months thou shalt be with them," — but long though that seemed, Patrick was consoled.

Now just as that voice foretold, so did it come to pass: on the cold night of winter sixtieth after the bonds of his tormentors were tightened on him, inexplicably, Patrick found those chains fallen — and himself free.

When so his captors' bonds fell from him, Patrick fled that place, Trajectus, a town turned under the earth by the wheels of that victor's chariot, the sun, and by the river that is called Dordogne, that Saint went, by night and starless sky, by dawn and all the day's full light, onward, and toward the river Loire. For he was of a heart to seek shelter, near to Tours, of that blessed man, Martin of Gaul, a cell and vigil, and solace, praise again of God from lips other than his own, and prayer, in Marmoutiers, the monastery that blessed Martin had builded there.

Now when he reached that river Loire, there lay still between him and the cells and vigils of Marmoutiers many miles and cold, and hunger, and some days still before the Feast of The Nativity of Jesus, The Lord Christ. So down in his grief and wretchedness, he sat to pray and to give praise, as always did that blessed man, as he himself has written, an hundred times a day. All about was winter's unconcealing world, and all about the wood lay bleakly bare, yet as he sat beneath one tree of others, lo! he raised upward his eyes in praise, again, for his release from his captors' bonds, and branch and branch, that tree seemed suddenly to bud. As he marvelled, indeed: forth from its every twig and bough came unfolding blossoms, odorous and full.

When then that blessed man had been rejoiced, and the bonds of all his trial were to him a grief no more, he crossed that river, and on the other bank, beneath a great bush, he sat again, there, on that bank, to praise with his eyes again, and with his heart The Lord God for that wonderfully blossomed tree, which lifted its boughs in the cold of the winter winds, in which that blessed man hugged to himself his scanty clothes, as though it were full of all April's birds. And as he sat, rejoiced, he spoke praise again, to God and His Christ, when, above him, the twigs of the bush beneath which he sat, as those of that marvellous tree, instantly, as at an unheard spoken word, were budding, and then were there blossomed, full. So full as was that tree of blossoms, on the far shore of his broken captivity, and on the shore of his desires' peace that bush so wholly blossomed, that blessed man stood full in praise, and then from his exile, in the less white snow than his heart's glorying, on to Marmoutiers he took his way.

Now for that wonder, and for

that blessed man, may God be praised.

For long years, and longer generations, through peace, and through vain wars for peace that peace be slain again, and peace when even then war was not slain, again and again, in winter past, and winter come yet again, always, at the time of the Day of the feast to honour The Birth of The Lord Jesus on the earth, and of His Peace, when no last bough shows even autumn's last of withered leaves, that bush, that tree, have blossomed as marvellously and as white, above all the white of the winter's lands. And even now those very boughs may be weaving a wonder in the air, as not long since*, and even as they may be long years and winters, and dead, unborn generations hence.

—The flower is that of *prunus spinosa*, blackthorn, flowering sloe.

II: How a Bitter Tree was Made to Bear Sweet Fruit.

WHEN AT DERBY, WHERE STILL IT STANDS, that most blessed man, Saint Columkille, founded of all his monasteries the very first, and had dwelt there, and its fame had begun to spread wide over Iona, he one day left and went to Durrow. There, so many and great oaks grew that to this day that place is called in Celtic "Deermach," that is, the place of oaks. In the midst of those oaks and all their green tranquility, there Columkille bade stonies to be put on hewn stone, and there he raised the second of his monasteries, and there he dwelt until from far, from all the lands about, disciples came to him, until there lived in that monastery many monks. Now in the garden of that monastery, there was a certain one of fruit trees, and it, of all trees, flourished most wonderfully, and it of all bore baskets and baskets more, far, of fruit. Yet, autumn and autumn after, year and year again, it was the same: that flourishing tree's fruits were useless, as bitter as ire is, and though all others of those trees might not flourish, it never failed abundantly to bear. Worried by that tree, the monks one day sought Columkille, and to him complained. Straightway, he rose, and out among the trees he went, and when he came to that one bountiful and bitter tree, simply, he blessed it, and bade it to glorify The Lord. Then he went in again to his prayers. — Autumn and autumn, that tree still bore of all the monasteries' trees amazing abundance of fruits, and year and year the monks were rejoiced, for of all of their trees thereafter, it bore the most sweet fruits.

III

Of the Desert Journey of Some Grapes and of Macarius, That Blessed Man.

WHEN IN THE DESERT VIGILS OF HIS DAYS, in great heat, when no water was in all the stoney wells, and bleakness was all about under a blazing sky, once to that Abba Macarius — that man so blessed the great one of all the deserts' saints, Abba Anthony, will to him, as sole heir, all his virtues — in pity, a certain of the desert monks brought a bunch of grapes, odorous and plump and as blue as stones, and gave them to Macarius and bade him eat, as a poor draught in that waterless, dry time, and then he went again his way. But when he looked on the juiced, the fresh and scented fruit, the conscience of Macarius vexed him, and he wondered how he might with virtue eat, and eating somewhat slake his thirst, when round about, beneath the blaze of

* I have before me as I write a report made not long since by the Archaeological Society of Touraine, in which is described anew that marvellous blossoming, which has occurred, it says, "from time immemorial," in ice and under weight of snow, each year, from Christmas until The Feast of The Circumcision, or "New Year's." "The buds swell," that report says, "the flowers expand, as in the month of April, and cover the boughs with odorous and snow-white flowers, while a few leaves more timidly venture to expose their delicate verdure to the north wind's iciness." Close by to "Patrick's blossoms" rises "Saint Patrick's" Church.

sun, amongst the soiled colors of the rocky bleakness wide about, were others of his brethren, waterless, their thirsts, too, unslaked. So up he rose, and bore with him those precious grapes, as blue as stones polished of lazuli, and went farther into the desert until he came upon one of the desert monks who, in that heat and blaze, as penance, was laboring with stones: and when that monk's salutations were returned, Macarius gave to him the gift of grapes, and went again his way in the sun and blaze, his whetted thirst for virtue slaked.

Now when the sun had blazed and sunk, and up the sun again had risen, and showed even a drier land, and the Abba Macarius long had left his prayers to work with stones and sweat, from out of the desert rockiness and heat, there came to him a monk from a cell in the blue, distant shadows of the rock, bearing something shielded by the leaves of a palm. As he came forward, he spoke, "Blessed be The Lord Most High, O blessed Macarius! I come to bring to you a gift, for there is no water yet." So from the palms shading he took



forth his gift, and gave it to Macarius.

"Blessed be The Lord Most High!" said Macarius, "Whence came this, in so much heat?" And he looked at the gift and marvelled.

"I had a gift from Abba the blessed Paul, who had a gift from Mercurius," replied the bearer of the gift.

Then was Macarius, and all his face, as bright with rejoicing as a sun, saying, "Most blessed be The Lord of all, Who does such charity provoke in His servants! — and blessed is the abstinence of all my brethren: lo, here is a gift, a gift indeed — yea, the gift of God multiplied! — For there, from one monk given to another, and from him received by his neighbor, and by his neighbor given to his brother, in his hands, as blue as stones, and rare, unbroken, juiced, were the very grapes Macarius had been given, the very grapes Macarius had not eaten and had given away.

—And thus was the thirst for virtue of four desert penitents, greater than the thirst of only their dry tongues, by one untouched bunch of grapes well, well slaked.

IV

How the Blessed Brigid Was Saved From Marriage Unto Christ.

IN FOCHARD, IN ULSTER, IN THE AGES LONG BEFORE THESE DAYS, when there was, as it were, a dawn in Ireland, a first light's brightening, there lived a certain maiden who one day beheld her image, and thereupon she knew dismay: in that reflection of

herself, she saw that she was more than fair, indeed, that she was beautiful. Alas! alas! she sighed, and turned away her eyes from what she then beheld, and she felt sorely tried, for she feared that there might be ones come to her father to speak with pride of the renown of their warriors, the brightness of their shields' repute, and of herds of cattle, and to speak with ardour of her beauty, and persuasively of their constancy, until one should have secured as his bride's her reluctant hand. For such thoughts, and for such events, she had no heart. Long since, she had had no heart for else than Christ, and so to Him she turned and sighed, lamenting, and tearfully she prayed, and went with heaviness about her tasks.

Now on another day, she came again upon her image, and when she thus beheld herself, up leaped her heart, and she rejoiced; her prayer was heard, and verily what she had asked was being granted her. Delighted, without sighs, she saw her face, swollen, its comely contours undergoing change, and thankfully she went away. And now she sought delightedly, again, again, the image of her face, and with another day there was more change to delight her. The swellings grew, her eye was swollen, unseemly, uncomely, as unseemly as she had wished it, as ugly as she had asked it might be, and she gave thanks, rejoicing and undismayed.

So it befell as she had wished. Suitors who had looked on her beauty with ardent eyes, looked again with wonder, and then looked no more, and elsewhere turned their eyes, and made for others' ears their words eloquent, and for others' eyes their shields seem to shine with valiance. And thus it was that Brigid, that blessed maiden, secured of her bewildered father reluctant assent when one day she asked that she might take the veil of no other bride's than Christ's. Then straightway she went to seek that blessed Mel who was the nephew of Saint Patrick, and of him she asked a habit and a veil.

On the day when that blessed Mel put on her a nun's white veil and nun's white cloak, two strange things befell, as though they were a first fruits of wonders in that blessed Brigid's life: the boughs of dead wood which supported the platform, on which she kneeled to receive the veil and habit suddenly, from twigs and broken branch, budded and put forth leaves; when Brigid rose from her knees, and the veil of Christ's bride had fallen on her head, and about her shoulders had fallen the white folds of the cloak, that blessed Mel, and all who saw, exclaimed with wonder, for from her swollen, ugly eye, and from her ugly, swollen cheeks, swelling and bleariness had vanished, and she stood before them in a beauty greater than was hers before.

Thus goes the wonder that is to this day told in Ireland concerning Brigid, that blessed Saint.

V

How a Wretched Friar's Doubts Once Provoked, Strangely, Flowers.

UNDER THE MANTLE OF MARY, THE BLESSED VIRGIN, which is broader than the whole of earth, and brighter than all the light of days, and more gloriously embroidered than the sum of all the nights of time are by all the stars, and in its folds has secret delights and odours, spice and many marvels, there are wonderful and strange, and more strangely wonderful, an endless store of wonders and strange tales. Now one of these tales of wonder is to be related thus:

Among the brethren of Saint Dominic, in a faded and an ancient day, there once was a certain friar, learned far beyond the fame of men and far-famed for his learning, and he taught with such wisdom that to his school there came even the wise. Now to the wisdom

of that friar there entered once a doubt, and that doubt he could not put out. Day and night, and many night and day, he found no wisdom wiser than that doubt. Now that doubt was a very aged one, and it was as wise of wisdom of the earth as the earth is aged and unwise. So day and night, that wise man doubted: again, again, that doubt assailed him. As sometimes it has been the wisdom of a doubt that has caused the wisdom of the wise to pale, so day and night that wise man doubted, and all his wisdom seemed to fail him before the wisdom of that doubt. In his closet, on his couch, in his school, that doubt made travail for him, yet though he persevered, and persevered to pray, his travail with that doubt did weary him, day and again a day. Wretched that man became, and yet more wretched still, and yet he persevered, and yet he prayed.

Now in those days early of his fame, there dwelt afar a humble friar of Saint Francis' company, one less famed for wisdom of the schools than wise and simple speech, and less for mighty works than purity. Of that simple friar, one day that teacher in the schools took thought, and it seemed that to him he should bear his doubt, to seek of him easing of his travail, and simpler speech. So up he took his staff, and over that old and greener earth he took his way.

When he had journeyed those great lengths of miles, and he had come to a certain monastery, he asked at the gate for that humble friar, Aegidius, and straightway was led to him.

"Woe is me, Brother Aegidius! woe is me!" he said. "Woe has been mine now night and day, and many days and nights. Woe is me!"

"Alas!" said that humble friar, Aegidius, "Alas, Brother Preacher, that you come in woe. Of what wretchedness need you speak?"

Then to Aegidius that learned man made plain that doubt which had made travail of his wisdom, and seemed the wiser, far, than he; and he said plainly how he had suddenly been made doubtful, again and again, in the night and in the plainness of the veritable day, of how it could have come about that both a Virgin and a Mother the Mother of Christ could be.

"Alas," cried Aegidius, and great was his pain. "Alas!"

Then up from the ground, his face all pain, Aegidius took up the staff of that monk of Dominic, and in sore distress he struck that staff upon the ground, and as one in wounded pain he cried aloud:

"O Brother Preacher! — Mary, a Virgin before bearing The Child!"

Now as he struck with the ground the staff, the friar of Dominic was struck with wonder, and stood back, and raised in astonishment his hands: there, from the barkless pilgrim's wood, there sprang wonderfully a glistening lily. Yet in his distress, Aegidius himself was unknowing of the wonder, and again he struck the ground, and again he cried aloud:

"O Brother Preacher! — Mary, a Virgin in the bearing of The Child!"

And even before his wonder found speech at the first one lily, that friar of Dominic beheld to burst from the staff's dry wood, odorous and fresh, a lily second to the other. But still Aegidius was unknowing, and again, a third time, he raised up his head in pain, and upraised his arm, and again, a third time, he struck the ground with the staff, and striking, he cried aloud:

"O Brother Preacher! — Mary a Virgin after the bearing of The Child!" — And lo: as he cried, and struck with the staff the ground, white and unfurled, forth from the wood of that dry staff another lily burst, and even as he raised in astonishment his hand and cried out in wonder, pointing to the staff, that friar's doubt was overwhelmed by the eloquence of his own pil-

(Continued on page 8)

BOOKS RECEIVED

St. Paul's Gospel by Ronald Knox.
Sheed & Ward, New York, \$1.75.

It seems an odd conception to think of the writings of St. Paul as another Gospel, accustomed as we are to calling them his epistles, and considering them as something apart from the four Gospels. And it is true that the four Gospels deal with the life of Our Lord on earth, while St. Paul's letters are exhortations to the new Christians, beseeching them to consider their dignity and duty as new men, reborn in Christ, and to remember their communion as members of the Church. But truly, taken in the light of Monsignor Knox's interpretation, St. Paul's epistles can be regarded as a gospel—the gospel of life in Christ and His Church.

Monsignor Knox's study of St. Paul and his work is a penetrating one which begins with the Pauline approach to teaching the Christ-life, and examines the way in which the great teacher related the New Testament to the Old by filling in the "outline which the Gospels have left indistinct," by explaining the "Providential history of the Jewish people." He discusses St. Paul's teachings on Christ's Divinity as well as His Humanity, and explains the Apostle's writings on the Mystical Body. Essentially, says Msgr. Knox, St. Paul was a churchman, and throughout his work, stresses the idea of the Church and the importance of it. "The thing," concludes Msgr. Knox, "(which) emerges about him clearly . . . is that he is an authentic, independent witness, agreeing always with the Gospels, yet never quoting the Gospels, or referring to the Gospels. He has preserved for us, concurrently with them yet independently of them, the same tradition of Christian teaching which has come down across all these centuries . . . only, he tapped it at the source."

Roman Road by George Lamb.
Sheed & Ward, New York, \$2.25.

Grace acting on men to bring them to God is a truly marvelous thing, and conversions remain a source of wonder to the fortunate recipient of the gift and of never-ending curiosity of those who would question him about it. Thus conversion stories are continually brought out by publishers who perhaps sense more than sales value in this particular service they perform.

One of the newest recordings of a spiritual journey is George Lamb's account of his somewhat pathless wandering from a boyhood in a working-class section of Manchester, England, through a Cambridge education, to the moment of his baptism while working as a gardener in a Catholic boy's school during the past war. Mr. Lamb was a conscientious objector whose first awareness of the spiritual barrenness of his life awoke long before the war began. His experience as a pacifist and as a worker in a land community for conscientious objectors crystallized this awareness, however, and his intellectual bent which brought him to Newman, St. Augustine, Hopkins and Chesterton, also brought him to his knees and eventually into the Church.

His reasons for his pacifist beliefs seem to evolve from a hatred of the "big business-technological" state, but strangely enough this intense dislike seems to throw him sharply back on an ultra-conservative point of view which hardly seems in accord with a pacifist protest. Mr. Lamb's experience of working on the land and living a true community existence presents a strong argument for the kind of life represented and it is significant that it was while he lived and worked in this community that he found great peace and a sense of balance.

Mr. Lamb's story is perhaps not an unusual one nor a dramatic one,

nor is his literary talent such that his experience is lifted out of the realm of the ordinary through this medium, and because of this it is bound to suffer by comparison with the spiritual autobiographies of more dynamic personalities of our time. Nevertheless a retelling of such an important and valid experience is not something to be lightly brushed aside. The author himself has amply proved the point of the tremendous influence of the written word in his listing of the writers who led him along the way. Perhaps his own account will have a similar effect on one searching for the Truth.

Portrait of Leon Bloy by E. T. Dubois.
Sheed & Ward, London & New York, \$2.00.

Leon Bloy stands almost as a figurehead at the approach to the Catholic literary revival which had its beginnings in the France of the late 19th century. Bloy, an intellectual and spiritual giant of a man, was a fascinating study in contradictions, and Mrs. Dubois has caught the essential unbalance of the man in her most objective and dispassionate analysis of his personality and work.

There was no touch of the mediocre about Bloy and he loved and hated with equal vigor. The passion of his nature was a divided thing and it is astonishing to witness his undoubted devotion to Christ crucified and Our Lady of Sorrows, and then compare this devotion to his delight at the destruction of many helpless "rich women" caught in a savage Parisian fire. His burning love for the poor was a beautiful manifestation of one side of his nature; his lack of charity toward the bourgeoisie, the friends with whom he had quarreled, or non-French nationals was appalling. His vanity was boundless; so was his zeal for souls.

Elfriede Dubois sketches in all these aspects of his strange character in her "Portrait" and points out the effect of these contradictions on his writing. She goes beyond this, however, to show his loving embrace of Poverty, his condemnation of the existing social order at a time when working conditions were overwhelmingly bad, his place as a literary figure in the Paris of his day, and the effect he had on those who read his writings or became acquainted with him personally. He was a champion of the Jews at a time when anti-Semitism was rampant in France, and he was the instrument through whom many souls were brought to God.

You will want to read this book for the honest and charitable analysis of Bloy's personality, and after you have read it you will want to go on to study the body of Bloy's work, which whatever its flaws, is an indispensable part of the spiritual literature of our time.

The Gifts of the Holy Ghost by John of St. Thomas. Translated by Dominic Hughes, O.P.
Sheed & Ward, New York, \$3.75.

That a translation of the work of an early Thomist scholar should be done today by another member of the great preaching order which fostered the Angelic Doctor as well as John of St. Thomas, seems only right in view of the tremendous need of a world which has turned its face from God, for the gifts of the Holy Spirit.

John of St. Thomas, born in the late sixteenth century, chose to enter the Dominican order where he became known not only as a sought-after confessor and a man of judicial learning, but also as the greatest Thomist scholar of his day. He began a commentary on the *Summa* of St. Thomas but did not complete that undertaking. His treatise on the Holy Ghost, however, of which we now have Father Hughes' translation, is a truly definitive work on the subject.

The book discusses the gifts and

virtues in both a general and particular manner—each gift is examined separately; there is a section devoted to the attributes of the gifts, and the Beatitudes are also studied. Father Hughes goes into the latter in an even more thorough fashion in the introduction.

Speaking of the need for a scholarly work of this kind today, Father Walter Farrell in a foreword to the book speaks of the necessity for the scholarly approach to the "hard matters of mysticism" in combating materialism. "For materialism has a mystic of its own; and it is the fog of materialism that, settling gently, almost imperceptibly, over every area of life, turns the world grey and the heart of man cold. Its mystic calls for an abandonment to the surging drives hidden deep in the nature of man. It is a dark mysterious mystic . . . In a sense (it) is even an abandonment to higher powers, for in its fetid mystery there is an invitation to a diabolic assumption of the control and direction which man has abandoned. (Whereas) . . . Christ, inviting men to share the life of God on earth and in heaven, calls men to heights beyond reason . . . His is a mystic of overwhelming splendour rather than of engulfing night; by it the mind of man is not darkened but flooded with divine light to see things . . . that are proper to the eyes of God."

For Goodness' Sake by William Lawson, S. J.
Sheed & Ward, New York, \$2.25.

Since man's nature is inclined toward the good it should probably come as a surprise to find that this lively little book was supposedly written in order to counteract the



conviction among the students in an English training college that goodness is not attractive. Our sympathies lie with the students. It is not difficult to pick out one of our more rigid acquaintances and think, "Is he good or (always that mental reservation) just goody-goody?" Forgetting, of course, that goodness is not necessarily synonymous with priggishness.

However, Father Lawson makes it abundantly clear in these sparkling chapters that virtue is not only its own reward, but for those willing to cultivate its vein it holds an infinitely rich lode which makes the pleasures of unconfined joy look stony indeed. His discussion of charity is beautifully done and not the least beautiful part of it is its title, "Fire on the Earth." Father Lawson holds up before our eyes a luminous picture of the meaning of love in the light of St. Paul's teaching on charity.

Faith and Hope too are re-examined in a manner which would leave no reader in doubt as to the necessity for cultivating the virtues; the cardinal virtues also are treated wisely, penetratingly and with a deceptively light touch. Father Lawson is never wearisome; neither is he superficial. He exhorts you to perfection—and makes you look for a shortcut. After all, as he says, its either now or in Purgatory. We must be flawless creatures to attain the Beatific Vision so "either you start now being unselfish and thinking of others before you settle down to your own comfort, and trying to like the unlovable, or you will do it all in Purgatory . . . Now will you work at perfection!"

Betty Bartelme.

BOOK REVIEW

The Pillar of Fire by Karl Stern.
\$3.50. Harcourt, Brace and Co., N. Y. C.

The history of Israel is an adventurous one, it is the long wait, full of expectations yearned for and suffered for, the adventure never completed. For each Jew in his heart the history is repeated in microcosm, all the yearning and suffering and expectancy are there in the infinite variations of the human personality and formed again and again by the different molds of history. A number of years ago Daniel-Rops "Sacred History" was read to me and it was then I believe that the mystery and destiny of Israel became part of my religious concern, for without that history there are no antecedents in the Christian story. Admirable a job as "Sacred History" did in dramatizing the chosen people's faithfulness in clinging to the concept of the one God it still left voids precisely because it was the history of a race, a history which was not concretized in personalities and because it dealt with times long past. That void has now been filled by Karl Stern in his autobiography.

"The Pillar of Fire" is more than the story of how a modern man found Christ, it is a subtle analysis of the things which keep him from Christ, Karl Stern possesses a sensitive, cultivated mind, the product of the best German scientific training and a personality which was nurtured in the small Bavarian town where his ancestors had lived for generations, where indeed they had sunk their roots and were part and parcel of that whole easy, generous, south German way of life.

This dual formation of mind and personality has enabled him to look back on his youth with discernment and with unerring instinct to recreate those incidents and situations which had most bearing on his own religious development. He manages to recapture too the beauty and joy of human relationships entered into deeply and unselfishly and this gives his book a sense of authenticity and human interest which deepen its meaning even to the casual reader. Dr. Stern writes an effortless English while maintaining a style which is urbane and simple. These things make of the book an arresting human document but it does seem to me that its value derives most completely from the fact that non-Jews are introduced into a world which until now they have felt was strange and alien, that atmosphere of the Jewish home life and religious thought.

His family were not strict religious Jews, the high holidays and the great festivals were celebrated and in his youth the Sabbath was kept, but intellectually the main influences in his homelife were not the prophets and the Book but rather it was the world of "Spinoza, Goethe, Voltaire, Heine, political liberalism and the Age of Reason" which set the tone of thought and conversation. By the time he was fifteen Stern's quest for God led him to religious Orthodoxy and he says that his family received his attempts to keep to the dietary laws and recitation of the daily prayers with kindly amusement. Finally they began to "behave like a family in which a member has gone insane."

This awakening, coupled with his activities in the Jewish youth movement, brought to his soul some of the fervor and interest in the national history of his people which might have been his had he been reared in a more typically Jewish environment. It was an influence which was to last for years.

Stern was working at the Neurological Institute when Hitler came into power. The picture which is

presented here of the deterioration of the moral climate in which the German doctors functioned tells more about the effects of the Nazi regime than volumes which deal exclusively with the subject. He was familiar with the early implementation of the sterilization law, and I was never aware before of the extent of their application nor the complete professional irresponsibility on the part of the doctors. It was this corruption of the intellectual elite in the German medical circles which to my mind points up the deep flaws in our modern living and thinking. It was at this time that Stern underwent analysis, entering upon this self-examination a skeptic and coming away from the couch a believer in a personal God. At this point he came in contact with Frau Flamm, a Catholic and technician at the institute, a woman whose deep, simple and complete faith made a lasting impression on him. A young Japanese couple, Christian and Protestant, also brought him face to face with the claims of the New Testament. Was Christ the Messiah? It was a humanly impossible decision he had to make. The persecution of the Jews was intensifying and he felt that any step in the direction of Christ would be both a betrayal of family and race. He returned once again to strict Judaism and this time it was coupled with an interest in Jewish nationalism.

Years of spiritual agonies followed, in England where his work took him once again to one of the world's greatest medical centers and where he married and began a new life away from the disaster which was engulfing the Jews in Germany, away from them but constantly and deeply aware of their massacre. Finally there is his move to Canada and his meeting with Maritain and Dorothy Day. His wife preceded him into the Church and finally after much heartbreak he too made his decision. Once the decision was made he knew that he had never left the faith of his fathers, that Catholicism was a continuity, that there was no one thing in the past which he had loved or honored or revered which he had to give up. All of these things, all of the beauty of his Jewish heritage, all of the organized knowledge and skill and art of his vocation—there was a place for them in the household of the Faith.

A kind of postscript to the book, a letter to his brother who is a Zionist in Palestine explains his coming into the faith. He says that in writing to an unbeliever you must always try to use language which they will understand, and that you must always speak in analogies. That is precisely the trouble for speaking analogically is to speak incompletely and so his most convincing argument to his brother is the argument of the "little people." Karl Stern's coming to the faith was not a highly intellectualized one, it was done mostly through contact with the mystical life of various "little people" he had met. "The only really impoverished ones are our skeptic Western intellectuals. They refuse to practice the gift of Faith which would enable them to crown and perfect Reason . . . the majority of our contemporaries are in possession of the heritage of Christianity and all the immense treasure of Western spirituality—but they are unable to tap them."

"The Pillar of Fire" will do an enormous amount of good in awakening Christians to their obligations to their brothers the Jews, for spiritually we are all Semites, as Pius XI said. But more than that it is a deep spiritual experience for with Karl Stern we relive his tortuous odyssey and with him arrive home only to discover that "towards Him we had been running or from Him we had been running away, but all the time He had been in the center of things."

JACK ENGLISH.

+ From The Mail Bag +

TOTAL CHRIST

Sugar Grove, Pa.
Road Four

Dear Miss Day,

We're snowbound, so I'll quit stalling and write. In order to get the two older boys in to the parish school I took a job as attendant at Warren State Hospital, a place for the insane. I drive some forty miles a day getting the boys and myself back and forth.

As these places go, the State Hospital is a good one. During the recent big scandal this was one of the few places that didn't receive blistering publicity following the check-up. It is an example to me of what men with "the right spirit," as Peter used to say, can do even in a hell-hole. There seems to be a real spirit of brotherly love towards the patients.

Those working in the dairy barn are in my care. Being desperate men, most of them are hard workers. How appreciative they are of love, and what a school of human nature in their immediate and faithful expression of what lies in their hearts. They are what they are, painfully bound and tied in the consciousness of an inadequate existence, prey to a thousand forces out of the unknown. Was not the cut-throat tradition TOO MUCH for them, the wheels TOO FAST, the enticing things TOO MANY?

I count three of my eleven saints. Hidden souls, crucified in how many ways, most faithful to the grace of the moment. It is most encouraging. I've been trying to teach an old man, who has been here since his early twenties, the Hail Mary. In this deliciously painful process I have learned a little of the majesty of those words we slide over so easily in, shall I say, our light touch. When I draw him aside to repeat each phrase after me, he all but faints away in spite of his willingness. He who can say *g-d* — so easily (no more meaningful than our heartless prayers!) has to muster every ounce of spiritual fibre sixty years of hard labor and suffering has given him to repeat these words.

There are some 2,900 patients here and it costs us Pennsylvanians \$8,000 a day to run the place. The patients didn't always work. They stagnated on the wards, got into mischief, fought, and broke up the furniture. Then came occupational therapy and all who were able were allowed to work, doing about everything one does in society. We are told that the patient is primary, the work to be done secondary. We're not supposed to use violence even in self defense. (Yours truly, great pacifist that he is, has already broken this rule, so what can I say about others who find it "impractical" or "too hard a saying.") A goodly percentage are denied this "boon of employment" for misbehavior, or in being just simply not up to it. It is claimed the straight-jacket has not been used in years.

Apart from the confinement itself (that most cruel torture, understood but little, least of all then by those who use it on these!) the patients suffer most from each other, the immense, oppressive burden of a common plight, a fused agony, exaggerated, then thrown back on each raw nerve. We isolate the sick, the insane we throw together by the hundred. If one of us be sick and can afford it, we are given comfort, repose, and good food. If we go mad, we are shuffled off to the madhouse, our money be damned. The release of the immediate family, the protection of the public demand it. A hospital can be a loved thing, but who can love a madhouse. Do not all of the modern heresies have a hand in creating these monstrous perversions of a work of mercy. Are they not the end product of our many daily follies; the legitimate offspring of the great harlot,

aftermath of successive divorces from

The Creator
From his creation
From Creating

Surely nothing but a total christianity can unmake them, nothing but all of the good news;

No one but Christ
Only Christ in us.

"Blessed be the Lord, who has not given us for prey to their teeth.

Our soul as a sparrow is delivered from the snare of the fowlers.

The snare is broken, and we are delivered."

Now, being in the midst of our fifth failure in common life, Ann and I are really beginning to hope. Peter is more vivid than ever, his words as full of life as when he danced about uttering them. It's doubtful if I would have married but for Peter. He spent four days at Pittsburgh when I was debating the matter. He said nothing directly. (I was pride incarnate, and what is worse, spiritually so. Of course I was artful about it, and most everyone thought differently, including myself.) He went clear back to beginnings. I was bored and pained. Why all this repetition? But I was cornered.

Peter told me that when he came to America he had to make a choice, whether to lay aside his peasant heritage and turn bourgeois, or to go work on us and make us peasants. Of course there was no choice. He was only saying this for my benefit. I had always thought he was talking about those other fellows. His lines on "they" hadn't registered. My self-justification went thus: After all, hadn't I left all things to embrace voluntary poverty, to practice the works of mercy, wasn't I denouncing the system. But no! My hearing was as dull as my perceptions, my observance carnal. These points Peter kept making at last took on relevance. My heart began to pound. Everyone trying to be *SOMEBODY* . . . everyone trying to be *BIG SHOTS* . . . a *NEW SOCIETY* in the shell of the old society . . . what is the upshot? now that there is *NOBODY* . . . now that there are only two people in the world . . . now (O unutterable — save in figures, save in forms) now that I *am* society. Me. Isn't Peter talking to me. Hasn't he been talking to me these two years now? Ah . . . there is more to this than when I first came to believe!

Then quite suddenly (after three days and nights!) I got my first fleeting glimpse of what Peter meant by peasant. It is the very heart of his thought and teaching. His unification of knowledge was so potent it needed to be embodied! What better body than that being, common to all places, to all ages, hidden and unknown, yet known by all.

Peter Maurin
a peasant
who saw their validity
then declared it
and inculcated it

as against
us Americans
what we are
a divided people
filled with unrelated teachings
therefore impotent
with one sole virtue
our hunger.

Fr. Orchard used to say this going back to the land is fine but we have to go back with a different kind of people. Many of us had thought it sufficient to get people to go back, judging that to be change enough. None of us had heard Peter.

Primarily what Peter had to say about peasants had nothing to do with anything outside man. Those outer things we associate with solid peasant villages are mere reflections of their common inner states. Common states because a sound interior, being potent, begets itself all around itself. Common also because a sound interior

generally embraces the truth as it is presented. They grew together as one body. A locality took on a common character to such an extent that not only did they speak alike, as is common to most societies of duration, they looked alike. But we must see this as the very reverse of the process that goes on in industrial centers of today. The peasant made his society, his environment. The industrial center forces, jars, constrains its inhabitants into its pattern. The one process is creative unto likeness, the other merely destructive of differences. And this is the crux of the matter. Peter was not out to found communities. Communities are here today and gone tomorrow. Peter was out after bigger game. He had decided, on coming to America and seeing how it was with us, *TO MAKE US PEASANTS*. If we thought we had arrived, he was agreeable to come along with us and see what we could do. It wasn't much! Not that it wasn't necessary, or that we haven't profited, or that we should quit trying.

Towards the end of Peter's stay in Pittsburgh, he didn't have to chase me anymore. I began to hang on every word, seeing how wanting I was, how much I must unload in those darksome commodities of the interior, raising



such havoc, choking the word, taking up so much precious space. The marriage question dissolved. I was obviously being called to it, and therefore would truly serve "the cause" in it alone. Then suddenly, I had gotten my fill, and, unable, to wait anymore, quite ungraciously, rudely, turned from my liberator who had also given me meat for the journey, and such meat! I turned from him in the midst of his labor and began a letter to the daughter of two Lithuanian peasants residing on Bayard Street.

When we shall have come of age, when Peter shall have made us peasants — what a scandal is that word! What a contradiction is that great race of people in a thousand ways crucified! There seems to be no class (now that man is divided into classes) but that has a bone to pick with them. There seems to be no Saint but that has something in common with them!

When Peter has made us such as these, the full and living continuation of them, then we shall have our common life, our communities in variety. And not one thing of man or way of man but shall have its place there where all things shall be restored in Christ. For the great evils of the moment are the disorder, the inverse order of the great truths. The very strength of these lies, the very vehemence of them, has been their inherent truth. Capitalism drew its strength from the truth at its core. If we fail to affirm that truth we shall be unprofitable servants. War is essential to man, for the world, the flesh, and the devil shall rule us if we do not war against them. Are we not ever fighting one another, because we neglect this primal violence. And is Henry J. Kaiser more industrious than was Peter? Who was more demo-

cratic? Who more totalitarian? Is he not called communist?

I'm beginning to see this "agitator" as a middle man. His race was middle from any angle we look at them. And did he not come into our ill-ordered, incoherent, high purposeless lives as one fresh from those Middle Ages. It is only the environment, the transitory mode of the present that dubs us extremists, or, more factually, radicals.

Kindly accept the enclosure pittance and please send me a copy of "Catholic Radicalism." Ann sent her love, and thanks very much for the back issues.

Yours to a more green revolution.

JOHN T.

DRAFT

2416 Sisson Street
Baltimore 11, Maryland.

Dear Robert Ludlow:

The February issue of CW arrived today, with some pretty rich content. I like especially your own two articles — on the judicial murders in Virginia and on democracy in the United States — and Ammon Hennacy's Open Letter.

In connection with your story on my son, Larry, you might wish to know the follow-up. He was finally arraigned last Friday, the sixteenth, and sentenced to four and a half years in prison. The courtroom atmosphere illustrated with the utmost vividness the thesis of your article, *Freedom Assaulted*. My Boy's clarity of mind and simplicity of spirit were a joyous contrast to the muddy thinking and turgid emotions of the official representatives of the state — the Honorable William C. Coleman, the judge, and the Honorable Bernard J. Flynn, the United States Attorney. Both of these honorable gentlemen were quite honestly shocked by Larry's refusal to take part in preparations for war; but much more deeply and irreconcilably they were offended by his refusal to put himself in the position of asking the state's permission to oppose war. Betraying fairly complete ignorance of the law he was administering, the judge demanded to know why Larry didn't simply register and then request CO status and thus be automatically exempted from military service. I trust you follow the whole series of errors in that question? Not only did the honorable judge fail to grasp the significance in Larry's own mind of what the boy had done; he even failed to know the provisions of the selective service act. The only thing that was clear to him was that here was a young man who threatened the whole flimsy structure of the power organization, the state, which judges important, by the simple act of looking the state in the eye and saying No!

Two hopeful facts have emerged from this experience. The first is that Larry himself has retained throughout his cheerfulness and a total absence of resentment or hate. The other is that people unexpectedly and surprisingly have come forward to be counted as his supporters, some of them at the imminent risk of great personal cost in their jobs or their social positions. Both of these are humbling and heartening discoveries.

Well, I could go on and on . . . I'm glad you told some of Larry's story (of course there is a great deal more to it, especially to the truly and deeply religious basis for his final decision, despite his disclaimer) in this issue of the Worker. Cases like this must become as widely known as possible, in order to give heart to other young people who may need only the encouragement of the discovery that they are not alone in their dangerous thoughts. This very evening the older brother of a young man, about nineteen told Larry's mother and me that his younger brother had told him that the only thing that prevented him from doing what Larry has done is that he

doesn't "have guts enough." And in almost exactly those words we have heard of a dozen others who may yet be influenced to take full responsibility for standing against the state. The savage sentence of four and one-half years I know has shocked some into stiffened resistance and a long step closer to final refusal to go on with the processes of the draft. Larry did not start out on his course of action with the idea of influencing anyone else; indeed, I think he had the artless notion that what he did would never concern anyone but himself and the law enforcement officers. But while he was out on bail he saw the influence his act was having on others, and now I think he feels as much responsibility toward his high school and college mates, quite directly, as he feels toward his own integrity and the general principle.

It seems I do go on and on!

Thanks for your letter of encouragement to Larry some weeks ago, and for your treatment of his story in the Catholic Worker. I hope you and I can become better acquainted, and especially I hope it will be possible for Larry to come to know you and your way of thinking.

Sincerely yours,
JOSEPH K. ATKINS.

NEEDY ORPHANS

Sacred Heart Convent,
Pondy High Road,
Villupuram,
South India.

Dear Friends:

I am a poor Carmelite of the Third Order. Our Apostolate is Contemplative as well as active. We are a Community of eleven working in this area.

The problem is how to provide clothing for the sixty orphans we have. Could you help us in any way? Any clothes and oddments will be kindly and greatly appreciated — soap powder, ribbons — even food stuffs will mean something to the poor little ones we have.

Mother Benigna of Jesus
P.S. Pictures, scraps and greeting cards will also be welcome to us.

AFRICA APPEAL

Dear Friends in Christ,

I have the honour most respectfully to submit this my pitiful note before you, and to lay my request before you in which I believe I will be granted for Christ sake.

My request consists of Rosaries, Crucifixes, Medals, Sunday missals, and Holy pictures.

Please dear friends in Christ; the purpose of having these things is not to enjoy its pleasure, but to teach my family, because they are backward in Christianity, and we are also lacking of all these things. I hope my request will be granted. Thanks in advance.

May health and prosperity await you in all your daily activities.

I remain Yours in,
Jesu, Christe,
Edem A. Ema
23 Anderson Street
Calabar, Nigeria
British West Africa

APPEALS

Appeals come to us from a friend of Pablo Hesslein, Casilla 9149, Santiago, de Chile, South America. Mr. Hesslein publishes anti-Fascist news letters, is a former victim of the Gestapo and now in exile in Chile and is fighting totalitarianism in South America. He is sick and poor and needs help. Can some German speaking friends get in touch with him.

Rev. William Garcia, St. Joseph's Orphanage, Liceo 17, Guadalajara, Mexico, writes to ask us if we will remember his 190 little girl orphans. Last January, he says, we had an appeal in the paper for him and it brought him in a hundred dollars. Please help him again.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

both very much in need of repair, but I can foresee that they are going to become hermitages before the summer begins.

I wish Joe Cuellar, who is living in a hermitage beside a brook out in New Mexico, would come back and take over one of ours. He could live in silence and manual labor, and he could relieve his solitude by going into the city for the apostolate of the streets, selling the paper. He was always a good example to us, was Joe. When he writes me he calls me Melania after the friend of St. Jerome.

Beauty

The window to my right (I have my back to the sunny window) looks north, and there is more subtle gradations of color in the scene because the sun is not in my eyes. There is a pearly haze in the air, cherry trees are black and beech trees pearly grey, and there is a pinkness about the ends of all the branches. The buds are swelling on some of the bushes, and the branches we bring in the house burst into leaf. Starlings cluster in the branches like leaves. There is no green yet, but only blue, lavender, pearl grey, yellow and brown, a delicate combination. There is a promise of warmth later in the day when the sun is stronger.

It is early morning. Irene and Isidore have gone for a two mile walk to the organic farm of Mr. Gericke to ask questions about pruning and to buy some black molasses for bread.

Hans is making a flight of steps into the attic over the men's side of the house, which will free the attic on the woman's side for a dormitory. I can see Marge and her four children rampaging around up there come a warmer week-end. The house is solid, and if Marge feels like teaching Johannah the polka—she used to dance it down the hills at Easton, with Leonard Austin—I am sure the house can stand it.

Work

Down stairs the baby is crying while Rita gets her breakfast ready, mashed prunes, baby cereal and milk, all mixed together deliciously. Little Rachel is three months old now and eats with avidity.

The finishing job on the bakery, the second coat of paint, is to be done today and soon the first batch of bread for the ambassadors of Christ (the bread-line) will be turned out and brought into the city. Albert, who is going to help Ruth bake, is down at the beach in search of clams and mussels to eat and seaweed for compost. He walks the two miles to the beach and returns with a heavy sack on his back.

These days when we go down the road through the woods for Mass at St. Louis Academy, the moon is still bright, but day is not far off. The sun is well up at seven a.m. and at six in the evening it is not really dark yet, but twilight. The days are getting longer. It is warmer by the sea than it is inland, so we expect to be planting salads and peas shortly. Our readers, suburban and country are going to rush for their seed catalogues, if they are not already at them.

To talk about these things, to write about them, to think about them, and then to do them—this is to be "on the side of life," as my son-in-law, Dave Hennessy would say.

It is a joyful thing that we have

home-made christ candles decorated with liturgical monograms done in oils. available for baptisms, feasts and dining table. size 13" x 2". price 1.25. order from st. bernard shop, cleveland, new mexico.

a baby on Staten Island. "We must always have a baby with us," Rita says. "When this one goes, we must find another mother and child." It makes us live pretty much in the joyful mysteries, to be around children.

Oh, yes, I well know we must go through the sorrowful to get to the glorious—that fact is dinned into our ears quite enough, and we have the realization of that on every side of us too. There are always the sick and suffering ones with us, and some times it seems as though half the household is sick in body or mind, possessed, or just plain drunk. To keep one's charity and peace of mind under these conditions which are pretty constantly with us, is to be living the entire rosary at once. With much work from morning to night, even though it is only letters and seeing visitors, there begins to be a timeless quality about our lives. We go through a gamut of rejoicing and grieving every day.

I do not mind speaking openly of this drunkenness, since it is a problem which afflicts many a family. Last week we had four women who were drinking (not together, each was going her own way). One would get straightened out and then relapse again. One of the men, who helps much when he is sober, was also drinking. When we said the rosary at noon, as we do each day for peace, he said it louder than any one, and emphasized his consciousness of himself — "pray for us sinners, NOW and at the hour of our death." Or it was, "pray for us SINNERS, now and at the hour of our death."

Community

Saturday afternoon I left the place and with this parting meditation to a few of the others. "Here we are supposed to be servants of the poor, of each other. We take pride in such terms, long used by religious orders. We don't want to be called social workers. Although we have an unjust and prideful scorn of them too often, just because Peter Maurin criticized them as trying to make people adapt themselves to their surroundings instead of trying to change the social order—to make the kind of society where it is easier for people to be good." If we are truly servants then we will keep at the job in humility, putting our 'mistresses' to bed, giving them black coffee, aspirin, cold compresses on the head, and urging them gently and respectfully to get back to bed to sleep it off.

"What a wonderful thought!" said Jack English enthusiastically as he wandered through the room where I was talking. "How tremendous are the implications of Christianity, of the sermon on the mount! It stuns you!"

"But I wouldn't work for such masters and mistresses," said another with plain commonsense. "I'd get another job."

"But suppose you had a family to support, and could get no other job."

The Little Way

At any rate, it seems to be our job, very often, and not at all the kind of job we picked out for ourselves. We all wanted to do important revolutionary work in the lay apostolate and here we find ourselves washing clothes, spreading compost, taking care of babies, putting drunks to bed, making coffee, mopping floors. And still we'd all rather do that than listen interminably to the stories of the poor, the complaints, the tragedies, the truth and the lies, the recriminations, the self complacencies of the streams of people coming in and out all day and every day, those who come to get help, and those who come because they want to be "in the apostolate" because they want to give it. It has gotten so that one is ashamed to be on the "giving side," to be in the position of dispensing. One needs to constantly remind one-

self that we too are truly on the receiving side and have received from others what they wish us to dispense with love. We are not only the servants of the poor but servants of those more comfortably off.

Yes, there are picket lines, literature to be distributed and I wish we had more to do it and more who realized the importance of doing it. There are meetings to address, and articles to write, and a book to finish and it is easy to lose oneself in the small demands of others, and not do one's proper work which one is obliged to do.

Oh these masters and mistresses of ours know full well the implication of the Gospel. Bill Evans, God rest his soul, used to follow me down the street calling, "Remember, Dorothy, seventy times seven." And Nellie will quote, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and as for being importunate — we are always being put into the position of being the unjust judge or reluctant friend! Tom Sullivan is in the worst position because he sleeps on the street floor and some erring brethren are always knocking on his window to be let in.

Lent

It may seem that I am speaking lightly of these things, but these are sorrowful mysteries indeed, the mystery of sin and suffering,



and how we are all members one of another, and drag each other down, or pull each other up.

It is still Lent and will be until we start getting our April issue ready for press. We are using the Lenten missal which Ade Bethune illustrated some years ago. Never are there more inspiring lessons than we read every day in the Old Testament and the New, the story of the widow's cruze, the story of Naaman the leper, the healings of the New Testament. All these stories are as good for today as they were then, and these things are still happening on every side, and we can expect them to happen.

"Hope," writes St. Thomas, "is that elevation of the soul, by which it confidently pursues a sublime and arduous good, despising and overcoming all the obstacles encountered." The sublime and arduous good we are pursuing is to grow in the love of God and of our brothers. "Do this and ye shall live," said our Lord.

WORK

"Anyone who has had his limbs broken by the effort of a day's work, of a day in which he has been subjected to the material world, carries the reality of the universe in his flesh like a thorn. The difficulty for him is to contemplate and to love; if he succeeds in doing so, then what he loves is reality itself. This is the immense privilege that God has reserved for His poor. But they are hardly ever aware of the fact. No one tells them. The excess of fatigue, financial worries and the lack of true culture prevent them from seeing it." (Simone Weil.)

Pacifism and Natural Morality

(Continued from page 1)

during certain periods of history but which of its nature is contrary to the full realization of a natural morality that is based upon the full potentialities of man's nature.

Grace

We are told that it is a moral impossibility for man to observe for any length of time the entirety of the moral code without the help of grace. It is the supernatural which confirms nature. It is grace that builds upon nature. Nature itself leads to grace. This is why it is that St. Thomas writes of man's nature, even after original sin, as being inclined to virtue. That is why it is that as we delve more into and discover more about man's nature we find that it leads to and anticipates the supernatural. That is why the non-violence taught in the Sermon on the Mount merely confirms what man's nature leads to, what a realization of man's natural perfection calls for. As it was realized that woman had a comparable dignity to that of man so was it realized that polygamy violated that dignity. As it was realized that children had dignity and rights so was it realized that divorce violated these things. As it was realized that all men are equal in the sight of God so was it realized that slavery violated that equality. And so, as it is realized that man's perfection consists in reason which differentiates him from the brute so is it realized that violence (which is unreasonable conduct) violates that perfection.

Man is unsatisfied because he fails to realize in himself or in his fellows full psychological satisfaction. The supernatural answers that need with transcendental values terminating in God. Man who is inclined to virtue is also inclined to vice, the supernatural supplies the means of grace to strengthen the inclination to virtue. In all these instances it is the case of man's nature leading to and calling for the supernatural. So that the supernatural confirms and supplies what is demanded for the full development of men. Revelation goes beyond reason but it does not contradict it. Indeed it merely supplies what reason itself would do were its powers more extensive than they are. So it is that, in this question of war, it is not a case of natural morality demanding one thing and the supernatural another. Of natural morality being expressed in the "just-unjust" treatment of war, which is based on the rule of equity—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Rather that represents but a stage in human development, a stage which did not take full account of man's nature, which did not realize that it was to sanction unreasonable conduct (because it sanctioned the use of violence which is unreasonable). That man's nature (and consequently natural morality) leads in the direction of the supernatural, not away from it. But if natural morality were static and stopped with the eye for an eye concept—which is really another way of expressing the "right" of self-defense—then indeed there would be antipathy between such a natural morality and the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount which calls for a going beyond the rule of justice. Consequently it seems to me that we must maintain that pacifism is part and parcel of natural law because it stems from reason as against the use of violence which, says St. Thomas, is unreasonable.

St. Thomas

But, it will be objected, St. Thomas justified war under certain conditions. That is so. So, in certain periods of history, were many things justified which no theologian would justify today. Slavery, polygamy, divorce. Yes, but that was under the Old Dispensation in the latter two cases. Well, let us be frank about this and ask ourselves if there is anything

specifically Christian about St. Thomas' rules for a just war. Do they not, after all, amount to an application of the eye for an eye morality? And could they not as well have been conditions laid down by a non-Christian philosopher? Are they not, after all, but the expression of "fair play" akin to the rules for a baseball game? Do they indeed require more than reason to work them out? I think we must concede that they represent but a stage in the realization of man's nature (and we are always learning more of man's nature), they do not therefore exhaust the possibilities of the subject and they leave open a progression to pacifism as being more in accord with the full development of man and as confirmed in the supernatural. War, then, like polygamy, is unreasonable (in the final sense) and, as being such, is opposed to natural morality.

Determinism

Then the question comes up—granted that this be so can we do other than wait till all men are convinced of the superior value of non-violence? Must we not in the meantime continue to fulfill our obligations to society under the prevailing ethical concepts? Must we not desist from advocating and acting on a type of morality that is apparently too advanced for the generalization of mankind? A moment's reflection on the consequences of such a view should convince the Christian, anyway, that such is not feasible. For it would mean that Christ was not justified in preaching and acting on His doctrine until all men were developed to the point where they would accept it as the norm of society. It would mean that, as long as society at large accepted divorce, Catholics also should accept it. That it would be presumptuous and proud to do otherwise. As indeed pacifists are reproached with being presumptuous and proud. But all of this is a type of determinism which holds that man as an individual, does not count. That he can do nothing. That he should do nothing outside the prevailing ethos of the community. That when the community becomes pacifist, he may become pacifist. That when the community becomes Christian, he may become Christian. And so it destroys individual action as of no account. It is unfortunately an attitude prevalent in certain Catholic intellectual circles today. It is a conception that would effectually destroy the whole basis of Christianity. It is a conception which even those who advocate it in regards to pacifism stop short in horror at advocating it in other fields that would have more direct repercussions on the Catholic body today.

Things have come to such a pass today that it is time we relegate war to the same status as we have relegated formal slavery. That we take for granted that it is a barbarous and unreasonable method of behavior, that it is unworthy the dignity of man, that it is in opposition to the natural law which springs from that dignity. And that one by one, as we realize this, we act in accordance with it and by our refusals to participate in war add our very small contribution to that time when it may be realized socially and when pacifism may be the norm of society.

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
DOROTHY DAY
\$1

Order from
CATHOLIC WORKER
223 Chrystie Street
New York 2, N. Y.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

was Mr. Arrone's first visit to our Chrystie street home. He complimented the place and said we could not have done better for the price. Mr. Arrone had some sad news for us regarding himself and his elderly wife. They, too, now have to move from the old place where we were neighbors at 115 Mott street. Their rent for a two and a half room apartment has been raised from \$18 to \$65 per month. The new owner justifies this drastic increase upon the new improvements that have been made throughout the house. However, this prosperity is to be short-lived since the morning papers reveal that the city has decided that a huge housing project shall replace the old homestead at 115 Mott plus hundreds of other buildings in the area.

After Mr. Arrone departed a few of us here attempted to come to a conclusion as to which was the lesser of the two evils, the housing project or the expensive tenement with the greedy landlord. It didn't take long to come to the conclusion that the housing project was not the lesser of the two evils. At least the terrible drawbacks of the tenement are easily discerned whereas the cancerous defects of the housing project are quite subtle. Due to the strict regulations regarding the limited number of people that can occupy each apartment birth control is practically coerced. However, that is only one of the most obvious pitfalls, there are others that one fails to observe at first blush such as the inevitable suffocation of all creative ability of the individual soul, plus the terrible feeling of dependency upon the government, to mention a couple.

Our reading of E. B. White's story, "The Door," brought out quite clearly the rat race modern man is confronted with. White compares man's excruciating predicament to a certain laboratory experiment with a rat. Driving the rat mad was the lofty objective of the experiment. This is accomplished by placing the rat in a cage whereby the physical apparatus is being constantly changed as soon as the poor animal learns the meaning of each object around it. Thus as the rat learns that a door is a means of exit it is changed to an impregnable wall and a piece of

bread is turned into a stone and so on. As with man the life of the rat in this cage is marked off into three stages as he is frustrated time and time again, these are convulsions, exhaustion and finally passivity.

The Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn., is publishing a 15-cent pamphlet on the sacrament of matrimony titled "Holy Marriage," by Karl Adam. We had the pleasure of reading this article and decided that it was the best thing of its length on the subject of marriage that we have come across. So some one remarked, if after reading Karl Adams' treatment of wedlock one is still unmarried he should have a very good reason for so being. The pamphlet is that powerful.

A cardiac acquaintance of ours has been trying to get on relief these past few days. This man is in need of a special salt diet and a private room in order to continue to survive. Thus far the relief agency have failed to give this man 10 cents worth of help and have done nothing but plied him with questions besides having him fill out forms. At present they are telling him to set quiet while they investigate his family background. The other day the social worker in charge of his case phoned us to check on the validity of his answers to questions that had been put to him. Not unlike a district attorney and in a very patronizing manner the lady detective applied a series of questions. Did he drink? Was he a spendthrift? It is a fearful thing to contemplate the tremendous power some people have within their jurisdiction—that of controlling the actual bread that goes into someone else's mouth. There they sit at a phone poking a pencil through their hair while they play a routine game of the cat and mouse questions. Of course our reactions to this whole situation just fell short of words that would have made the air blue. Still it wasn't much consolation to realize that the social workers were not responsible for the mess that all of us are in today.

On the heels of the skirmish battle with the relief agency another casualty of the relief department arrived in our offices. This woman was an elderly person. She is on relief at the present but expects to be liquidated from the receiving end in a matter of days. She claims that the inspector general relief worker is frequently around her apartment nosing and harassing the poor old woman with questions and making constant unvelled remarks about severance from the relief roles. You don't have to leave the city to see people living under conditions similar to those living in occupied countries, much as I hate to admit it. You don't need a degree in social work to know that this poor old lady is really a simple minded person and has to be cared for by the city, the state, or some charitable group. She was about as naive and guileless a person as you could meet. She protested very mildly that she was unable to work and was asking us in a very child-like manner what would become of her when her relief was cut off. She asked as to how she would dispose of her few sticks of furniture. Also how could she retain her keepsakes and other articles with sentimental value. As she was leaving we were happy to be able to invite her to join our household whenever she was in need. Her visit left us with a horrible feeling of helplessness and rage.

A secular priest friend sent us a donation some weeks ago. He wrote that the money was the sum total received from parishioners for such functions as baptisms and weddings. He said that he had tried to discourage his people from making such offerings for his participation in the sacraments administered. This sort of advice only served to confuse and perplex his good people. Consequently to spare them this embarrassment he informed them that he was passing

on their offerings to the poor. This gesture made the people and the priest happy, not to mention us. He said he didn't need the money and felt awful about accepting it. He also suggested that I mention this means of disposal in this column in order to assist other priests in deterring the clink of money around the baptismal font. I don't think he stopped and considered the reaction of the average priest to this proposal. It is only at his request that I mentioned this plan of his.

Another letter brought us news of our friend Bill who was sent to Harts Island rehabilitation center last month for sixty days in lieu of a jail sentence for vagrancy. The letter stated very clearly that he is disappointed with the lack of rehabilitation that is promised to each client in residence on the island. In effect, Bill claimed that the entire stay is a waste of time for anyone able to work on the outside. Besides the people in charge procure no jobs or positions for those matriculating from the center. Nor is there any clothes or financial assistance provided for those returning to the

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



outside world. A priest arrives at the island each Sunday morning to say Mass. Bill claims that there is no opportunity to go to Confession since you don't see the priest before or after the Mass.

We had a rather bold reading post card the other morning bearing the name of the Accurate Business Service. They maintain that they have a list of 50,000 names who gave recently to Catholic Charity. They are only too willing to sell 1000 for the small sum of twelve dollars. They also offer the service of handling your complete mailing campaign on fund raising. Maybe I am just narrow minded but this sort of thing makes the basketball fix business at Madison Square Garden appear respectable.

A young married GI who recently graduated from a law school paid us a visit last month. We hadn't seen him for several months and naturally asked numerous questions. He replied that his first child was born with much difficulty to the mother and child. And he had to stay home and look after the mother and child when he should have been out looking for work but had no alternative since he couldn't find a woman to help out. When he finally did begin the search for a job he ran up against a wall when the prospective employers learned that he was a reserve officer with the Air Force. After a few months he finally located a job with an insurance firm. While he was pounding the pavements in search of a job he knew that he could walk into a job with the FBI immediately if he so desired. I asked him why he hadn't taken the job with them since many fellows would take a worse job in similar circumstances. He answered that

First Carthusians in America

St. Bruno, the founder of the Carthusians, was born in Cologne, Germany, about 1030. He was educated in France and was noted for his great learning. Called to solitude, where he could serve God best, he founded his famous Order high up in the snow-clad Alps, near Grenoble, in the year 1084. This desolate, abandoned region is now the "Grand Chartreuse" and Mother-House. All off-shoots or foundations, are known as Charter Houses, a word derived from Chartreuse.

This Order is considered by many to be the strictest Order in the Church. The greatest part of a Carthusian's life is lived alone with God in prayer, in his own little hermitage. Catch the meaning in this sentence. "Most priests speak to people about God. The Carthusians speak to GOD about people."

To evaluate the Carthusians at their real worth, we must have a true concept of activity. Life is found in its ultimate perfection in GOD, Whose Nature is identical with HIS Intelligence. (St. Thomas Aquinas). Therefore, a life devoted to thought is more like God's Life. St. Thomas Aquinas was an intellectual giant and a religious genius. His superiors saw this and provided leisure and solitude for him. We have been reaping the fruit of his solitude and prayer for six hundred years in clarity of doctrine. Solitude properly used is the most valuable activity for God and man. God be praised for St. Bruno and his sons!

The Carthusians are not boastful. But their friends herald this remarkable fact, namely, that the Carthusian Order is the only Order in the Church that never needed a reform. No less authority than Pius XI has noted that they have preserved untarnished the first fervor of their saintly founder. They tolerate no laxity, favoring the theory, that to once lay down a burden, it requires greater strength to pick it up again.

I was one time chaplain of the Little Sister of the Poor. Thinking that they would welcome a trip to the theatre, to see "Charlie's Aunt," a play we were putting on in the College, I invited them to see it. The good Mother graciously turned down the offer in these words: "We would no doubt enjoy the comedy, but we are happy here in our work. To us, these are two kinds of refreshments that don't mix. We believe in staying where our happiness is secure." There is Carthusian wisdom in her remark!

The founders of the "Catholic Worker" and their faithful disciples will appreciate the Carthusians. They know loneliness, cold, fasting, and long vigils. They are kindred spirits. "To know how to be poor, is to know all things." The Catholic Workers are the Marthas, the Carthusians are the Marys. And God loves them both.

In 1559 an effort was made in Mexico City to bring the Carthusians to America. Two priests and one lay Brother came from Europe, to look over the site. The authorities accepted the offer, but when it came time to apply for the charter, the King of Spain refused them the new foundation.

Nearly four hundred years after, we find the Carthusians considering our pleas to come and bless this land of liberty with their prayers and sacrifices. They are here. But will they stay? Ah, that depends on us. They need vocations and financial help. Since they arrived a few months ago, over 100 have applied for admission. Money is coming in; in a trickle. When they and their work are better known, the sponsors feel the necessary financial help will be forthcoming.

Miss Elizabeth Pierce (convert) has donated her 550-acre farm in Whitingham, Vt., for the first charter house in the Western Hemisphere. They opened the foundation with Midnight Mass and called the chapel for Our Lady of Bethlehem. Dom Pablo Maria, O.Cart. said the Mass. Father Moore is an American, in his early seventies, a professor at the Catholic University in Washington, D. C., lecturer, and author. He holds a Ph.D. and M.D. (John Hopkins), and is noted for his brilliant record in higher education.

St. Bruno admired the Fathers of the Desert and wanted to imitate them. He thought out a plan whereby a greater number could more easily fulfill this vocation. So he designed the cottage system or single hermitages for each priest. These single dwellings consist of a work-room, oratory, study, and a "bunk" for their few hours of sleep. A Carthusian usually eats alone and Brothers prepare and bring him his meals. They are vegetarians and never eat breakfast. Meat isn't even served to guests in any charter house. The Community Church is their pride and joy. Here they gather for parts of the Divine Office and the unending, adorable Sacrifice of the Mass.

Dom Pablo Maria has written three brochures since his arrival here. They are necessarily brief, but fulfill an urgent need as an introduction to the great Order. Let us hope that soon there will be a sufficient reading matter in English on this ancient Order, and what they stand for.

Anyone interested, may obtain these brochures by writing to this address:

Friends of the Carthusians in America,
164 Lexington Avenue,
New York City—16,
New York.

All financial help should be sent to:

The Carthusian Foundation in America, Inc.,
47 East 92nd Street,
New York City,
New York,
c/o Mr. Robert L. Hoguet.

The general chapter will meet in the Grand Chartreuse late in April. At that time they will pass on the advisability of a charter house in the United States. It is safe to say that vocations are budding. Will enough generous souls, who love God, be found to finance this foundation? We must preserve this country from total Paganism. And in doing this, we may save this great Order from extinction. Communism is marching Westward! Whitingham charter house may yet serve as a place of refuge for the sons of St. Bruno.

REV. F. A. MCGINLEY,
St. Thomas Aquinas Rectory,
Archibald, Pa.

he didn't like the way those people went about prying into so many peoples lives. Times have changed, needless to add, since I can remember when we were in high school the FBI was considered to be a very heroic crowd and the envy of all the kids.

Since the beginning of Lent a few of us have made several trips up to Corpus Christi Church at 121st Street and Amsterdam Avenue alongside of Columbia University. Aside from it being a real joy to participate in the excellent

liturgical services in that church we were further privileged to listen to Father Martin D'Arcy the renowned Jesuit priest from England. The long trips up and back were worth all of the trouble. We can't remember when we heard a better speaker with so much to offer to his listeners.

Although we are not posting a speakers schedule notice in this issue of the paper we still are having our Friday night talks at eight o'clock. All are invited and welcomed.

Treatise on the Love

Theotimus, to love our neighbor in charity is to love God in man, or man in God; it is to hold God alone dear for his own sake and the creature for the love of Him . . . Ah! then, Theotimus, when we see a neighbor who is created to the image and likeness of God, ought we not to say one to another: "Observe and see this creature, how he resembles the Creator? Might we not cast ourselves upon his neck, to caress him and weep over him with love? Should we not bless him a thousand and a thousand times? And why? For the love of him? No verily: for we know not whether he be worthy of love or hatred in himself; but wherefore then? O Theotimus! for the love of God, who has made him to his own image and likeness, and consequently capable of participating in his goodness, in grace and in glory. For the love of God, I say, from whom he is, whose he is, by whom he is, in whom he is, for whom he is, and whom he resembles in a most particular manner. Wherefore the love of God not only oftentimes commands the love of our neighbor, but itself produces this love and pours it into man's heart, as its resemblance and image: for even as man is the image of God, so the sacred love of man towards man, is the true image of the heavenly love of man towards God.

Book X, Chap. XI,
St. Francis de Sales

The Fruits of Wonders

(Continued from page 3)

grim-staff, and lo! that doubt was never any more.

VI How Winter's Boughs Did Once More Bear

NOW THERE WAS ONCE, in another and an ancient day, in the midst of declaiming and cold winds of winter, when the only gardens in all Italy, and in all the winter's earth, were those in icy splendor on the panes, in a chill cell in the Monastery of Santa Maria Maddalena, a certain servant of God Most Blessed, who lay on her bed fevered and chill, whose sufferings' end was nearing accomplishment. Long had she lain, in praise among the rackings of her pains, in heats and in colds, and long had the days been grey, long had the wintriness of earth been stark beneath the sky, all gnarled and leafless boughs—but always that most blessed servant of God was full of ardor for the ending of her days. Yet there was a day of pain, and then another eve again, and yet there was more anguish and more praise, and still her pallor and the parching of her thirsting lips remained.

Now afar from this Monastery there lived a certain woman, and one who came, through all the shadowless wintriness of that country of hills set bleakly against the bleaks of sky, of leafless and rattling branch, and windy sigh, to comfort as she could that blessed nun's travail and her vigil to speak forth as praise all, and her last and least of breaths, her least of sighs. Now when she came to those chill and vaulted rooms where, yet, in winter, amongst the smells of flaming logs in the hooded and great fireplaces, there lay something of an odor, strange, of flowering and other days, and of a flowering of no known bough, and to that blessed nun's cell she had been led, within, in all that chill and winter, in all the sounding of the winds, she found that nun, in all the fullness of her pain, so full of ardor that, suddenly, her eyes were full of tears, and that comfort she had come to give she sensed was nothing, nothing, to the comfort of that nun in all the pain in which she lay. At the sight of that nun's suffering, and from the odors of psalms that were upon her breath, that woman would then have turned away: yet that blessed nun detained her joyously, and so fully rejoiced was she that presently that woman had forgotten her humbled grief, and found that the touch of that blessed nun's hand on her hand was a comfort, a relief.

And so they spent the hours, and so they spent the eve.

Now when the greyness darkened, and the briefness of the day, in a pale ruddiness, passed away, that woman rose, full of the comfort with which she had not come, and spoke. Even in so much sickness and so much pain, and to so much more praise, was there not, she asked, something, some simple thing, that even she might do to give to that blessed nun some more of pleasure? And then that nun did turn to her and say, "Yes: when you return your way to Rocca Porrena, go on the morrow to the house where I once lived. When you have come to that garden that was mine, gather there one rose

which you will find, and that rose bring to me."

Greatly did that woman marvel that so that blessed nun did speak, for from the windows there was early dark, and in all that dark the winter roamed, and in the rising wind of nightfall every bough rattled leafless and unsapped and dry. So with a tenderness of doubt, she promised, and went her way.

Now the morrow was as much, and yet again was more, of winter and of wind, and leafless, and uncolored grey. And that woman looked out upon the winter's world and sighed, but with the wind blowing her hugged and heavy cloak, and with that greyness of sky to weight like lead her step, through the bleak streets and bleaker lanes, to Rocca Porrena, nevertheless, she made her way. And when she had come to that blessed nun's casa, and came to its garden by the gate, in all the garden only the wind did move and chilly sigh, and only leafless branches did it show. So down those cold paths that woman sadly and shiveringly did go. Though the wind swept past and sighed, yet she was undeterred when never a leaf even of weathered oak left dangling did she spy: for all were unleafed and empty ways, and all was dreariness and wind. Still on those paths she sought, and took account of every unleafed and stirring branch, and every dismal twig, as someone in an ancient time might have scanned the bleaks of earth for word or token less of winter, less of death, or as in distant darkness one just man might long have sought in all the ancient lamentations and their woes something for his hope.

—But was there then some sound of leaf, perhaps one clump last and withered? The brushing sound, she turned to, and there, in an embrasure of the boughs, not withered but green leaves were there, and there, indeed, a rose. Wondering, made glad, she gathered it, and cherished it beneath her cloak, and went as one with a treasure of greatness to that Monastery's walls, and sought the gate.

Within, as no rose seemed rare or beautiful before, so there did that rose seem. From all the vaulted corridors and all the draughty rooms, the rustle came of nuns and their hushed marvelling. Then to that pale and fevered nun, like a victorious trophy against the darks and wintriness, that rose was borne. Well was she rejoiced, and in the cold and draughty cell, that rose was laid like a blessing on her breast.

Now when the day again had deepened into the first wintry tinge of evening, in that cell the woman rose to leave. And as she bent above that blessed nun's head again, again she sought to please her, and she asked, as she had asked before, if still there were not something she might do to ease her travail and her pain.

And then that blessed nun smiled again, turning in her hands that one and wintry rose, and said:

"Yes! Since you are so kind, when to Rocca Porrena you return, on the morrow, will you go again into my garden, and bring to me from thence two ripe figs?"

Now though she wondered much,

and smiled to see all the wintry darks that filled the windows, and hear outside the wind, and saw the frosts make white forests of the pane, that woman did assent, and went her way.

But on the morrow, when she rose, it was wintry yet, and winter yet again. But though the wind thrashed the windows with the leafless boughs, and all the clouds were dark, and all the day's colours were grey, again she wrapped about her her warmest cloak, and went again in at that garden's gate.

Now wintrier by one more day of wintry wind and icy cold that garden lay, and wintrier yet it seemed, for there she knew no rose could be on any bough. So down the paths she went, and every bough was bleak, and every way was wintry that she went: there bush and branch were bleak, there branch and bush were without leaf. She shivered in the wind, and gasped forth her whited breath, yet beneath the bare branch of every tree she went until the fig-trees had been reached, and on them hung not one dry leaf. Nor wind deterred her, nor the leafless trees against the grey, cold sky. Each bough she scanned, and when she could see no leaf even of winter, undeterred, she scanned the boughs again. And there, in the midst of the fig-trees, on one bough, were two shapes of no winter's trees, and no fruits for leafless boughs. And when she bent that branch, there were two figs, unwrinkled and untinged by cold, and full of a rich odour. Now with joy she picked them, and hid them in the folds of her heavy wrap, and hurried on her way, and at Santa Maria Maddalena made a joyful clamour at the gate, and when it opened, brought at once the wonder of the two figs to that blessed nun.

—So it was that she who lay in anguish and in pain for one winter and many months, and many months and then another winter, and for a twelfth month full, and then three more, and all of them of bareness and cold, and of heat and fullness of green, that blessed nun, Rita of Cascia, who made them full of praise of The Most Blessed God, even for her pain, whose anguish spoke more clearly love than countless sweetened tongues, had from the winter's branch a rose, and from the dead earth's fruitlessness, ripely, two figs.

CORRECTION

In regard to my article on Eric Gill in the WORKER (Nov., '50)—I was a little careless in my passing reference to the enclosures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when I used the words "enclosure laws." My point did not hinge at all on the latter word (laws), but it would be well to call to attention my inappropriate use of it in the article, since some readers might have come away with the mistaken impression that the English Government backed the cruel practices of the landlords from their inception in the 1400's. Actually, it took two hundred years—until about 1688—for the middle class landowners and merchants to change the deep-rooted philosophy of social responsibility which characterized the Middle Ages to a self-interest philosophy generally accepted (or at least generally suffered) by the people and seated in Parliament in the persons of "solid" gentry and merchants. In other words, the detestable social legislation of the nineteenth century had its conception in the meeting of selfish interest and Renaissance "freedom," but the Renaissance itself, while giving the nod, was not yet ready to speak the strictly legalizing word. It left that to the passage of the time and the flood tide of the poor man's blood.

Brother KERRAN DUGAN

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

The Problem of War and the Old Testament

(Continued from page 1)

wrong for the Jews to fight unless they have the approval of God."

"Not the approval," I said, "the command."

"That's right," he said.

There was another pause and then he said.

"Have you read the New Testament?"

I said I had.

"A fellow told me that it's contradictory, too," he said.

"Do you mean about war?"

"Yes," he said. "He said that in one place it has Jesus commanding people to resist not evil and in another it has Him scourging the money-changers and driving them out of the Temple. That's a contradiction."

"It seems to be," I said, "but Christians would say the same thing of these texts that we say of ours, namely that they can't be contradictory because the Christian Gospels are 'true altogether.'"

There was another pause, and then he said, "I bet I can help them out of that one. In the first place, Jesus is supposed to have been meek, isn't He?" "The meekest," I said. "And weak?—He wasn't a giant, was He?" "No," I said, "not as far as I know. As far as I know, He had not great physical strength."

"Well, then," said the young man, "how could one weak man drive a bunch of men out of anywhere? He must have scared them out, the way the prophets scared people, and 'scoured' them the way the prophets scourged people."

"I should think," I said, "that that would sound sensible to a Christian, if the Gospels must be true. But," I added, "I have another idea. Let's pretend what we don't believe—namely, that Jesus, with a scourge or knout, and by violence, drove all the money-changers out of the Temple. Christians who fight, when Jesus commanded them not to—and say 'But Jesus fought' must think that they are as good as He is. And Jews fought, when God doesn't command them to—and say, 'But we fought before'—must think they are as good as God is."

"Who do they think they are?" said the young man.

"And who do we think we are?" I said, "you and I?"

"God isn't commanding me to fight now," he said, "so I guess I shouldn't."

"Has He ever?" I said.

"Well," said the young man, "I enlisted in the army in the last war. I thought we should fight the Nazis, I guess, but I wasn't thinking about God. I enlisted to get away from home. Things were terrible at home."

"Did you fight?" I said.

"Me personally?" he said. "No, I didn't get sent over until the war was almost over, and then I got sent to the Philippines, and the war was over there. Even so, I didn't like it."

"Nobody does," I said.

"I didn't like the idea of a gun," he said, "of shooting somebody."

"Did you shoot somebody?"

"Not exactly," he said.

"And how do you go about shooting somebody not exactly?"

"I was ordered to," he said, "I didn't."

"They can shoot you for that," I said.

"I know."

There was another silence, and then I said, "How did it happen?"

"I was guarding stores," he said, "and the guerillas—the Huks—were stealing from them. We were ordered to shoot on sight, without challenging because they never answered the challenge, they just shot if they had guns. I guess other people, just hungry Filipinos, were trying to steal, too, but you couldn't tell the difference, so were ordered to shoot on sight."

"Well, one night, I saw a Filipino sneaking up, and I knew I was supposed to shoot him, and I got a bead on him, but I didn't want to shoot him."

"Why not?" I said.

"I didn't want to shoot somebody for a couple of tires," he said. "I just couldn't do it. Not for a couple

ple of tires. So I lowered my gun and challenged him, which I wasn't supposed to do."

"What did he do?"

"He shot at me and ran. He didn't hit me."

"What did you do then?" I said.

"Nothing," he said.

"Not even after he shot at you?"

"No. I didn't want to shoot anybody. I didn't know what I would have done if he had stayed there shooting. I guess I'd have shot back."

"What happened then?" I said.

"When I got back to quarters the next morning, my embarkation orders were there. I turned in my equipment the same day and we rode in trucks to the embarkation point for home. It was six weeks before we sailed, but I never had a gun in my hand again."

Neither of us said anything.

"I've been glad ever since that I didn't shoot that Filipino. My last night. I didn't want to shoot anybody, and I got out of it without having to."

Another pause.

"But I might not be so lucky the next time."

"Do you mean?" I said, "that you might get shot?"

"Well—partly that. Sure. But what I'm glad about is that I didn't shoot that Filipino. So it's partly getting shot, but it's partly shooting. And the more I've thought about it, these last five years, the more I say, 'I won't shoot a man.' But I don't know if a Jew can be a conscientious objector. I wanted you to advise me."

"My advice," I said, "as an Old Talmudist, is that if you are a Jew and you won't shoot a man, a Jew can be a conscientious objector."

CONVICTS PROTEST

(Continued from page 1)

ment that conditions are better than ever before. And yet it is impossible to conceive of 37 men resorting to such painful tactics in order to "get their names in the paper."

State officials dismiss the protest as "psychopathic" and consider the neurotic histories of the prisoners as an explanation. At the same time they admitted that guards struck prisoners in self-defense. It is strange that armed guards must strike a prisoner—in "self-defense." It bankrupts "modern" ideas of humane punishment if this incident is dismissed as "psychopathic."

What does become clear is that only the constant interest of the people can create a humane penal system. The naive days of belief in a formula of humanitarian punishment are gone. The indeterminate sentence has not ended the tragedy of our prisons. And Shaw's cynical principle, "Kill them, but don't cage them" seems nearer the truth.

But these ideas can be effective if they cease to be formula and become a call for the treatment of prisoners as persons. This requires more than a sporadic horror when heel-slashing incidents make their way into editorials. It demands that individuals take upon themselves those virtues which early Christianity considered important—that the people visit the prisons. It demands that religious groups take special interest in the welfare of the men in jails and that they exert all their influence to protect the dignity of prisoners as individual human beings.

The heel-slashing at the Louisiana prison is not a mere indictment of one warden, or one governor, or one prison system. It is an indictment of the apathy of the people who leave it to the representatives to legislate humanitarianism. Wherever the fault lies in this particular case, it should be brought to light. But regardless of the outcome of the investigation, the fact that 37 men had to slash their heels in order to place their case before the public is a grisly reminder of the guilt and failure of the people in the practice of Christian duty.

—Michael Harrington.

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