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Capital Punishment

By ROBERT LUDLOW

in English by Catholic theologians on capital punishment. That is from the standpoint of opposition to it. I remember a paragraph or so in one of Father Luigi Sturzo's books and then a statement from Father Weir who was for many years chaplain at Joliet prison. Father Sturzo feels that capital punishment is a relic of barbarism and that as we outgrow this and become socially mature we will eliminate it. Father Weir opposes capital punishment on both ethical and pragmatic grounds. Ethical, because he feels it is but an application of the pre-Christian principle of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. Pragmatical because, on the basis of statistics, he finds that it does not decrease the amount of crime—that a comparinot have capital punishment and

There isn't a great deal written those who do fail to show any English by Catholic theologians significant difference. If people realize this and still want capital punishment then it is simply that they want vengeance-and vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.
One's Ideology

I bring this matter up again because of the Rosenbergs. And because some Catholics and some liberals have made it an article of faith to believe in the guilt of the Rosenbergs and to clamor for their execution. There seems to be little concern for the truth in all this. One judges the Rosenbergs guilty or not guilty depending on one's ideology. If you are a Communist you believe it self evident the Rosenbergs are not guilty, if you are a certain type of Catholic or a certain type of liberal you believe them guilty. In all of this there son of crime statistics between is little concern for the Rosenbergs those states and countries that do themselves or the case on its own (Continued on page 6)

The Sword Is Not the Answer

"We see the work of the devil spreading throughout the world today and we are appalled by the wickedness of it all. We are overwhelmed with the compromise of ostensibly sincere and good men with the forces of evil.

We see the church in many countries back to the days of the catacombs with our bishops, priests, sisters and brothers murdered or in chains.

We see large standing armies ready for the march of plunder and rapine and murder and the subjugation of whole peoples into slavery. And with our souls groaning in anguish, we ask ourselves: "What can we do about it?" Shall we, the followers of the gentle Christ, take the sword and place our hope in retaliation and revenge?

The answer to that question was given by Christ in the Garden of Gethsemane as Peter drew his sword and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest. "Put up again thy sword into its place," Christ said, "for all who take the sword shall perish with the sword." The sword then is not the answer and it never was the way of Christ."

Excerpted from a sermon given at St. Patrick's Cathedral by Reverend David Gannon of the Graymoor Fransiscan Friars of the Atonement. Cardinal Spellman presided at the Mass on January 15, 1953 which marked the end of the Chair of Unity Octave.



Holy Father Begs Mercy For the Rosenbergs

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Pope Pius XII has intervened to ask for clemency for the Rosenbergs. He did not do so out of consideration of the merits of the case, but because of motives of

That is the fact. It is largely unacceptable to the American press, and every effort has been made to suppress or impeach it.

The Press

The story broke in the American press on February 13. At that time was given a straightforward statement. Thus, the New York World Telegram eight-column banner: "Pope Urged Mercy For A-Spies," and the subhead, "Charity-Not Merit of Case-

The World Telegram story was a United Press dispatch from Vatican City. It quoted Osservatore Romano, semi-official Vatican paper: "As he has mercifully done in other similar cases, so also in this one he has not failed to 'in-

tervene. . . ."
The New York Times story, a special dispatch from their correspondent, Arnaldo Cortesi, substantiated the Pope's intervention. It made a point of the fact that intervention was not unusual "L'Osservatore Romano was careful to point out that when it was a matter of saving human lives, the Pope never refused to intervene, 'though without being able to enter into the merits of the case.'" The Times listed recent appeals: for the Italian General,

(Continued on page, 7) ...



A CHILD CONTRACTOR CON

Spring begins in February, I tell everyone exultantly, but if they don't visit the country they won't know it. Tamar's garden has snow drops blooming and they came out on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.

I went there the other day and found Mary Elizabeth sitting on a heap of dirt, watching John Murray dig a ditch for a drain from the cellar so that Tamar can set up her laundry in the cellar instead of in the bathroom. Mary Elizabeth, 19 months old, is only as big as a minute, but full of a tremendous energy and joy of life. At that moment she was still, quietly enjoying a large hunk of clayey dirt which she ate while she watched John, I hear that down south there are regions where people are known as clay eaters and medical men have decided there is something in the soil craved and needed by those who eat it. But all children love to eat dirt.

Nickie, the terror, is the most talkative member of the family. He is a great conversationalist and his contain all intonations, moods, emotions. He boasts, he thrusts out his chest, he is deepvoiced and aggressive, he struts; or he is tender, embracing his little sister, having just knocked her down; or "I'll kiss Granny," implying that none else will, and he will come to the rescue; or he is full of fierce excitement over a dog, a bird, a truck, a bus, which he calls upon everyone to share; or resigna-tion, "Okay, all right, I won't,"

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CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

trip to Europe it is somewhat difficult to become oriented once again to St. Joseph's house here on Chrystie street. On the morning of my return I mentioned to Bob Ludlow that the office seemed black and empty. I seriously asked whether or not there was something missing like a wall or a big piece of furniture.

The first few days at home found me reflecting on the many things that had happened to me during my sojourn. A good deal of which I failed to write up in the last issue of the Catholic Worker. Then again you are consciously aware when writing this type of column that the readers are not interested in everything you might have done from tying your shoelaces to brushing your hair.

This is simply a buildup to telling you that I must add a few items to my itinerary on the Flight to

In Rome I was properly impressed with the frugal if not poverty stricken lives that the nuns and clergy were living. In their travels they were jammed in buses and streetcars like the majority of populace in motion. I failed to see one of them riding around in private cars or taxicabs—I looked hard, too. Their clothing was generally of coarse cloth and frequently well worn. Their churches were unheated and consequently cold and damp. In one of the first ranking universities, I had the opportunity to visit a professor-priest's study goom where he prepared his classes and slept during the nights. His room was cold and bare of furniture. With some reluctance I removed my overcoat at the polite invitation of the priest. I was inspired to realize that this man was able to carry out his work in such an austere atmosphere. Yet the man was cheerful about it all. He acknowledged that it was pretty cool but avoided talking the subject

dinary newspaper correspondent

After spending two weeks on a whom I was fortunate to meet Italy and her people very well, He spoke among many other things about the Kinsey Report. He said that the Report made quite a stir in several other countries but practically went unnoticed in Italy. He was of the firm opinion that the majority of the Italians believed that there was very little that they could learn about sex from Mr. Kinsey.

> Judging from the number of sidewalk salesmen that I came across in Rome I decided that there must be a goodly number of houses of prostitution in that city. These houses are legalized and I am of the impression that they play a heavy part in forming the casual attitude that the Italians have on the subject of sex. Or maybe their existence is a result of this attitude. There is a valiant woman in Roman politics who is carrying on a heavy campaign to effect laws which will close up these houses of sin. Needless to state this female reformer is receiving little or no support in this endeavor.

> On a couple of occasions I saw funerals in Italy. The mourners fol-low the corpse which is carried in a four wheeled carriage hearse drawn by six big black horses. The driver can be seen sitting up on the top seat of the hearse unprotected from the weather. He wears a top hat, black suit, white tie and shirt. It was a very striking picture and I thought that this was the manner in which one's body should be brought to his final resting

A few days ago I received a note from an individual working for a fairly well-known book publishing house. They asked if we would send them a few back copies of the Catholic Worker. They wanted to see some more of Chrystie street column — might be interesting enough to make a book. After a good deal of kidding about this proposed project I almost fell over a wastepaper basket trying to reach Then there was a most extraor- for the back copies of the Catholic

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STOOK PATRICK

Editorial

Police Brutality and The F. B. I. Deal

The revelation of a deal between Police Commissioner George Monaghan of New York and the Federal Bureau of Investigation points up the fact that police brutality is not only a Southern problem—but a universal one. The New York police had it fixed so that they would make investigations of their own alleged violations of individual civil rights. The result was, needless to say, a white-wash.

Now that the deal has come out into the open, flagrant cases of police brutality have been revealed too. One case is that of a Negro, severely beaten in a station house. Another that of pacifist Dick Kern who was charged with assaulting officers after they had roughed him up in a cab. And there is also the yearly arrest of pickets on Easter Sunday—an action which had been protested to the Commissioner without any re-

Police power is, at best, a very dangerous thing. At worst, it can descend to the intimidation and beating of individuals. But at all times, it must be carefully watched —a personal responsibility which most of us have declined. It is not only the fault of Commissioner Monaghan and the FBI—it is also the fault of all of us who have lef our system of jails and law enforcement go its own, often brutal, way, without giving it a thought.

CHRISTIAN LANDLORDS

Catholic Action has concerned itself with a multitude of problems, yet there is one major problem which has received no organized av apostles have turned attention. their attention to many of our spiritual-and social ills, but to date there is no such thing as "A Christian Landlords' Association." There could be such an organization and there should be one. Hundreds of thousands or more Catholics are numbered among the landlords of the nation and no effort has been made to organize them into a collective group, governed by a code of ethics, inspired by Christian ideals.

Rent control has been a burning issue ever since it was imposed by the government. There have been strong arguments for it and against it but on the whole it did a great deal of good. The law is due to expire in April, and there is little possibility that it will be renewed. From then onward the laws of chance and circumstance will be

(Continued on page 8)

LIFE AT HARD LABOR

By AMMON HENNACY

neighbering youth to me as I was clearing the basin for a good space around the olive tree to hold the water. This was for the Old Pio-

"Yes," I replied, "got to get this rubbish out of here."

"Where can a fellow get a job?" the young man asked.

"What can you do; do you know how to irrigate?" I asked him.

"Well, I made my living last year shooting dice," he said smilingly.

"Anybody's that smart enough to do that is smart enough not to! How much do you have left?" I

"Not a cent; that's the trouble: easy come; easy go," he replied

"You could go down the road and ask at every house for work and in time you might find something if you do what you say you will do and are responsible; that's the way I got more work than I can get done in this community," I answered.

This young man and his teen age sister had come here from California to visit their relatives who lived in the elongated shack along the irrigation ditch nearby. (The Mexicans for whom I had chopped wood five years ago at the time of the strike, had formerly lived there.) During the next month this youth tinkered on the old wreck of a car of a neighbor and chiseled off parts of another old wreck of a car for junk, but I never saw him hunting for work in any direction. This family was from Texas. The older boy was a good worker for the Big Company; a clean cut, bright boy. I met him coming home from night irrigating the other morning when I was going to the bus to sell CW's at St. Mary's in Phoenix. The goodlooking teenage sister had run away to California a few weeks before and got married. Other children attended school here. Two boys about 12

and 14 had mowed the lawn for

the Old Pioneer while I was travel-

ing last year. The lawn was uneven

"Digging it up good, eh!" said a with gopher holes so one boy pushed the mower and the other boy pushed him and they got it done somehow. Four older girls were married and the oldest boy was in Korea. The father of the family: tall, broad, raw-boned and red-faced; had farmed near Bukeye and had been in California for a dozen years. One day I went to the store to get a gallon of kerosene and he was there with his old oversize Buick. He asked me to ride home after saying farewell to a man who was the worse for the product of the corner saloon. I drink some myself, but I don't want nary other man who drinks to tell me what to do and how to do it: so I'm glad that guy is on his way," he drawled as we drove homeward.

> Recently I irrigated eleven nights for James for from eleven to thirteen hours a night. Just previous to this time the weather had been exceedingly warm for this time of the year, but this irrigating schedule caught me in the cooler and more windy weather. The ground was plowed and this required more attention than running water on a growing crop, Several times I was able to make a brush fire and warm my hands and feet. For the first time in my life I did stumble in a hole and fall up to one elbow in the irrigation ditch. The brown woolen stocking knit for me years ago by Helen Demoskoff, my interpreter when I visited the Doukhobers in Canada in 1941, and who is now in prison for eight years against the war, helped keep my feet warm. The Old Pieneer knew what it was to irrigate nights. In the old days he used to run several heads of water and go back and forth from one field to another horseback. This was of course in the daytime. At night it took several men to do the job right. So when I came home soon after daylight he had coffee "strong as hell and black as night" as the saying here goes, and toast and oatmeal for me. For at times (Continued on page 8)

"My brother? Stranger, I wish I knew. One day last spring he left us all, farm, friends, home. About the time the Roman jackals arrived at Syrta. Nothing from him since. Went east, of course, as others do. He left in a hurry, too, that day. I heard him get up early And surprised him at the barn. He had a pack on his back. Where are you off to,' I asked him; and he took me By the elbow, to the tree behind the barn. Had a strange look

'Jeth,' he said, 'I'm leaving for good. He saw I looked worried so we sat down. 'It must be done. Everything is planted. By harvest other help can be found.' His eyes told the rest. I did not ask of him that day, Brother, is it that you are tired of being our . . . animal?"

I knew this could not be his reason. And pointed toward the dawn, 'What I seek is there, Jeth, I know it . . . Do you understand,'

'Of course,' 'Do not worry.'

'Oh, we will not worry.'

I will go east . . . east.'

For that time of day.

'I feel the gods are with me."

'May they be,' I said. He always was a dreamer. Surprises you? It surprised many. He was so very simple, yes, and not . ers fooled It hurt him that so few knew his heart.

How well I remember Our childhood. We often bragged of him. 'Anyone he can get Up on his shoulders he can carry, easily, three times Around the barn.' And he'd never refuse to do it. And then, When we were through with him, he'd be a little sad And go back to his work. Everybody sort of "used" him. And we did not often thank him. It is too bad. He was much like the mule to most of us, I guess. We did not talk for long that last morning. 'Jeth,' he said, 'It is not - - ' (He could look earnest!) -'Jeth, I agree, I agree, I agree I am . . . for the fields. My arms are big. They are so for the lifting and carrying. But heart and longing, Jeth, these too are for some use. Somewhere is a noble thing for hands and heart.

We stood up and I helped him With the big pack. Will you explain it to the others? 'Yes, Simon, I will explain it.' I kissed him. 'Good luck.' He smiled in his rough way, turned, and slowly disappeared Toward the highway and the rising sun. That was the last of him. The town? Same. Cyrene cares little that Simon is gone. Yes, my father will be along soon. Have you seen the bees?" W. H. Quiery

Letter by Apostolic Delegate

Re Pope's Plea for Rosenbergs

Sherman Adams, Assistant to President "My dear Mr. Adams:

May I call to your attention the following statement which I have released to the press today?

'At the request of the Holy See the Apostolic Delegation (last December) communicated to the Department of Justice the fact that the Holy Father had received numerous and urgent appeals for intervention with intercession in behalf of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, which, out of motives of charity proper to his apostolic mission, without being able to enter into the merits of the case, His Holiness felt appropriate to bring to the attention of the United States civil authorities.'

In view of the many reports that have appeared in the press I felt that I should inform you of this statement directly.

Furthermore I am directed by the Holy See to inform the competent United States authorities that many new demands are being received at the Vatican urging the Holy Father to intervene for elemency in behalf of the Rosenbergs and that Leftist newspapers insist that His Holiness has done nothing. I will be more grateful if you will kindly notify this to the President.

With sentiments of esteem and every best wish, I remain

Sincerely yours,

A. G. CICOGNANI. Apostolic Delegate

Food and Population

By GEORGE CARLIN

We received a long letter from President Truman's secretary shortly before the February change of office acknowledging our letter on the McCarran Immigration Act, and a few days ago the Immigration Service in Washington reported the letter had been forwarded to them.

The Act admits only 100 Japanese from a nation of 85,000,000 to enter the United States each year. The situation of the Japanese is extremely desperate.

This month the following took place in an effort to solve the food problem of the world, and the inequality of arable land:

(1) An announcement in "Commonweal" reports that the National Catholic Council of Rural Welfare has set up GROW, an organization to increase the growing of food for undernourished countries. They are starting with France. They ask for contributions of \$5 to send hybrid corn abroad. The organization is located at 3801 Grand avenue, Des

(2) Japanese Catholics set up a Catholic Action Committee to combat the spread of birth control and to work toward growing more food in Japan. They would appreciate any articles on agricultural advances that may be clipped from American journals. Address: Mr. G. Motoo, Catholic Action Committee, c/ Head office of Kyowa Bank, 34 Shiba-Miyamoto-cho, Minato-ku, Tokyo, Japan,

(3) The National Council of Catholic Women in Washington, D. C. came out against the McCarran Act because of its racial discrimination and unfairness towards minorities.

(4) Agriculturists continue to make gains towards growing more food, and turning deserts into arable land. The New York "Times" on 16 February reported from Amman, Jordan: "One hundred acres of grass is sprouting in the desert thirty miles north of here. It is a result of a rainsaving method developed in the western United States, but to the Arabs it is nothing less than a miracle. Their uncounted acres of arid soil have been wastelands for centuries."

Our Need for Women's Clothing

By ANNABELL LUND

A part of St. Joseph's House of Hospitality that is usually active, is the women's clothes room. Here, through your charity, we are able to relieve the needs of many women and children for clothing.

Opening the packages on their arrival, is a pleasant experience. It always brings back childhood memories of looking for surprises. also brings happiness at the thought of people's love for their fellowmen, shown by their generosity. Because of the size of the clothes room, the clothing must be sorted and folded in the back office. Sometimes I wish I could wave a magic wand and make it about three times larger. But this disadvantage is minor. Thank God we have a Clothes Room and clothing to give out.

One day recently, a young woman presented herself for clothes. She said despondently, that the few clothes she owned were being held for inability to pay her rent. She went on to say she was a planist but not having the money to join the Union, she could not obtain work It was as if God sent her in to us at the right time, for she found a complete outfit, even to gloves and boots. The suit fit her to a "T." She said with delight, it was better than the one her landlady was holding. If you could have witnessed her happiness, it would have repayed you double for the sacrifices you make. For it is you, our readers, who make it possible for us to alleviate needs such as these

Incidents like this compensate somewhat, for the times when we must turn people away, unable to satisfy their needs. This is especially true of women who wear large sizes. So often, large women will come in search of a change of dress. After looking at the many pretty dresses, and usually finding them too small, they will say disappointedly "Way wasn't I born small" or "I'll have to reduce." Sometimes, this will happen to the same women two and three times in succession. My heart goes out to them and having to tell them to try again seems so unsatisfactory.

Underwear is a necessity that is always scarce and there is such great call for it.

The gratitude of the poor is warming. Even small pieces of goods to be used to fix up the home, are received with joy. Yesterday, a woman took odds and ends of material, saying, "I am old-fashioned, I can sew and make them into scarfs." A few women always ask me te save them scraps of material with which to make patch quilts.

Within the last year I have learned that even if a person does not have the good fortune to find much to fit her, if her heart is heavy with care, and she finds a little sympathy, it will mean so much. Trying to help people to see that God is near even in their darkest moments, it is so important. We have so much to learn. If with God's grace, we can learn that Christ wants us to give ourselves whole and entire to others, for the love of Him.

Since the holiday season, the Clothes Room has been quite empty. l women found something who had been trying for months to secure a winter coat her size, found one from among the few on hand. This seems to prove that God satisfles our wants when we least expect it.

We know little of the many and urgent needs of the poor until we have spent some time at a work like this, where one is brought into daily contact with the needy, Each day presents new and different adversities. For example, mothers who can not send their children to school because they have no winter coat to wear or no shoes; or women who after a stay in the hospital, return home to find their belongings have been discarded.

When hearing of these different hardships, I am often tempted to wonder why there should be all this need. But then I am reminded to look at the Crib of Bethlehem to see there the King of heaven and earth born in complete poverty, even to not having a bed and I am made to realize that poverty is a blessing. However, frequently we fail to recognize Christ when He presents Himself to us in the guise of the poor and the afflicted. Nor do we always recognize the treasure in Christ's words, What so-ever you do to these my least brethren, you do unto Me" and "Even a cup of cold water given in My Name shall not go unrewarded."



Mardi Gras at La Casita de San Jose

San Jose started with a costume didn't seem to be suffering from party, a mellow guitar, a small any internal injuries and could candy, and ended in a near tragedy. Just as we started cleaning looked as though he thought she up the scattered decorations and squashed jelly beans one of the tine had painted a mask on her children ran up to the door screaming, "Ernestine was hit by a car!" We looked out through the rain clothes. There weren't any injurand saw her in the middle of the ies but she was taken away for street, limp and still. When we reached her she tried to get up and kept screaming that her leg hurt. We brought her inside and

Mardi Gras time at La Casita de to call for an ambulance. She of home-made cake and soon bend her leg. The interne was alarmed when he saw her and wouldn't live two minutes. Ernesface for the costume party and had on a very wierd assortment of X-Rays. The driver who hit her had not even stopped to see if she was dead. In this era of atom bombs and mass slaughter of every used the police phone in the street nauseating description, it may have become easier to dismiss a human life, to look over one's shoulder at a stricken child in the path of more turning wheels, and to keep on going. It still comes as a shock that some people can be

> The week before the accident a woman passed out at our door. We brought her in and gave her hot coffee. Soon she was telling us her story. She, her husband and five children had been evicted from an apartment in the project several blocks away. They were forced to leave and take a three room apartment in the slum area. There wasn't any place for her one daughter to sleep so she had to be shipped out to a relative. Her eyes burned as she repeated over and over that she didn't care what happened to her as long as she could see her family together again.

> There is a building half a block from us that literally floats on a sea of garbage. The owners have other lucrative businesses besides collecting rent from the poor. They were recently fined for the unsanitary conditions that exist in the building, the main complaint being the huge rats making them-

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Bendictines and the Catholic Worker Movement

By WACLAW ZAJACZKOWSKI

Being a stranger I am not sure about four hundred acres of field if I am qualified to make any useful suggestions. But after two months spent in Benedictine monasteries (Benet Lake, Wis. and Fifield, Wis.), I happened to have the opportunity to read the February issue of the "Catholic Worker" and the book "On Pilgrimage" of Dorothy Day, and while reading that beautiful rhapsody of CW movement I kept thinking about another book which brought me to Fifield written and sent to me by Dom Rembert Sorg, the Prior of King of Martyrs Priory at Holy Cross Mission, Fifield, Wis.

My thoughts were: Why is there so much individualism in the Mystical Body of Christ? Why is there so little cooperation among the members of the same supernatural Organism? Why so much lonely struggling toward the same specific goal instead of working together hand in hand?

* * * I read a sad and disheartening account of Jack and Mary Thornton on their hard experience in farming with no instruction, no friendly help, a story duplicated in a hundred other cases, a picture of helplessness, discouragement and eventual failure, while on the other hand I see the experienced and successful Benedictine farmers like Dom Rembert Sorg of Fifield, Wis., or Fr. Simon Long of Benet Lake, Wis., who could and with no doubt - would communicate their knowledge to the inexperienced prospective farmers of CW movement.

Why don't they get together? Why seems the eye to say to the hand: "I need not thy help" and the head to the feet: "I have not need of you?" Are they not "one body of Christ and members of members?" (1 Cor. 12). Does not the "Holy Rule" of St. Benedict recommend hospitality? At Benet Lake, Wis., I have seen a giant guest house with a capacity well over fifty persons and an equally giant farm with over a hundred milking Guernsey cows and hundreds of acres of cultivated soil. Here, at Fifield, Wis., there are

and pastures and woods, and a barnful of 15 milking cows, not taking into account a horse and herd of calves-all being the fruit of hard and courageous efforts of Dom Rembert Sorg, the author of the "Holy Work," which book is to appear in a third, revised and enlarged edition in Pio Decimo Press. There is also a comparatively large guest house with a furnace and inside plumbing (the monastery proper has outhouses, according to the pattern of CW farms). The "guests" do not necessarily impose financially on community's scarce funds. Even if not occupied in barn or fields they can go on with clearing the fields of bushes (as I do) and cutting the pulpwood or lumber for sale (thirteen or eighteen dollars per cord respectively). There is a specially adapted truck with power lift, a tractor, a power circular saw and a handy motor chain saw. And, above all, there is a crystal-clear Wisconsin air, the beautiful God's nature and the Divine Office regularly performed in the little chapel hiding in the shade of giant firtrees which constitutes the heart and the source of strength for the little community of four monks and one lay

Thousands of acres of uncleared land surrounding the Holy Cross Mission (St. Procopius Abbey recently has sold two thousand acres for lack of settlers) probably suggested to its Prior, Dom Rembert Sorg, O.S.B., the idea of Social Irradiation Upon Laity in the form of Benedictine Oblate families settling around the Monastery of farmer-monks who don't consider it below their sacerdotal dignity to milk the cows and to cart the manure, according to the teaching of their Most Holy Father Benedict that "then are they monks in truth, if they live by the work of their hands, as did also our forefathers and the Apostles." (Holy Rule, chapter 48).

The leaders of both Benedictine

Maryfarm

By DOROTHY McMAHON

How exciting life can be in a House of Hospitality on the land where people come and go! Men come seeking ledging and food and rest from the noise and confusion of the world and from the lack of love. What inspiration they bring to us who are here! They come in quietness and gentleness and their gratitude is shown by their faces if not by their actual words. Some enter quite quickly into the family group and become a part of it by helping with the work usually the dishes. Others remain silent and aloof and leave the kitchen after each meal saying scarcely a word except to express their gratitude as they again take to the road. Periodically someone comes not in silence but in the loud speech and inebriation of the things of the world. And then if he cannot, or will not, be silent within a reasonable space of time he must be asked to "hit the road." This must be, for all the men sleep communities I have had oppor- in one of the big barns and all lessness if one man is awake and talkative. Some, we learn to know well and they are counted old friends when they return. And it is a sad thing to see a man leaving, trudging along down the driveway, with or without some sort of luggage, headed once more for the open road.

> It is good to see everyone at table eating whatever food is put there and listening to the reading. Just now we are reading "The Way of a Pilgrim" which is a translation from the Russian. It is the story of a Christian who walked across Russia seeking for one to tell him how to "Pray always" and of how he found such a guide and of the continuance of his pil-

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That sleep of Joseph, a throatful of fog. An eternal ribbon weaving blue and green Behind his eyes The terror of unknowing. Rod of the root of Jesse Green with promise Only the flowering to come That sleep of Joseph is the sleep of all. Dream . . . dream
Blue sparks burst into a face of lights, The angel comes again to say fear not. More shattering than the dream, Awakening from mystery to mystery. Clouds weaken us We strain to answer And we wake.

Eileen Fantino

Romano Guardini

THE FAITH AND MODERN MAN by Father Romano Guardini-Pantheon Books, Inc., 333 6th Ave., New York 14, N. Y. \$2.75 Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

Father Guardini writes of freedom and the Faith which can only exist in freedom in an age which is fast bent on denying it. He writes of Christ and how He could only accomplish the will of His Father in freedom, how He could only demonstrate that will by love and example, never by coercion.

"The moral law" states Father Guardini "is not binding, as is the law of nature, it addresses itself to my will, to my freedom, and freedom means that I am at liberty to say yes or no." p. 49.

The psychology of one who has the faith differs considerably from that of the non-believer. Reasons which would be valid in themselves (though objectively erroneous) for the unbeliever remaining outside the Church are practically never the real reasons behind apostasy. Father Guardini shows rare insight into the psychology of the apostate. Mostly it has to do with the regulation of our passions, mostly it is a matter of virtue penetrating underneath the layer controlled by will. And we are all aware how this operates in ourselves. How we constantly discover, perhaps to our amazement, that we have not really acquired a virtue we thought we had, that, given the needed circumstances, we slide with ease into the same vices we thought conquered. And we realize then that there is the subconscious and the unconscious and till virtue has penetrated there we are at odds with ourselves, we are virtuous only on the surface level while underneath we have not changed at all. In consequence of this knowledge we are tempted to apathy, to a resignation surface is to attain, not to a nar-before the tyranny of the uncon-rowness that refuses love to all,

scious, and from there to an attempt to rationalize our condition and, finally, to apostasy.

"For a limited time" states Father Guardini "true faith and disobedience may exist side by side, but finally the man can stand the strain no longer, and gives up his faith." p. 99. "Another will say Christianity contradicts science. The truth is that he has allowed his prayer life to dwindle away."
p. 99. "When one has discussed these things with many people, one soon notices that the arguments put forward are in no proportion to the conclusions drawn from them. They are, for the most part, characterized by a peculiar overemphasis, passion or bitterness or defiance, which point to something deeper than the reasons that are advanced..." p. 99. This is a phenomena true, in large part, of all who reject a former faith. I have noticed it to be true; for example, of Jews who have rejected Orthodox Judaism-in some instances the bitterness expressing itself in anti-Semitism.

On the other hand there are those, subject to the same temptations, the same repeated failures, who refuse to relinquish the faith. And Father Guardini points out how "if he learns discipline and practises, if necessary, renunciation, his desire for God, his appetite for holy things will return." p. 89. And that is wonderfully true and can be frasped in its fullness perhaps only by those who have been subject at some time to compulsive behaviour, to a compulsion that drives all joy from life, which all but erases God from the soul. To emerge from-such a state is to see the world anew, to see redemption again, to find the trace of God in all things. To achieve a balance, to become religiously mature, to have virtue penetrate beneath the

Francois Mauriac and Gerald Vann

THE SEVEN SWORDS by Gerald Vann, O.P. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00

THE EUCHARIST, THE MYSTERY OF HOLY THURSDAY by Francois Mauriac. David McKay Co., Inc. \$2.00. Reviewed by Elizabeth

Two books peculiarly appropriate for Lenten reading have just been published: one, a new offering by Father Gerald Vann, is a collection of sermons for Lent first given in London; the other is a reissue of Francois Mauriac's meditation on the Eucharist.

In a sense Father Vann's essays come closer to the penitential spirit of the season. He digs to the roots of penance and finds there, naturally enough, the sinner whom he, together with a great number of contemporary Catholic writers, believes to be at the heart of Christianity. This paradox, implicit in the Redemption, is examined thoroughly in all its implications for the Christian who may not sin but must have a sense of sin to see himself in his true relation to God.

It is an easy step from this unfolding of the theme to a consideration of the seven sorrows of Our Lady who without knowledge or experience of sin, yet dreaded, feared and hated it, and whose sufferings, like those of her Son, were caused entirely by it. Father Yann's remarkable insight has penetrated deeply the mystery of this suffering and he has chosen freedom as the point of relevance of the swords to individual suffering. Since we usually consider freedom as being able to go around doing exactly what we want every minute of the day, it is eye-opening to be told that the freedom we should be seeking is "freedom from fear, from the tyranny of material things, from possessiveness, from self-pity, from depression, from the abuse of power, from all the various forms of egoism'-in a word detachment, and ultimately, complete conformity with the will of God.

There is nothing pedestrian about Father Vann's writing-his style is as well defined as his subject matter and both have a freshness and beauty of exceptional quality. This is a rich addition to the literature f reaching Christ through Mary. ingly placed in the text and well reproduced.

Mauriac's book strikes a different and a more personal note. Woven in with the doctrinal truths which he sets forth are his recollections of childhood, of the Holy Thursday Tenebrae chant, of the end-ofwinter sweetness, of First Communion.

Though the writer protests that if it is only the faithful who will read this book, then it is wasted, he is being too humble. His assertion that what he sets forth is known to "a child taking an advanced class in religion" is somewhat of an exaggeration, and not to be taken too seriously by the adult seeking a clue to the contents through the introduction. What he has to say is basic enough. But his way of saying it is something else again, and needless to remark, one of the world's greatest living novelists is quite capable of dealing in profundities in a manner consistent with his reputation.

It is in fact a moving thing in our time to witness a man of such superior talents, a man on whom the honors of his profession have been heaped, use those talents to explain the central mystery of Catholicism to his friends and to his foes. Non-Catholics will find this slim little book informative and more, since it is pervaded by a spirit of deep love and devotion. Catholics will take it to their hearts for its power of stirring up their own souls, of refreshing their dogmatic knowledge, and perhaps of dusting off a few memories of other Holy Thursdays in spring.

especially to the "abnormal" but, | understanding." p. 98. And he the question, as well as given rise says Father Guardini "A wonderful thing, the humor of a religious man who carries everything into the boundless love of God, including the inadequate, the strange, the queer; who hopes for a solution when reason and effort can do no more, and who discerns a purpose where earnestness and zeal have long since given up hope of finding one." p. 109:

Father Guardini is no uncritical apologist, he realizes there have been faults on the Catholic side too. "It is not only false," he writes, "but dangerous to hold 'godless science' solely responsible for such conflicts. Unenlightened, lazy 'faith' must take its share of the blame as well—all the more so since faith is much more obliged to humility and wonderful book.

points out that no individual, as such, is in a position to preclaim dogma, no matter how gifted he may be, no matter how "intellectual." For dogma belongs to the sphere of authority-and that authority God placed in the teaching authority of the Church. This is well for all of us to remember. All of us who are tempted to utilize the faith according to our psychological make-up. Accepting those parts that fit in—disregarding those that do not. "We must per-ceive" says Father Guardini "that the truth of revelation is not given to us primarily that we may do something with it, but that we may adore it and live by it." p. 125.

This is indeed a profound and

Paulist Fathers

FATHER HECKER AND HIS FRIENDS by Joseph McSorley. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

Father Isaac Hecker and his friends were a unique group of priests in the United States of their day. They were all converts; they were native born Americans; they hungered for the conversion of their non-Catholic brethren.

These traits may not seem particularly strange to a present day Catholic. A century ago, however, they stood out as odd phenomena in a Catholic world which was composed principally of European im-



migrants and European priests. Father McSorley's comments on the status of the Church in the United States in the mid-nineteenth century are enlightening. In the years following 1815 "Catholic progress was checked by racial jealousies, incompetent clergy, rebellious laity." The tremendous wave of Catholic immigrants, particularly from Ireland, alarmed the majority Protestant population and induced deep-seated religious animosity. The Church in America, still technically a mission country. was incapable of providing sufficient clergy to take care of this sudden surge and was forced both to import priests and to devote its energies primarily to caring for the spiritual welfare of its children. It was not an atmosphere promising to apostolic endeavor, but it was in just such an atmosphere that the Paulist fathers began their missionary work.

The beginnings were not without difficulties. The original five, Hecker, Walworth, Hewit, Dehon and Baker launched their missionary career as Redemptorists. Their eagerness to open an English speaking American house, how-ever, led to an impasse between them and the superior general of the order. Father Hecker's efforts to solve the problem by taking it to Rome, ended not with the establishment of the hoped-for house, but with permission and encouragement to found a new community. This auspicious start was somewhat dampened by the withdrawal of Father Walworth over the thorny issue of vows, nor could the priests, with the prevailing shortage of clergy, devote themselves completely to mission work among non-Catholics. Under these circumstances they agreed to take a parish on the west side of New York, and it was in this parish that the first Paulist church was erected, and that the influence of the fathers, which spread in a constantly widening radius, was first

Lectures are a national institution in this country, and this particular addiction had an early beginning. We may read with astonishment of the immense popularity of our contemporary, John Mason Brown, on the public platform; Father McSorley points out that Henry Ward Beecher received \$1,000 for one appearance, and that Henry Stanley, freshly back from the sources of the Nile, would be offered a contract for \$100,000 to deliver 100 lectures." Father Hecker seized upon this means of presenting the Church to the American public, and was soon lecturing throughout New England and the western states. He himself wrote, 'the halls were crowded at each place...I begged Catholics to stay away. At the close of one of my lectures there were present 2.500 persons, chiefly Protestants." Nor did the mission band stop with lectures. These early Paulists were quick to observe the potential power of the printed word and in 1865 the Catholic World made its initial appearance, to be followed shortly by a children's magazine. Father Hecker also organized a publication society for the printing of tracts and books, but this endeavor was short-lived, and was later transformed into the Paulist Press for the printing and distribution of pamphlets.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the success of this small band. The impressive list of converts whom they led into the Church, and their firm establishment in the Catholic life of today speaks for itself. It is good, however, to be reminded by so excellent a spokesman as Father McSorley that without such men as Hecker, Elliot, Hewit and the rest, radicals of their time, the American Church would lack much of its present strength and vitality. Which leads to an interesting point which Father McSorley touches on rather lightly.

The Americanism controversy which raged around the French edition of The Life of Father Hecker, though serious, was not a long one and is almost forgotten today. There is, of course, no need for Father McSorley to revive it completely, but since it is mentioned in several places in the book, it would seem that a more extensive explanation was due the reader. One would like to know, for example, what exactly were the implied errors connected with this particular affair. Though Father McSorley refers the reader to informative sources on the subject, it would have been more satisfying to find in his volume some concise statement of the nature of the controversy, particularly since he goes to some pains to show that Father Hecker was cleared of the charges against him. Unless one knows just what these charges were, it is baffling to read of the exoneration from them. And though the controversy itself seems remote it is not without relevancy today since separation of Church and state has become a very sharp issue indeed in American life, and has produced him and yourself you should read searching theological thought on the Sign of Jonas.

to strong tensions within the body politic.

Father McSorley's personality sketches of some of the colorful figures in the community, and of those lifelong friends of Father Hecker such as Orestes Bronsen are, however, above approach, and full of sly touches of humor. His paragraphs on Father Elliott and Father Hewit are particularly interesting and display a rare understanding of the greatness of these men. It is through this latter quality that Father McSorley sounds the keynote of his history, for although the Paulist fathers had no dramatic happenings in their work such as might be found in histories of foreign missionaries, their personal holiness and zeal was so great that according to Archbishop Ireland, one of the bishops at the second Plenary Council of Baltimore affirmed that Father Hecker's hearers "receiving a pentecostal fire within their bosoms, felt as if America were at once to be converted. So would it have been if there had been in America a sufficient number of Heckers."

Diary of a Trappist

The Sign of Jonas by Thomas Merton, published by Harcourt Brace & Co. 362 pages, \$3.50. Reviewed by Tom Sullivan.

Here we have a five year diary of Thomas Merton who, as you should know, is a Trappist monk, Father Louis of Gethsemani Abbey, Kentucky. At the outset of the diary Thomas Merton explains that The Sign of Jonas is equated with the sign of the ressurection of Christ and that every monk and Christian is signed with the sign of Jonas since we all live by the power of Christ's resurrection.

In the prologue, the author points out that this collection of personal notes and meditations was not written with any thought that it might be read by people who are unfamiliar with the monastic life. Consequently, as he expected there are a few things which are befuddling to the average reader. However, these are of minor importance and The Sign of Jonas should receive a warm reception by all of those who like Thomas Merton.

Paradoxical as it may sound, Merton needed to publish a diary like he needed a hole in his head because he is one of the most publicized figures in this country during the past five years. On the other hand it is a very good thing that this diary was finally published because here you have a well drawn picture of what the man Merton is like on the inside of the Trappist Abbey.

Thomas Merton should be solid with the reading public once they get their hands on this his latest book. Here they will find Merton honest, sincere and veering to a life of authentic sancitity. They won't find it so much in what Merton says about himself but more in what he has to say about people and ideas. Such is his sincere compassion that he has for the woman who was poor and freezing on the streets of Louisville, Ky. Or his strong attraction to St. Benedict Joseph Labre, the saint who epitomized the bottomless pit of destitution.

Merton does an excellent job of explaining his writing career and it's publicity in the world versus the obscurity which is supposed to be sought in the Trappist life.

Throughout the book Thomas Merton is very human and very spiritual and neatly interlaces the two qualities.

If you haven't read any of Merton's writings you can't go wrong by starting with this book. If you are sick and tired of hearing about Merton and you are filled up-tohere with him then in all justice to

EVIEWS

Existentialism

THE EXISTENTIALIST REVOLT Nietzsche, but differ as to the soluby: Kurt F. Reinhardt, Milwau-kee: Bruce Publishing Company, dom. Human freedom is seen as Francis Murphy

The appearance of Dr. Reinhardt's study of existentialism is a welcome addition to the ever growing scholarship concerned with this modern challenge. Existentialism both in its intellectual ancestry, and its modern spokesmen is almost wholly an European product. In America it has been almost entirely neglected in formal philosophic circles with the exception of short notices and cursory examinations in literary and scholarly journals. The reason for this may be that Europe being the scene for the world's most devastating wars within the last halfcentury sees more clearly the danger of mass opinion and collectivism. America which participated in the two world wars in only a limited extent totally outside its time. Thus man can overcome the territorial borders has less "existential" knowledge of the results of planned and scientific total war and still embraces the liberal bourgeois ideas against which modern existentialism rebels.

254 pp. \$3.50. Reviewed by: the most distinguishing and important feature in human consciousness. In Kierkegaard freedom means "the leap" to faith. Heidigger sees man's existence as Dasein or "being-there" which is "standing-out" from the man's rest of the existence. Therefore, the exercise of freedom must be 'existential decisions." Sartre says freedom is man and this freedom is absolute. Since human freedom is completely undetermined man's existence is absurd. Sartre's existentialism is the most anti-intellectual and (perhaps as a consequence) the most pessimistic.

Jaspers the most systematic of "modern existentialists" attempts to resolve the Dasein by the exercise of freedom in choices by which man commits himself However, this reviewer feels that in time, above time, and beyond singular acts of freedom by deciding himself "in time for eternity." However, Jaspers is unable to find any basis for objective norms to direct human freedom Dr. Reinhardt's study is clear and resorts to a form of Kantian



and concise exposition of the roots categorical imperative as the mainof existentialism, and its contemporary formulators. Kierkegaard and Nietzsche receive the fullest revolt against the massive Hegelto reexamine the subject of conrather than the abstract concepts primitive Christianity. Nietzsche, a generation later made devastat-ing attacks against Western systematic philosophy as well as the entire Judeo-Christian tradition. His call to individual heroism was the doctrine of the Superman, Man must be surpassed. Man is the link between man and the Superman as exemplified in Zarathustra. This is the only possible means of transcendence since Nietzsche's militant atheism has proclaimed "the death of God."

The author then develops the component features of modern existentialism from these two precurises of either Kierkegaard or are offshoots of the internal an-

spring for human volition.

Gabriel Marcel, the French Catholic existentialist is the most positreatment. Kierkegaard's initial tive and probably the nearest to the Kierkegaardian meaning of ian system was an impassioned call existentialism. Marcel sees man's freedom as the freedom to make sciousness or the concrete knower the act of faith or to refuse. Marcel's concept of freedom as an of Hegel's dialetic. Kierkegaard's "engagement" and his definition of answer to the problem of human I as "I am what I have done" is existence was the intensive life of close to a Thomistic position in friendships are important, almost christianity which he thought was its establishing of man's continbest found in its pristine purity in uity in time in relation to the rest of creation.

Dr. Reinhardt's method of examination is that of comparison and contrast. He is sympathetic, but judicious in his analysis of both similarities and differences on a subject in which terminology may be a source of confusion. The author renders the most enlightening criticism in his studies of the main assumptions of existentialism. He directs attention to the many traditional arguments which are naively assumed by the existentialists to deny a rational philosophy which allows for objective knowledge. Dr. Reinhardt sors. There are individual chapters shows that the false dualisms and on Heidigger, Sartre, Jaspers and extreme monisms are not new to Marcel. All accept the major prem- the existentialist movement but

timonies in the traditional stock of WESTERN philosophy. This is particularly evident in the case of Sartre with his Cartesian reduction of the human ego to a res cogitans. Jaspers' dismissal of the transcendent God of theism fol-lows orthodox Kantian lines. "After Kant," says Jaspers "all on-tology stands condemned." Why Jaspers should accept the conclusions of such an "unexistential" thinker as Kant, is a problem. There is, however, a lack of emphasis on the prevailing mood of the existentialists. The pervasive despairing philosophy of knowing looks all too similar to the doctrine of man's total depravity as enunciated by Martin Luther. It should be remembered that both Kierkegaard and Nietzsche came from strong Lutheran backgrounds.

Dr. Reinhardt, like the existentialists themselves, is more than aware of the evils of modern mass indoctrination and the dehumanizing influences of technology. more thinking should be done along the lines of "what made existentialism necessary?" Was it not the exclusive preoccupation with partial reality? Existentialism, like the evils it seeks to overcome, would make the part into whole. Fr. Copleston, the Jesuit philosopher, has seen a certain amount of justice in the communists' criticism that existentialism avoids some of the more pressing problems in man's life. Catholics who profess their faith as a total life should never lose sight of both the interior reality which existentialism wishes to recall and be equally aware of man's external life to which communism rightly gives such weight.

The Spirit of Love

By C. F. KELLEY

Based on the Teachings of St. Francis de Sales Harper & Brothers Publishers Reviewed by Marie Knisley

This book by Mr. Kelley is based on the teachings of St. Francis de Sales. The title is very applicable as the whole book deals on love.

Most people today have only one opinion of love-what they call love really isn't love. We must look to St. Paul for the true meaning of love-"charity is patient, is kind; charity does not envy, is not pretentious, is not puffed up, is not ambitious, is not self-seeking, is not provoked; thinks no evil,

As Mr. Kelley says many times people lose sight of the fact that the true spirit of love is to be found in the law of the two in one, the male and female, taking and giving, combined to form a holy and supernatural friendship. This love is essentially mutual. It alone is where all is given without loss and all is taken without detraction. If one gives, it is not only because one would no longer keep that which is really not his own, but because he truly loves.

Further on Mr. Kelley says true the meaning of fellowship to the Church. Some have said that no man can love God perfectly, if he has not loved well a creature of God in this world. However, he does state that St. Francis de Sales doesn't go quite to this extreme in his viewpoint.

St. Francois says "for those who dwell in the world, and desire to embrace true virtue, it is necessary to unite themselves together by a holy and sacred friendship. By this means they encourage, assist, and conduct one another to good deeds."

"Love everyone with a great, charitable love, but have no friendship except for those that communicate with you in the things of virtue. The more exquisite the

(Continued on page 6)

Fritz Eichenberg

35c. Reviewed by Dorothy Day.

Everytime I started to review this pamphlet, I found that some co-creative with God." one had walked off with it. Just now I found it after searching Peter Maurin farm, cleaning my desk, looking through my file, searching shopping bags. "Rita took it," Stanley said. "I heard her saying, what a wonderful pamphlet! Just look what I've found!" And he brought it to me from the dining room which is our reading room, spinning room, art studio and everything else these cold days.

How Peter Maurin would have loved this pamphlet! I can see him adding it to his lists of books. It is so full of meat that one could sit down and discuss for an entire evening, one page, one paragraph.

The author admits that he does not paint too optimistic a picture of our times. He is at one with Pius XII, who wrote in his Christ-



life and what it does to man, Fritz suffering with humanity. speaks of the morality of helping to sell to the public more things than it needs, or can afford, illustrating magazines with lurid pictures designed to excite man's baser "appetites," a profitable pros-titution, he calls it. The artist as procurer, he calls him.

Whereas the artist's life "should be dedicated to fighting the causes of all wars and injustices in day by day devotion which knows no holiday because every day is a holy day."

"In such a community of spirit and deed, man should be ready to of the Catholic Worker. give of whatever talent he may have . . . convinced that art is a want to read this pamphlet.

ART AND FAITH by Fritz Eichen- divine gift." "Art can deepen our berg, A Pendle Hill pamphlet, sensitivity, heighten our devotion, Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. give meaning and expression to our unformed longings for the Eternal, give us a sense of beauty and the deep satisfaction of being creative,

> "Creativity," to Fritz Eichenberg, "consists of a joining of mind, matter and soul . . . minds set in motion their hands to form the matter, and their hearts rejoiced in the achievement in which the whole complex human being was engaged. This left no room for idleness, no parts were unused, no faculties unemployed. Man could function as a unit—spiritually and physically."

"Sex, to which we are slaves since our expulsion from Paradise, rules our lives more powerfully than we care to discuss. Instead of sanctifying what God gave us, too often we worship the flesh and and we prostitute it as the most potent sales agent the world has ever seen. The artist becomes procurer—he displays the body in its most alluring light and uses it to sell everything from patriotism to cosmetics."

The things that man must fight against, if this struggle to save his soul, is the egotism which deadens him to the labors, joys and sufferings of his fellowmen, the greed which is hunger for power that money can buy, the speed which spoils the enjoyment of nature, dulls our senses, prevents meditation and the maturing of a growing mind."

Eichenberg sees the artist as one who sees into the soul of mas message of our mechanized things, sensing impending change,

> Catholic Worker readers are acquainted now for some time with his beautiful work, his portrayal of saints, of the suffering poor. His work also arouses the conscience and inspires love for those whom he portrays. The Lumber and Sawmill workers in Oregon have used his nativity picture on the front page of their journal and the International Ladies' Garment Workers Scranton local have a copy of his workers of the world. united by the Cross, which we published in last May day's issue

Those who love his work will

Ronald Knox

'COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS" by Ronald A. Knox. Published by Sheed and Ward. 284 pp. \$3.75. Reviewed by Martin J. Corbin.

Monsignor Knox has written a gloss of the four Gospels designed to be read concurrently with the idiomatic translation of the New Testament which he completed ten years ago.

What is puzzling about the book is that one hardly knows to which group of readers it is addressed. In his preface, Monsignor Knox says: This commentary is written for the benefit of those who have no skill in Latin or Greek but want to read the Bible for themselves without shirking the difficulties." Now this reviewer amply fullfills the first condition and, we trust, the second. But will the "Ordinary reader," whose difficulties the author says he wishes to examine, really require as intensive a treatment of chronological speculations, synoptic parallels and perplexities of logic as is here presented.

At times, the commentator even appears to pose problems where none exist. For example, he remarks that Matt. 7:22 raises a question for the theologians as to whether genuine miracles can be performed by those not possessing the true faith. I have found this question adequately answered in the affirmative in Monsignor Knox's own Catholic Truth Society pamphlet on "Miracles." Since he goes on to say that the verse does not necessarily imply this anyway, introduction of the difficulty seems gratuitous.

Two pages are devoted to determine whether the phrase "And fasting" is in the original text of Mark 9:29 or an interpolation. The chronology of Our Lord's Life and the sequence of the events centering around the Passion and Crucifixion are exhaustively considered and innumerable examples of textual variations are discussed.

Nor is this volume addressed to the specialist, as the author makes clear in his Introduction. He begins by briefly summarizing the reasoning that has led him to conclude that the Synoptic problem is best resolved by supposing that Luke drew upon a collection of sayings, derived in whole or principally from Matthew. It is to his credit that, in the Commentary proper, he scrupulously refrains from presenting this tentative conclusion as fact.

If the Commentary, as I think, falls between two stools, it is yet recommended for its balance, precision and candidness. It covers the ground completely and is replete with illuminative and incisive comments, particularly on the parables. To take but one example, there is a masterful demonstration of how the parables of the Lost Sheep in Matthew and Luke illustrate, respectively, God's care for the insignificant and for the outcast.

Ronald Knox's diction is of a high order and his writing is characterized by brilliance and wit; qualities regrettably rare in literature dealing with sacred subjects.

Capital Punishment

(Continued from page 1)

that, should the testimony of the along with the guilty because vio-Greenglasses be thrown out, the case against the Rosenbergs would not hold out. And yet there is a curious readiness to accept without | who gets in the way. We have seen question the testimony of the Greenglasses despite the fact they are self-confessed perjurers. The fact that they turned State's evidence seems somehow to have cleansed them of all unreliability. On the other hand the fact that the Rosenbergs are considered Communists makes them incapable of perjury in the eyes of their sympathizers. But on both sides it is prejudice and not a concern for the facts in themselves that determines the attitude taken. It reminds one of the passions and prejudices aroused during the Dreyfus Affair. Or during the Spanish Civil War. In all these cases narrow - minded Catholics tried to make the acceptance of Dreyfus "guilt" or the "justice" of Franco's cause the test of orthodoxy. And so today, if you do not believe the Rosenbergs to be guilty, or if (irrespective of whether they are guilty or not) you oppose their execution then, in certain circles, you are suspected to be, not only unorthodox, but a Communist. And we know this is nonsense. It is to set up criteria other than what the Church sets up to determine orthodoxy. It is an attempt to reduce Catholicism to a bigoted sect with an axe to grind. It is not a concern for truth in itself. But, fortunately, Catholicism is not the thing bigots would make of itthat was made quite clear when the Holy See condemned the teachings of Father Feeney.

Guilt by Association

It is not a just age we live in. It is an age where guilt by association is fast becoming the accepted method of judging. It is frightening indeed to see how this permeates all levels of society. Just today a priest told me how he was called to account by one of his parishoners who reproved him for visiting a neighbor of hers. She asserted that the neighbor (who was Jewish) was a Commu-When the priest asked her evidence she had, she replied that it was evident because the neighbor had out of town visitors and came from Denver, and everyone knew that Denver was a headquarters for Communists! The F.B.I., as a regular practice, is constantly giving out judgments as to whether this or that person is a Communist and then refusing to make available, even to courts of law, the evidence upon which they base their accusations. We are just supposed to take their word for it. People are afraid to hold unpopular opinions anymore. Teachers are afraid to teach the truth, as they see it.

Many who have no stomach for this kind of thing are afraid to speak out against it because of their jobs and their families. We are really heading for a reign of terror where a man's job depends on his ideas, where failure to support the status quo can result in loss of livelihood. And we are tending more and more in this direction and the time may soon be here when it reaches such proportions that even the dullest among us will finally see what is happening. And, as has always happened and as will happen again, when things do become unbearable the government will collapse. And, unfortunately, it generally does so with attendant violence. And a great many inno-

Correction

In a recent issue of the C.W. we carried an appeal for Heinz Seise but the address was incorrect: The correct address follows:

> Heinz Seise 22C) Aachen-Soers Post Strangenhauschen Germany, British Zone

lence does not pick and choose, violence does not discriminate. Violence strikes against anyone this to be true in the French revolution, in the Russian revolutionit will be true in any revolution that proceeds in violence. And we are building just such a situation in this country as to bring this about. If we do not all perish in war before that time comes. And our patriotic Catholics and our wretched publications do not see this as the leaders of the Church in France did not see it before the Revolution and as the leaders in Spain did not see it. And when they do see it (of course they never really do) then they will envision themselves as the innocent victims of devils. We never like to concede that, by and large, we make the bed in which we have to lie. Maybe we do so outside the realm of freedom but even then we can tell, if we but want to, where we are heading for. Mostly we don't want to.

In this matter of the Rosenbergs and this more general matter of capital punishment it is well that we take stock of ourselves. It is unfortunate that we apparently give little thought to this until some "famous" case comes up. Plenty of others are every day going to their death by capital punishment. Most of them are mentally ill and need psychiatric care, not punishment. But we are not civilized enough to see this. We are still, as Father Sturzo writes, barbarians in this respect. Capital punishment closes the door to rehabilitation, to reform. And when punishment is divorced from these it becomes vindictive and injures both those who receive and those who administer it.

Since then, entirely aside from ethical considerations, capital punishment serves no useful purpose, since it is but a relic of darkness, a withdrawal from the problems involved in crime, a social laziness, we do well to advocate its abolition and even the statistics are on our side in proving that such abolition will not increase crime. For the roots of crime go deeper than that; they go so deep that not even the fear of death will deter them.

May all Catholics, in union with the Supreme Pontiff who has already asked that clemency be granted the Rosenbergs, send one last plea that these lives be spared.

The Spirit of Love

(Continued from page 5) virtues that are the matter of your communications, the more perfect shall your friendship also be. Oh, how good it is to love on earth to cherish one another in this world as we shall do eternally in the next!"

"It is the great evil of man," says St. Augustine, "to desire to enjoy the things which he should CW. It was during the Seaman's those which he should only enjoy." called strike headquarters to say We should enjoy spiritual things use is turned into enjoyment, our other seamen, Tex and Tennessee, rational soul is also changed into a brutish and beastly soul."

Then in the chapter on "Love In Practice" he brings out the point that we are sometimes so occupied with being good angels that we neglect to be good men and women . . . that we forget to practice the little virtues so suitable to our littleness: patience, putting up ness of heart, affability, bearing with our imperfections, and the like little virtues.

He who loves Me keeps My commandments: for love is shown more by acts than by feeling. If sometimes a soul cannot testify its affective love it can always testify its effective love."

Marie Lataste

him.

Marytarm

(Continued from page 3)

merits. It is generally conceded cent people are made to suffer grimage. It is with real interest that we listen and follow the Pilgrim on his way, as he teaches to others the secret of how to "Pray always."

But the real family spirit seems to come once the dishes have begun. Then everyone moves and talks very freely. There is teasing and banter and singing. Sometimes a dish or a cup is broken and someone quickly exclaims that it could not be helped but another reprimands the offender for his carelessless with a sharp reminder that we have very few cups left and that most of those are cracked! And on some days there are those sudden bursts of an unexpected personal performance which bring great joy and laughter, such as last week when Walt danced a ballet step down the length of the kitchen for our approval!

This is also a Retreat House and we usually have five or six scheduled retreats each year. The next retreat is planned for Easter week. During a retreat the family routine is sacrificed for the retreat schedule and the family eats in the kitchen. Guests come outside of retreat time and stay for a few days or a few weeks using this time to refocus their views on the true values of life. They help with the work, walk through the woods and fields of this ninety-six acre farm and spend considerable time in the Chapel.

At the beginning of this month John Filliger with the help of Charles Murillo and the dogs, killed a raccoon in the woods. We had raccoon stew for dinner and for the benefit of those who have never tasted it we can say that it tasted just like raccoon!

We were glad to welcome Dorothy Day home when she came to visit us on the Feast of the Purification. This was her first visit to Maryfarm after her long pilgrimage. In the evening of the Feast of St. Blaise she told us of her trip as we sat around the fire in the fireplace in the Conference Room. When she returned to the Peter Maurin Farm she took Molly with her for a visit.

* * * One of the most joyful times in a family is when the members gather to celebrate some important event in its history. We had just such a happy time on February 11 when we celebrated the anniversary of the obtaining of this Maryfarm in 1947. Father Duffy, Dorothy, Hans and Ed drove up from the Peter Maurin Farm to be with us. We had two Masses that morning and Benediction in the evening to thank God for His loving care during these years on Maryfarm. In the evening, supper was a festival with a beautiful as they do in heaven; and to learn plant for the table from the Paladine Florist, and ice cream and apple pie from Father Faley. We sat around the table while Dorothy and John Filliger recalled the events that brought John to the only use, and to desire to use strike of 1936, and the CW had that they had sleeping room for but only use corporal. When their three seamen. So John and two went to the CW which was then on Mott Street although as John said they couldn't sleep a wink because of the bedbugs! However, John returned several times during the course of the strike. The farm at Easton had just been obtained and Dorothy asked John if he knew anything about farming. When John answered that he was with our neighbor, humility, meek- a farmer she persuaded him to go to Easton in one of the trucks going there. John has been with the CW ever since and helped move from the farm at Easton to this farm. He continues to be the Farmer here at Maryfarm and when he recently spent a few days at Peter Maurin Farm the place seemed lost without him. And each morn-

ing the dogs, Rex and King, made

a tour of the farm searching for

Benedictines and C.W.

(Continued from page 3)

Rev. Abbot Richard Felix of Benet Lake, Wis., and Very Rev. Prior Rembert Sorg of Fifield, Wis., have set as their goal not the creation of new giant colleges but the covering of the whole countryside with small communities able to form nuclei of rural settlements, as Abbot Richard says: "In these Mission Priories our Priests and Brothers will live in community, exemplify the age-old Benedictine life of "Ora et Labora," chant the Office in common, sing a conventual High Mass daily, maintain themselves by the labors of their own hands, and undertake any work of a missionary nature in the immediate neighborhood . . . The outside work undertaken by these Mission Priories will be concerned chiefly with building up model Christian communities... There are many Catholic people in our large industrial centers who would love to enjoy the advantages of rural life for themselves and their families...sustenance acres, such as advocated by the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, located in the vicinity of one of our Mission Prieries would be welcomed by many" (Benet Lake). Is it an utopia? The medieval Europe was covered with 35,000 (thirty five thousand!) such establishments.

Dom Rembert Sorg in developing the same idea envisions an ideal Christian community where the most advanced social accomplishments are united with the true "apostolic form of life"-apostolica vivendi forma of the primitive Christian communities:

"In its spiritual influence we picture the monastery as the nucleus around which the lay community gathers and establishes itself. In truth, on account of its spiritual prerogatives, the monastery seems elected to break the ground, as a foster mother attend the birth of the lay community and pioneer its development along the lines of theology and right spirit, ... The application of a Benedictine theology of manual labor to laymen visualizes as the ideal a compact independent community where lay oblates and their families are grouped around a monastery...The theology of labor offers a convincing argument for the rural movement, which urges Christian families to throw off the yoke of their economic slavery, settle on the land, and there enjoy the inde-pendence which is necessary for our idealism. There is a fitting monastic undertone in the rural movement, inasmuch as it moves away from the world . . . The monastic ideal cannot apply to the lay state without modification . . Nevertheless, the spirit of poverty has to govern the private ownership of Christians . . The very pracpoverty in a rural community of also in some intellectual effort.

tunity to get in contact with, Rt. | the kind advocated would lie in sacrificing the individual private ownership of capital... Accordingly in our rural community there would be common ownership of capital. In spirit this institution would imitate the communism of the monastery; in practice and effect it would follow the plan of the Co-operative Movement which effects the happy reunion of capital and labor.

> Whence the following distinctive features should mark the economy that would follow the theology of manual labor as it has been explained:

1. All capital (farm, factories, businesses, means of production) to be co-operatively owned. Manual labor is the thing that is set at a premium.

2. The co-operative to employ all the labor.

3. Wages and dividends to be paid on the basis of the laborer's needs as a responsible member both of his own family and the whole community. (Those higher in status are supposed to need more). The village shoemaker, for instance, should receive a salary determined not by how many shoes he fixes but how many children he has and according to the means of the cooperative. The same principle applies for the physician and everybody else. (It would probably work out that the cooperative would subsidize the training and education of the professional men). In this set-up, there is a fine understanding that every man works for the co-operative to supply all the members' needs and not just his own.

4. Naturally, the ones more gifted in health and virtue, enterprise and efficiency, will be able to save more money. This equips them with a larger capacity for personal almsgiving to sweeten their own lives, to deepen their Eucharist, to shed abroad the radiance of divine love. 5. The big idea and the whole law to be Charity."

"The monastery is supposed to be a spiritual powerhouse that furnishes the lights and inspiration and the example... Because the function of raising a family is fraught with relatively more expense, care and worry from the material standpoint, than is that of praying the Office, it is to be expected that monks should help the laity rather than vice versa."

Is this ideal of a Christian community not more appealing than a lonely struggling of Mr. and Mrs. Thornton or work in canneries described by Dorothy Day in her interesting book "On Pilgrimage?" I am asking these questions not as authorized by the Abbot Richard or by Dom Rembert, but as a sympathetic outsider, trying to pitch in, not only in carting the manure tical expression of the spirit of on Holy Work Mission farm, but

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Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 2)

Worker. At the same time I kept | never is with us longer than ten saying to myself, "take it easydays at a crack since he is always don't appear too eager." on the search for a job. With his age and habitual drinking against

As I was mailing out the back issues I was dubious over the outcome of this book. In a few minutes I decided that they would vote against publishing the book or if they did publish the book it would probably turn out to cause me a whole series of headaches. Besides which I might begin to take myself seriously as a writer and then I would be lost. The man who takes himself seriously as a writer and is unsuccessful in making the grade is one of the most pitiful people I know of. Besides, such offers in one's life causes him to look deep down into his heart and soul and discover his motives for taking on such a venture. As you may know such a searching is disconcertingto understate the case.

About two months ago our friend and fellow worker Michael Harrington departed from our midst and accepted a job with an organization known as Worker Defense group. From our limited knowledge of this institution we are convinced that they are performing a very useful function in aiding the under dogs and the have-nots in their battle for existence. Our very best wishes go with Mike who is one of the finest people that we have ever been privileged to know and work

Our chief cook, Chin Chu recently spent two weeks in Bellevue Hospital. True to his character he worked daily in our kitchen without a mention of his illness. Consequently no one knows how long he was ill before he finally turned himself into the hospital. It was then discovered that he was badly in need of two different operations. Roger and Gorman took over the cooking for the two weeks that Chin Chu was hospitalized, and cooked very well indeed.

Shortly after the operations were over Chu returned to the house. We were at lunch the day that Chu walked into the kitchen. He smiled, said helio to all of us and then took off his hat and coat. Within one hour he was back cooking. We all begged and pleaded with him to stay out of the kitchen for at least a three week period. Our cries were wasted on Chin Chu. All of us found it hard to swallow our next meals since we felt a sense of guilt with this man in the kitchen. It was very little consolation to realize that he is one of those few souls who is very unhappy when forced to be idle.

On one of the cabinet doors in the kitchen someone has posted an official order from a Bellevue doctor who had Chu as a patient. The notice reads, "Mr. Chin Chu is to have at least six weeks rest." A dozen people have brought Chu's attention to this note. Chu reacts with a big smile and goes on cooking our meals. On the eve of Washington's Birthday Chu stayed up late at night making us a dozen pies for our dinner on the follow-

As a recent guest we had a tall, thin Irishman of sixty. stayed with us on a dozen different occasions. He generally takes up residence with us at the end of one of his drinking bouts. But he

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Mardi Gras

him, he is able to obtain only the

very worst jobs both in salary and

some good nuns in an institution

way uptown. He said he received

he said he would still be on the job

except for a continual nagging by

a letter of loving warmth from one

brother to another. The tall Irish-

read the letter. "He was over here

I have to borrow a razor blade."

ent address unknown.

back in the house.

er cat.

my own good, I borrowed from one

* * *

returned from the hospital Belle-

pital and we are glad to have him

. . .

On a recent Saturday night after

we had finished a wonderful supper

of spaghetti prepared by Chin Chu,

we went upstairs to the library. An-

the family, pulled his chair up to

the radio and turned on a Spanish

speaking announcer. Andrea was

the only one who understood the

program. A couple of us sat ad-

miring the new litter of kittens

that Cleo has brought into our

lives. They are beautiful kittens

but none so attractive as the moth-

Eddie sat on a chair alongside of

ing sixty very hard and plenty is

has been one brief job after an-

He couldn't begin to recount the

year. For the past five years he

him: he holds the job til the first or

second or sometimes the third pay-

day then he succumbs to the thirst

has before he stops and then he

weeks and Eddie has his old con-

fidence back, plus a new job in

Eddie has a deep abiding faith

in God and his Blessed Mother.

This I am always conscious of

Eddie considers him quite a seri-

he is. However, he is quite convinc-

his soul. When Eddie is in one of

Charles Peguy meant when he

spoke of the sinner standing at the

church down there. I don't re-

I was just going into to make a

visit and say a few prayers. As I

heart of Christianity.

some institution.

one of the nuns in charge.

(Continued from page 3) selves at home in the apartments. Nicola Bellomo, executed by the "motives of charity" of which the We know of one room where the holes in the floor still have not been repaired and the rats have easy access from the garbage piles to the small cold rooms where many small children sleep. The hours. The last job he held was for hall toilets are always out of order. Damp halls, weak stairs, peeling filthy walls add to the disease room, board and a dollar a day for breeding environment. The chilbeing on duty sixteen hours per dren tell us with a mature cyniday. Without a trace of bitterness cism. "The landlord won't do anything." One woman we visited has two extremely small rooms, no heat, gas or electricity, and pays Our friend has a brother who is \$7 every week to these greedy men a priest in Ireland. The priest is to whom the poor are in every coming over for a brief visit. I read the letter from the priest at sense of the word, a business. He the insistence of our friend. It was even had the nerve to tell her he even had the nerve to tell her he would arrange to give her electricity if she would pay the final man looked down at me after I bill for the former tenants' electric.

The employers of Puerto Rican twenty years ago on his last visit. I had a big car and a good job. I drove him around in the car and them to work because these people we ate in the finest places. Today, who suffered from the exploitation on their home island, and were Having seen too many movies for driven from it by despair, are grateful for the smallest wages they can get. They work at all the of their frequent plots the plan of outfitting this man in a good suit hardest jobs in the city, usually of clothes and borrowing a car for behind the scenes because of prejhim plus some money. However, udice. Salaries are so low that this impossible dream came to a most of the wives must go to work quick end since our friend left our to add to the family income. They house a couple of days later-presare forced to leave young children with relatives or roaming the streets all day and at times part of Shorty Smith our mainstay and the night. One little friend six years anchor man in the-kitchen has also old who comes to the center, is locked out of his apartment from vue. He too was operated on for a seven in the morning to seven at leg tumor. Shorty is looking fine night. He used to walk around in after his two months in the hosthe cold all day except for brief stops at a neighbors', carrying his lunch in his pocket, a boiled egg.

The poor are a business to many. The dope pushers haunt the neighborhood selling their slow poison to the children and adults, leavdrea, our Puerto Rican member of ing them in a state close to death. The children tell us of scenes they see in the halls, men injecting dope into their arms, young boys ruining their lives slowly and certainly smoking reefers, finding themselves more and more at the mercy of these men to whom they are worth only what they can return in dollars and cents.

We grind the poor deeper into the three kittens. Eddie is pushtheir misery, we ignore them, we despise them, we think of them as beginning to catch up with him. It lacking initiative, "will-power," we accuse them of being inherently other for the past fifteen years. immoral, we turn from the sight, smell, and noise of them as the jobs he has held even in the past Pharisees Christ knew did, and feel righteous in our cozy, wellhas run thus since we have known ordered parishes, but the poor cry out and are in the sight of God every instant. It is our personal responsibility to heal the physical for a drink. He sells everything he and spiritual wounds of these people. As Christians we can't throw comes in to see us. The sobering off the responsibility to others and up period requires the next two to the State. Christ called for a personal response to the needs of the poor. The communities which do nothing to aid the needy and who won't tolerate a Negro, Puerto Rican, or "foreigner," in their midst, won't rent them rooms, rewhen talking to Eddie. Despite his fuse to sell them property and frequent lapses into drink, his only homes, and in general make it obtransparent fault, I feel as though vious that they want them to stay more, the American press has rehe has far outdistanced the rest of in the slums, are directly contrib. fused to look at the case on any just, because of the taking of these us here in his flight towards God. uting to every crime and violation but pragmatic, political grounds: lives? of human dignity that occurs due ous sinner, although I don't think to the conditions in these slums. We do not run over a child in the ing when he discusses the state of street and leave her to live or die, we do not sell dope to a high these heavy hearted confessions of school boy, we do not drive young the state of his soul I began to girls into prostitution, but we are catch a faint glimmer of what not as innocent of these sins as we suppose as long as we tolerate any injustice which contributes to the continued depression of masses of That night Eddie spoke of a our brothers and which forces walk he took down on the west end these beloved children of God to of 14th street. "I went into a pit their small strength against the overwhelming sea of greed, prejmember the name of the Church. udice, and hatred that rises against

entered the Church I realized that Blessed Sacrament. That was an I had stumbled into a mission unforgettable evening. You know week for men. The priest was up wonderful things are always hapin the pulpit giving a sermon. It pening to me, God has been so was a beautiful sermon on the good."

Pope Begs Mercy for Rosenbergs

(Continued from page 1)

British in 1945; for Pietro Caruso, executed by the Italians in 1945; for Arthur Greiser, condemned in Poland in 1946, and Albert Forster, condemned in Poland in 1948.

The text of the December statement was that the Pope was communicating the "fact" of appeals from Europe, bringing it "to the attention of" the authorities. But it also made it clear that he himself acted and "out of motives of charity proper to his Apostolic Office."

The Line

By Sunday, however, the line had become clear. Former Attorney General McGranery, a Catholic, was quoted as saying that the Pope had not made a personal plea for clemency for the Rosenbergs, men feel benevolent in allowing but merely passed on information.

Thus, the New York Times headline, first page: "Pope Made No Plea to Aid Rosenbergs."

Several points are important: first, it is true that the Pope did not make "a personal plea"; second it is equally true that the Pope followed the usual routine of "intervention," labeling the motive as such, and lending the weight of his office to the pleas which he had transmitted.

The new line seemed to be based upon the naive assumption that the Pope had to sign a clemency petition before it could be deemed that he had made a "plea."

But the twisting and turning cannot hide the facts, even as they are reported in the press, that the Pope took personal action in favor of the Rosenbergs, and that Osservatore Romano and the Vatican are citing this as evidence of his interest in the case-to the Communist press. In short, the Vatican interpretation is that something considerably more important than an intelligence report was sent to the United States.

Rosenberg Case

Yet this was only one more sensational development in a case in which partisanship had all but obscured any chance of getting to the truth.

The Communists the world over are guilty of this approach. The baseless charge that the Rosenberg trial constituted anti-Semitism is no help to tolerance or truth. It is true that the fact that the Rosenbergs are Jewish insinuated a probinto the deliberations and made them subjective, to a certain extent. But there is no evidence of conscious anti-Semitism on the part of the government. And certainly, the current Communist line that the Rosenberg trial was anti-semitic while the Slansky trial was not-introduces tremendous confusion into the issue

The pro-western capitalist press in the United States is guilty of this approach. The alacrity with which it had to discredit the Pope's intervention is but one example. Coming after the sensationalized handling of Russian anti-Semitism, it becomes more glaring. FurtherHoly Father spoke seem to be incomprehensible to them.

The argument rages over whether it would be good for our anti-Communist policy to spare the Rosenbergs (it certainly would). For the Rosenbergs themselves, not as Communists, but as human beings, not one word.

The Trial

For over and above the issues of humanity at stake—the evident uselessness and cruelty of capital punishment as demonstrated in this case—there are other facts which demand clemency.

There is no doubt that the harshness of the sentence is closely connected to the political climate of America. If the Rosenbergs had been tried at the time of their acts, right after the war, they probably would have gotten five or ten years for being over-enthusiastic partisans of our victorious Russian allies. Their sentence, at least, was not made solely by justice, but by justice in a period of considerable

The character of the information which they transmitted. It is fairly well established that the information which the Rosenbergs transmitted was not, in fact, very important, Thus, Harold Urey, atomic scientist. Now this does not alter the nature of the crime for which they are charged, but it should certainly be a mitigating element with regard to sentence.

The character of the testimony against them. The Rosenbergs were convicted largely on the testimony of co-workers who had turned state's evidence. The Anglo-American tradition has always regarded such evidence with great qualms (in Ireland, I believe, the witness of someone who informs is not acceptable at all). The case is furthermore complicated by the possibility that there was bad blood between Rosenberg and one of the chief witnesses against him, Greenglass.

There is the additional complicating factor that another alleged agent was arraigned during the Rosenberg trial and certain statements made to the press about his connection with the Rosenbergswhich could well constitute an extra-judicial attempt to plant evi-

The Sentence

All this is not to say that the trial was unfair. That is a complicated legal question better left to the Supreme Court. But it does make it obvious that with so many factors qualifying the trial, that the sentence of death is unjust, cruel-and totally useless.

Another delay has been granted. If the execution does take place, will we feel (according to the legal fiction under which the state kills)

that we have been paid a debt; will we feel the richer:

that actual espionage activities vill cease—or even be impaired because of what has happened;

that this has been a step toward peace and conciliation:

that the United States is the better, the finer, the more secure in any way, the happier, the more

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Life at Hard Labor

(Continued from page 2)

I would be too sleepy to bother ter (or as they say "more better") cooking anything for myself. Four for there was more sun and not so hours of sleep was about all I could get for there was too much noise.

At midnight while irrigating I sheep. Art, the owner, heard it also, his ear being kind of tuned to such noise. Once awake he couldn't sleep, he said. It was a ewe that made all the noise he said. She had lost her lamb. Away in a far corner Art found two lambs. He made a to this ewe, and sure enough it was the right one and all was quiet. If he had picked up the other lamb she would not have taken it and would have kept up her disturbance. I wondered how much money could be made from the sheep for they ate everything off close to the ground; required alfalfa, and the wool only brought from 45c up per pound depending upon color and quality. Even at the low price of 23c a pound it paid to take the lambs to market he replied. This vegetarian could not be in the sheep or cattle business for I would not succeed unless I cut short the lives of the lambs and calves for the lamb chops and veal for city folks. One old skinny ewe who did not seem to "get with lamb" would soon be sold to some Indian for what he would give for here, * * *

Now is the time to get my Autobiography finished before the hot weather comes. The other day I was writing about my first picketing of the tax man and of the oil painting sign made by my friend Joe Mueller when I heard a knock on the door and here was Joe himself returning from Mexico. He was on his way to visit Jack and Davy, fellow CO's at Sandstone, out at Frank Lloyd Wright's Taliesen, so we only visited for a few minutes. Joe stands out in the history of the "sleepers" who have visited me as a good wood chopper.

* * * Onions, carrots and radishes are peeping through the ground in our garden. I am glad that the Irish potatoes have not appeared as yet as they would have been frosted. Several ranchers around here made an excellent profit from onions last year so I notice more fields than usual in this crop now. The Mohammedan at the bus corner has his forty in onions. In warm weather you can see him by the side of his house smoking his nargile. This contraption of long hose with smoke passing through water I tried once with Roger Baldwin; your head feels as big as the world. - After daylight as I came home from irrigating I saw Mexican women weeding the onions. Open trucks whizzed by with Indians and Mexicans seemingly plastered against the insides of the truck wrapped in blankets. Perhaps they were going to the last of the cotton fields to crawl along the ground and pick the cotton that the machine had messed up. The cotton stalks already being cut off. I saw workers doing this the other day. In the old days people picked cotton and that was that: now they crawl on the ground to make a living and they call this civilization!

Coming home from mass the other Sunday on the bus I sat next to a Mexican and his exceedingly beautiful (unrouged) wife. He was holding the baby girl and there were two older boys at home at the government camp where they lived at Avondale. He had picked cotton now for six months and there was hardly any left to pick. He came going upward or downward." here from Texas and liked it bet-

much wind. In good picking he picked as much as 400 pounds a day, which was very good money indeed, but of course he had to run heard a great basing among the chances of any kind of work for another six months until cotton picking started. Children jerked from one school to another. I gave him a CW. He handed it to his wife and she said: "Oh I haven't seen that paper for years. I used to read it in Texas. Thank you." I guess that one of them belonged had a copy of the September issue with the picture of St. Francis which I also gave them. Getting off the bus I was accompanied up the road by a Yaqui Indian coming to visit friends living in the Big Company houses. I knew just enough Spanish to be understood. When I left I gave him a CW, and seeing the picture of St. Francis he thanked me and crossed him-

> Walking to the bus the other morning I removed 14 tacks, 2 nails, and 2 bits of wire fence from the highway. Thus this non-tax paying anarchist earns his right to walk on the road. No one but an anarchist seems to be responsible enough to remove such objects. I will be picketing the U.S. Revenue Office here on Friday, March 13. One of their men called up to see if I was still around, but otherwise, they have not bothered me this year. There is a new head of the tax office: a former army colonel.

Joe Craigmyle had planned to take his pickup full of citrus for the Hopi and to see Loma, the new baby boy of Fermina and Thomas, but his truck needed repairing, so we have had to postpone the trip. I was sorry to miss the christening of Loma at Hotelvilla according to the ancient Hopi tradition. He was born at home with the help of Fermina's mother and Thomas, and without the blessing of the Indian Bureau and the government hospital. It could even be that there is no official record of a Hopi boy who 18 years from now will be wanted by the Great White Father to die for the mistakes of the oppresser who has stolen this country from the natives and is now busy robbing the natives of Africa and Indonesia of their heritage. (When the Doukhobers in Canada were asked by the government about a baby being born the answer was: "God knows; you don't need to know." For they knew that despite any promises of the government boys were wanted for the army at military age).

Last night it rained so today (Feb. 24) there is no work to do on the land. I rode into town with the Old Pioneer as he took his eggs to the store, and bought some envelopes. I saw several elderly men trudging along with their cotton sacks under their arms. Wet weather and no possibility of work. A dollar a night for a cot; one all you can make in a day picking cotton has disappeared. A feature article in the paper recently said that despite the lower price of cotit than in any other product raised in the Valley. Cabbage, lettuce, cantaloupes, cauliflower and broccoli are only profitable if the market price is high.

"The goal of all love is ecstasy. An ecstasy is no other thing than a going out of oneself, whether St. Francis de Sales

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

CHRISTIAN LANDLORDS

(Continued from page 2) in full operation and unless landlords use discretion the situation may, become a serious one. This is exactly where a Christian Landlords' Association could step in and perhaps solve the problem, or at least ease it.

A code of ethics could be drafted, one which the members would accept and pledge themselves to support. The code would include proper maintenance, upkeep and rental rates. Such a code would not penalize the landlord who subscribes to it, rather it would benefit them. If they became involved in litigation with unscrupulous tenants, the fact that they belong to a Christian Association should Landlords' weigh heavily in their favor. There could also be a companion code drawn up for tenants, drafting the principles of what is expected of them as tenants.

The Housing Problem, being a serious one and an important one for the welfare of our people, should not necessarily rest on the shoulders of those who own rental property alone. Anyone with accumulated savings can and should invest those savings in a way which will provide homes for those who cannot purchase homes of their own. They could charge less rental than the amounts allowed by the



rent control office and still make the house show a fair profit. Some landlords are making terrific profits from their investments. Some houses have paid for themselves over and over again. The code of the Christian Landlords' Association would provide for a fair return on the owner's investment but would draw a strict line against the huge and cruel rate of rent which some owners are charging helpless young people who must have a place to live.

If a Christian Landlords' Association became a reality, people with money to invest could join with builders who would put up new units for less than is the case on the commercial market, and good meal and several snacks and thus house many people and rescue many others from the slums. Such people would be investing in lives and souls, they would be making that despite the lower price of cot-ton there was more sure money in God permitted them to have, to go to work for God and for His crea-

We have a need in this country for the promulgation of Christian ethics in the rental industry. Landlords in many cases sin by overcharging rents, refusing to rent to families with children, and by allowing property to fall into a disgraceful state of disrepair. (See article by Eileen Fantino). A Christian Landlords' Association could rescue many families from the slums, or keep families from being driven to the slums by high rates which they cannot afford. There is no reason why there cannot be such an Association. It is a field for the harvest which Catholic Action can reap.

(Condensed from an article by Anne Tansey, AVE MARIA, January 24, 1953.)

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

He is rollicking, big-mouthed, shining-eyed. And the place is never still for a minute while he is around. Eric is quiet, helpful, forever busy taking things apart with wrenches, helping carry lumber, carting out the trash, bringing in the mail. And Becky and Susie are in school, each one as different from the rest as can be. Yesterday we were coming home from visiting the Dellingers and she said regretfully, "oh there was something I wanted to tell Patch-" could it have been! What lives they lead, these little ones, not yet seven, not yet supposed to have reached the age of reason, and yet they pray, they play, they intrigue for favor, they listen to the adult world around them and without doubt understand and judge. And yet they live in a world of their own, a child's world. The Smith children are fascinating to play with. Bernadette reads to them, Charlie shows them how to draw, they make up games or play cowboys and Indians among the sand pits and scrubby woods, around Tamar's house, and through the fields around the Peter Maurin

Peter Maurin farm has always been a place for children, and families come whenever we have conferences and the talk must always be of essentials because you can't get too much talk in.

I went for a walk with Father Clarence Duffy a few days ago, down through the asparagus patch, past the grape vines, down to the northeast corner next to the goat farm where he and a neighbor had been rooting out the sumac and cutting down the brush and tall grasses. Little springs had burst through the ground and were trickling down to the brook which is the border of our property and the brook itself foamed and tinkled among the rocks. The brookside is all cleared now, a place to sit and dream these warmish days. Wherever water runs there is green wild cress bitter to the tongue, wild garlic shooting up along the edges of the roads.

Whenever visitors come Father introduces them to the compost heaps which are arranged in orderly piles here and there around the farm. Ditches are laid out and when it rains the fields are properly drained, and in the course of the work he came across the remains of the old ditch system which former owners had many years ago. For fifteen years tenants had not farmed, but Father is trying to bring back the wornout soil. In return for grass, a neighbor with a stable has brought us his manure, and we hope to go to the beach for seaweed as the men of Aran did. It is good for the asparagus, of which we have a three acre bed which is thirty years old and yet flock of young chickens from which gave us all the asparagus we coccidiosis, which loss was forecould eat last spring, and brought us \$100, selling it to neighbors.

One entire field is green with rye, and when that is cut in the spring the clover and alfalfa will come up and perfume the air. There is nothing that smells so sweet as a field of clover. When I FT. Casey's church Hutchinson, Minn., and found it fragrant with the beeswax candles he used, I suddenly realized that

whereupon he goes ahead and does. | the beeswax smells of clover. Even the senses rejoice in the beauty of God.

Every morning Fr. Duffy is out right after breakfast digging, cleaning out a little swamp, composting, and he is looking forward to work Saturdays when some of our Catholic Worker readers will come and help us out in the fields. Those who are interested, send for his pamphlets, This Way Out and A Farm in Ireland, in which he discusses the basic ways to rebuild a social order. Address Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, New York.

The Land

Dear Editor:

Jack Thornton's article in your current CW has cut me to the quick. He really is being squeezed through the mill! I don't blame him for it, it is very difficult to start on such a major venture without adequate financial resources. But I do blame you and all those who are such sentimental enthusiasts for the Green Revolution, including myself who wrote for your paper on this subject some years ago when I was myself starting on my own farm. But I have learned something since then.

Those city couples who are encouraged by you (and me) to turn to the land deserve something more than pious phrases. The discouragement after some years of very hard work and final return to the city reflects on the whole movement and not on them alone. I think the following suggestions should be seriously considered by the CW in following up the practical side to their difficulties.

1. An advisory service where each couple can obtain help, work on someone's farm to see for themselves, have their own prospective farm looked over by an expert to have its shortcomings pointed out and its survivai chances evaluated, particularly on the soils growing ever poorer with years of mining. When we moved on to our farm we found hidden heaps of manure which the previous owner had been too lazy to spread.)

2. A Trust Fund, subscribed to by all keen CW readers who have so far only talked of the idea, and administered by a sensible person for loans free of interest to such young farmers for projects which have been properly thought out and planned, to help them stay on the land.

3. An extension service which will employ field men to visit these farmers and help them with day to day problems. (I remember a visit once by a man from the Jewish Agricultural Society who immediately pointed out to me that I was on the point of losing half my stalled by simple counter-measures.)

4. Evening classes and film shows in NYC (and other cities) expressly designed for prospective homesteaders.

I shall be glad to help you with this in any way I can. Best

es and regard Hans Lobstein R.D. 1 Bloomingburg, N. Y.

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