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Chrystie Street

By Tom Sullivan

I sat in our library this afternoon listening to Bishop Fulton Sheen broadcast his Sunday sermon. The Bishop was in his usual style which hasn't changed in years. He always conveys the feeling to me that I am now getting my final instructions just before The Last Judgment. As the Bishop preached, Frank our radio dial jockey, addressed several comments towards the receiving set. When the Bishop mentioned the woman at the well asking Christ for the Living Water, Frank snarled, "everybody is always asking for something." As the Bishop made the point that the worst sinners against impurity stood a better chance for salvation than those who had sinned against pride, Frank broke in at the pause and said, "I wish you would come down here and tell that to this gang who are running the Catholic Worker."

While Frank was indulging in this peculiar dialogue with the voice from the radio a shivering stranger walked into the room in search of a coat. Someone found an extra coat for the stranger and he sat down to read a copy of the Catholic Worker. Shortly after he began to read the paper I noticed him study the Chrystie Street column. His eyes dilated and his cheeks puffed out as though he

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FLORIDA JUSTICE

Judge Futch whittled.

Jess Hunter, the Prosecutor, was a self-styled "character."

The jury panel of 100 contained six Negroes.

The jury was lily-white.

Walter Irvin, the defendant, still suffered from wounds. He had been shot while handcuffed to Samuel Shepherd. Shepherd was killed.

Sheriff Willis V. McCall said they were trying to escape.

Ernest Thomas, another defendant in the same case, had been shot to death—by a posse in 1949.

The first conviction had been unanimously reversed by the United States Supreme Court.

The second trial ended the same way:

Walter Irvin was sentenced to be electrocuted.

He had refused a deal: Plead guilty and receive a life sentence.

Open Mind On St. Thomas Aquinas

By Robert Ludlow

The Summa Theologica of St. Thomas Aquinas is among my favorite reading matter. Parts of it I find exciting, parts of it quite dull. But there are also parts which I find unsatisfactory, either because it is over my head or because, like on the question of the Immaculate Conception, St. Thomas is mistaken. Now I realize this last remark will be taken ill by those dyed in the wool Thomists who do not follow the spirit of their Saint. For, if anything is evident in reading the Summa, it is that St. Thomas had what today would be called "an open mind." Fanaticism is missing from the pages of his works. He would be the first to admit his error on the matter of the Immaculate Conception. He would be the last to condemn anyone who might disagree with him on some matter of philosophy or some aspect of the Faith not yet definitely determined by the Church. And yet a Dominican priest, a good friend of ours, was quite indignant at my assertion that St. Thomas was mistaken on the question of the Immaculate Conception. In this case I'm sure it was more a matter of "pride of Order" than any conscious attempt to deny an historical truth. Nevertheless, it is indicative of an attitude which St. Thomas, I feel sure, would find deplorable.

To get back, however, to one matter in which I find St. Thomas lacking—the whole question of war and pacifism. Now St. Thomas does not regard the teachings of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount as a matter of counsel. Rather he refers to them as precepts. For example: "Such like precepts (i.e., as Do not resist an injury) as Augustine observes should always be borne in readiness of mind, so that we be ready to obey them, and, if necessary, to refrain from resistance or self-defense. Nevertheless, it is necessary sometimes

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ST. FRANCES of Rome and her Guardian ANGEL



A Friend of The Family Mr. O'Connell Is Dead

By Dorothy Day

Somewhere in the Psalms it says that we can look forward to three score years and ten, if we are strong, but any more years are toil and trouble. Undoubtedly they are, but I suppose most people want to hang on to this life, life they know, as long as possible. Not that anyone will ever be ready for death in the sense that they feel prepared to face God and the judgment. Old Maurice O'Connell, who lived with us from 1936 to 1947 at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa., lived to be 84. After the Catholic Worker moved to Newburgh, Maurice remained behind. When the priest from St. Bernard's Church came to anoint him a few weeks before his death he announced jauntily that he would drop in to see him next time he was in Easton. His appearance there was not so casual. Yesterday, February 26, a requiem Mass was sung at ten o'clock and the body of Mr. O'Connell was laid in a grave in St. Bernard's cemetery, behind St. Joseph's Church, up on the Palisade over the Lehigh River. It was a clear spring-like day, though the ground was hard under foot. We knelt on the cold earth around the freshly-dug grave, Eve and Victor Smith, Louis Christopher, Guy and Fifi Tobler, Winifred, Helen Montague, Fr. McGee, the pastor of St. Bernard's, the two men from Curran's funeral parlor and three of the seven Smith children, Margaret, Guy and Victor.

I thought, as the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a cheap grey coffin of proper shape, but God knows what materials, the handles decorative rather than functional, that Mr. O'Connell had made a coffin for me back in 1940 or so, but that he had not made himself one. I should have brought him mine and let Hans Tunneson make me another. The coffin he made for me is of proper size and varnished with the bright yellow varnish that he had used on the altar, the sacristy closet, and the benches which he had made for our chapel at Easton, Pa., when Fr. Palmer and Fr. Woods first came to vacation with us back in 1937.

Mr. O'Connell put in a lot of work on that chapel. The altar, (Continued on page 6)

Christians And History

By Michael Harrington

History confronts us with the loss of our freedom.

Butterfield, the Cambridge historian, has written that if Russia were not Stalinist, but Czarist, or even Christian in the sense in which states have been historically said to be Christian, there would still be this imminent possibility of war of annihilation between East and West. There is an element in history so tragic that it has no ideology except destruction.

Within this fate, neither the American people nor the Russian people want war. Nor do their leaders desire war for itself—but seek to use it to achieve a peace which they consider just.

Each day we read of our loss of freedom. The names in the newspapers, Egypt, Iran, Korea, Indo-China, are so accreted with history, so tangled with the past, that there does not seem to be a policy that is both moral and possible. We cannot say, for instance to the British, retract two centuries of your capitalist-imperialist history, and at this moment become the agrarian economy which you always should have been. And yet it is precisely this past which keeps our freedom earthbound.

Freedom in the 19th century was seen as unlimited. Reasonable man seeking his individual good would produce the common good. Freedom in our time seems to be illusion. Reasonable man seeking his individual good has produced the common evil.

The realistic question is not: do you suggest that America become pacifist, that the Russians be allowed to invade? America will not become pacifist in the foreseeable future. (I personally doubt that any great nation will become pacifist, or at least that such a nation would remain pacifist under attack.) But if the improbable did happen, if America did become pacifist, the process of its becoming would so revolutionize its domestic and foreign relations that

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ST. PATRICK



ST. JOHN of GOD

On Pilgrimage

An explanation is due those in the mid and southwest who expected me to speak last month and this. Twice I announced the trip I intended to make, and twice illness at home kept me from starting out. Two cases of pneumonia and three cases of measles made home duties an obligation.

One gets to have a real love of Holy Mother the City when you have something to do with our city hospitals. There you see colored and white nurses working together happily, and the most tender care given the children. Becky, who will be seven in April, had run a fever of 106 for several days, and we took her to Richmond Memorial hospital, where, before they even take your pulse, they start asking about money and how and when you are going to pay the bill. They shout at you, brow beat you, bully you and when you are thoroughly crushed and intimidated they consent to give some attention to the patient. Oh the pains of poverty!

Pneumonia was the diagnosis, and when, two days later, she broke out with measles, the authorities at the hospital transferred her without notifying us to Richmond Borough hospital. There she received the best of care for two weeks, and was sent home to light up the house again. The younger ones had been dull, indeed, without her. Two of them had had light attacks of measles.

On the south side of Cobbett Cottage the crocuses, daffodils, hyacinths and tulips are all coming up and the hollyhocks are bright green under the bedding of dead leaves. The tips of twigs of privet and forsythia are changing color and there is a soggy feel in the turf under your feet. We have always contended that spring begins on February 11, no matter how many blizzards come after.

It was the fifth chapter of the first epistle to St. Timothy that urged me to stay home. St. Paul wrote, after talking about grandmothers, "If any man have not care of his own and especially of those of his own house, he hath denied the faith and is worse than an infidel."

Afraid, however, of being swayed by my own desires and attachments, I asked the little Flower for a sign and got it most immediate.

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"Undertake Everything"—Pius XII

In Czechoslovakia, in China, throughout almost the whole of the
Stalinist dominated world, the Catholic Church today suffers a cruel
persecution. In the face of this terrible problem, Pius XII, the Vicar
of Christ on earth, has spoken to us. Not to ask for a war against
the oppressor, but, in his most recent address (February 11) to say:
"The realization of Our responsibility before God obliges Us to attempt
everything, to undertake everything, in order to spare the human race
so frightful a disaster."

The Pope sees the world "unconsciously walking paths which sweep
on to ruin both souls and bodies, the good and wicked, civilization
itself." The danger is "more widespread and grave than pestilence
and the convulsions of nature," but the "continuing threat has begun
to make the nations almost insensible and apathetic."

Spiritual Means

Throughout his exhortations on peace, the Holy Father has insisted
that spiritual means be used. There seems to be a progression in his
thought on peace, from 1948 Christmas when he approved an arms
program (NATO), for its preventive value alone and not for the actual
use of the arms to Christmas, 1951, when he said, "We, too—and more
than anyone else—deplore the monstrous cruelty of modern weapons." And he spoke of "poor short-sighted men, whose little field of vision
does not go beyond the possibilities of the present hour, beyond statis-
tics of military and economic potential. How can they form the
slightest idea of the worth and importance of religious authority for
the solution of the problem of peace?"

And yet, at Christmas, the Holy Father insisted that objection to
war could not confine itself to legalistic analysis of the horror of
modern war. "But on the other hand, is it not perhaps a kind of prac-
tical materialism and superficial sentimentality to make the existence
and threat of these weapons the sole and principal consideration in
the question of peace, while no attention is paid to the absence of
that Christian order which is the true guarantee of peace?" Briefly,
a revitalization of the social order through Christian principles is
necessary.

The Awakening

This revitalization must be accomplished by Christians who will (the
address of February 11) "launch a mighty reawakening of thought
and action."

Speaking immediately to the people of Rome, and through them
to the peoples of the world, the Pope defined the gigantic scope of
the crusade which is necessary: "This reawakening is a duty for every-
one without exception—clergy and people, those in authority, family
groups, individuals—along the entire front of the complete renewal
of Christian life, along the line of the defense of moral values, in
the realization of social justice, in the reconstruction of the Christian
order, in such a way that outward face of the city of Rome, which
since the apostolic times has been the center of the Church, may shine
forth bright with holiness and beauty."

The Pope is quite clear on how this is to be accomplished. It is
not through any discussion; it is through the affirmation of love as
superior to hatred: "Of what value would the disputations on justice,
on charity, on peace, if the will were already resolved to flee sacrifice,
if the heart were determined to remain in icy solitude and if none
were to dare to be the first to break through the barrier of dividing
hate to hasten to offer a sincere embrace."

(It would hardly seem necessary to relate the above passage with the
military and foreign programs of the United States or the thinking
of American Catholics. The divergence is too painfully clear.)

The law for those who must participate in this awakening is "un-
conditional fealty to the person of Jesus Christ and to his teachings."

The Problem of Conscience

In all of his addresses on peace, the Holy Father has indicated that
the basis of the problem is a lack of conscience on the part of society.
This is again made clear in the February 11 statement: "Let it be very
clear, beloved sons, that the root of modern evils and of their baneful
consequences is not, as in pre-Christian times or in regions yet pagan,
invincible ignorance of the eternal destiny of man and of the principal
means of attaining it. Rather is it lethargy of the spirit, weakness
of the will, and coldness of heart."

Thus, the Pope advocates a radical solution to the problem of war.
A mere insistence on the immorality of war on the fear of the existence
of weapons (and here there seems to be a progress over the Christmas
message of 1948, is not enough. The problem must be attacked at its
roots. As the Pope has insisted time and time again, only justice for
the whole world will act as a bulwark against war.

Church and War

Ever since the Vatican was freed of temporal sovereignty in 1870
(Catholics at that time viewed it as a calamity) it has grown in moral
authority until it has come to be recognized throughout the world
(especially in the last ten years) as the spokesmen for a humanitarian
transcendence. It is unfortunate that American Catholics do not avail
themselves of this authority more often. We cannot, of course, say
that the Pope is a "conscientious objector"; he does not think in such
limited terms. We can say that he is quite explicit on the following
propositions (how many Catholics are?):

The Church does not seek a military crusade against Stalinism;
The Pope deplores modern weapons as "monstrously cruel";
There is a lethargy and a materialism in the "so-called" free world;
The way to peace is through justice and charity, through prayer,

through spiritual means, justice and charity for the entire world;
Reliance on armaments alone has created a terrible state of mind
in the nations of the world (East and West);
Modern war is suicide;
It is the duty of every single individual to work in charity for jus-
tice, for the transformation of the social order, for peace.

Industrialism and Christianity

By THOMAS CAMPBELL

Operating a machine, a man becomes a machine. And in so doing
he is harmed in his essential humanness by the damage done his per-
sonality, which St. Thomas says, "is the highest thing in nature," con-
sequent upon his reduction to the level of an inanimate cog. And
to that degree which his personality prevents his becoming a machine,
for personality cannot be completely submerged, he is in that pro-
portion vulnerable to the penalties which a machine age is prepared
to inflict upon him. In this country the inability of a man to translate
his labor into machine idioms spells unemployment. This is grim.
But worse is to follow. In those societies where industrialism has
achieved perfect rationalization, ones prepared through inclination or
pressure to dispose with any morality taking into account the fragility
of man—Nazi Germany, Soviet Russia—we have seen that deprivation
of life itself is the reward for inefficiency. The inefficient—the aged,
the imbecilic, the weak—stand in the threat of extermination
wherever a machine society is allowed to work out to its logical con-
clusion.

The end of a machine is efficiency. The most pious Catholic indus-
trialist would not deny that. But a man is not an efficient animal
entirely. He is weak, exposed to fatigue and error. When he is forced
to adapt his labor to the inhumanly efficient machine, he is doing
something which is highly un-natural to him, something therefore in-
consistent with his nature. When Leo Thirteenth said that "matter
goes into a factory and comes out ennobled, whereas a man enters a
factory and emerges debased," he was not condemning low pay or long
hours but the very nature of the labor in a factory. The best machine
tender is another machine (the main reason why a machine society
is always afflicted with unemployment) and this fact condemns any
system which has the machine as its foundation. Man and matter
are not to be equated, as the statement of Leo Thirteenth indicates,
and this is precisely why industrialism is absolutely counter to Chris-
tian thought.

It is in the Christian idea of art that the severest objection to the
machine is raised. Art is no more (and no less) than work properly
done. Insofar as work is truly creative, really the construction of an
organic whole which should be created, it is art. Work done in an
artistic or creative way is satisfying work. Few men derive satisfac-
tion from their labor today. No one would enter a factory without
the stimulus of hunger. No man today is permitted the satisfaction
of making a whole thing. He performs one act of supreme monotony—
he becomes a machine. He is dehumanized. He is depersonalized.
Any disturbance in great or small of those processes which are in-
herent in the creation of things, any perversion of intellect or matter
which relieves man of an intelligent command of that creation neces-
sary to him as a man, is inhuman—condemned.

It has become a cliché that we are standing on the edge of a disaster.
External as well as internal reasons, physical as well as spiritual causes,
are operating upon modern man in such a way as to suggest that we
are at the threshold of an age in which mankind shall sustain a dam-
age to its psychic poise so shattering that recovery cannot be envis-
ualized in the conjecturable future.

This is so largely because of our "depersonalization," the sapping
of our God-given dignity by our immersion in industrial means and
ends. Consider the bombardier in the B-29 over Hiroshima, young,
insouciant, abhorrent of personal cruelty, like any of the other millions
of young American men, yet preparing to inflict a death by molten
temperatures upon one hundred thousand men, women and children,
whom a geographical accident is going to make the first recipients
of the benefactions of the Atomic Age. Here is not the red eyed
anger of drunkenness. Here is not the set jaw of revenge. Here
is death in the lab technique. Here is the scientist at war—setting
the instruments for the maximum effect. Here is functional violence.
Here is the business man at war. How can I profit by the enemy?
"Profit" to mean his death. How can I extort the greatest "profit"?

Through our technics, our preoccupation with and mastery of de-
personalized machine ends and methods, we have reached an imper-
sonal barbarism, a sore of hygienic bestiality, which allows us to in-
flict deaths of great pain upon huge numbers of human beings with-
out the visceral twinge we would feel crunching over a dog on a
highway.

And—we must charitably suppose from an invincible ignorance—
most Catholics defend industrialism. And—more invincible ignorance,
I pray—most Catholics believe pacifists to be a lunatic fringe.

Let us hope that there are many generous Catholics prepared to
make the sacrifice of getting out of industrialization. It is the only
solution. Let us no longer take into consideration any solution which
springs from expediency. Let us be done once and for all with those
Catholics who are attempting to embroider a pious fringe of Catholi-
cism upon that whole cloth which pays off so well. Let us start to
ask questions of the Catholic industrialist. Just where does he stand?

But let us not delude ourselves. We know that the Catholic indus-
trialist is not going to be very prone to examine his conscience where
it might be tough on his wallet. The type of Catholic who likes to
make money is not given to very much soul searching, so let us not
be detained by him. But there are the people who are enslaved by
their condition in this system. How can we ask them to do anything?
This writer is frank enough to say that it is a problem to which he
has seen no answer.

Let us ask God to protect us from the night descending.

Father Strattman on Modern War

"The conditions for a just war, set up centuries ago by the theo-
logians, still retain their validity, but their application to present cir-
cumstances can only result in a clear condemnation of modern war.
The latter is no longer a suitable means of solving international con-
flicts or social tensions: it cannot improve bad conditions, but only
make them worse. To avoid it therefore is a collective and individual
duty." Father Strattman, OP, addressing German pacifists this year.
Also present were Kaspar Mayr of Vienna, editor of Der Christ in der
Welt, and Frau Wessel, a Catholic member of the Federal Parliament

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

diately. So I shall stay home this
spring, keep close to the family
through Lent and write my new
book on St. Therese. That does
not mean that I won't go out to
speak once in a while at a com-
munion breakfast, or before a
group. On the third Tuesday in
March, I will speak at Mrs. Ed
Willocks, at a family group meet-
ing.

On this quiet Sunday a week be-
fore going to press, I came into
New York for the afternoon and
found Ione Thielman of Minnesota,
visiting us. She has been help-
ing the Willock family since his
illness last fall, save for a few
months around Christmas when
she was home helping her sister
who was having a baby. We went
for a walk through the East Side,
down pushcart-lined street, where
everything is sold from beautiful
remnants of woollen goods and
curios and antiques, ragged vest-
ments, paisley shawls to old shoe
brushes. The streets were color-
ful and crowded and though it was
cold, there was that cheerful robust
air of festivity which both Jews
and Italians have in conducting
their small businesses.

Amazing enough, we found a
beautiful book of Masses of the
Dead, published in Ratisbon in 1933
with the approbation of Dr. Hocht,
vicar General, which we bought for
a dollar.

From a most congested neigh-
borhood of synagogues and tene-
ments, from an atmosphere of a
Polish or Russian village, we
walked a few blocks north to Third
street between Avenue A and B
and visited the Church of the Holy
Redeemer, where the altar was
gorgeous with cala lilies and roses,
surrounding the exposition of the
Blessed Sacrament. There are
many Slavs in this neighborhood,
but Germans predominate, and the
streets are quiet and clean and or-
derly compared with the hectic
clamor of the market district a few
blocks below.

Family Apostolate

Ione had written to us last year,
offering to come help with the
Catholic Worker House of Hospi-
tality. She is a graduate of the
St. Cloud School of Nursing, and
when she arrived and found the
need at Marycrest, the little com-
munity where the Willocks live,
she went without question there.
There are three families there with
twenty children among them and
three more expected. Two more
houses are under construction, for
families with at least four chil-
dren in both homes. Nearby in
Shanks Village, near Orangeburg
where there are many more Cath-
olic families and a great need for
volunteers to help in this apostolic
field.

The Resurrection Of the Body

If you were not such as you are,
nor of such an origin, and anyone
should show you the generating
substance, and a painted represen-
tation of the human form, and
should persist in affirming that
the one could be produced from
the other, would you believe him
before ye saw the effect produced?
No one would be bold enough to
assert that ye would. In the same
manner ye now disbelieve because
ye never saw a dead man raised
to life. But even, as ye would
not at first have believed, that
from a little drop of seminal mat-
ter such bodies could be formed,
which yet, ye see, are formed; so
consider that it is not impossible
for human bodies, decomposed
and like seed, resolved into the
earth, to arise, in due season, at
the command of God and to put
on incorruption.

From apology of S Justin Martyr
AD 150.

Peter Maurin Farm

By EMILY SCARBOROUGH

The chapel is singularly beautiful. The red altar covering has on it in gold the words—"Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus," that the Cherubim continually do cry, and the sun pours through from the east during mass. In the late afternoon it is flooded from the west with the setting sun. Sometimes the chapel seems as if it were in a ship, with its steep white staircase going up above, and its open beams. But outside there are trees, and billowing meadow grass. St. Theresa of Lisieux looks down from the west wall in a great unretouched photograph, as different from the false and sugary common representations of her as every Saint is unlike his hagiographers' stories. This face is of steel; and of unimaginable tenderness and sympathy. "I have been where you are," her eyes comfort us: "And you will be where I am." The iron in her soul must be in ours, and the love. St. Francis of Assisi, in a representation of him that looks like a human being (Giotto's), hangs in the back. In the east corner is a lovely reproduction in faded colors of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, to whom we pray daily before the mid-day meal, when we meet for that dear and homely prayer the rosary. The Stations of the Cross, given to us by Betty Bartelme, are small, direct and moving—in copper: Christ's head.

"Daily mass and three meals a day" sets the tone of our routine. But no words can give the spirit that to me—a neophyte coming into this great movement late in life, late in my Catholic life—is at the heart of our community. There are twenty people, including three children and a beautiful month-old infant, who are our family. There is not one who is not an essential part in our spiritual and material body; and yet, if the most necessary one should go, the spirit would continue on. Some have regular jobs: some do whatever they see before them. No one knows really what anyone does—what word has been said, what prayer uttered, that changed a soul; what act of love, like a stone thrown gently into a pond, has reeled out in circles of peace, to touch the living. Community life in poverty is wearing. The lack of personal privacy, inseparable from any true sharing of the life of the poor, is a hard cross—even for those who do not realize it. The human soul needs some solitude, every day, to sustain it. Circumstances inherent in the philosophy of the Catholic Worker movement make single rooms impossible for nearly all of us. One is forced to the chapel, to think, to pray, and to breathe.

In spite of the noise, the confusion, and what is referred to by some as "the loony atmosphere," there is an order: the order of God. A message comes "to expect a priest and two guests"—from New York. Preparations are made; there is interested awaiting. No one comes. It turns out that the telephonic conversation was misunderstood: the priest and two visitors were going to Brooklyn. "Dorothy is coming. She is not coming... They need bread at Chrystie Street. They do not need it... The Chevrolet is to go here. It is to go there... That was for Becky. No, it was for Mt. Loretto. But was left for Patchen." This countermanding goes on all day. Those who want a settled and regulated earthly order are bewildered—some even embittered—by it. It seems to me we cannot help it. We must be flexible and free—that the Holy Spirit may move in us. Everything necessary gets done. What if we did have to give away our goat because we could not afford any more to buy her feed? We made friends with the neighbor who took her. He understood that feeding human beings, here and in New York, has to be our first consideration; and the farm second. We are not always aware of Christ's ideas. They are large, and include more than we can see, to our death and beyond. To me—because of the

startling newness of it, an observer rather than a participant in the virtues of this life—miracles occur hourly, miracles of love, and patience. There is no "pious" talk. Although the relations between men and women are the best I have seen anywhere—co-operative, joyful and fully Catholic—most of the men are sensitive to any statements about relations with God—unless it is complaining. But why can't one come out frankly with one's objections to the Hound of Heaven? Gerard Hopkins did. He was a better man than I. He said—"Cheer WHOM though? The Hero whose heavenhandling flung me, OR ME THAT FOUGHT HIM? foot trod me? O which one? Is it EACH one?"... The idea being (an entirely new one in Christianity) that I should be cheered more as much as He for the struggle. We don't have to struggle. God made us in HIS image.

With all our human idiosyncrasies—and we bristle with temperaments, from geniuses and near-misanthropes to Ed and Agnes, who are almost angels—there is a charity in this community, a human forbearance with the offenses of others such as is very rarely to be witnessed in this world. You hint that you are uncomfortable living amongst such saints, and you stir up salvos of wit. Powdered eggs, cold water, and leaky shoes are subjects of amusement here. In spite of the difficulties, and the frustrations, and the apparent contradictions, the fact that all the people love God and are on the way to Heaven becomes more and more visible, the longer you stay with them. The men's talk reminds me of Tom Sullivan's "That which I have feared has come upon me"—he who has been for fifteen years in the front line of the Catholic Worker battle. In the outside world, of scrupulous nuns and "good Catholics," you hear Our Lord referred to in pious clichés. Here, shyly avoiding mention of Him, they live Him.

We have a new cook—Mary Roberts from Maine, no stranger to the Catholic Worker. Kenneth, our flamboyant chef, became ill, and dosed with penicillin, he ascended and descended the stairways, blowing his nose, uttering obiter dicta, but unable to stay up long. God sent Mary at that moment. She made cake with icing with the terrible powdered eggs, the first home-made cake we've had this winter; and it was good. Her humorous intelligence and quiet ways endear her to those who are somewhat on the trigger. She brought a candlestick she helped to make, shaped like a crusader's cross, of wrought copper and nickel, which now stands in the middle of the dining room table.

One day Tamar came to see us all alone. We gave her coffee. It may be because she was born in the Catholic Worker, it may be her ancestry; it may be because she has Dave, and five children; but Tamar has always seemed to me to be possessed of a remarkable maturity. She has a satiric and gentle objectivity that I wish were more prominent in our sex. Becky is out of the hospital, and with her red cheeks and elf-like profile looks better than ever. Susy is now attending school. She can sing Little Bo Peep.

Our own personal family the Dellingers have endeared themselves to us so much (once giving us a poetry reading of Kenneth Patchen, Dave's and Betty's friend) that we don't look with pleasure upon their departure, which may come soon. Rita has become a foster mother to them. Patchen reads like a grown-up. Ray knows how to tell time. The other day after dinner Ray came up to our priest and said—"Father, I know what God is." And he did. The Dellinger boys are very deeply interested in God. Tasha aged two is the pet and the flirt of the house. As for Daniel, born to us on the feast of St. Agnes, he

(Continued on page 8)

The Population Problem in Japan

By GEORGE CARLIN

The population pressure in Japan is daily becoming more acute. The West seems apathetic to it, although all experts have stated that the population problem is the key to the wars in Asia.

A recent report from Tokyo states that in the last year there were an estimated 300,000 registered abortions in Japan. There were an additional estimated 600,000 unregistered abortions.

In a word, nearly one million Japanese babies were denied the gift of life in the last year because their parents refused to bring them in to the world to starve to death later.

Japan has a population of 80,000,000 crowded into an area about the size of the state of Montana. In the next decade the population is expected to reach 100,000,000. The nation, under the present economic situation, can not support the population.

One partial answer to the problem is going to have to be lowering of the immigration barriers in the United States to permit the entry of the Japanese in at least limited numbers.

Even an extremely small quota at this time would be important in Asia and have a tremendous effect of good-will and renewed hope for the Asiatics.

At the present time no Japanese can become an American citizen. The immigration quota is zero. Japanese can enter the United States on student or temporary visas but can not immigrate here to live permanently.

This problem throws a particular and specific burden on Catholics for its solution. Catholics can not remake the world overnight. But they can take the lead in calling attention to the facts of life and to the Christian solution of such problems.

To date in Asia the birth control advocates, including the American occupational government in Japan, have offered birth control as the solution.

The Japanese have looked to the West for its answers. First they tried militarism and war. Today they are trying birth control, eugenics, abortions—all backed by State and private support. Both solutions are disastrous.

Catholics are urged to write their Congressmen asking a reduction of the immigration barriers and for immediate action on solving the food problem in Asia.

Time is of the essence. An article in the Nippon Times of December 12 states: "Japanese civic leaders, educators, journalists, and scientists are seeking a donation of \$1,277,600 from the Ford Foundation in order to strengthen birth control measures designed to reduce the Japanese population."

A letter of appeal in the same issue states the case in this manner:

"As Japan's danger from its large population is growing greater every day, we hope that this plan can be started soon. We believe there is no other way in which your money can accomplish so much for humanity."

Though there is not space here to knock apart all the pseudo-scientific writing on the dangers the world faces from "human fertility," it might be well for us as Americans to realize the following:

(1) Though Americans in urban areas throw up their hands at any mention of increased immigration the fact remains that there are huge areas of undeveloped and uninhabited land in the United States which can be put to use. We have the technological means to do it. But we have not yet faced the food problem in terms of the world and beyond our own well-being so far. Dr. Stringfellow Barr, president of St. John's Annapolis in Maryland, wrote a while ago a pamphlet called "Let's Join the Human Race." Americans are only 6 per cent of the world's population and hence we must face problems in terms of all people, rather than just ourselves.

(2) The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural organization's report on food and population as quoted in the November 11, 1951 New York Times, poo-

poohed the Malthusians and "human fertility" Cassandras as follows:

"Before the eighteenth century, the major factor in controlling population growth was the death rate. Now with the extension of medical science and public health measures, mortality is being reduced with a resultant increase in pressure on available food resources. The present day Malthusians proclaim words of gloom, but there is no doubt that the technical means are available to provide for a still greater population than now exists and at a higher standard of living."

Rather than a decrease in population the United Nations advocates increased world population. Dr. J. M. Latsky, a nutrition expert of the Food and Agricultural division, states in the report:

"Manpower must be increased. The vicious circle must be broken. Ignorance, disease and malnutrition produce a pitiful specimen that is only one-tenth of a man. He cannot produce even enough to feed himself. He lacks energy for self-improvement. And so it continues—with more ignorance, disease, and malnutrition. This cycle can be broken at any point, with education, better hygiene and sanitation, better land use and increased manpower."

The solution on a Christian level

may entail the following steps:

(1) Lowering of immigration barriers from Asia to the United States.

(2) Increased activity of the United Nations Food and Agricultural division which sends experts into foreign lands to advise on farm and scientific techniques.

(3) The use of TVAs and projects such as the Central Valley project to transform uninhabitable areas into cultivated land.

(4) The clear realization that war and birth control do not solve problems. They wreak disaster while leaving the basic problems unchanged.

(5) The return of Catholics to Christian principles instead of the acceptance of the present business and pagan views, which put a priority on selfishness and greed.

At the present time the Church in Japan is setting up an organization to determine more widely Christian methods of solving the population problem without the use of birth control. Any readers possessing desirable background for this work or helpful information are urged to communicate with: The Reverend Thibault National Catholic Committee, 10 Rokuban-cho, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo or the Reverend Kaschmitter Maryknoll, To-Sei News, Tokyo Japan, or Michael Harrington, the Catholic Worker.

Maryfarm

By VINCENZA BAGLIONI

Here it is still in the month of February, as I sit writing these lines and already the little plants for spring planting in the green house across the road are up a good inch and more. How wonderful, winter all around us and our thoughts turn to seeds, and plying, and the new kids which are due in the barn. February and March, we are told, are the most difficult months of the year. We look forward impatiently to spring and the beautiful days ahead; to the end of the cold, and wind, and slush and snow; to a new kind of activity, to be outdoors more—to work in the soil, to plant, to use muscles of arms and legs and back in the healthful, life-giving work that seems to be crying to be done in the numerous buildings; the canery, the barn, the store rooms, the carriage house in alterations, painting, cleaning. We look forward, too, to the new, fresh first tender greens which come early in the spring—the polk, the mustard greens, the dandelion, the refreshing mints which grow so abundantly in this area, and the many others which I don't know of yet. Last year we picked a good many of these. Charlie Luddy was here and he's an expert on wild edible green. What thankfulness I felt to God's abundance as with basket and knife in hand I knelt in a field covered with clumps of delicious mustard greens—all for the picking.

God is good! There is always hope. The new life is coming. Even on December 21st, the beginning of winter, we have the beautiful and consoling thought that this day is the shortest day of the year, and already, from this day the days are beginning to get longer. Every day there is a little more and a little more light!

The biggest struggle during the winter months at Maryfarm is supplying the wood for the furnace which heats the main house. It takes 2 men continually at it to cut down trees; saw, chop, split, load, lug and whatever else has to be done before the logs are safely

in the furnace producing heat for the house. The past week has really been a problem because although there was a neat pile of logs in the fields behind the house to be brought in, which Jehu Fillenger and Don and Fred worked so hard to get, because of the snow and mud, and the lack of a proper conveyance (John Fillenger's 192 Brockway truck doesn't have few items like spark plugs and sides to the body, etc., so we can use that); so we had no satisfactory way of getting the wood to the house. Even a home-made tobogan did not work well. Yes, we are getting plenty of experience in trying to "master situations": Peter Maurin said we should learn to do.

The financial situation came up this month as we dwindled down to our last 3 cents. And the Mary, one of the "family" had to go to visit her husband in the hospital, as she does very Sundays. That would be \$1.50. What to do. The climax had come. At this point hard cash was the only answer. One could charge the necessary food depending on the next appeal to pay the bills; we clothing that "come in"; depend on the men to bring in wood to keep the house warm; but the companies want ready cash. V. prayed, especially adding a prayer to St. Therese, the "little" St. Therese. We have a special attachment to St. Therese. Her humility in being convinced of her insignificance and God's great love for us, her simplicity and openness and her complete trust in God in the face of the continual trials of her life have endeared her to us who know her. We prayed the prayer of her mass—"grant us, O beseech Thee, so to follow in humility and simplicity of heart the footsteps of the Virgin, St. Teresa, that we may obtain everlasting rewards. Who livest?"—we ended our prayer. I realized we had not asked for any material aid. We had prayed the church's prayer that was all. We hadn't asked directly for money. She would

(Continued on page 7)

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BOOK REVIEWS

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Laymen's Guide

FOR MEN OF ACTION by Yves de Montcheuil, S. J. Fides, South Bend. \$3.00 Reviewed by Betty Bartelme.

Probably not more than one or two books of spiritual direction specifically intended for those engaged in Catholic Action have been published. Certainly none more remarkable than this translation of Father Yves de Montcheuil's essays has appeared, nor one written by a priest so closely associated with lay apostolate movements. Until his death in 1943 at the hands of the Gestapo, this French priest was spiritual adviser to the students at the Sorbonne and to many of the Catholic Action groups in Paris. This collection is the fruit of his reflections on the problems of the laity, and it is a brilliant and inspired book.

The call to the apostolate is not for isolated individuals. Father de Montcheuil makes it clear that it is possible for every Christian to hear it, but in order to answer it is necessary to understand the nature of the apostolate and each man's part in it. What must become apparent to each individual is the desire for God, rooted in the hearts of all men, which must be awakened, and his own desire for the completion of Christ's Mystical Body must be aroused to a flame.

And how to approach men? Father de Montcheuil regards the intellectual approach as futile. It must be as witnesses, displaying the Christian Mystery shining through lives similar to those of others, yet different in the inner transformation which has taken place in the soul of the true apostle. Each man does this in his own way, through his own humanity lifted to a supernatural level, but without yielding to the temptation to employ force, to exert pressure, however subtle, to bring man to God, for God wants free acts from men. The action on others must be indirect, following as perfectly as possible Christ as model and perfect Witness, and it must be accomplished in each man's own environment.

And if we are to live the life of Charity and help others to find it, sustaining them in their search and efforts, how do we go about it? Here action is direct. We work on ourselves to effect a spiritual formation. It is to this formation that Father de Montcheuil gives his most concentrated attention and some of his most profound observations. The obvious comes first, of course. A complete break with sin, tendency to sin and the consequences of sin. Imperfections must be ruthlessly weeded out; we must not even lend ourselves outwardly to the imperfections of our surroundings assuming that we will thereby come closer to those we wish to help. Even if this means renunciations of a shattering kind, temporary or permanent, there can be no compromise. The Cross, after all, is implicit in following Christ.

To the means of accomplishing our personal sanctity. Father de Montcheuil devotes much of his direction. Two points which he treats in a powerful manner are total commitment and asceticism. He neither underestimates their difficulties nor overlooks the sweetness of their fruits. But he insists, without qualifications, that both are essential to the formation of the apostle, and that without the practice of them it is impossible to lead a fully Christian life.

No true commitment, he reminds us, is conditional. We must throw ourselves into it without fears or reservations, making sure in advance that we realize exactly to what we have pledged ourselves. If we turn back we lose more than we have gained, and since our acts always affect us and change our judgment, we must move forward with tremendous courage. It is a

fearful consideration, commitment, but its rewards are more than ample. This is particularly evident in the beautiful human analogy with which Father de Montcheuil explores its meaning on the Divine level. "We know only those to whom we give ourselves and on whom, in one sense, we become truly dependent. In fact, we know well only those whom we love deeply and from them it is impossible to separate ourselves. We can never feel indifferent to them. We shall always suffer from their refusals, but if we love them as we should, we shall be pained above all by their imperfections, errors, sins. In this sense, we placed ourselves at their mercy, in the way that the love Christ for Judas . . . condemned Him to the sorrow of being betrayed by one whom He loved. If we are afraid of such love, if we wish to avoid this self-commitment, with its sometimes painful consequences, we condemn ourselves never to know anything intimately . . . In God we shall possess everything worth knowing and loving. Yet one attains such possession only if he consents to commit himself on earth." With this end in view it is hardly possible to turn back. Nevertheless, Father de Montcheuil, understanding the human soul, instructs us not to try to understand immediately all that a commitment requires of us—not to strain to foresee future ramifications, but to wait without anxiety, answering all calls as we hear them, and to prepare ourselves moment by moment for the new perspectives which will open before us, deepening our inner life and demanding fresh efforts from us.

And this is where asceticism fits into place. Contrary to common belief, it is not a joyless thing; rather it is a discipline, a method of preparing for the entrance of Charity. Father de Montcheuil calls it an education, incorporating progress, patience, perseverance, methodical not haphazard, its continuity unbroken. "The effort to make oneself a docile instrument of Charity is the essence of asceticism," which clearly indicates its indispensability. Father de Montcheuil is speaking of asceticism for the layman, but he does not indicate any precise practices, since it is a personal and social practice which must be governed both by environment and consideration for one's neighbors, and by insight into individual temperaments, characters, weaknesses and faults. The positive aspects of asceticism are stressed primarily—its value in overcoming defects, its weeding out of obstacles to Charity, the blocks it sets up against evil inclinations. Most important of all, he emphasizes its effect in liberation of the spirit in order that the heart may seek higher values and the Christian thus purified can make use of the things of the world without being stained by them. And when one has been joyously molded by love through asceticism, then "in the very measure that one's love of the Cross dictates his attitude toward suffering, he has gone beyond asceticism and the soul has entered on a higher way."

The problem of vocation for those not attracted to the religious life can be a troublesome one for Christians. Father de Montcheuil, after differentiating between the vocation within the Church and the vocation within society, offers counsel for judging the direction one should take. The former should take its guidance from the voice of the hierarchy, without, however, disregarding the initiative of the layman. One should look clearly at the state of the world and judge the needs which are most apparent and for which the call of God seems most urgent. And most naturally one's state of life must be governed also by talents, aptitudes, temperament and other individual characteristics. He discourages any hopeful

attitudes toward direct inspiration or external commands — we are not St. Teresas — but the two vocations are bound together and should be determined by the insight gained through lifting oneself to a spiritual level wherein the vocation may be perceived. Father de Montcheuil says severely that anyone not living in the state of life proper to him, who has not discovered his vocation, has simply not made use of the spiritual weapons at his disposal.

Undoubtedly the chapters devoted to Christian humanism and the relationship of art and ethics grew out of the priest's experiences as a student adviser. Certainly they are directed to an intellectual and artistic group but their value is more far-reaching than to this small circle. The conflict between the supernatural and the material (with the Marxist and Jansenist views as the extremes) is one which all are faced with, and his discussion of the problems inherent in this conflict is highly illuminating. He is particularly understanding of the struggles of the artist to achieve the necessary detachment and purity necessary for the liberation of inspiration and creative imagination through which diverse experiences may be expressed without detracting either from his spiritual life or from his humanism. He is not so kind, however, to the art lover, and while he says that art must be loved for itself as all beauty must be, art for art's sake is something else again, and the dilettante art love with no useful function has no place in a Christian society.

More than once Father de Montcheuil emphasizes the relationship of the clergy with the laity, the responsibilities of the one paralleling the duties of the other. He reiterates that the laity should be allowed freedom of choice in his activities; that his initiative should not be discouraged nor blunted; that particularly in the temporal sphere it is the place of the laity to exercise his judgment and act on his environment in order to bring forth from his Christian experience solutions of social, economic and political significance. On the other hand, he reminds the laity of the duty of obedience to the hierarchy, counseling them to be ever ready to turn back from forbidden paths, but always to continue to seek new directions which are permissible. And he reminds the laity too that they must not withdraw into the supernatural life exclusively; they are in the world and must be attentive to its needs. Evil must be combated wherever it is found but always with the ultimate end in mind—of creating a world which will enable men to come more easily to God. To this end, a moral ideal must be established in the hearts of men that some light of Christianity may shine on them even though they may not be converted.

What Father de Montcheuil is saying throughout the book, on every page, really in every sentence, is that we must be saints. He makes no compromise—we are not to be good Christians, we are to be perfect. He has attempted to show us the way, leaving a latitude in personal practices, but none in the narrow way he points. But there is no austerity in the book—on the contrary it is joyous, full of life and vigor, and leaves one restless to be on the path. Everyone in the lay apostolate should read this book—every Christian should read it. It is invaluable.

One criticism, however, picayune as it may seem. The typography of the book is unfortunate to say the least. The type face in which it is set could hardly be less attractive nor more distracting, and its quality of asserting itself to the detriment of the marvelous contents is emphasized by the paper used. Novelties in type are out of place in book design, and particularly in one such as this which will undoubtedly be read and re-read.

Emmanuel Mounier

Be Not Afraid, by Emmanuel Mounier, Rockliff, Salisbury Square, London. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

"Equivocal" was one of Emmanuel Mounier's favorite words. It described the ambiguity of every attempt to practice the ideal. It is the fundamental fact of the Christian consciousness in an encounter with the world, and although every act is simultaneously "a loyalty and a betrayal," we cannot cease acting. We are faced with the Incarnation.

Peter Maurin, who shared this quality of restlessness and openness to all data, said: "Read Mounier." *Be Not Afraid*, published in England, provides us with generous introduction to his mature thought.

Personalism

Mounier founded *Esprit*, probably the most important Christian Review of our time. In its pages he elaborated his belief in Personalism. Now, a short time after his death, this philosophy (or rather, in Mounier's words, "method, exigency, perspective") is in danger of being set forth as an absolutist, theoretical affirmation, void of any contact with the real world. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

The basic image is the human person, a unity of matter and spirit. Historically considered, this person is now involved in two main lines of evolution: one toward the "formation of autonomous persons endowed with a faculty of choice," the other toward "a progressive universalization of human groups into vaster and vaster communities." In our time, existentialism has expressed the inward aspect of personal anguish, and Marxism the outgoing force of the universalization of persons into community.

Mounier could not be satisfied with either emphasis: he insisted on a unity of the drives; as the person itself expresses a unity. In order to define the Ego, the lonely, subjective I, it is necessary to refer to it in community with God, man, nature; and in order to define the exterior world, it is necessary for the inner self to be related to it. The person is a person only in community.

Personalism seeks to maintain a tension between these two aspects. In the social order, this approach goes beyond Peguy's "The revolution will be moral, or there will be no revolution." It defines, "The moral revolution will be economic or there will be no revolution. The economic revolution will be moral, or nothing." Thus individualism and collectivism are both based on an incomplete man who is identified with one half of himself. Mounier rejects both in insisting on a social order which synthesizes the absolute, individual right and the drive toward community, Freedom and authority. Yet—and this is crucial—this process must take place in a twentieth century, industrial world, confronting a man who is partially the product of his age with a choice which answers his age. It is not, therefore, the Primitive Church, or Medievalism, or a destruction of what is. It is the future.

Progress

Condorcet, Turgot and Hegel secularized Divine Providence. Many a present-day Catholic has recognized their heresy, the notion of progress. But too many have cheerfully burned the witch without realizing that she had been created in God's image. Turning their back on all progress, they forgot that the perverted truth still contains a great deal of truth itself.

Progress is, as Mounier realized, Judaic-Christian in origin. For the Greek there was always Nemesis, the eternal return, and for the East, Karma, reincarnation. Through Isaiah, the Jews (and significantly the Jews alone in ancient times) announced the purposeful movement of mankind toward a judgment. For the Christian, there is Christ, Whose Incarnation has made matter significant for once and for all, Whose Resurrection guaranteed a resurrection of all humanity, the Mystical Body, when all will be one.

We cannot, therefore, blithely dismiss the present as the inevitable consequence of the Three R's, Renaissance, Reformation and Revolution, and, turning our backs on the future, seek solace from a non-historical Christ Whose significance is confined to His own life time. (Some of Karl Barth's followers—and some Catholics—have done exactly that.)

We must, as Mounier points out (he refers to the work of Fathers De Lubac and Danielou), insist on the progress of the historical Christ. We cannot say that this crisis, this nation, fulfills this purpose. (as Hegel), but we can meditate on the paradox that the salvation of all crises and nations is, at once, secured and still dependent on our free choice. (Mounier sometimes tends to particularize this act of faith in a pattern to some single event, but his major thesis is certainly correct.)

In the twentieth century we are confronted by the results of bourgeois democracy and industrial technique: the mass man, upheaval. Then, writes Mounier, this is our problem and there is no sense in wasting our time in fixing lines of guilt for what is bad in it. We must face this crisis with the techniques which it requires (techniques which will bear democratic and industrialist birth-marks).

The Machine

This Christian anti-progressivism has found its most outspoken statement in attacks against the machine. Mounier does not hesitate to identify the use which has been made of the machine in the industrial revolution (capitalism) as evil. The assembly line as constituted, and the social structure which it helped to bring about, are thoroughly anti-Christian. But this is a long way from the universal statement: that which is made by the hand is better than that which is made by the machine.

Within that society which would use the machine in a Christian fashion, Mounier sees the progressive culmination of a philosophy of work. "By too much insistence on the penitential spirituality of labour we have left its ascetic and glorious aspect in shadow. This immense effort to liberate man by work from work is the promise given for the first time to men that they shall, within a measurable period of history, be able to make themselves available for the master vocation of man." In short, Mounier sees the machine as the instrument of bringing forth the worker-scholar, the whole man, but he has little time for those pre-Raphaelites who attack it in itself, denying homo faber, man the artificer, man the machine-maker.

Emmanuel Mounier was reacting against a Romantic Catholicism which would solve the problems of twentieth century with an idealized version of the thirteenth century. Sometimes he went too far (his co-operation with the Communist Party, his limited concept of the prophetic function of men like Bernanos and Goll). But his major thesis, that we as Catholics must face our own age forwardly, making use of what is good in its techniques, for the liberation of the whole man, the person, is one of the greatest contributions to Catholic thought in our time.

+ From The Mail Bag +

Martinique Benedictine

PAX

St. Pierre

Dear Miss Day:

Thank you very much for your offer of an appeal for our buildings for the poor. It is more a question of work, rather than a question for money. We go to the woods (with the permission of the owners) and we cut good poles of wood and bamboo. That is the main work. Some voluntary drivers of trucks bring the wood here, and on Mondays, with some voluntary workers, we do the work of building. The straw for the roof is taken in our sugar cane. When it is paper we make it. We take a sheet of paper (gray paper to wrap bananas—strong paper). We paint with coaltar and then another sheet with coaltar on the two faces. We put five of these sheets together. That makes very strong paper for roofing and boards.

Wooden boxes make the windows and floors. They are given by the storehouse. The boards are usually made of lathes of bamboos and dry leaves of cocoa trees, interwoven. When we have more money we will cover these boards on every face side with cement (mortar) and make a pavement of the same kind.

Our cells are made this way and resisted the recent hurricane. Well kept, they last without limit, with only some repairs from time to time. If the material and the work is paid this kind of cell (a square of 9x10 feet on each side) the cost is about 25 dollars.

The main difficulty is to find a ground on which to build. We have built some on the very street without permission, of course. I mean very steep streets where only foot passengers can pass. The authorities were not very satisfied but they did not dare to interfere. We cannot give our ground as we are not the owners.

You see that we spend no money in these buildings except for the coaltar and from time to time to pay some good worker for help.

Of course our formula would not do in America, at least in the north; but if in some of your farms there was clay you could buy a press and make bricks as the missionaries do in many countries—also with ashes and cement.

Enclose a drop of water. It is selfishness—I need money and the best means to receive is to give. One must sow to reap. But do not thank me only pray for our sanctification.

May God bless you all and keep you ut pupillam oculi.

(signed) Father Crenier,
St. Pierre, Martinique

SOUTH INDIA

Dear Miss Day:

This is St. Teresa's calling to the Catholic Worker appealing for old clothes, shoes, or any kind of old garments, for the poor children down here in our orphanage. Even old books, paints, music books, songs, or hymns (rosaries, of course) will be gladly appreciated by us for the use of our children. In one word, all that you people discard, we welcome. . . .

I am a Carmelite Sister of the Third Order Regular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. We have a large orphanage and run schools where free education is given. Our Mother Superior is . . . now losing her sight. Can you get an old prayer book with big print for her? . . .

Please, dear Miss Day, do me a favor and ask your friends to send me a few parcels of old clothes and write on the parcel, "Free Gift for Orphans—Old Clothes" and the price. It should be low, like \$1.00 the cost of it all, so that the duty will not be too much. . . .

Thanking you, and praying that God will bless you abundantly for your great act of charity.

Yours in Jesus,

Sr. Sophie,
Apostolic Carmelites,
St. Teresa's Convent,
Ernakulam, South India

Dear Benefactors Through the Catholic Worker:

Accept our sincere and grateful wishes for a very Holy Xmas and Happy New Year. May the Sweet Babe of Bethlehem bless each dear one in a special manner.

You will be glad to hear our orphanage building is slowly rising. Many dollars are still wanting to see its completion. May the Infant Jesus inspire your generous heart to put by at least one dollar to enable us to shelter his waifs!

God bless you all!

Mother Benigma of Jesus
Sacred Heart Convent,
Villapuram, S. Arcot,
South India

Dear Madam:

I am a Carmelite Superior of a number of convents doing missionary work in shape of education of children and care of the poor and orphan. We have many and great needs, the most urgent being a building for our novices and postulants. So many want to join us and work for the good of souls, but we can only take a few at a time because we have no room. In the little space they now occupy they sleep, dress, recreate, and pray. About \$5,000 or \$6,000 will give them a small extension and we could take more girls in who are longing to consecrate their lives to God and the poor.

Another crying need of ours is an infirmary for our Sisters. The sick ones are lying at present with the healthy, and there is always danger of contagion. One thousand dollars will give us a suitable infirmary.

With grateful hearts we beg and will receive anything sent toward these urgent needs of ours. In return we will always pray for our benefactors.

Gratefully Yours in Christ,

Mother Mary of Jesus,
Mother General,
St. Teresa's Convent,
Ernakulam,
Cochin, South India

In Search of a Friend

622 N. Main Ave.
Seranton 4, Pa.
February 9, 1952

My dear Miss Day,

I have just finished reading Rev. John S. Kennedy's brief review of your book *The Long Loneliness*. It is not anent this book, however, that I am writing. It is in regard to a man with whom I was privileged to live for a period of three years in the Hawaiian Islands during the last War. He was God's instrument in my conversion to the Catholic Faith. The perusal of Father Kennedy's article brought these happy years back to my thoughts.

Among the numerous books that I read at that time was your *From Union Square to Rome*; I was most impressed by this book and enjoyed it immensely.

I received only one letter from John O'Sullivan since we parted in 1945. He told me to look you up if I ever got to New York but please forgive me, Miss Day, although I have been in New York at one time or another I failed to do this.

I have reason to believe that John is now somewhere in the big city. I am hoping that you may know where he is, and if so, would you kindly drop me a line, giving me his address? Perhaps a few words describing John would be opportune: He is a robust Irishman (naturally), County Cork, of perhaps 55 years of age. He spent a good many years in the merchant marine and traveled all over the world. More I could say, but I believe this will suffice inasmuch as he led me to believe in our conversation that at one time you knew him well.

May I hear from you?

Sincerely in Christ,
Harold W. Rist

Editors note: Anyone knowing O'Sullivan's whereabouts please communicate with our reader.

Portland's New House

February 16, 1952.

Dear Tom;

Greetings to you and to all of our dear friends at the Catholic Worker in New York! We think that you will be very interested to hear that a new House of Hospitality has been opened here in Portland and that the great task of serving Christ in His poor is going on here in the Pacific Northwest.

This apostolic endeavor originated in the mind of a splendid young priest, Father Francis W. Kennard, who is an assistant pastor at St. Mary's Cathedral in Portland. Father Kennard has followed the Catholic Worker Movement with great interest for a number of years and has succeeded in interesting a young group of Catholic laymen who are alumni of Portland University and are known as the Blanchet Club. These men have undertaken a serious study of the many social problems which confront us today and of the Church's message regarding the Christian approach to these problems. It is with the great help and encouragement of these young men that the House of Hospitality has been able to open here.

After the many difficulties met in securing a building and money, all of which you are no doubt familiar with, we were able to serve our first meal the evening of February 11. The food was furnished by the good sisters of St. Vincent's and Providence Hospitals. We had no idea how many men to expect so we simply prepared a great pot

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Chicago House

Peter Maurin House
1342 W. Hubbard St.
Chicago, Ill.

My first surprise on arriving here from Madison St. was the obvious error in the sign on the house just in front of our home here. It certainly should have been "Maurin" instead of "Morin" but since the bottom of my feet had felt the impression of every pebble and bit of concrete for about fifteen blocks, a small discrepancy of this sort was more of an irritation than a puzzle. Naturally I went up the back steps of the front house and knocked with no success, so with my native intelligence, after waiting in the hall for five minutes, concluded that this was the wrong building. Retracing my steps down the dark hallway cluttered with all those necessary and usually unnecessary items that make up a back hall, be it in Boston or Oshkosh, I finally made it out into the open air and light. Looking at the home was like looking at any house in any old neighborhood in New England. It had all the characteristics of the thrifty people who no doubt built it. It was thin and narrow and tall. The stairway was similar to a ramp and it truly is a ramp from the cold and misery of the "street" to the warmth and joy of being with God. My feet being half frozen and numb, coupled with the difficult flight of stairs made me feel apprehensive—that this was a bum steer—this was all wrong and I shouldn't be bothering these people with my troubles—and with this feeling came also a defiant and demanding mood with which I managed to knock on the door.

"Come on in," and I stepped in to Peter Maurin House. They inquired if I was the fellow who was told to come up that morning and, when assured that it was I, they immediately ushered me into the kitchen and with a minimum of fuss proceeded to fill me with a strange meal called breakfast. The kitchen was the center of activity that morning with soup being made for men dropping in, a thousand and one pots of coffee, a couple of wood bins to be replenished and all kinds of odds and ends being prepared and somehow being utilized. It was uncomfortable to sit amidst all of this hustle. They produced a razor, blades, brush and soap and I proceeded to find out what I looked like four days ago. My doubts had long since vanished for this house was working with a purpose. There was the usual but wonderful banter of petty insults being tossed back and forth with an almost convincing intensity which put me at ease.

Was soon to find out that every bit of space was being used for two and three purposes. The dining room consists of a long and not too narrow sturdy table covered with red oilcloth, surrounded by a dozen assorted chairs. The men usually came in the back door and were soon seated with a good rich bowl of hot soup and coffee with several loaves of bread to fill in those empty spaces. More often than not they would need a pair of shoes or pants, a shirt or overcoat and, if they were available, the clothes were theirs for the asking. So many requests of course could not all be filled. The day was miserably cold outside and not to have a coat for an old fellow with an almost undefinable plea in his eyes was hard to do. Their eyes told a story of cold loading platforms and half-sheltered doorways which are not foreign to us. The men were good and honest but had a beaten look for which God will surely reward them handsomely in the next world. Jesus must be close to them and He watches over them as He has over me.

In the afternoon they pressed me to lay down and rest which was not

hard for me to do. The living room doubles as the bedroom, just as the office is also a bedroom of sorts. There are two sets of double bunks to the left and right and a single bunk in front with an oil stove right in the center. The bunks boasted good heavy quilts which I was to find out were just short of being luxurious. There are drawers with socks and shirts and shorts and almost every other conceivable garment here. However more often than not the drawers are well nigh empty.

The office has a small desk squeezed in between a bunk and the wall with a telephone somehow hanging onto a cleared corner of it. The phone is in constant use, being used for calls to prospective employers and donors and recipients and when not in use from here is usually ringing with calls from Bob or Joe or Ed or almost anyone. It also has a library with some fine books ranging from Thurber to Waugh to Merton or, if it pleases you it can range from Merton to Waugh to Thurber. It's the financial nerve center of the whole house and the difficulties at times must be near insurmountable with bills and obligations always putting a check on how much can be done. I surmise it must be the scene of plans and hopes and periodic disappointments but it is also the scene of a steady growth in the work being done here.

All in all, the house consists of three rooms and a couple of ante-rooms which could possibly be classed as closets. The life is near the simplicity of Walden Pond but is dedicated to a higher purpose and is permeated with the filling of Christian charity towards all.

After the evening meal is over, preparations are made to get ready to go down to Desplaines and Madison to the "line." A large milk can and pot are filled with soup and loaded into the rumble seat of Art's car along with the bread and bowls and hot water. The soup

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Matisse's Chapel

To the Editors:

On what ground can Julia Porcelli affirm that "there is no spirituality in this [the Crucifix] or in Matisse's designs of Our Lady and St. Dominic—they of the empty faces"? For the Crucifix she mentions that "one is not able to create Christ Crucified unless one believes in Christ and has some understanding of the Crucifixion." But who is to judge who "believes" and "has some understanding"? It seems to me that the most that can be said is that everybody's response to a representation is different. The fact that some of us are quickened differently is no reflection on the degree of spirituality of the work nor is it an indication of presence or absence of said spirituality. I know people in France who shouted "blasphemy" in connection with the Crucifix of Germaine Richier at Assy. And I know other people, like me, who felt that this was the Crucifix in front of which they could pray. The same is true of Matisse's.

As for the "empty faces" they are not empty at all for some of us. They are infinitely more alive than others which attempt likeness. In art it cannot be a matter of putting everything in, up to the last detail. This holds true of course for religious art. What is important is to call to life, to make us feel, to incline us toward. That is what Matisse's designs do for me and for some people I know, just as Assy which raised such controversy, was to me a haven of prayer.

Claire Huchet Bishop
New York 22

A Friend of the Family

(Continued from page 1)

vestment closet and benches are all now in use at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and will be for many a year to come.

* * *

In addition to my coffin, which my daughter now uses to store blankets and other bedding, and the chapel furnishings, Mr. O'Connell took an old tool shed and made himself a comfortable little house in which he lived for all the last years of his life, until this last year, when he went to the Smiths and Christophers and boarded there. He had old age pension and so preserved a strong feeling of independence. He enjoyed being with the children. He helped John Fillinger remodel his chicken house, he constructed the Montague and Buley houses, all of them long rectangular affairs that could be divided into three or four rooms, small, narrow, like the emergency barracks veterans are forced to live in now.

There was nothing beautiful nor imaginative about Mr. O'Connell's building. It was utilitarian. He would not use second-hand materials, but demanded new pine boards and barrels of nails. Tarpaper covered roof and sides. That was as far as any of the buildings got, not only for lack of materials but from lack of ability or initiative. There was all kinds of poverty at Maryfarm, Easton.

He also built a little cabin for Tamar, who had saved her Christmas and birthday money for many years and had \$85 of her own. This bought enough boards at that time to put up a tiny place with double-decker beds, the coffin chest to store things, a table and chair. I had wished it larger so that it could be heated. It was so small that even the tiniest pot-belly stove made it unbearably hot. But Mr. O'Connell was adamant.

"I'm making this small enough so no one but you and Tamar can sleep there."

As it was, others slept there, transients, and sometimes the men of the farm. Later a porch was put up L-shaped, and that was large enough to sleep four more people during retreats. We always had to use every inch of available space not only in the city but on the land.

* * *

We had to remind ourselves very often of how much Mr. O'Connell had done for us in the years that we lived at Easton. Of course, John Fillinger worked with him at first; Jim Montague worked on the Buley house; Gerry Griffin and Austen Hughes had put up Jim's house just before Helen came home from the hospital with her first child. The truth was, no one could work with him long, because of his violent and irascible disposition.

How to write about people—how to understand people, that is the problem. "I write for your comfort," St. Paul said. "I am comforted in order that I might comfort you." And so I too write as things really were, for your, my readers' comfort. For many of you have old, and sick and sinful people with you with whom you have to live, whom you have to love.

Often one is accused of not telling the truth because one tells only part of the truth. Very often you have to write about the past, because you cannot write the truth about the present. But what has occurred in the past holds good for the present. The principles remain, truth remains the same. How to write truthfully without failing in charity?

* * *

The truth was that like many old men, Mr. O'Connell was a terror. He came from Ireland so many years ago that he remembers, he says, when Canal street was not a street but a canal. He was one of 21 children, and his father was an athlete and a carpenter. Maurice pictured him as a jaunty lad with his children, excelling in

feats of strength, looked upon with admiring indulgence by his wife, who, according to Maurice, nursed all her children herself, baked all her bread, spun and wove, did all her housekeeping and never failed in anything. It was, indeed, a picture of the valiant woman that Maurice (accent on the last syllable to differentiate it from Morris, a Jewish name) used to draw for us when any of the women were not able to nurse their children (not to speak of other failures).

He was an old soldier, was Maurice, and had worn many a uniform, in South Africa, in India, and in this country. He had no truck with pacifists. And as for community!

* * *

According to St. Benedict, there should be a benevolent old man at the gate to receive the visitors, welcome them as other-Christis, exemplify hospitality.

Maurice's little cabin was on the road at the very entrance of the farm, and he never missed a visitor. If they were shabby he shouted at them, if well dressed, he was more suave. He had many a tale to tell of his fellows in the community. He was not a subtle man. His thought was simple, not involved. "Thieves, drunkards and loafers, the lot of them, 'he would characterize those who make up what was intended to be a farming commune. And if anyone living on the farm had any skill, it was 'what jail did ye learn that in?' One man who became a Catholic after living with us for a year was greeted with taunts and jeers each time he passed the cabin door. 'Turncoat! Ye'd change yer faith for a bowl of soup!'

He was ready with his fists too and his age of course protected him. Once when he was infuriated by a woman guest who was trying to argue him into a more cooperative frame of mind, he beat his fist into a tree and broke all his knuckles. A violent and enraged man, if any one differed from him, was Mr. O'Connell.

* * *

The first winter we began the retreat house (the roof of the barn had been repaired with second-hand lumber by Dave Hennessy, Mike Kovalak, and Jon Thornton, with whatever tools they could round up among themselves). By this time, the ninth year of Mr. O'Connell's stay with us, he had all the tools of the farm locked up in his cabin and would guard them with a shotgun. That first winter when Peter and Father Roy and the men had a dormitory in the barn, Mr. O'Connell became ill and was persuaded to be nursed in the dormitory. He was kept warm and comfortable, meals were brought to him on a tray, and he soon recovered his vigor. He decided to stay for the cold months and ensconced himself by the side of the huge pot-bellied stove. One end of the barn was the sanctuary, and was separated with curtains from the center where the stove, benches, chairs and bookshelves were. Peter and Mr. O'Connell sat for hours in silence, the latter with his pipe and a book, Peter motionless, his chin sunk in a great sweater that all but engulfed him. Mr. O'Connell was a great reader of history, but it was hard to understand him when he was trying to make a dissertation, especially when his teeth were out, as they usually were.

* * *

It was a difficult few months, especially in the morning. We sang the Mass every day, thanks to Father Roy, and Mr. O'Connell did not enjoy this at seven in the morning. He had been used to sleeping until ten or eleven. On occasion his very audible grumbling was supplemented by a banging on the floor of the dormitory with his shoe. Taking him to task for this he would snarl, "I was just emptying the sand out of my shoe." It was a winter when we

had to dig ourselves out to the outhouses.

When Lent came we were reading Newman's sermons during meals, and whether it was because Maurice did not like Newman as an Englishman, or a convert (he decidedly did not like converts) or whether it was because he thought the reading was directed at him, he used to stomp angrily way from the table and refuse to eat. Stanley had always gotten along well with him (he had never worked with him), but Stanley had a habit when he was reading pointed chapters from the Imitation, or Newman, of saying, "This is meant for Dorothy," or "This is meant for Hans." Mr. O'Connell decided the reading was meant for him, and would put up with it no longer. He moved back to his cabin and his meals were brought to him on a tray. When spring came, he came up to the kitchen and fetched them himself.

The cooking was good that winter. Either Hans or Duncan managed the kitchen, and "we never had it so good." Especially since Fr. Roy used to go down to the A. and P. on a Saturday night and beg their leftovers. They were very generous, especially with cold storage fish or turkeys that would not last, even in the ice box, until Monday. Part of our Sunday preparation was cleaning fish and fowl and seeing what we could do to preserve them. I shudder now when I think of the innards, so soft that all parts seemed to merge into one! However, we had good cooks. And most of the time we had simple foods that did not need to be disguised.

* * *

It was about that time, spring and summer, when many retreatants came that Mr. O'Connell took to tell them all that we never gave him anything to eat, never anything to wear. The fact was that we respected his distaste for complicated dishes, and he had a regular order in at the grocer for eggs, cheese, milk, bread and margarine and canned soups. Not to speak of the supplies on our kitchen shelves which Maurice (or anyone else) felt free to come and help himself to. Our cooks had good training in "if anyone asks for your coat, let him have your cloak too. To him that asks give and do not turn him away, and do not ask for a return of what is borrowed."

All our friends coming for retreats, came with generous hearts of course, anxious to give to the poor, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Maurice had many an alms given him, and many were the packages of clothes that were addressed to him. It is wonderful that people had so charitable a spirit, I often thought, but what must they think of us, accused so constantly of this neglect. Surely they were not thinking the best of us! That is to put it positively. To put it crudely, everyone seemed quite ready to think the worst of us, to believe the worst. Or maybe they just said, "They are injudicious in that they take on more than they can handle." One can always escape from being uncharitable by being injudicious. It is a nicer word.

* * *

I find little paragraphs in my notebook at that time. "What to do about M.'s having six pairs of shoes, a dozen suits of underwear when others go without, Peter for instance. Is it right to let him get away with taking all the tools, and probably selling them for drink? Where does the folly of the cross begin or end? I know that love is a matter of the will, but what about common sense? Fr. Roy is all for non-sense."

And Fr. Roy was right, of course. "A community of Christians is known by the love they have for one another. 'See how they love one another.'"

"Nobody can say that about us," I would groan.

"If you wish to grow in love, in supernatural love, then all natural love must be pruned, as the vine is pruned. It may not look as though love were there, but have faith."

We were being pruned, all right.



Not only through Mr. O'Connell, but on all sides. Putting it on the most natural plane, I used to think "How sure people are of us that we believe in what we say, that all men are brothers, that we are a family, that we believe in love, not in a use of force; that we would never put them out no matter how hard we are tried. If they act 'naturally' with no servility even to an extreme of showing bitterness and hatred, then one can only count that as a great victory. We believe in a voluntary cooperation. Our faith in these ideas must be tried as though by fire."

* * *

And then I would look upon Maurice with gratitude and with pity, that God should choose him to teach us such lessons. It was even as though he were a scapegoat, bearing the sins of ingratitude, hatred, venom, suspicion for all the rest of us, all of it gathered together in one hardy old man.

* * *

And, on the other hand, to go on with these subtleties, what about this business of letting the other fellow get away with it? Isn't there something awfully smug about such piety—building up your own sanctification at the expense of an increased guilt of someone else? This turning the other cheek, this inviting someone else to be a potential murderer, or thief, in order that we might grow in grace—how obnoxious! In that case I'd rather be the striker than the meek one struck. One would all but rather be a sinner than a saint at the expense of the sinner. In other words, we must be saved together.

It was Fr. Louis Farina who finally answered that question for me. And Fr. Yves de Montcheuil, who died a martyr at the hands of the Gestapo because he believed principles were worth dying for.

Fr. Farina says that the only true influence we have on people is through supernatural love. This sanctity (not an obnoxious piety) so affects others that they are saved by it. Even though we seem to increase the delinquency of others, and we have been many a time charged with it, we can do for others, through God's grace, what no law enforcement can do.

Fr. Farina extolls love in all his conferences, and points the agonies which one must pass through to attain to it. Fr. de Montcheuil has a magnificent passage on freedom, that tremendous gift of God Who desires that we love Him freely and desires this love so intensely that He gave His only begotten Son for us.

* * *

Love and Freedom, they are great and noble words, but we learn about them, they grow in us in the little ways I am writing about, through community, through the heart rending and soul searing

experiences we have in living together.

It is not by any form of constraint, not by "the prestige of an eloquence which tries to snatch man out of himself," not by fine writing, "not by the charms of great and enveloping friendship," that we are going to win our brother to Christ. It is only by becoming saints ourselves. That should be easy to understand. And if we are saints, we certainly won't judge others.

According to Chestov, quoted by Fr. Danielou, "Faith is a new dimension of thought" introduced at the time of Abraham, the father of faith, "which the world did not yet know, which had no place in ordinary knowledge." Faith is part of the everlasting newness of Christianity and is something which we must be constantly exercised in.

And so I firmly believe, I have faith, that Maurice O'Connell, in addition to being a kind friend who built the furniture of our chapel and some barracks for our families, who sat and fed the birds and talked ever kindly to the children on the sunny steps before his little house, was an instrument chosen by God to make us grow in wisdom and faith and love.

God rewarded him at the end. He received consciously the great sacrament of the Church, extreme unction, he was surrounded by little children to the end, and even at his grave, he had the prayers of kind friends, he had all any Pope or King could receive at the hands of the Church, a Christian burial, in consecrated ground. May he rest in peace.

For Holy Wk., April 6-12

Holy Week Book, Latin-English with translation by Msgr. Ronald A. Knox. \$2.00.

The Holy Week and Easter Week Book, Latin-English, by the Rev. Oscar Huf, S. J. \$2.00.

Holy Week Masses and morning services, English. 19c.

Tenebrae Psalms, complete Tenebrae, English. 15c.

The New Easter Vigil Service, English. 25c.

The Paschal Mystery, meditations on the last three days of Holy Week by the Rev. Louis Bouyer, Orat. \$3.00.

For the Litanies, April 25, May 19-21

The Litany of the Saints, translated into modern English. 12c.

Printers-Publishers Booksellers Send for our Easter card circular, Liturgical book list, Benedictine book list.

Doyle and Finegan Collegeville, Minnesota

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

were going to spit on it. This, I couldn't watch any longer.

At the other end of the room an elderly woman sat waiting for the next meal, we had just finished lunch. Age had not proved any deterrent in her maintenance of a facial makeup, even to the pencilled eyebrows. She was engaged in a cross-examination of another visitor from the deep South. He wears a railroad engineer's cap and an army overcoat plus a pair of blue jeans. He supplies a considerable amount of the intellectual life around the house with his comic strip books that he fishes out of local garbage cans and wastebaskets. The woman was asking him about this Southern Hospitality that she had so often heard about. She wanted to know where it differed from the New York variety.

One morning last week an irritated handyman from the theatre next door paid us an unpleasant visit. He sternly informed us that the owners of the theatre had mailed a protest to the city authorities. It seems that their complaint is against the men who line up for our morning and afternoon coffee and soup. To keep themselves warm in the early hours of the morning while waiting for John Derry to start the serving of the coffee, the men are wont to build fires against the walls of the theatre. The fires blacken and soften the bricks, so the handyman claims.

We agreed to speak to the men along the line regarding this matter. We did not consider this fire building detrimental and hated the thought of having to tell the men that they would have to freeze and like it during these bitter mornings. Consequently we decided to bring an equalizer into the conversation with this emissary from the theatre. Human rights and values come first before property rights. So we proceeded to point out several complaints that we had against the theatre. In a kind but threatening voice we replied to the visitor that we could make things awfully difficult for the theatre owners if we cared to go to the proper authorities. He went hard for that line and finally left our house stating that he was sure that we could all get along with one another.

A few days prior to our visit from the neighbor to the north of us our neighbor to the south of us had a visit from the police. He had the job of being the janitor in this tenement and was given three rooms and a few dollars a month for his services. The salary he received would not support one person not mind a man with a wife and three children. Anyway the owner of the building wanted to part company with this janitor since they couldn't get along. The janitor refused to move since he had no place to go. The owner of the building called in the police to evict them.

In no time at all the janitor, wife and three children were out on the sidewalk with their furniture. All three children are very small. We are storing their furniture while these people have temporary abode with some poor neighbors. Thus our extra fine police force—place property rights over human rights by tossing these poor people out on the cold pavements. A few days later a pants presser layman had to take the police by the hand and point out Willie Sutton the much wanted law breaker.

One Tuesday night last week a good friend treated me to an evening at Eddie Condon's cafe in lower Manhattan. Eddie's place is one of the few places left in the country where you can hear unexcelled Jazz music. If you know anything about music you must know that Jazz is the one definite contribution that America has made to the world of music.

It was almost twenty years since

I had had the pleasure of listening to such superb music. This particular music establishes a contact between the musician and the listener like no other music can. When you listen to the kind of Jazz music that I listened to at Eddie's you are definitely aware of a real act of creativity being produced by the trumpeter or what have you. Some people might refer to this awareness as an Existential reaction or a Mystical experience. I don't know what it should be labeled but it was warm gentle feeling that made your head slowly rock and roll as if the Angel Gabriel was blowing General Assembly.

Our good friend and former cook John Murphy returned today from a six month stay in a hospital. He was hospitalized from our house after he suffered a stroke of paralysis on the Feast of the Assumption. John is turning seventy but still seems to be in fairly good shape although his left arm and leg are not in a very cooperative shape.

I climbed aboard a bus late one Sunday night this month to make



a visit to the Trappist Abbey in Conyers, Ga. I was badly in need of a retreat and a general spiritual overhauling. Likewise I was desirous of seeing the remains of our former coworker Jack English who is in his sixth month with those Trappists.

I must say that I was terribly well impressed by these Trappists. For it was there that I realized that they were the people who must have originated the phrase of separating the boys from the men.

The ride south was in a way a bitter experience as you made each bus stop and noticed the segregation of the colored all about you. You have the Stations of the Cross pre-flighted for you as you study the signs, "Waiting Room for Colored." In a manner of speaking it is a Way of the Cross with blood unseen and yet you are seized with a feeling of helpless rage and nausea.

However at one point of the trip I refused to cooperate with the bus driver when he tried to clear the back of the bus of whites so that he could sort of herd the colored back there. He had asked me to vacate one of the seats in the rear of the bus and come to the front with the rest of the whites. I ignored his request and turned around and asked one of the colored men to fill the vacated seat alongside of me. With the exception of the two last seats the colored on the bus were occupying the long last seat which is quite uncomfortable. I did not do this to prove a point. I know that the last seat in those buses are uncomfortable. However it was an interstate bus and I know that segregation is unlawful on such transportation. Despite this I did notice that the colored automatically headed for the rear seats of each bus as soon as they boarded.

After two days I finally arrived at the Trappist Abbey in Conyer. The Father Prior greeted me and guided me to the refectory where I enjoyed an excellent meal. The Trappist starve themselves and stuff the guests. During the week I was showered with kindness and affection by all the community. I truly felt in a small way like the prodigal Son who had done nothing

to merit such Christlike treatment. I was given permission to speak to Jack English, now Frater Charles. He looks fine and loves the life. The few Trappists that I spoke to all concurred that this was the way of life they wanted, no other.

The Father Abbot called me in for an hour of his terribly crewed schedule. He is a man well up in his sixties and proved to be a giant of holiness and cheerfulness along with good common sense. Fifty-one years a Trappist and he is just what you would expect after such a tremendous background.

Upon leaving the Trappists I had the very definite impression that this group of men had been very successful in combining a true devotion to God and man with great cheerfulness and industry. May their numbers increase.

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 3)

know our needs. Does not the church remind us over and over again in the prayers of the mass that we pray for good things for our body and mind as well as our soul. As in the collect of the Feast of the Purification in the blessing of candles we say "Thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless and sanctify these candles for the use of men, and the health of bodies and souls" and in the prayer of the fourth Sunday after Epiphany we read "granting us health of mind and body, that by Thy help, we may overcome the things which we suffer for our sins." In the mail that morning we received a check, enough so that Mary could go to see her husband, and we could take care of a few incidentals.

It's not too early to say it. We are planning and are open to retreats, and discussion week-ends for the coming months. As we plan them we shall make the announcements in the paper. This past Friday was the second of Father Homan's talks to us on American History. It seemed fitting on Washington's birthday to be discussing American History. We want to learn about the history of our country to see why we have developed as we have with so many huge commercial centers, large industrial areas. Why not the small agrarian community, the "backbone of a country" as Chesterton puts it. Why so much secularism? How can we restore all things to Christ, in this country considering what it is like, and why?

As I said, we are looking forward to the spring planting, to building up Maryfarm again, with some pigs, a cow, hens; the basic farm animals, and with a tractor. The "family" was very big this past winter, we were almost always at least 22, often more. We feel if the Lord wants us to keep on feeding and helping those who come to us in need, He will supply the means. People will be generous to help. We still need the tractor, our greatest need. We would hate to have to go through another winter supplying all the potatoes that about 18 hungry men can eat. I've thought so often this winter, what is it about potatoes, anyway, that makes them so indispensable. We are praying hard for the answer to our "cow" problem, too. You see, to date, we have one pig, 6 goats, 2 kids, and a few rabbits.

We are happy to announce that we sang our first Requiem Mass this past week. Margie Hughes and I had been thinking about it one night. We tried going over the Mass. Surely, we thought, after having heard it so often, we should be able to sing it perfectly without a break the first time. We were amazed that we could not. The Dies Irae particularly eluded us. Then Father Foley, as if having read our minds, asked if the group would sing a Requiem, so we practiced with special invocations to St. Gregory and St. Cecilia, and the Holy Spirit. We made the attempt, and were quite proud of it, especially as we sailed through the whole Dies Irae without too many noticeable breaks.

Christians and History

(Continued from page 1)

we would be confronted with an entirely different problem from the one which we now face.

The realistic question is: what is the significance of a small minority of objectors to war, now.

The answer is not a denial of original sin, that we will abolish war. There will always be war and rumors of war (and theft and adultery).

The answer is not visionary, that the workers of the various countries should not kill each other. They should not. But as the bankruptcy of the Second Socialist International in 1914 indicated, they will, given the state of their consciousness at the present time.

The answer is not political nonsense, that East and West are equally bad. Stalinism is probably the most monstrous tyranny that has ever existed. The West is the lesser evil.

The answer is twofold. An assertion of transcendence—that, for the Catholic, there is no lesser evil, but only the good, to be followed regardless of the consequences. An assertion of freedom—that freedom in history is fidelity to Christ



and that the witness of transcendence is at the same time imminent, the most practical action a man can undertake.

Freedom and History

To the Marxist, history is the inevitable progress toward communism, and freedom the individual's cooperation with that necessity.

To the liberal-bourgeois, history is a benevolent purpose whose cause and end are unknown, and freedom is reason and science, the good life.

For both, history tends to a kingdom of man in which, at long last, evil is at an end. But for the centuries of human suffering which lead at communism or to science, there is not even the knowledge of their achievement. They are dead.

For both, there is no such thing as a withdrawal from history as a witness to transcendence. There is no transcendence.

For the Christian, history is not only the salvation or damnation of each person which it contains. It is a moment, the victory of the transcendent and imminent God-man, Christ, and the continuing moment in which this victory communicates itself in time to the destiny of each man and to the destiny of all mankind, the salvation of the nations.

To the Christian, war and disease will continue as long as time. And the victory over evil is partly the function of man himself, through his reason, but ultimately, it is the function of Christ, of crucifixion and resurrection. Freedom is individual fidelity to Christ, and corporate fidelity to Christ, Who each moment is crucified and each moment is arising.

The Objector

Therefore, the objector believes that, his probably ineffectual and minority stand is not the demand of his individual salvation alone. Faced with a cruel, totalitarian regime, he does not believe that he must follow the freedom of the Marxist or the bourgeois and wage the lesser evil. He believes that his most practical action is to assert the only victory, of good over evil.

Within such a position lies the terrible danger of becoming univocal. The Christian cooperates with society in securing the temporal good, which is peace, as long as the means used are not evil, for the means are the end in the pro-

cess of becoming, and evil means will achieve an evil end. The univocal, black and white, is the last resort since it entails leaving the mass of society and the political life which is natural to man. It can only be espoused when the means are so evil that they will inevitably achieve only evil. But in the case of modern war, there is no choice. Precisely because of his oneness (in the Mystical Body, in the brotherhood of man and Fatherhood of God) with those who suffer injustice, the objector will not attempt to help them through the suicidal way of evil means.

The conscientious objector is presumptuous. He asserts a willingness to suffer. He should live in fear of the words he speaks. If he does not have the greatest charity, he becomes monstrous.

The Witness

And this—this minority of objectors, and probably ineffectual—is thus understood as freedom in history, because it is a witness.

The love of Christ is not like mathematics, demonstrable, but rather in persons and communicated through them to other persons. We should never suffer to prove that two and two are four, for that truth does not depend on us for its existence; but we should suffer to show that Christ has called us, because this truth in some way depends on us. And this suffering is a witness.

It is freedom because there is no parity in history. It has been accomplished, as music, by efforts greater than their cause. The entry of Christ into history has gone on and on out of all proportion to the measure of thirty-three years in time, and there is no proportion between reeds and strings as cause and the symphony as effect. And there is this same freedom on the human level. It was not that Francis was practical, or an organizer (he returned to find his friars building a house), but that he was. And because of this, he has been present throughout history, in the charity of this man in the 16th century and that group in the 19th.

The witness (fool such as Francis or Athanasius, or martyr who did not give outward compliance so that he could live to fight for Christianity, perhaps never achieve the fullness of their own integrity within time. But once their integrity has been stated by their existence, fragments of it reappear throughout history, and eventually the fragments make a wholeness once more. Thus in literature, Hamlet came into our consciousness several centuries ago and throughout time has been giving off meanings, never one meaning, but accretions. Thus on the political level the American Socialist Party of 1912 had, in itself, disintegrated by the thirties; yet the 1912 platform had been taken over, in a large measure, by the Democratic party. It is in this way that the objector hopes to have his influence; as a witness, as an assertion in time of a truth which may not be understood at the moment of its saying, but must be said so that it can be eventually understood; as the minority which never sees its whole program realized but which continually moderates and vitalizes all the other less extreme positions.

First and foremost we are objectors, because we believe in our conscience, modern war is evil and we cannot participate. But we also realize that such seemingly hopeless assertions of a truth have a mysterious effectiveness within time. And that in the cause of witnessing the truth of Christ, the effect is inevitably greater than the cause, because grace intervenes between cause and effect, and all is transformed and made infinitely greater.

Augustine, who died as an Empire fell and the Church in Africa crumbled, and who yet affirmed this meaning to history, said "Cain built a city, but Abel, being a sojourner, built none."

An Open Mind on St. Thomas Aquinas

(Continued from page 1)

for a man to act otherwise for the common good, or for the good of those with whom he is fighting." (Q.40 Art.1 Pt. 11-11 Reply Obj. 2.) However he seems to relegate the literal observance of these precepts to clerics. And it is this particular passage which I find so unsatisfactory:

"It is unlawful for clerics to kill, for two reasons. First, because they are chosen for the ministry of the altar, whereon is represented the Passion of Christ slain Who, when He was struck did not strike. Therefore it becomes not clerics to strike or kill, for ministers should imitate their master. The other reason is because clerics are entrusted with the ministry of the New Testament wherein no punishment of death or bodily maiming is appointed: wherefore they should abstain from such things in order that they may be fitting members of the New Testament." (Q.64 Art.4 Pt. 11-11) St. Thomas further contrasts the New Testament with the Old Testament in this regard when he states: "The priests or levites of the Old Testament were the ministers of the Old Law, which appointed corporal penalties, so that it was fitting for them to slay with their own hands." (Ibid-Reply Obj. 1.)

Laity Also

The point which is not at all clear to me is why, presumably, only the clergy are expected to imitate Christ in this regard. I am aware that we are told that if the laity imitate Christ in this regard it would endanger civil society. But this seems to boil down to the fact that Christ, who addressed the Sermon on the Mount to a mixed gathering composed almost all of "laity," gave rather impractical advice which expediency makes us relegate to the clergy whom we oblige to keep their hands clean but who, nevertheless, are also obliged to urge others (the laity) to not imitate Christ in these matters. All of which tends to make the imitation of Christ an esoteric affair.

If abstaining from violence and blood shedding makes the clergy "fitting members of the New Testament" what does participation in blood-shedding make of the laity? I very much fear that we have here an example of a double standard—the imitation of Christ for the clergy, Aristotelian ethics for the laity. And we don't get around this by stating that the clergy of the Roman Rite are (generally) obliged to continence whereas the laity are not. For continence (i.e., chastity in the technical sense) is a matter of counsel and not intended for all—Christ so stated. Whereas the Sermon on the Mount is of precept (as St. Thomas notes) and was addressed to all. So there seems to be no solid basis for relegating its observance to the clergy alone. It would seem to me that our obligation to live as Christians was assumed at baptism, that the precept "be ye perfect as My Father in heaven is perfect" is not a special command for the clergy and therefore stemming from the Sacrament of Orders, but a command to all Christians and stemming therefore from the Sacrament of Baptism. Nor is this but the opinion of a layman, it is a point

stressed by many theologians. So that if bloodshedding is incompatible with the priestly office, because it is contrary to the spirit of Christ, so is it incompatible with the life one assumes as a Christian.

Care of Others

But, it is again objected, this is all right for you as an individual, but if you have the care of others you have an obligation to them and you should not sacrifice them—for the sake of principles. Therefore it sometimes becomes necessary to sacrifice strangers in order to protect one's own immediate family or friends. St. Thomas has an interesting passage on this question of when we may sacrifice others. "If," he states, "a man found himself in the presence of a case of urgency, and had merely sufficient to support himself and his children; or others under his charge, he would be throwing away his life and that of others if he were to give away in alms, what was then necessary to him. Yet I say this without prejudice to such a case as might happen, supposing that by depriving himself of necessities a man might help a great personage, and eminent support of the Church of State, since it would be a praiseworthy act to endanger one's life and the lives of others who are under our charge for the delivery of such a person, since the common good is to be preferred to one's own." (Q. 32 Art. 6 Pt. 11-11.) So here we see that St. Thomas holds that one may even sacrifice or endanger the lives of those under one's care if it be to help out an "important" personage. And I would ask, is it not even more justifiable to make such a sacrifice of one's own and others lives for the sake of imitating Christ? I think the transcendental values of Christianity are more important than helping out an "important" personage. To believe otherwise is to make the demands of civil society take precedence over the example of Christ. And if we say that Christ's example is not to be followed then we fall into the heresy of those who so believed because they denied the reality of His human nature. It is true we all fall short, by sin, of following His example, but it is quite another thing to make this into a principle and construct an inferior ethics for ourselves to justify our failure.

Soldiering

But then it will be said—the New Testament does not condemn soldiers, therefore it does not condemn soldiering. It could also be said—the New Testament does not condemn slave owners, therefore it does not condemn slavery. But, when St. Paul wrote to Philemon and asked him to receive the slave Onesimus rather as a brother than as a slave, he helped to undermine the foundation on which slavery was based. And today few, if any, Christian theologians would contend that it is right for one man to own another man as a piece of property. Likewise when soldiers are commanded in the New Testament to "do no violence to any man" they are robbed of the major function of soldiering. And let us hope the day will come when no Christian theologian will be found to justify war. It all becomes a

case of doctrinal development and of realizing explicitly the implications in Christian teaching.

As usual it will be said—you have indeed twisted St. Thomas to your own purpose. You have juggled texts and given meanings that do not exist. And then I take refuge in St. Augustine and comfort from the words he wrote when others accused him of misinterpreting Moses. "Thus," says St. Augustine, "when one man says to me: 'Moses meant what I think' and another, 'Not at all, he meant what I think,' it seems to me the truly religious thing to say: Why should he not have meant both, if both are true; and if in the same words some should see a third and a fourth and any other number of



true meanings, why should we not believe that Moses saw them all, since by him the one God tempered Sacred Scripture to the minds of many who should see truths in it yet not all the same truths . . . when he was writing these words he wholly saw and realized whatever truth we have been able to find in them—and much beside that we have not been able to find, or have not yet been able to find, though it is there in them to be found." (Confessions of St. Augustine.)

Who knows, maybe St. Thomas was a pacifist after all?

Letters to the Editor

PORTLAND'S NEW HOUSE

(Continued from page 5)

of beans and opened our doors. We were amazed when we found that we had served more than two hundred men on our first day.

Christ came to us as He will come to all who seek Him out: hungry and cold and we fed Him and made Him warm and counted our services as a great blessing.

Bob Tilden, with whom you are well acquainted, and myself, whom I think you will remember as a member of the New York Friendship House, are at present the only full-time workers. We have, of course, the great help of the ten men who have come in from the line and stayed to assist us. We are very poor. We are in need of everything, but we are at peace and we have the knowledge that if it be His Holy Will this work will continue.

The House will be known as the Blanchet House of Hospitality, so named in honor of the late Archbishop Blanchet, who was the first Ordinary of the Oregon See. Our House will be operated as nearly as possible along the lines suggested by the late and dearly beloved Peter Maurin. The effort has the approval of His Grace, Archbishop Edward D. Howard, and it is our belief that we shall be able to secure the help and cooperation which we need from our community.

One great need, of course, is for more apostles, and if you meet any who are interested in serving Christ in this part of the world, send them along to us. In the meantime, we beg your prayers and ask you to please publish this letter in your paper in order that all Catholic Worker friends will know what we are doing.

We are located at 340 NW Glisan, Portland 9, Oregon, and would be happy to hear from any or all of our friends.

Your Brother in Christ,
WAYNE KEITH,
Director.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 3)

is propped up on the sofa during dinner, large and handsome. Hans holds him and coos at him. Various dignified members of the community have been seen making what baby faces at him. He responds. Patchen stacks cups in an alarming way; upon being chided he points out that he has never broken one.

* * *

Leonard, polishing plywood given by Ed, transformed our basement driftwood kitchen table. He made hanging shelves for the cook's wares behind it, saying (as a recommendation) that if one of them fell, they'd all fall. Hans at the same time put a plywood top on the bakery table. Leonard is using Sloan's Liniment on his knee, due he says to the cold, damp and mouldy seat of the Chevrolet. On Shrove Tuesday (Mardi Gras) he went wild and made crepes Suzettes for the house, for supper. They contained real milk, real butter, and laid eggs, and were flopped over in the pan in a high-toned Continental fashion, which Leonard said was English. He served them for dessert, with powdered sugar and lemon juice. Everyone ate at least three, but the chef was dissatisfied—having flopped them for two hours—and thought they were not appreciated. But no pancakes were seen later in the ice-box. Rita and the children decorated the dining room charmingly with yellow crepe paper and red balloons for the occasion, and Patchen made a sign which referred to the pancake smell.

* * *

On February 17th we had our first Benediction, and Quinquagesima our first sung mass. Jane and Joe got us together to rehearse. Jane has spent several days with us, and has started our liturgical

singing, a department in which she has had so much experience at Maryfarm, and which she loves. Joe also loves singing gregorian. He was with the Trappists for many years. Jane has learned lettering, and has been doing some lovely things with it. She looks well. So does Father Cordes. If the goings on at P. M. Farm don't kill him, he is likely to improve in health. With three or four others, Father Cordes was given a personally conducted tour around the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin at Mt. Loretto, by Mrs. "Freddie" Baker, a dear friend of ours who runs the feeding situation there, and Joe Mallea, their head cook. This is the largest institution of its kind in the world: 1,500 children, all committed by the courts, are cared for. They all seem so happy. There is building after building, the interiors made gay with lively colors such as we need so badly; and cheerful curtains. The sweetest were the little ones. They fly right up to you, white and colored, wanting to be hugged. The nuns, a Franciscan order, seem to comprehend the modern child. They have schools and are taught trades. We saw their farm.

* * *

Cyril Carney was with us for a weekend, during which he wrote poetry. Black Diamond, poor thing, got the mange and had to be given to the S. P. C. A. Her son, Tommy, is a lady. Buster, the surviving kitten, is a rowdy slum boy (or girl), aesthetically marked but with a face of malicious idiocy. The cockroaches were entirely banished last fall. They are now returning and have family conferences at night in select spots, where they sit and discuss us. One night at vespera the sky got all black. Some prophesied the end of the world. Kenneth, supposedly got in bed, was seen with his torso out the attic window, in articulate communion with nature. He was told by his nurses from below to get back, which he did. It turned out to be a snow squall. The sky in this part of the world is ravishing; like a Ruysdael.

* * *

They say that at the C. W. if you're ill you are lucky to get a tray shoved at you. This is libel. You are showered with tender little attentions. Agnes brings orange juice, Dorothy coffee, Rita fruit, Mary trays of everything that is had below. Leonard sent up a spring hat, that had just come in . . . John Murray suddenly took over the dish-washing and dish drying one day, relieving a half-dozen persons. He has kept it up. When the professional swing of his arm with a dish cloth was observed he said—"That's not the only swing that arm's got." The pot washing is done in the basement, late at night, by the writer; also the potato peeling. These are soothing jobs. John Murray also wields a mean mop in the upper kitchen and dining room, and Agnes is always faithfully sweeping. I recommend Agnes for a room-mate if you are sick.

John McKeon, our moody one, who drinks coffee and brightens the atmosphere with spicy and profound comments on what is exaggerated, is typing his manuscript. When that day comes that it is done, it ought to contain writing that has not so far come out of a Catholic American.

APPEAL

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Yours in Christ,
Patrick Shea.