

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XVIII No. 5

December, 1951

Subscriptions
25c Per Year

Price 1c

Reflections on the Spirit of Christmas

By BETTY BARTELME

The words of the Advent liturgy convey a tremendous expectancy. "There shall come forth a rod out of the root of Jesse, and a flower shall rise up out of his root. . . Behold, a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Wonderful, God, the Prince of Peace. . . The crooked shall be made straight, and the rough ways plain; come, O Lord, and do not delay." All hope is expressed in these words, the hope which would seem to have vanished, but the tarnish of secular anticipation has overlaid them and their true meaning is forgotten in the mechanics of custom.

Simultaneously with the beginning of Advent the holiday tradition revives. Shops decorate their windows with sophisticated decor. Crowds mill through toy departments and struggle down the avenues laden with packages. School children sing ancient carols while their parents dust off Christmas ornaments. Lines grow longer in post offices where patient women sell the seals of health. Charities send out costumed Santas to shake their bells on street corners, and fir trees and blue spruce are stacked in the markets. The throngs gathered in railroad stations strain to hear the quasi-liturgical chant of the train announcer intoning the rising notes of arrivals and the descending piangissimo of delayed trains, disrupted schedules. Peace, the unknown, is on every tongue.

In this atmosphere of movement, of giving and getting and gaiety, the marvelous fact that once, on this Day toward which the world moves with so little thought and so much activity, the Light of the World thrust His rays into time, separating it and changing the vision of man, seems only a small part of the tradition. But in this knowledge is peace, joy, salvation.

The simple majesty of the Christmas feast negates the celebration which does not refer itself to the glorious Birth.

Woven in silken threads of lustrous colors, the magnificent tapestry of the Christmas story reduces to insignificance any substitute. The Child lies radiant in the sunny

straw of the manger, Mary, with Joseph at her side, leaning over Him while angels at His right hand praise and protect. At His feet the gentle shepherds in humble adoration offer their gifts, the youngest holding his snow flower amazingly touched with gold in the presence of the Redeemer. The cattle kneel, the trees of the forest bow in wonder, and in the stillness of the night the birds burst forth to sing till dawn. A new star appears in the sky and three kings set out to find their Saviour. It is a night

(Continued on page 3)

Holy Father Deplores Armament Race

On November 13, addressing the Ambassador from Spain, Pius XII said, "And he who is not ready to recognize the moral supremacy of the problem of peace in all its aspects is turning his gaze away from the principal task of humanity, is deliberately ignoring the urgent duty that weighs with the same gravity on every man as on nations, is closing his eyes not only to the light of a problem concerning the whole human community but also the splendor of an essential function of the Christian faith.

"This function involves the formation of a society penetrated by the spirit of Jesus Christ.

"For too many years now humanity and Christianity have been wavering far from a perpendicular line that separate the desire for peace from the fear of war—fear of war which, although it does not appear imminent because of an easily explainable psychological reflex, drives governments and peoples to an armaments race with economic and social consequences that must frighten every clear sighted spirit."



Eightieth Birthday of Don Sturzo

One of the outstanding figures in the world today is Don Luigi Sturzo, who was eighty years old this past Nov. 26, 1951. Don Sturzo comes from a noble family, and is one of four children devoted to the Christian way of living. His brother, Don Mario, was a Bishop, and his twin sister a nun. He was born at Caltagirone, Sicily, in 1871. Was ordained priest of the Roman Catholic Church in 1894. He received his degrees in Philosophy at the Pontifical Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas in Rome in the year 1897, and a year later his Doctorate of Sacred Theology at the Gregorian University.

As an ardent and faithful disciple of the teachings of Leo XIII, he has devoted his entire life to the application of moral principles to the political, social and economic fields. His only ambition in life has been to achieve this end. He has organized farmers' cooperatives and agrarian banks. Together with other friends, he founded the Confederation of Christian Labor Unions in Italy, with a membership of more than one and a half million.

He occupied the chairs of Sociology and Philosophy at the Diocesan Seminary of his native Caltagirone for seven years, and for sixteen

(Continued on page 7)

"You Asked for a King"

By ROBERT LUDLOW

"In his old age, Samuel appointed his sons to perform the judges office in Israel; the elder was called Joel, and the younger Abia, and they held assize at Bersabee. But these sons of his did not follow in his footsteps; greed bent them to take bribes, and to pervert justice. So all the elders of Israel met Samuel at Ramatha; Thou hast grown old, they said to him, and thy sons do not follow in thy footsteps. Give us a king, such as other nations have, to sit in judgment over us. Little it liked Samuel, this demand for a king to be their judge; but when he betook himself to the Lord in prayer, the Lord said to him, Grant the people all they ask of thee. It is my rule over them they are casting off, not thine. It has ever been the same, since the day when I rescued them from Egypt; me they will ever be forsaking, to worship other gods; and now it is thy turn. Grant their request, but put thy protest on record; tell them what rights their king will claim, when they have a king to rule over them.

"In answer, then, to their request for a king, Samuel told the people all the Lord had said to him. When you have a king to reign over you, he will claim the rights of a king. He will take away your sons from you, to drive his chariots, he will need horsemen, and outriders for his teams; regiments, too, with commanders and captains to mar-

shal them, ploughmen and reapers, armourers and wheelwrights. It is your daughters that will make his perfumes, and cook for him, and bake for him. All the best of your lands and vineyards and olive-yards he will take away, and entrust to his own bailiffs; and he will tithe the revenues of such crop and vintage as is left you, to pay his own courtiers and his own retinue. He will take away servants and handmaids of yours, all the lustiest of the young men, all the asses that work for you, to work for him instead; of your herds, too, he will take the tithe. You will be his slaves; and when you cry out for redress against the king you have chosen for yourselves, the Lord will not listen to you; you asked for a king." (I KINGS, chap. 8: 1-17).

Monarchy

We note in this passage from the Old Testament the beginning of monarchy in Israel—the beginning of the State. We take note of God's disapproval of this, of how He points out the evils to which it will inevitably give rise. And yet, nevertheless, he respects the will of the people to choose that form of government they desire. But it is not a happy decision, and He foretells the day will come when they will wish this monarchy, this despotism, this State, to be removed from their midst. It is evident

(Continued on page 7)

Death of Father Onesimus Lacouture, S.J.

By DOROTHY DAY

Fr. Onesimus Lacouture, S.J., was born in a little town north of Montreal, St. Ours, on April 13, 1881. He was the nineteenth child of his father, Xavier, who was married twice. His mother, Catherine, was his father's second wife. The first marriage brought forth ten children, the second eleven!

Doesn't that sound like the beginning of the life of a saint? Peter Maurin was one of twenty-three children. These two men who had most influence on my life (and so in a way on the life of the Catholic Worker) were both French peasants, of France and French Canada. They both knew the life of the land and of the city. Both were men of the poor.

Fr. Lacouture lived only the first six years of his life in the village of St. Ours. Then the family moved to the mill town of Woonsocket, Rhode Island, where they lived a year and then moved to Ashland, and later to Cochrane, Massachusetts. Onesimus graduated from public high school in 1900 and went to the college of the Assumption near Montreal, and after two years to the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Sault-aux-Recollets. It is there that he was buried last

week, after a requiem mass in the chapel. He died on November 16, the feast of St. Gertrude, and was buried on November 20.

One of our dear friends notified me of his death, and I was able to take a bus to Montreal and attend the funeral. The last time I had seen Fr. Lacouture was at Sudbury, Canada, where I had gone to speak. He was procurator of the college there and we talked all one day of the spiritual life and of the re-

(Continued on page 6)

U. of California Denies Free Speech

Following the refusal of the Ohio State Authorities to allow a pacifist to address the students, a new report of limitations on academic freedom comes from the West Coast. Max Schachtman, National Chairman of the Independent Socialist League, was barred from debating before a campus group at the University of California (Berkeley) on British politics.

This incident is perhaps even more serious. Although the Catholic Worker cannot approve all of the positions of the Independent Socialist League, it must protest the dangerous manner of this censorship. University Authorities cited the fact that Schachtman's group was listed as subversive by the Attorney General as sufficient reason for their action. Yet the Independent Socialist League was placed on that list without the opportunity to defend itself against the charges, without even notification of the nature of the charges or the names of the witnesses!

Some have supported the loyalty program because they hold that it is "administrative" and therefore not subject to the constitutional prohibitions on bills of attainder, jury trial etc. The barring of Schachtman is one more incident which makes it plain that real rights are being imperiled by the very existence of the list, real deprivations caused, and what is worse, convictions made by the pressure of vigilante groups on the very guardians of a free forum, the universities of America.

The Independent Socialist League has not been charged with a crime, it has not faced a jury or a witness; and it has been convicted, and suffered the loss of rights. All who believe in freedom will protest.

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August (Member of Catholic Press Association) ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT PETER MAURIN, Founder Associate Editors: ROBERT LUDLOW, TOM SULLIVAN, MICHAEL HARRINGTON Managing Editor and Publisher: DOROTHY DAY 223 Chrystie St., New York City-2 Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

Subscription. United States, 25c Yearly Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y. Under the Act of March 3, 1879



On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Father Lacouture died November 16 and I took the bus Sunday night at six forty-five, arriving in Montreal at nine o'clock the next morning. It was very cold all night. The door of the bus did not shut tight and the heater worked only on one side. Nobody complained. Opportunities for penance, vigil, prayer! I am constantly reminded of how good people are, how patient and long suffering. Madeleine Sheridan is an ever hospitable friend. Since her mother's death, her little apartment has been a house of hospitality. She exemplified personal responsibility. After lunch Fr. Leandre Plante, Fr. Roy's nephew who is stationed at Gesu Church, borrowed his brother's car and picked up Karl Stern at the Allen Memorial hospital and me at Madeleine's, and drove us out to the other end of Montreal to view Fr. Lacouture's body. There I met his sister, brothers and nieces and nephews, most of whom had come up from Massachusetts and Rhode Island to attend the funeral. They loved him very much and were all weeping. "He paid us visits often, and never stopped talking about God. He was always so happy."

Funeral The funeral of a Jesuit is very austere. One nocturn of the office of the dead is recited before the low requiem Mass. They live, as St. Paul said, in a family as though there were no family, among brothers as though they were not brothers.

Right after the funeral Mass I took the bus to Quebec to see Fr. Pacifique Roy, our old friend who helped us to start the retreat house at Easton, Pennsylvania, and who lived with us there for a year or more, before he was taken ill and had to return to Canada where he lived for a long time at the hospital and later with his sister in Quebec. His lapses of memory do not permit him to say Mass. Like Peter Maurin, his mind is tired. He cannot say his office, but he sits with his beads. His condition in many ways resembles that of Peter Maurin's last years. Friends of Fr. Roy will be glad to know that he is comfortable with his sister and her husband, a bridge builder, their three daughters, and at present a little grand nephew three years old, Pierre. There were nine children, all of whom are married save the three sisters at home. Family feeling is very close in French Canada. It is truly a village economy there. They are like people living in an occupied country and still speak of the Conquest. Mr. Riendeau told me something of the economic conditions which prevailed in the mining districts and which led to the asbestos strike of a few years ago.

St. Anne Shrine I was surprised to find that the famous shrine of St. Anne, which I thought was in Quebec city, was

25 miles further up the St. Lawrence. We drove out there one cold afternoon, but it in no way felt like a pilgrimage, making so brief a visit and driving out in the short winter afternoon. The next day I spoke at the school of social work at Laval, at the invitation of Fr. Gonzale Poulain and had lunch at the university club later. I remembered at the last minute that at home it was Thanksgiving.

In the afternoon I visited an exhibit of handicrafts with Anne Marie Riendeau who had worked for the department of agriculture, going to all the family circles in Quebec giving two weeks' courses of one kind or another to the farmers' wives.

Even though many a housewife knows how to spin and weave the government finds it necessary to encourage them to continue in these crafts, so subtly are American ways creeping into the Province. I remember how in Mexico the friends I met relegated their wonderful Indian crockery to the kitchen and brought out Woolworth stuff as superior.

Jim Shaw In the evening I took the bus for Three Rivers which is half way between Quebec and Montreal. Adjacent to it is Cap de La Madeleine, another famous shrine in Canada dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary. Pilgrims come in the summer by the thousands every day, and even in winter the shrine church is full each day at the Masses offered continually by the Oblate Fathers. One feels the devotion as soon as one arrives at this city of 15,000 which sprawls along the St. Lawrence. I got off the bus on a cold, clear night and was met by Jim Shaw who is the editor of the English edition of the Shrine Annals. As we walked to his headquarters which he shares with his mother, who comes from an Irish village as devout as any in French Canada, we watched the children skating on the little lakes in the park surrounding the shrine. Jim lives all but in the shrine grounds. Cap de la Madeleine is famous not only for the shrine but for the paper mills on every side. The Charles River coming down from the north floats the logs to the mills and as we walked to Church in the morning we faced literally a mountain of logs waiting to be devoured by the pulp mill. The smell of paper mills was in the air.

School In the midst of this industrial atmosphere, there is also a famous "family school" or school of the household arts for which Canada is becoming famous. Several of our friends from the states have taken a course for a year at one of these schools and have learned spinning, weaving, dress making, the French language. The schools are really high schools, but anyone can take a course. The tuition is thirty dollars a month at the Institute Familial at Val Marie, Cap de la Madeleine, but it is still less at some of the rural schools. Here the girls are prepared for home

making in the town and city, rather than on a farm. There are now over 64 of these intermediate schools, 36 superior schools, 3 schools of family education for young people and for adults there are 34 institutions which offer courses. For information one can write to Mgr. Albert Tessier, 1420 Boul. Mont Royal, Outremont, Canada. Outremont is part of Montreal.

As I write I am stopping at the school in Val Marie for the week, writing in the morning, spinning, or learning to in the afternoon, with time for chapel and spiritual reading. It is a retreat eminently suited to woman's nature. The silence is pretty complete since only French is spoken.

Worker Homes

Before I came for my retreat, I visited Le Miracle du Cure Chamberland, as it is called, which has provided homes for 400 factory workers in the last seven years. The last forty houses were begun in June, 1950, and finished in February, 1951. The financing was done through parish credit unions and much of the work was done by the workers in their evenings and on Saturdays. Twenty skilled union workers worked during the day and prepared the work for the men to do in the evening. Truly, this is part of the personalist and communitarian revolution. We visited one of the homes on a Saturday night. It had that meticulous order of the French home. Opening off of it are four bedrooms, a bathroom, and just inside the front door a parlor, which is the smallest room in the house. It is literally, only "to speak" in, parlor. The kitchen is living room, dining room, work room, the heart of the family. Such work is not possible except through the parish unit, and with the leadership of such a priest as Canon Chamberland.

"The real job," he said, "was to give the people courage to venture the undertaking." Here is one instance where the child of light was as wise in his generation as the children of this world. Here is the coordination of the material and spiritual order. Canon Chamberland does not just regard his people as souls. They are body and soul and he has been a good shepherd.

Other Ventures

There are other ventures of which I have heard, but not seen, and which I intend to visit before I return. There is the English speaking group of girls like those of Abbey Saey who go out to nurse the sick and clean their homes, who live in poverty in the old Irish, and now the French quarter. Their chaplain is also the chaplain of the Young Christian Workers. There is also the Foyer de Charite, headed by an old friend of ours, Fr. Ovila Belanger who is the chaplain of this home which is being built for destitute families. It is also an outgrowth of the work of the laity who began to live with the poorest and to serve them.

"The aim of the work is to assuage and solace the abandoned ones of society, and that absolutely by private charity. The temptation often presents itself under the form of political organization of so called social agencies which would very much like to put their hands on our work," writes Fr. Ovila Belanger. We wish to count only on Divine Providence and the Holy Family.

Bishop Leger

Bishop Leger, of Montreal, in speaking of the work said (and this is a rough translation), "In this field, symbolically apart from all bureaucracies imagined, one will bend his mind quite simply without question, towards the lot of those who are so poor that they cannot any longer be categorized in a society too perfect for them."

To encounter such works, such beginnings, with all the ardor of beginnings, is to be filled with hope. The Church is indeed alive. We are living in a time of many beginnings.

Maryfarm

By VINCENZA BAGLIONI

We become keenly conscious again, here at Maryfarm, of the suffering of the poor as the Catholic Worker has always been conscious of the poor. We have been thinking very much of "the poor," this time particularly of the poor in spirit, even the poor in mind. Christ called them blessed. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

I remember what Caryl Houselander says about the suffering of our times. She says that the sufferings of our times are mental sufferings. We are now sharing, not so much the physical suffering of Christ, although there certainly are those who are doing that, as there always will be; but we are sharing particularly Christ's mental sufferings, especially the suffering in the Garden when the intensity of His mental sufferings caused Him to sweat blood from every inch of His being. It certainly seems true when we consider the confusion and darkness in the world today, when we see so many around us lost in bewilderment, trying to find peace, that "peace which the world cannot give"; when we consider the frightening percentage of mental cases in hospitals, not to mention the mentally disturbed outside of hospitals, when we see those we love trying so desperately to order their thoughts in peace, as is necessary to the happiness of man.

We thank God that we are conscious of this poverty and that by being conscious of it we can share a little in this suffering, that we can share His passion; that we can unite whatever confusion, whatever tenseness, whatever is disturbing us all mentally, to His. And not only to His but to all the beloved suffering members of His Mystical Body. All of us together, let us be united in this very real suffering for the good that can come from it, for the fruit it can bear, through Him. . . . Certainly it is not for nothing, certainly it has its redemptive qualities, certainly it is being tried by fire.

The early Christians died their martyr's deaths, with a song on their lips and joy in their hearts. Let us live in the spirit of the martyrs, also with joy, and in peace; for we, too, do it for love of Christ. He never fails us. God loveth a "cheerful giver." And I also love that quotation from Juliana of Norwich, "He said not: thou shalt not be troubled, thou shalt not be tempted, thou shalt not be distressed; but He said: thou shalt not be overcome."

Thank God, too, for by sharing His suffering we understand Him better and we love Him more. We can say, "Dear Christ, so this is it, this is a tiny bit of the suffering which you underwent for us. Oh, I never understood. How blind I have been, now that I begin to see, how much more I love you; because how great love you must have had to undergo this for us. Dear God, forgive me for not having understood before."

Thank you, for in this sharing of the suffering of the poor we can understand them better, and how can we help them if we don't understand them. We must be one with the ones we have been chosen to help. The missionay in a pagan land must be one with the pagan for whose soul He is working. He who wishes to help the poor in a material way must be poor with them in a material way. Wouldn't it be true, also, that if we would help those who are spiritually poor, that the good God would give us a taste of that poverty, too. It seems to be so.

Peter Maurin used to talk about Charity as a personal sacrifice, and that is what we must strive for. If we wish to unite ourselves to Him in one of the most crying needs of our times, to help those in need of spiritual peace, mental peace. We

must be ready to sacrifice some of it ourselves. We must leave our well-ordered, safe, comfortable surroundings and go to those less fortunate than we, who are not in well-ordered, safe surroundings. Just as Christ had to leave His holy family (how beautiful and orderly and peaceful our Blessed Mother must have kept that home), and go for three years among the sick and the lame and the blind and the confused. We do not have to fear, though, if we do it for love of Christ. "Strength is made perfect in infirmity, my grace is sufficient for thee," and again, "If the Lord gives the command, He will also give the increase." No, one cannot help the disorder of the world by reclining smugly and snugly back in our comfortable, little, mediocre, ordered lives.

It is true we need weapons in this "battle," for battle it is. We are soldiers of Christ battling for His kingdom of earth. Could any way ever be more a reality, the battle of Love against eternal death? And our weapons, too, are a science, the science of the understanding and living of the mysteries of Christ, the understanding of the Liturgy. Thank God for the helps that are coming to us in this "science of Love," as Dr. Wu so beautifully puts it. He says what we need is more of the "science of love rather than the love of science." What consolation, what hope in that science, as, for instance, in what we have been reading in the introit for the 23rd Pentecost and for the four consecutive Sundays, "The Lord saith, I think thoughts of peace and not of affliction: you shall call upon me and I will hear you," and now in the inspiring masses of Advent when we learn that "Now our salvation is nearer than we believed" and "Behold the Lord shall come and all His saints with Him: and there shall be in that day a great light, alleluia." What have we to fear for "He cometh." Truly the "Word of God" is our salvation.

But what about the activities of Maryfarm? We had a quiet Thanksgiving and several guests from the city. Mrs. Walsh came that evening with her daughter Sandra, old friends of the Catholic Worker, who spent the week-end with us. And again we want wholeheartedly to welcome people to come to Maryfarm to share what we have here to give them, to share the chapel and the daily sacrifice of the Mass with them, to share the opportunity of getting away from the city and the distractions and complexities of the high-pressure life there, to find time to pray and read quietly alone and join in our community life and prayers, to share a little in our everyday work. We all need it—this chance to retreat, time to think and pray and listen to God to see what He wants of us, to see what He has in store for us. Come alone if you wish, or contact us for group activity, private retreats or discussion week-ends.

And not only to share our prayers and our activities, but to unite with us in learning to live in community with whomever the Lord sends to be members of our "family." To learn the art of living with and bearing with, and loving one another for the sake of Christ, one of the greatest of all arts to learn. "Bear ye another's burdens, and so you shall receive the crown of life."

I might add, there is one key word to living the full Christian life, and that word is, Surrender. I had a conversation with a young doctor recently. He was not a Catholic. His interest was psychiatry, and he was completely bored with what he called the dull duties of he unexciting cases and people he found in the general hospital.

(Continued on page 8)

Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

Three turkeys were kindly donated to us for our Thanksgiving dinner. One turkey was given to us by a good friend of ours and the other two birds were contributed by our regular butcher who sells us our daily meat.

Seventy of us sat down to the thirty-six pounds of turkey and had a fairly good meal. Judging from all reports, everyone got his fill. However there were no seconds even though no one wanted more. For some years now there has been a standing rule that no one is to be given seconds at any of our meals.

At times it seems like a mean petty injunction, however it is an attitude that grew from the idea that one plate full apiece was sufficient for all. Besides the cook would be better able to determine the amount of food necessary for each meal.

For the line that we usually serve soup to each day, we served roast pork. Eighty pounds of pork was served to a little over two hundred and fifty men. Thus they too had a full meal that day. However we had to purchase the meat for that meal.

I don't know why I said we had to purchase the pork, although in this work you do derive a first class hand out mentality. Besides we purchase practically all of our food each day through the contributions of our friends. However the need for more funds is always with us and the poor are especially on the prowl for handouts during the holidays of the year. And they should be since they have the right to expect the congealed blood of Christianity to flow at least on the great feast days.

A couple of our acquaintances asked if they couldn't share our turkey dinner with us, even though they could afford to pay for their meal in skid row restaurants. But they were lonely souls and consequently dreaded the grimmer loneliness of eating Thanksgiving dinner in a Bowery emporium. We welcomed them to our table but wondered how much better they would fare at the meager warmth extended by our family. I don't mean to say that congeniality is lacking at our dinner, however it isn't anything like an average family at a holiday meal. We tend to wolf down our food in silence and there is very little time or incentive for relaxed chattering since it takes three or four settings to feed the house at one meal.

This afternoon we were interviewed by some representatives from The Voice of America. The interview was picked up by a tape recording machine and will be broadcasted to Europe late this month. We agreed to this broadcast since we thought that we would have the opportunity to air some of the ideas upon which the Catholic Worker movement is founded.

The opportunity to present these ideas never arrived. Instead we were questioned as to how we planned to survive the Christmas season in the house: what sort of a program did we have lined up? Another electrifying question—how many members do you have on the staff?

Unless the narrator fills in quite a few gaps I am sure the Catholic Worker will be pictured as nothing more than a pious settlement house in the slums of New York.

I might add one further note on our former co-worker Jack English, who has been with the Trappists in Georgia for the past two months. Jack started his novitiate over a month ago and is now known as Frater Charles.

I was telling a friend of mine about my recent experience with a dentist who so kindly pulled two abscessed teeth for me. The friend

inquired as to how I survived the ordeal. I replied that it was really nothing except that during the extraction the dentist had to wipe the perspiration from my forehead as my lips quivered and my hands, knees and feet vibrated like a weight reducing machine. I tried to think of the early Christians facing martyrdom as the radio in the dental office sang out, "Somebody Loves You."

A tall thin man of forty bolted into the office one afternoon, last week. He was living at the city shelter and asked us if we would permit him to deposit his luggage with us for safe keeping. We agreed.

He returned a few days later to pick them up since he had found work and a private room. At the time of his return he presented us with a copy of the Imitation of Christ. We opened the book and found a leaflet on Blessed Martin de Porres. We asked him if he knew Martin. The man smiled his assent and said that Blessed Martin has been his guiding light.

We then asked the man how his stay at the city shelter had turned out. He frowned and indicated that the memory was painful. "After two miserable nights there, I was lucky to run across some friends who put me up at their place. They are a family of gypsies that I had known when I worked with a circus. They have no heat in their rooms and we slept on the floors but they were very hospitable."

Dorothy Day's new book, "The Long Loneliness" will be published the first week of January. Harper & Brothers are the publishers. Those who have read the manuscript expect Dorothy's book to be a national best seller.

Our Friday night meetings continue to play to a packed house. We have over fifty people attending each lecture and there is never enough room to seat all those who come to listen. We had a particularly good talk by John Cogley of Commonweal last night. John speaks as well as he writes and that my friends is a very high compliment. I think what John is one of the best informed Catholics in the country on Catholic thought and related subjects.

I seldom bother to listen to any radio programs simply because there is practically nothing worth tuning in beyond the one or two stations that broadcast worthwhile music. Several months ago I stumbled across one station that is an exception to all this. That is the Barry Gray program over WMCA which runs from midnight to 3 a.m. Those hours of broadcasting are a little too late for our schedule consequently I have only listened to Barry a few times. And then for only a half hour to an hour each time. But from the samples I have had of that program I think it is one of the best things I have ever listened to on the air or off the air. The man Barry has a real thirst for social justices and fills his programs with the most interesting discussions that it has been my pleasure to hear. He knocks himself out being honest in any topic he deals with. The attitudes that he has adopted will not make him popular with the non-thinking public. If this fellow Gray is ever in error on any subject I am sure it will be an honest and unintentional mistake.

We had a letter from a good friend of ours informing us that he had purchased a share of preferred stock for us from one of the largest corporations in the country.

We were chagrined with this odd gift. We appreciated no end the generosity that motivated the

donor, but we don't know how he missed our attitude on the brokerage system. The thought of the Catholic Worker being a stockholder, with a share of preferred stock no less, was quite unnerving.

I thoroughly disliked the indelicate task of writing to our benefactor that we would prefer the cash and let the share of stock go.

I was spared that task when a short time later a note arrived from the stock company informing us that they would be happy to send us the cash in lieu of the stock. A very happy ending.

We had the somewhat unusual experience recently of accepting a former reader and donor in the Catholic Worker as a dependent guest. From a fairly comfortable way of life, this man, through a series of sicknesses, found himself reduced to living in a Bowery hotel. He came to us when he had but four cents left in his pocket.

He said that he had never appreciated the need for houses of hos-

Peter Maurin Farm

By GEORGIA KIERNAN

November began with Masses in our Little Way Chapel and through the month all of us at Peter Maurin Farm have thought a little more than usual about the suffering souls in both the Church Militant and the Church Suffering. These November days have been good for added meditations on the Mystical Body.

Hans, Ed and this writer went to Maryfarm at Newburgh for the week end of Work Conferences directed by Ade Bethune. Naturally our notebooks collected many new insights into the philosophy of work and Ade's slides of her work in the Philippines provided a fitting climax. Even jello-making took on a new zest after that.

One of our neighbors down the road gave us some laundry tubs and the Sisters from St. Louis Academy gave us a big stove which

poetry. Our discussions of avenues in the Lay Apostolate have taken on new verve since Fr. Joseph A. Hughes from Duluth, Minnesota, stopped by on his way home from the Lay Congress in Rome as an International Sodality Delegate. His report made us realize that the Lay Apostolate in every state in the Union has great potentialities. Folk dancing is another subject that has taken the fore in our discussions. We run the gamut every day . . . from termites in our basement to Thomism in the market place. Then when we put on the only Peter Maurin record that we have, we can't help but wish that Peter was still with us so that we could sit at his feet and gather up wisdom for when we go out into the highways and byways again.

And now we are into Advent and Dorothy is home again after her Canadian trip. All good wishes for Advent and Christmas to all of our readers in the cities and on the farms and in the little towns from all of us in our Staten Island home.

Christmas Spirit

(Continued from page 1)

of glory and strange happenings. Truly in the words of the psalmist, "In that day the mountains shall drop down sweetness, and the hills shall flow with milk and honey . . . the land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice and shall flourish like the lily. It shall bud forth and blossom and shall rejoice with joy and praise."

In this moment of the fullness of time all the joy of the world is concentrated in the crude stable at Bethlehem. It is the moment of promise fulfilled, the lightening of the burden of sin and darkness which laid so long on the sons of Adam. Here in the Person of this Infant, newborn and helpless, lies hope, redemption, the lifting of the sadness from the hearts of men. The shepherds, believing, can do no less than adore; the first rapture reserved to these humble men of the Judean hills.

The long preparation is over, the prophecies vindicated. The Son of God has come into the world and all things in Him are made new. And He has not left the world nor abandoned it. His birth on that lovely night of snow and stars and awakened birds is a permanent reality; the simple Gospel recounting of it more beautiful than any of the stories, songs and legends created to glorify it.

But if the preparation for the actual entrance of Christ into the world was completed at this midnight feast of creation, the preparation of the soul of mankind goes on ceaselessly. Advent as it is marked by the Church continues annually to remind us that we cannot come to joy in an easy way; we must come the penitential way, the way of sorrow, so that in the celebration of the mysteries of the Midnight Mass on the birthday of Our Lord, we may be emptied of self to rejoice only in His love-ness.

For this is the glory of Christmas, this realization of the Desired of Nations filling the heart with love; and this is the simplicity of the feast, the humble belief, the willingness to be purged of our sadness and be comforted, the glad acceptance of the good news. We must stir up our hearts in hope and expectation, for as Pope St. Leo tells us, "It is unlawful to be sad on this Day."

" . . . state in daily fact is a power-organization relying upon its legal title to coerce for the ultimate enforcement of its will . . ." Harold Laški, *The State in Theory and Practice*.



pitality, although he had read it time and time again in the C. W., until he was in need of one himself.

We had our first city air raid alarm this morning. When it occurred we happened to be looking out of our office window to see how the pedestrians were taking it. The motor traffic came to a halt at the Chrystie and Houston streets intersection, as the stop and go lights flicked on and off. Several citizens slowly plodded along the sidewalk in their original direction. A short, red-headed woman, stranger to our street, fought with a man along the curbstone over a bottle of wine, she finally got it away from him and placed it to her lips. The man shrugged his shoulders and walked on.

These air raid sirens are a veritable curse and bane to our lives. It seems as though they are testing these sirens every day. With all the tensions that exist in the city today, this added torture is sufficient.

(Continued on page 8)

they have been using in their kitchen, so Hans, John, Ed and Leonard set it up in the basement . . . now we all muse that living is too easy.

One of the girls from the Dominican House came out for Armistice Day and we pickled peppers which have graced our table a number of times since.

Bill McAndrews is counselling boys at Mt. Loretto so Hans and Ed are doing the baking. Kenneth is doing part-time cooking at Mt. Loretto. Joe Cuellar is busy making Liturgical candles again. John Murray spends about three hours a day doing janitor work at St. Louis Academy. So everybody is busy about many things during the day but after the supper hour we all manage to compare notes. Rita and I do a bit of folk dancing, she plays with the Hennessey children or reads them stories; then she plans the work schedule for the following day. Our subjects for discussion are spontaneous and varied. Not long ago Kenneth surprised us with some readings of Peguy's

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

Simone Weil

Waiting on God. By Simone Weil. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50. Reviewed by Anthony Aratari.

Gustave Thibon, in his introduction to "La Pesanteur et la Grace" (a collection of thoughts edited and arranged by him from the journals of Simone Weil left in his keeping), describes Simone Weil's reactions as he said good-bye to her for the last time in May, 1942, reactions which are characteristic of her whole approach to God: "Taking leave of her, I said to her jokingly and to mask my emotion: 'Till we meet again, in this world or the next!' She became suddenly serious and replied: 'In the next world, there is no meeting each other again.' What she meant to say was that the limits which constitute our 'empirical I' are abolished in the unity of eternal life." She would allow no anthropomorphisms, no comforting sentimentalisms to obscure her idea of God. What she stressed was not our likeness to God but our nothingness and the difference between Him and us.

One encounters this stark attitude on almost every page of "Waiting on God," the first book of her writings to be translated into English: a group of letters written by her to her friend Father Perrin, a Dominican, and essays entrusted to his care. Whether she is speaking of her own life, the religious use of school studies, the relation of affliction to the love of God, the love of our neighbor, of the order of the world and of religious practices, friendship, or meditating on the Our Father, she never loses sight of those laws which she says necessarily govern the natural movements of the human soul when not being led by grace.

Necessity holds man captive on three levels: the mechanical necessity of matter, the psychic necessity of conscious life and the supernatural necessity incumbent when the soul agrees to wait on God. It is only supernatural necessity, only grace that gives the soul freedom to fly upwards. If a man refuses to obey supernatural necessity, if he "turns away from God, he simply gives himself up to the law of gravity. Then he thinks that he can decide and choose, but he is only a thing, a stone that falls." And the three levels of necessity taken together mesh into a "blind mechanism" which she embraces as the Providence of God, a mechanism which, "heedless of degrees of spiritual perfection, continually tosses men about and throws some of them at the very foot of the Cross."

Now this insight into the workings of necessity is most valuable. To take one instance, the humiliating events of our Lord's Passion, seen from the point of view of necessity, lose much of their arbitrariness. It reveals the extent of our guilt, makes us see how it was possible that the innocent, patient, loving Christ was betrayed by Judas, deserted by his friends, denied by Peter, condemned by the Jews, dallied with by Pilate, mocked by Herod and finally crucified by the Roman soldiers to the cries and insults of the howling mob. The nails driven into Christ's flesh reek with mechanical necessity. And in the suicide of Judas, one hears the echo of the psychic necessity of it all. And Christ being obedient to the truth even unto death is sheer supernatural necessity. Seen in this light, the prayer of Jesus upon the Cross becomes truly poignant: "Father, forgive them; they do not know what it is they are doing."

In her argument for necessity, Simone Weil invokes the greatest thinkers of ancient Greece. With

what is undeniably genius, she can in a sentence or with a telling quotation make the Greek view of life suddenly vibrant with meaning. She shows us that the preoccupation of the Greeks with the notion of man in bondage to fate is profoundly religious, that it is a notion by no means superseded by Christianity, but, on the contrary, must be utilized in all true religious experience.

She is not the first, however, to have seen that obedience to necessity was a purifying element in the soul's passage towards union with God. Baron von Hugel, in his magnificently exhaustive study of Saint Catherine of Genoa, "The Mystical Element in Religion," claims this fundamentally Christ-like approach for Saint Catherine as an explanation why she, "in true Greek fashion, finds and allows so large a place for conceptions of things, for images derived from the natural elements, and for mental abstractions, in her religious experiences and teachings: God appearing in them predominantly as Sun, Light, Fire, Air, Ocean; Beauty, Truth, Love, Goodness."

Von Hugel's remarks must be quoted, for they will illuminate this whole discussion, and they ultimately imply a criticism of Simone Weil if her refusal to be baptized by the Church is universalized into a final position, which is a very possible danger.

"The ultimate and determining reason" for Saint Catherine of Genoa's stoicism "was no doubt her deep spiritual experience and conviction (as vivid as ever was the psychic tendency which gave it form and additional emotional edge and momentum) that she must continually first quench and drown her feverish immediacy, her clamorous, claimful false self, and must lose herself, as a merely natural Individual, in the river and ocean of the Thing, of Law, of that apparently ruthless Determinism which fronts life everywhere, before she could find herself again as a Person, in union with and in presence of an infinite Spirit and Personality.

"Thus Greek Fate is here retained, but it is transformed through being transplanted. For Fate has here ceased to be ultimate and above the very gods, the poor gods who were so predominantly the mere projections of man's Individualism: Fate is here intermediate and a way to God—the great God, the source and ideal of all Personality. And indeed this Fate is not, ultimately, simply separate from God; it is indeed omnipresent, but everywhere only as the preliminary and subaltern, expression for us men, of the Divine Freedom that lies hidden and operating behind it. And we men attain to some of this Freedom only by the inclusion within our spiritual life of that Fate-passage and of our actual constant passing through it, on and on."

Also, though unique and not interchangeable, Simone Weil's emphasis on supernatural necessity is a personal expression of what Kant called the Categorical Imperative and Soloviev, moral necessity, describing it as "the finest flower on the soil of humanity." That the good is its own justification and worthy of assent is an age-old theme.

Her originality consists in the intensity, the depth and range with which she embraced the truth of necessity on all its levels, making it part of the fiber of her soul. It is also her weakness. It is at this point that one feels that had she entered the Church and submitted to the necessity of an infallible Magisterium with power to bind and loose, extending her own conceptions up on to this level, she would have been a truly universal

figure. As it is, there is an incompleteness about her. She has no house to invite us to. She was content to sit on the threshold of the Church. For she reproaches the Catholic Church for not being Catholic enough. This is certainly true about Catholics, who are often sectarian, nationalistic. But the Church is another matter. Simone Weil's claim to universality on the basis of her conceptions strikes one as shallow. The Church can point to an actual universality in past and present, to the variety of her saints, the multiplicity of religious orders. The words of Christ that in His Father's house there are many mansions are words which only the Church can justly appropriate.

However, Gustave Thibon and Father Perrin are right in holding that if she had not died when she did, a change of attitude would have had to take place. She herself provides us with the frame of reference to assess her. In "Pesanteur et la Grace," she says: "The tragedy of those who, having been



brought by the love of the good into a path where there is suffering, arrive at the end of the time given as their limit and they debase themselves."

She would have had to modify some of her extreme opinions. She does not seem to be so much in error about some things as limited by her vehement grasp of the idea of necessity. She is not anyone's reading, but there are those like myself who will never be the same for having read her. Hers was an authentic vocation. If it were not so, she could not give us so much light. And our Lord said: "By their fruits you shall know them."

Justice Douglas

Strange Lands and Friendly People. William O. Douglas, Harper & Brothers, \$4.00. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

One World has been computed by air miles, by the tanks of bombers and the range of rockets. William O. Douglas walked through a good part of it, and this radical perspective — of the pedestrian—is a critical challenge to the West.

Nationalism

Strange Lands and Friendly People is not a political analysis, or even a political narrative in the sense of state dinners and arranged tours. William O. Douglas is a justice of the United States Supreme Court; he is also a westerner, a mountaineer and horseman and it is this personality, alert, friendly, shrewd, which dominates the book. As a result, the Middle

(Continued on page 6)

Sr. Helen Angela

On Good Ground by Sister Helen Angela Hurley. University of Minnesota Press, Minneapolis. \$3.75. Reviewed by Betty Bartheime.

From the vantage point of 1951 Sister Helen Angela, writing the history of her religious order, can look back to the beginnings of the tiny community of the Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Paul and regard with justifiable satisfaction the achievements of the past hundred years. Basing her account on historical documents, letters and intensive research into the archives of the state records, she has catalogued carefully the development of the community and the part it played in the growth of the Church in Minnesota and other northwestern states.

In 1851 at the call of Bishop Cretin, four sisters, three of them French, left the newly-founded convent of Carondelet in St. Louis and traveled up the Mississippi to the pioneer village of St. Paul. It was a wearying trip broken only by visits to the river towns, and the conditions which met them at the end of their journey were enough to discourage the hardest woman. The sisters, however, met the situation with fortitude and the immediate practical application of their rule. They set about establishing a school and a little later a hospital for the poor, and within a short time earned the admiration of the embryo city for their self-effacing charity.

From these small beginnings the order's activities branched out until now, on the centenary of their arrival, they have established schools, hospitals, academies, a college for women, and charitable institutions throughout their province.

The Irelands, one of the earliest Irish families in the city, had a great influence on this growth. Mother Seraphine Ireland and her cousin, Mother Celestine Howard, worked unceasingly to further the spread of the St. Joseph order, and they were strongly backed in all their work by Mother Seraphine's brother, Archbishop John Ireland, a dynamic figure in American Church history. Their efforts in the educational field culminated in the foundation of the College of St. Catherine which under the guidance of Mother Antonia McHugh became one of the largest and finest women's colleges in the midwest.

On Good Ground

Not all the endeavors of the St. Joseph community were completely successful, and Sister Helen Angela is careful to recount the disappointing results of the Indian mission foundations which were steadily thwarted by frontier politics. Nor does she gloss the characters of the personalities who figure prominently in her chronicle with an unbelievable lustre of perfection. They had their shortcomings and, as she remarks, they were children of their time, concerned with the material expansion of the Church in a new area of the country—a concern which seemed to induce a certain short-sightedness toward such bedrock concepts as the social teachings of the Church and the liturgical movement — a short-sightedness which has since been partially corrected, at least on the college level.

It is fascinating to reflect on the grace of God which moved these women to go into strange places and build so strongly and surely from so little. The dynamism of the spark of charity shows its power clearly in such a history as this. Sister Helen Angela's lively and often humorous account should elicit a warm response, particularly from those who, like myself, have known and been influenced by the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Hannah Arendt

The Origins of Totalitarianism. By Hannah Arendt, Harcourt-Brace, \$6.75. Reviewed by Michael Harrington.

Miss Arendt studies the historical origins of the totalitarian state. Her analysis is so perceptive and thorough as to be impossible of summation. With this disadvantage in mind, the main thesis is that the atomization of society which happened in the early 19th century created a "mob" which was neither proletarian or bourgeois, but the outcasts and dispossessed of both classes. The result was the breakdown of the nation state in Europe. The large group of people (perhaps a majority) who had supported government by indirectness, by the apathy of not voting, were suddenly activated by "total" philosophies of life: racism, pan-slavism, pan-germanism, anti-semitism.

Perhaps the most frightening part of this book is the way in which Miss Arendt indicts all of the West, not only the Nazis and the Stalinists, for the tragedy which took place. Nationalism and imperialism, the destruction of community, racism, are part of our common heritage. To her, the terrible thing is not the emergence of totalitarianism itself, but the fact that it was the only comprehensive answer which the twentieth century could give to its problems. Stalin and Hitler found real answers to real problems: the rest of the world did not. The horror is that the murder of six million Jews was the realism of our progress through the ages, our only practical response to the intolerable situation which we ourselves created.

That answer was not political, the domination of a particular party or class. It was total. The complete subordination of a society, of all the voluntary associations and community relations, to some gigantic, leviathan-like ideal.

This in turn throws a great deal of light on the subjective psychologies of Stalinism, and Hitlerism. We cannot dismiss them as cases of the power-mad. The "mere" tyrant is ruthless with the opposition, an exploiter, and in all things, efficient. But for the Germans and the Russians, terror has only begun when the opposition has been completely eliminated, exploitation is only subordinate to an ideal, and efficiency is sacrificed to an ideology. A power-mad dictator would not have diverted a tremendous amount of material and manpower to pogroms against the Jews or the Poles. Hitler did. A power-mad dictator would not have purged his army of all the competent officers and his party of all the most experienced officials. Stalin did.

As Miss Arendt points out, the horror of these regimes is so great that we hesitate to use the word "crime." When one man kills another, we know the ethics of the act. But when an entire cultural group is gassed to death, or three percent of the Russian population arrested, the imagination lags. We really do not believe it, as we do not believe the number of stars, because it is beyond our conceiving.

The breakdown of community which created this is our responsibility. As Miss Arendt shows, we have come to a point when only a radically new direction—perhaps even a religious sense—can save us and the world.

And the horror, the terrible horror, more than the concentration camps and the murder, is to look out and see what we are doing in this moment of our extremity, to see the West maintaining the prejudice and the atomization which made these days of our death, and proposing them as the answer to our death.

+ From The Mail Bag +

PUERTO RICO

Box 546
Humacao, Puerto Rico

October 24, 1951.

Miss Dorothy Day
The Catholic Worker
223 Chrystie St.
New York 2, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day,

Since you have been bringing Puerto Rico and the Puerto Ricans into the Catholic Worker recently I naturally read the different articles with interest. I regret that you all seemed to have been poorly informed about Puerto Rico. I remember Bill Gauchat some months or perhaps almost a year ago wrote an article that looked ridiculous to anyone of us who have been here in Puerto Rico and know the country. He mentioned in the beginning of the article about having consulted some encyclopedia. It must have been a very, very old one and unreliable at that. Puerto Rico has no mines worth mentioning, the rivers and streams have practically no fish, in general it is not exactly a land flowing with milk and honey.

I have been here almost four and a half years, have seen most of the Island. For three years I have been pastor of this parish which has some 35,000 people within its area. We Benedictine Fathers have also in that time built a monastery and industrial - agricultural school for poor boys. In the parish, we have built a two-story Catholic grade school and a wing for parish house. We have the Benedictine Sisters here from St. Benedict's in St. Joseph, Minnesota. We are from St. John's in Collegeville. We also help out neighboring parishes. There are 10,000 people for every priest here.

There are many things to be corrected here but I think the Nationalist revolt was a sadly misguided effort to correct things. Better pray to the Holy Spirit to guide you. And consult with the proper Church authorities in such places before backing elements that are not good.

Asking God's blessing upon your work, I remain

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Rev. Julian Simon, OSB.

CANADA

Scarboro Junction
(Near Toronto, Canada)

October 24, 1951.

Dear Miss Dorothy Day,

I always enjoy your Catholic Worker but the October issue was of special interest to me. I founded the Spanish college of the De La Salle in Havana, Cuba, in 1905. I love the Spanish-American people and I am always anxious to help them in any way possible.

While in Havana I was a personal friend of the first American bishop to Puerto Rico, Bishop Jones. My nephew went to Puerto Rico with Governor Tugwell as his private secretary. The treatment we have meted out to the poor people is appalling and brings a blush of shame to every American.

This latest rape of the people of the little island of Vieques is beyond me. The people behind the Iron Curtain have not fared any worse. I know these simple Spanish Americans and I just love them. They have many things that we would do well to imitate.

We have a college here and about half of the students are from Mexico or South America. They are the equal of our Canadian boys in every way. They are all born gentlemen and most obliging.

What is to become of these people who are driven out of their ancestral home in Vieques? What action is the Federal Government

taking to re-settle them? These are questions that are bothering me. God knows that we treated the American Indian bad enough but this is even worse. Admiral Barbey is the savage, I imagine, not the people of Puerto Rico.

I do hope that the Catholic Worker will keep up the good work of defending the downtrodden. You are most certainly doing a wonderful work and you may be assured of the special blessing and protection of Almighty God.

Hearty congratulations,
Brother Rogatian.

FRANCE

On a trip to Europe last summer I was able to witness one of the most interesting experiments, the students' settlement of "Eau vive" (Living Waters) near Paris. This settlement was initiated and is conducted by Father Thomas Philippe, a Dominican, well-known for his work on Mariology. Male and female students of the universities of Paris, and of the nearby Seminary of the Dominican Fathers live in a cooperative community. The houses apparently at one time belonged to big country estates. The agricultural work is done by the students themselves, the cooking and washing by the girl students. The liturgical life forms the centre of the existence of these young laymen but the settlement is inter-denominational. I met there a young Lutheran from Norway and a Confucian from China, just to illustrate the diversity of men. Perhaps the most interesting group is one of Arab-Christian students. The settlement is not self-supporting, and depends to a large extent on gifts. Of all the things the European traveller can see today this experiment is one of the most encouraging symptoms. One should support it in every possible way. Donations should be sent to: Rev. Pere Thomas Philippe, O.P., c/o "Eau vive," Solsy - sur - Seine, France.

Karl Stern.

MICHIGAN

Bay City Michigan.

Dear Friends:

E. I. Watkins is the sad (but prevalent) case of a Catholic being "booby-trapped" into the slough of reaction via the route of anti-communism. In my capacity of a trades-union officer, I have found that the lowly working-stiff is smarter than the pundits. The guys that I deal with are not impressed with the promises of either "free enterprise" or Marxism. They also know that when they are draagooned off to unseat the Kremlin bosses, "GI" Joe and lowly "Ivan" will both be caught in the same bloody futility; and will inherit the same ruins when the thing is over. I have found the embattled working-stiff engaged in the eternal struggle for bread and beans disposed to answer the left versus right controversy with a lusty, "Curses on both your houses."

Now about this "anti-Christ" business. Stalin could be; certainly he is anti-Christian. But then so could be any "gold-worshipping" big-wig in the Western World. Don't forget, also, that certain rabid Protestant sects have agreed that the Pope is the "Beast 666." Every admonition of Catholic teaching warns us not to draw these conclusions lightly. My guess is that "He" will be a highly intellectual type who will appeal to the effete and anemic pseudo-intellects of the whole world. While guys like me who live by the "tradition of muscle" will see through him like a campaign promise. Hence his wrath must fall heaviest upon the workers of all faiths.

Fraternally yours,
John J. O'Neil.

NEW JERSEY

497 Linden Ave.
Teaneck, N. J.
September 15, 1951

Friends,

In this instance it is a case of the elderly working people; those past 65 years of age; those receiving Social Security dividends in particular.

They are victims of stupid legalistic blundering and cruelty, in that is they be so fortunate as to get a job that pays them more than 50.00 per month they forfeit the Social Security benefits. Unsoundness and injustice of such provision is self-evident. And the hardships thereby caused to victims also, once it is realized that recipient of Social Security dividend checks is not receiving any dole, handout or "charity" (secular-pagan sense) but simply the return of money he paid in during his working years, prior to age 65 on actuarial principles of regular scientifically calculated insurance.

When it is realized that there are elderly receiving less than 30.00 per month, stopping even that should they succeed in getting a job paying more than 50.00 monthly would be ludicrous were it not so painful for the victims. With cost of living what it is the travesty of such law is too obvious for comment.

At last a Bill has been introduced in Congress to raise the limit to 100.00 per month before losing Social Security. Bill is No. H. R. 2757 and is now before the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives, Washington. It needs the active support of all human, right-thinking people, regardless of political party or any other extraneous considerations, so that a glaring wrong may be righted.

It is to be hoped you may try, and succeed, Deo gratias, in overcoming your antipathy toward all government action, for the nonce, and do your best to help this measure get enacted so elderly on Social Security (over 65) may hold a job paying up to 100.00 per month without losing their Social Security payments, in the event they succeed in getting one.

You should bear in mind that Social Security et al. came into being because private and other "security" failed.

An article in your paper, and letters by you and your friends to the Committee on Ways and Means of House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., would help. We already have done so.

For Christian Social Science, and Security,

Sincerely,
John B. Erit

SAINT PAUL

450 Little Canada Road
St. Paul (6), Minnesota

Feast of St. Michael,
Archangel
1951

Dear Friend of Maryhouse:

Seven years ago we moved into Maryhouse in Minneapolis. Last month we moved out.

In between, there was a glorious chapter of joy and sorrow. We prayed and offered sacrifice and gave instructions to our colored neighbors, we distributed clothing and food and fuel; we wrestled with the problems of drink and delinquency and discrimination. Some of our neighbors became Catholics; some returned to the Sacraments; some turned a deaf ear.

In 1944, we, five Catholic laywomen, sold our possessions and pooled our resources in order to begin the work. Through seven years you, friends of Maryhouse, sent prayers and alms and food

and clothing in order to continue the work. The five grew to ten. The Lord used us as His instruments.

Last summer a gigantic highway and underpass leveled many tenements in our neighborhood, many of our colored neighbors were moving to distant hovels, and the Maryhouse cupboard was almost bare.

We all moved out to Maryfarm.

Now a new chapter in our history is beginning. We hope to keep these seven organic acres as our mooring-post, a center to which we may occasionally return even though most of us are now scattering to work in several different apostolic fields.

One already works in a hospital. One teaches in a Catholic school. Another cares for an invalid.

Two of us will continue to work among the colored people in Minneapolis, trying to instruct the ignorant and minister to the poor and the sick.

Two will work at Maryfarm, caring for chickens and a cow and an orchard, making compost and cheese and whole-wheat altar breads, assisting in our parish activities.

Three of us will go to become parish helpers, teaching and scrubbing and taking census, helping the parish priests in any way we may have strength or talent.

We plan to be engaged in these various works throughout the coming year. Next year the work and the workers may be quite different. The path is by no means clear—that is part of the apostolate, being in the dark most of the time. We are willing to plant—let another reap. We do not worry about finances or the future—our Father is a Millionaire.

We are very glad that we are living in such an age of world-crisis, glad that we may share in the work of the Green Revolution. We hope that we may be one of many modern apostolic groups which the Holy Spirit is using to warm the world, to bring Christianity to the marketplace. These little groups are popping up all around the world, fluid groups of laypersons seeking to serve God and spread the good news wherever there is the most urgent need.

We are not a religious community. We have no rule or dowry or distinctive dress. We have nothing to sell, no magazine to publish, no lecture to give. We have consecrated ourselves to Jesus through Mary in the holy slavery of love, planning to offer the rest of our days on earth to God as lay apostles, living in poverty, occasionally performing visible works of mercy, more often quietly trying to leaven the dough.

We will welcome at Maryfarm other Catholic girls and women who may wish to serve God in this apostolic work.

We hope that you will continue to be a helpful friend, sending a frequent prayer Heavenward, sending an occasional alms Maryfarm-ward. We promise to try to cooperate with all God's graces, to use all your gifts for the extension of His Kingdom through this apostolate.

May God reward your charity. May we all continue to seek Jesus Through Mary.

JANE JUDGE

"However, that tormenting genius who named himself the Power of Society, has succeeded in harvesting for them, in a matchless sheaf of sovereign tribulations, all this scattered flora of criminal penalties. Serenely, tactically, the Poor have been excommunicated from life and turned into people damned." (Bloy, Sang du Pauvre.)

CLEVELAND

In spite of this trying age of total warfare, atomic bombast, materialism, floods, cyclonic storms, whirlwinds, subzero weather, hail as big as baseballs, money-mad landlords, eviction notices, other satanic hellish, earthly and solar disturbances. The Blessed Martin de Porres House of Hospitality, at 2305 Franklin Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, is still doing an unprofitable business at the old stand.

Fourteen lean years of running Martin's Inn, free meals, free beds, no questions asked, always soup in the pot, coffee in the cup, clothes in the clothesroom, it is the impossible, it couldn't happen... except that it did, and we are no more than ordinarily insolvent... ask Peter Maurin to explain it, it is in his EASY ESSAYS... ask Bl. Martin to give you the details... it is all in the Sermon on the Mount.

As one notorious usurer told us after donating a dime! "You are just accomplices to the dreadful sins of indolence and gluttony and drunkenness!"

That evening all of us slothful, indolent, gluttonous, and drunken broken down specimens specified to Blessed Martin a special memento to save the souls of all the invincibly ignorant ignorants of Mammon. "On account all us human nuts don't know nuttin from nuttin!"

More people come to be clothed, fed, and housed every day. They are mostly elderly men and women, who perhaps receive a small pension not enough to give them the bare essentials of life. A microscopically small amount of grace from mother state. However, there are quite a few young men from out of town in need of food and a place to sleep.

The POOR CLARES have been very kind to us by donating bread and vegetables (carrots, cabbage, and celery) for our soup.

Father Buckman, in charge of the restaurant at St. Ignatius High School, furnishes us with enough meat daily for the men in the house. Joe and Whitey who have charge of the kitchen go to the West Side Farmers Market four times a week for a handout of vegetables, potatoes, carrots, etc., anything souplable.

There are six of us here to care for the "breadline." We have the kitchen and three medium-sized rooms. With the transients we always have we are crowded. But as we always have to tell the sanitary inspector, "isn't this dump better than a gutter?" He has to agree, but he has to keep his job too.

We sell The Catholic Worker at five different churches on five different Sundays. Most of our old friendly pastors have died, and the ones appointed are indifferent. "If anyone wants a job they could get one!" One said, I tried to explain the idea and theory of vocation to him.

The sale of the paper at these churches has helped us in paying our gas, electric, and coal bills. When they don't help enough we put the bills under Blessed Martin's statue. And he always takes care of them, in his good old time!

The children in the neighborhood still come on Friday nights for their craft lessons, sewing, games, and especially for the goodnight lollipop. No proselytizing, no conversions, just part of a fourteen year old grind. A lot of water has gone under the... bridge below us. A lot of soup has been consumed, a lot of bugs have been killed, thanks to D.D.T., but in spite of all irregularity, violations of sanitary codes, Blessed Martin de Porres still supplies the cents and spiritual push to keep the old dive going.

Russell Fuhrman.

Father Onesimus Lacouture, S.J.

(Continued from page 1)

treats which we had been having since we met Father Pacifique Roy, another Canadian, in 1940, when he had introduced us to the work of Fr. Lacouture.

History

Fr. Lacouture's history briefly is this. After he left the novitiate in Montreal, he continued his studies in English at St. Andrew's on the Hudson in Poughkeepsie, New York. Then he was sent back to Canada for three years of philosophy at the Jesuit Seminary in Montreal. Then according to the Jesuit plan of studies, he interrupted his studies for four years of teaching. For one year of this time, he taught Latin at the novitiate, then he was sent to Alaska to teach the Eskimos. He lived in the wilderness, in hardship and loneliness, and here he made two retreats by himself, out under the sky, in the great woods, reading and praying much as the Jesuit martyrs who were the first missionaries to the Indians did before him. Later he resumed his studies, and took his four years of theology in Montreal. He was ordained on the feast of St. Ignatius, 1916. He was then thirty-five and the first World War had been going on for two years. He volunteered for service as a military chaplain. His duties took him to France and with troop ships to India and on returning was demobilized in 1919. From England he went to Belgium where he made his tertianship, a third year of novitiate which Jesuits make after they are priests. One of his companions during this year was Fr. Raoul Plus, whose books we are all familiar with.

First Retreat

When he returned he became prefect of St. Boniface's college in Manitoba for three years, then he went to Caughnawaga, near Montreal, where he was for four years pastor of that Indian Mission. This is the shrine of Katari Tekakwitha where he began to give his now famous conferences on the spiritual life. They aroused such enthusiasm that his superior put him on the Mission Band, which had its headquarters at the novitiate at Sault-aux-Recollets. The first retreat given to priests began on Father Lacouture's fiftieth birthday in 1931, and the last was in 1939. In those eight years he had given 142 retreats to 6,089 priests.

When his retreat work was stopped he spent some time at Santa Barbara, California, at Loyola University in Los Angeles, at Edmonton College, Alberta, and finally at St. Regis Mission, on the border of Canada and New York, where he died. At the time I saw him, he was serving briefly at the college at Sudbury from which he returned to St. Regis.

Sudden Death

He had been in excellent health when on Thursday night, November 15, he had a sudden stroke. After an hour of consciousness during which time he was anointed and received Extreme Unction, he became unconscious and died the next morning while his superior was offering up the Sacrifice of the Mass. He had been taken to the hospital at Cornwall, Ontario, which was the nearest hospital.

A solemn requiem Mass was sung at St. Regis and Bishop Langlois of Valleyfield sang the Libera me. Then the body was brought to Montreal, thirty cars full of Indians driving after the hearse for eight miles.

Fr. Lacouture's relatives from Brockton, Providence and Boston came to the funeral, his own superior, Fr. Lalonde, and some of his former associates. I was the only one who arrived from the States.

"It was a very small funeral, considering how great a man Fr. Lacouture was," one of his friends said. "Just a few years ago he was

famous. Now he is anonymous."

"Unless the seed fall into the ground and die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it beareth much fruit."

The Doctrine

The Catholic Worker group first heard of the famous retreat which caused so much controversy in 1940 when our friend, Sister Peter Claver, brought Fr. Pacifique Roy to see us on Mott street. Fr. Roy began immediately giving us the doctrine, as he always called it, and it was indeed a glowing and a beautiful thing. Fr. Roy sat down to the breakfast table with us that morning, and began talking of the love of God, how by our baptism we had been made the sons of God and what that entailed for us, what responsibilities it laid upon us. We had to put off the old man and put on the new, we had to die to ourselves and rise with Christ and death was painful, indeed a terrible thing. "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a living God!" This salvation of ours was a life and death matter. It had cost our Lord His life on the Cross. We are bought with a great price.

We began to recognize our worth as we heard such talk. We began to recognize our responsibilities. It was the kind of retreat which could be preached to the men on the breadline, to the worker, the scholar, to young and old, the educated and uneducated. It was the good news!

Wept for Joy

Father Roy knew the retreat by heart, since he had made it about ten times. He could repeat conferences word for word, and he did so with a warm and happy earnestness. He liked to tell how people received the retreat, how "they wept for joy." Many of the young priests who made the retreat under Fr. Lacouture, and in turn gave it to us, used to like to gloat over the difficulties of it. Sometimes I thought they were rubbing it in.

There were four or five conferences a day, of an hour each. Sometimes the too enthusiastic ones ran over the hour. Afterwards there was a fifteen-minute period of meditation in the chapel before the Blessed Sacrament. Complete silence was maintained for a week. There could be no time for writing letters, reading books. Only the New Testament or the psalms were allowed. If you put yourself in the hands of the retreat master you had to follow directions, as though you were in the care of a physician, and indeed Fr. Lacouture was a physician of souls.

Oakmount

When we first heard of the retreats and began making them, they were given at Oakmount, Pa., where Father Farina was chaplain of a small orphanage. The retreats were held during the summer, every two weeks, and the Sisters, Zelatrice of the Sacred Heart, were only too happy to make up dormitories in the classrooms and feed us delightful Italian meals. We wrote about these retreats in *The Catholic Worker*, and many were the readers of the paper who came to make them. Many a young priest who had made the retreat himself either under Fr. Lacouture or under Father John J. Hugo, sent their friends, parishioners, and sometimes non-Catholics, to hear this good news.

Applied Christianity

The retreats were supposedly for men and women separately, but always there were men who could not get to their own retreat, and women who had to go to the men's retreat, and priests who wanted to get in on it (even Monsignori) so the retreats were mixed, indeed. Agnostic Jews, practicing Protestants, Quakers and Catholics, all made it. Fr. Hugo, Fr. Meenan, Fr. Corcoran, Fr. Farina, these were some of those who gave conferences, that were so alive, so glowing, that we will never forget

them. And all of these conferences, followed quite literally a pattern laid down by Fr. Lacouture, a course of teaching which did not vary. Fr. Hugo's *Applied Christianity* (of which we have copies on hand and which we will send to those who request them) were, as he points out, the retreat notes of Fr. Lacouture, perhaps embellished by illustration and allusion to other spiritual writers, corroborating the points made.

The Stuff

What was it that we were so taken with in the retreat? Of course it was stimulating, glowing, alive, challenging. We none of us laymen made it under Fr. Lacouture, but most of the retreat masters we heard were good teachers, though some irritated by mannerisms or by faults of temperament. But it was the stuff! It was the stuff of life, of eternal life.

For one thing, it was what Peter Maurin taught, but he spoke of the life of this world. There was no saying, "what can I do about it? What responsibility is it of mine?" Both men taught personal responsibility and the dignity of man. Both men recognized the dignity of the laity, the capacity of the laymen for sacrifice, for sanctity. Both



recognized indeed, that without sanctity it was impossible to see God!

For too long, too little had been expected of us. When Christ spoke, he spoke from the Mount to the multitudes. He called on all men to take up their cross and follow Him. When we listened to Fr. Lacouture's retreat, we began to understand the distinction between nature and the supernatural (we understand that grace builds on nature!) and we saw for the first time, the incomparable heights to which man is called. We saw for the first time man's spiritual capacities raised as he is to be a child of God. We saw the basis of our dignity.

Courage

I could write a great deal about that retreat, and all it brought to us, the new vistas which opened out before us. But I will simply say that it gave us spiritual direction. We were learning how to die to ourselves, to live in Christ, and all the turmoil of the movement, all the pruning of natural love, all the disappointments were explained by the doctrine of the Cross, in the folly of the Cross. The retreat gave us hope and courage, as retreats are supposed to do, and we will be everlastingly grateful for it, grateful to Fr. Lacouture, who made the retreat possible for us. We feel that we have been participants in a great spiritual movement which is still going on, though it is perhaps now in shadow. The seed has fallen into the ground and has died. But we know that it will bear great fruit.

Misunderstanding

This Onesimus was like the obedient slave of the New Testament. But his master did not free

Book Reviews

(Continued from page 4)

East and India are heard through the words of the people and not through official documents and propaganda.

And every page of this book, every conversation, with a tribesman, a rising young lawyer, a newly emancipated Moslem woman, speaks the unrest, the new consciousness of peoples whom the West has too long considered subject and inferior. At this critical point in our history, for us a point of disintegration, a vital, new force is arising. The days of Churchillian empire, of a small outpost of colonial administrators which could command an entire country, are over. If there is one thing that Douglas makes clear, it is that old methods—and the old motive of imperialism—are no longer able to cope with the situation.

The Stalinists

Douglas also makes it clear that the Stalinists have made a far more accurate analysis of the situation than the nations of the West. In the Moslem countries, they did not talk of Karl Marx as they did of the Koran. In various places, they have succeeded in making so clever a statement of their ideals that young men have joined the Party because of their religion.

A story which Douglas relates about Azerbaijan illustrates this point. Pischevari, a man who was perhaps fronting for the Stalinists (the book is very careful in weighing the evidence on such questions, and there is some doubt as to how closely Pischevari was linked with the Kremlin), had been arrested by government troops. A blind beggar and his wife who had been hounded out of their livelihood and property by police officials told him how they had stood in front of the jail screaming, "Pischevari, Pischevari!" They were not Communists. Yet, there was so much that flesh could bear; and in the summer of 1950, Douglas estimates that Pischevari could have been elected by a ma-

him. After the retreats were stopped because of increasing misunderstandings and controversies, Fr. Onesimus Lacouture lived in silence and solitude with the Iroquois Indians on a mission only eighty miles from Montreal but hard of access. He offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass each day, but he no longer preached or taught. He accepted his situation gaily, with joy, rejoicing in tribulation, feeling that he was following the pattern which has been set through the ages. We can say little about the controversy but we do know that he has suffered at the hands of over zealous friends as well as at the hands of his opponents. We hope and trust that his writings, his lucid and clear and glowing presentation of the spiritual life will see the light of day, and that after his writings are examined they will be given to the public.

I should like to see on his grave stone the words, "He made all things new," because his teaching of the love of God so aroused our love in turn, that a sense of the sacramentality of life was restored for us, and a new vigor and meaning was given to our lives. "He made all things new."

P.S. All of the priests who gave this retreat are stationed in parishes and hard at work teaching and preaching and dispensing the sacraments. Fr. Hugo is at Butler, Pa., Fr. Farina is at Donora, Pa., Fr. Corcoran died of cancer, but all the other young priests who shared in this work are most active in their work for souls. There has been no condemnation of the ideas of the retreat although the retreat itself was stopped. *Applied Christianity* has the Imprimatur of the archdiocese of New York.

majority of 90% of the people in a free election! To these people, now suddenly aware that something can be done about the land and the schools and health, the United States too often appears as merely anti-Communist, the friend of venal governments and reactionary landlords.

Douglas lists three reasons for this state of affairs. The West has taken the purely negative role of anti-Communism; it has relied on military tactics, and military leadership when a radically different kind of thinking was needed; and we have associated ourselves too closely with British colonialism, the myth of native inferiority and subservience.

Non-Violence

Douglas is certainly not a pacifist, although he has a profound regard for Gandhi and the positive naturalism of Nehru. Yet he repeats a judgment that has been made before. Many of the Indians who supported Gandhi were not pacifists, but saw in non-violence a practical way to revolution and independence. And although Douglas is not a pacifist, he too sees that the only practical solution is non-violence, actually eradicating the cause of this unrest. The disgraceful, tragic and pagan delay in our shipment of wheat to a starving India because that nation did not exactly square with the logic of our military policy is not only anti-Christian; it is suicide.

Kemal Djumblatt, a progressive Druze, illustrates the value of a positive program. Douglas walked among the people who had been given their own land because of this leader. He writes, "I walked among these people . . . It was plain that something dramatic and deeply important had happened to them . . . I saw what magic widespread private ownership could produce. By reason of it a village had been remade almost overnight. People who own land have a stake in their community; they have a new sense of citizenship; they acquire a feeling of responsibility."

I have passed over many of the wonderful things in this book, and some which I would criticize. Because in *Strange Lands and Friendly People*, there is an induction operating through all the conversations, and the fascinating descriptions of customs, hospitality, the station of women. Perhaps Justice Douglas is not completely explicit about that conclusion, but I cannot help but feel that it is the most important thing in the book. The West which has created this unrest and nationalism and hunger and thirsting for justice because of its pagan imperialism and colonialism must now be Christian. In a sense, it is no longer a matter of choice. We cannot answer these problems, this gigantic fermentation of centuries, civilizations, tribes, with guns. We can only answer it with charity.

Justice Douglas has demonstrated that he believes in liberty and the freedom of man from the bench. He now reveals his charity, and we must take his words to heart, or else there will be death.

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
DOROTHY DAY
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You Asked for a King

(Continued from page 1)

that He does not regard monarchy as desirable, and treats it as the result of the wholesale apostasy of the people.

I am not here concerned so much with the sociological significance of this. As to whether it is not, after all, the portrayal of a decision, not so much on the part of the people (as we understand that word today) as it was the decision of "Elders." The point I am concerned with is the fact that God was displeased with this decision, and that the decision resulted in the set-up of the paraphernalia of a State exercising its authority through the king.

It may seem strange, it may seem to some unbelievable, but it is true that there are still those who regard monarchy with favor as being a particularly "Christian" form of government. And if they cannot find convincing political or sociological arguments for it, they find aesthetic reasons to justify this preference. So we are told that we have need of the ceremony of the court as something around which to center a unified culture. We are told that the hierarchy of beings from non-sentient creation to angelic creations must find their political counterparts in society and that monarchy does, in fact, provide this hierarchy. We are even told that the reason we have no unified culture, the reason we are intellectually dull and uninteresting, the reason we are bourgeois, is in fact that we have no such monarchy around which to cluster. It is brought to our attention that the rites and ceremonies of the Church presupposes monarchy, that the Church herself is patterned after monarchy and that she has given it her special preference and blessing.

And yet we are told in Scripture that God was displeased with all this. And in that we are again reminded that the wisdom of man is foolishness before God. That all the cultural, sociological, political arguments that may be brought to bear in favor of monarchy must bow before the simple recorded fact that God was displeased.

Church

And so we must turn elsewhere to look for these values which are lacking in bourgeois society and which some have mistakenly felt they could recapture in a monarchical and hierarchical society. And first we must dispose of the argument that would parallel society on the structure of the Church. I will ignore, for the while, the Church as a human and sociological society and, concentrating on her as a divine institution whose primary function is the transmission of revelation, the depository of the Faith, will state that that of its very nature would give rise to authority and hierarchy — that since we believe, not because we have reasoned out to belief, but because God has revealed Himself to man and has established the Church as the custodian of this revelation, we do so believe, not on our

authority, but on that of God and those whom He has placed in authority in the Church. As such there can be no question of "democracy" in the Church — there will never be an election held in the Church to determine whether we are to go on believing in the Trinity!

Where the mistake lies is in jumping from the supernatural order to the natural order and imposing the same methods, the same set-up. And it is not a justifiable procedure because, in the one instance, we are dealing with matters that transcend reason, and in the other we are dealing with matters that are subject to reason. So that it by no means follows that because there is a central authority in the Church there must be a central authority in society, or because there is hierarchy in the Church there must be hierarchy in society. It may be that God is pleased that the Pope heads the Church and displeased that a King heads a nation. Indeed I am inclined to believe that this is so.

As far as Catholics are concerned it would seem that the human need for ritual would be met with in the liturgies of the Church, that the human need for common cultural values would find their derivative in the teachings of Christ wherein we call no man master. It would seem that a common spirit would be engendered, not by seeking power or desiring kings, but by attempting to transfer to society the spirit of Christ in some such way as Gandhi tried, in some such movement as Gandhi lead. There, in an attempt to build society on anarcho-syndicalist lines, would we realize more nearly the Christian ideal that the greatest amongst us become as the least, than we could ever hope to do in a society that sanctions as desirable in itself social classes or economic classes or political classes. The Christian ideal is surely the ideal of the classless society. For, says St. Jerome, "All riches come from iniquity, and unless one has lost, another cannot gain. Hence that common opinion seems to me to be very true, 'the rich man is unjust, or the heir an unjust one'. Opulence is always the result of theft, if not committed by the actual possessor, then by his predecessor." There are indeed differences of ability, in talent, in function. But those differences are no credit to those who possess them. All come as gifts of God. And so there is no reason why one should have more to eat than another. The distribution of the goods of the earth should never rest on the basis of I.Q. tests.

State

As we examine again the Scriptural passage with which I began this article we will see that God gives as His reason for disliking the decision of the people to have a king that it is to set up a false god. It is to choose someone in place of Him. And He enumerates what will happen when authority becomes concentrated in the hands of a king. There will be exploitation of labor, there will be confiscation of property, there will be conscription of young men. There will be indeed all the evils that we see in the State today (yes, taxes also He mentions) no matter whether such a State is headed by a king or a president or a bureaucracy. I think we can fairly say that God looked with displeasure on the establishment of the State as such. Now, according to St. Thomas, it lies within the province of the people to change this. It is possible that the people, being convinced of the iniquity of the State, decide that enough has been suffered by means of it and that the time has come to recall the power that comes from God to the people and which has been unhappily delegated to the politicians.

How could this be brought

about? As far as this country is concerned, as far as the world is concerned it would be done by the mass conversion of all workers to the principles of the I. W. W. and the realization of the program of the Industrial Workers of the World by means of a non-violent revolution in the tradition of Gandhi, which is the tradition of Christ. As indeed the Vatican paper, on the occasion of Gandhi's death, mentioned that he was the only public leader of the day who made a serious attempt to put into practice in the social and political field the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount.

And in the I. W. W. we have at hand a labor union which has never sold out to the rich and powerful of this world. They have not collaborated with the capitalist exploiters of labor, they have not sat down at a conference table with the representatives of an oppressing system. They have not had high paid and wealthy "labor leaders," they have remained a rank and file affair. As such they de-



serve the support of all those who look for a just society, a decentralized society, a society in which there is production for use rather than profit. The very fact that they seem to be of no account these days should make us pause to examine why, because it is evident that those labor unions which are of account these days have sold out to the capitalist system. We no longer hear from the big unions of the desirability of a new society, of scrapping the capitalist system, of initiating a new order based on equality. As far as labor unions are concerned it is the I. W. W. in this country today which echoes the words of St. Clement of Alexandria: "I know that God has given us the use of goods, but only as far as is necessary; and He has determined that the use be common. It is absurd and disgraceful for one to live magnificently and luxuriously when so many are hungry."

I hope the day will come when all Catholics put aside a frivolous concern for monarchy or bourgeois democracy and give a hand to those who fight non-violently the battle of labor, a fight which indeed has seen its bloody days but which if permeated with the ideals of the I. W. W. plus the Gandhian means (which are Christian means) will open the way to a new society.

"Christianity, a transhistoric interpretation of history, cannot therefore transcend itself. But within history, there have been various Christianities, amalgams which do not represent the totality which participate in all the human failings of a particular period of time. And modern Christianity is dangerously associated with liberal capitalism and the bourgeoisie." Emmanuel Mounier, *What Is Personalism?*

The Eightieth Birthday of Don Sturzo

(Continued from page 1)

years he was its Mayor. He was also Provincial Councillor of Catania, Vice-President of the Associations of Communes and Vice-President of Italian Catholic Action.

In 1919, he founded the Popular Party (now the Christian Democratic Party) which in the general elections of that same year obtained 99 Parliamentary seats as against 158 for the Socialists and Communists combined.

Under Mussolini, Don Sturzo left Italy to go into exile in 1924, and in 1926, the party was suppressed by Royal decree.

Don Sturzo spent his exile in France, England and the U. S. A. In France, he founded The Central Office of the Christian Democratic Parties in Europe; in England, The People's and Freedom Group, and the International Christian Democratic Union.

He came to the U. S. in 1940. He lived in Brooklyn at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ragnara at 2274 81st St., where he occupied two small rooms on the second floor of a one family home. A mural plaque (a gift of the Sicilian Christian Democrats) has been placed in one of these rooms as a reminder not only of his fight for freedom and the dignity of man, but also because in this house he performed all his priestly duties, beginning with the Holy Mass every morning, and ending with the Rosary at night.

Don Sturzo is a very gifted and prolific writer. Among the most important of his works are: Church and State; The True Life; The Cycle of Creation (a poem); Essai de Sociologie; Politics and Morality; Italy and the World of Tomorrow; Nationalism and Internationalism, and many others. He is now working on his Opera Omnia, a collection of more than thirty of his works.

Foundation

The above news release was sent out by the Don Sturzo Foundation which has its offices at 104 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y. The International committee for the Foundation is made up of Luigi Rinaudi, President of the Italian Republic, Alcide de Gasperi, Clement Atlee, Conrad Adenauer, Leopold Figl, Robert Schuman, Jacques Maritain, Bishop Haas, Gaetano Salvemini, Georges Bidault and many other in and among workers and scholars.

The Great Heart of Sturzo

Recognition of the principles for which he stood are given honor throughout the world, but it must agonize the great heart of Don Sturzo that the conditions of the peasants in Italy remain so dire, the suffering increased immeasurably by the recent floods. It is to be hoped that the formation of this foundation will mean not only honor to Don Sturzo but the donation of substantial gifts to this great man who will always have the first needs of the poor at heart.

Focus Point

The attention of this country has been focused on Italy at the close of the second World War by the appearance of such film masterpieces as *The Bicycle Thief*, *Paysan, to Live in Peace*, *Open City* and others which pictured the condition of the destitute and moved the hearts and minds of men to consider the needy and the poor. Such a book as Levi's *Christ Stopped at Eboli* supplemented the work of Don Sturzo. Such novels as those of Ignazio Silone, *Bread and Wine*, *The Seed Beneath the Snow*, *Fantamara*, also did much to picture the condition of Italy this last half century.

First Meeting

We are honored to have been among the first in the United States to publish the work.

Don Sturzo when his position was not a popular one.

III

We met Don Sturzo when he arrived in this country, so weak from a heart condition that he had to be carried off the boat by his doctor. He is a little frail man, with the look of Newman in that famous profile picture of the Cardinal. He telephoned us to come to see him, and we found his home in the Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn on a tree lined street, one of a row of modest houses in an Italian section. After a year in Brooklyn he was still so ill that he was transferred to a hospital in Florida from which he sent to us an occasional note of encouragement, usually written in long hand on a penny postal.

Contrast

We would like to contrast in a way, the teaching of Fr. Lacouture with that of Don Sturzo, the former emphasizing the spiritual approach to the problems of life to such an extent that his retreatants did not correlate them to the life around them enough. He recognized this himself and welcomed the cooperation of *The Catholic Worker* in integrating his teaching with techniques in the world, "to make that kind of society in which it is easier for men to be good." Fr. Lacouture followed the Ignatian exercises and his retreat was divided into three parts, only the first two of which were ever given; the first being the principle and foundation that man is created to praise, honor and love God, and the second a series of meditations on the life of Christ, by which it was intended we should be so steeped in these ideas that all our actions would conform to the mind of Christ, so that whether we ate or drank, slept or awakened, worked or idled, we would do all in the name of Jesus.

We always felt that if men did not go away from our retreat, examining their consciences about the work they did in the world, the money they spent, their attitude to their brother—then they had not "taken" the doctrine.

Greatest

Don Sturzo was a great scholar and a great sociologist, the greatest of his day. By popular demand, he was forced into public life, and his was the path of non-violent resistance to evil, evil in his case being concretely the Mussolini regime—an order based on force, an order based on the Satanic pride of men who were doing what God himself refused to do, interfere with man's free will. Don Sturzo has been in the past a failure in the eyes of the world. But Mussolini is dead; he took the sword and perished by the sword. And Don Sturzo who was exiled under his regime, is now honored. The good has triumphed over evil, but the whole man, the integrated man of body and soul, the son of God, has not as yet emerged in the social order. It is again an illustration of the principle that man must choose between the good and the best. He is not merely human, but divine.

It is not the material accomplishments of Don Luigi Sturzo alone that are being honored, but a recognition of his suffering and his sanctity.

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Christmas Canzone

Fierce world, mid-centuried, bleak will of man:
 Is one the other's cause? Is this half-light
 Product of our unseeing? God or man
 Whose failure to endure the flaw? O man
 Must learn to love or to annihilate
 Flower and fruit. When will we know if man
 Will make the choice again, if God or man
 His power will resign? What draws our death
 Out longest, emptiest, which is death?—
 Despair? Unridiculed failure? Will man
 Approximate our image of Him, redeemed?
 Or resent his status; Man, non-God, redeemed?

We feel resentment most (when unredeemed)
 Where gratitude, so obsolete in man,
 Is most required. We hate, where if redeemed,
 We'd love, we fail at suffering, redeemed,
 We'd have vocation. Here in dwindling light
 War burns wild armies of dark men. Redeem
 Their hearts from dark uncertainties, redeem
 Them from pitched suffering, annihilate
 Their vanity and doubt, annihilate
 Their will. Caress, but to direct, redeem
 Us from ease and pain, from fortitude and death.
 Survive "at cost"? Adjust us to our death.

Freeze, winter! freeze earth to stone, sure death
 Invade all life: rigid in frost, redeem
 Whatever green exists in man from death.
 All else is chestnut, blight and brown, color death
 Brightly, chant it, wear it, cape your man-
 hood in its folds. On the meadow hoar death
 Hovers menacingly; ignore the death
 Of moldly leaves, exhausted trees, the light
 Drifting from melancholic skies, o twilight
 Partial as good will, impartial as death.
 Birds and cats, fish and man, annihilate
 Victim and persecutor. Annihilate!

Abstract, manifest God, annihilate
 Our coined cities, discernable our death
 Among merchant chaos, annihilate
 Our arrogance, urge the annihila-
 tion of free choice in Your presence, redeem,
 Endear us to Your will, annihilate
 Our struggling liberties, annihilate
 Ambition. Spend uniqueness on a man,
 His fancied torments, florid arts, this man
 Will tumble gravity, annihilate
 Your word, again unanchored to the Light
 A heavenly host of fiends, mocking Your light.

Haunted objects, unwonted haunted light
 The world turns in. Banish, annihilate
 Its insecurity. It is the twilight
 Of our will—the bottomless end of light
 And dark, rising and falling, bearing and death!
 Of green and brown, of May and Ice, of Child and death.
 Everlasting is this state, its light
 Has faltered through an age. Impaled bleak light
 Blights the fierce branch, threatens, breaks. Redeem
 Us from the gaping Sorrow of the light
 Upon this tree, upon this load, on Man
 Hail God, call Him Brother, call You Man!

Ashamed of power, make us meagre, Man
 The Host to Nature, the Friend of men, redeem
 Him from dishonor, error, feeble death,
 Succor all he would annihilate,
 Make multitudinous and gay his light.

—Dachine Rainer.

Peacetime Militarism in Our Era

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

Many readers of the *Catholic Worker* do not agree on an all-out opposition to war and the military. Yet quite often these same people are confused about Universal Military Training: is it merely another form of the draft? Could one who favors conscription for war oppose the UMT program?

What Is UMT?

Universal military training is not the same as the draft. It is not an emergency program of conscription during war time with the purpose of raising a temporary, civilian army. It is a long-range program which can only operate in peace-time. It proposes the principle that military training (six months' active duty with an extended obligation of reserve duty upon discharge) be a permanent part of American life, that every young man of eighteen should receive six months' indoctrination in the military regardless of the international situation. It is not comparable with the draft which is a strictly emergency measure.

As a result of this, many groups which do not oppose Selective Service have come out against Universal Military Training. At the close of the last war when the program was tacked on as a rider to conscription (the regular tactic in this matter), the Catholic bishops of the United States proposed that the idea be tabled until a more objective and peaceful situation existed.

In 1951 the CIO Convention adopted this stand: "We oppose the commencement of any universal military training program at this time when the immediate manpower needs of the armed forces would preclude general operation of the program. . . ." The factual allegation in the CIO resolution—that UMT is a promissory note on peace-time militarism because it cannot be effective in periods of emergency—has been corroborated by the UMT Commission Report. This document noted "full implementation is not in prospect for the years immediately ahead."

Militarism

This single fact—that UMT is a statement of peacetime policy and not an emergency measure—has aided greatly in revealing the true nature of the program. Its passage is only seriously attempted during periods of national crisis, and an attempt is made to identify the program with the crisis. And yet the program cannot operate in a crisis!

The Army's view on this matter was quoted in the Congressional Record, April 3, 1951, from a pro-UMT army pamphlet. "The great opposition to military training is generally not based on fact but rather on such generalities as democracy, morals, aggression, education and pacifism. The chief opponents are parents, church groups, educators, subversive groups and a large section of the public which does not think."

The power of the state increases each day. UMT is an attempt to add to that centralized control. It would mean that the Federal Government would have six disruptive, crucial months in which to condition the youth of this country to the morals of the barracks room and the military philosophy of obedience and blind loyalty. Those who give limited approval to the garrison state—holding that it is necessary because of the present international situation—should not be confused into favoring a militaristic plan which has nothing to do with the present crisis.

Educators

The Indiana Conference of Higher Education—presided over by Father Cavanaugh of Notre Dame—made the following statement on UMT on November 1, 1951: "The Conference believes that the plan of Universal Military Training is dangerous and not in accord with the American tradition: it is educationally unsound; it is open to serious moral and social criticisms; and it in no way strengthens the existing armed forces—rather it aggravates the already critical manpower situation. The Conference believes that adequate manpower for the armed services can and should be obtained by the present Selective Service System."

There is still time. The *Catholic Worker* urges its readers—pacifist and those who support emergency conscription—to join in opposing this blueprint for peace time militarism. Letters to congressmen making it clear that there is a difference between the draft and UMT and opposing UMT are an effective form of action—now.

Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)
cient to drive people literally mad.

Two elderly women have been taking their meals with us during the past few weeks. These two are sisters and have been living in a Bowery hotel for the past month. They are very dignified and proper ladies. Before they moved to the Bowery they had managed to live frugally on the rent they received for a piece of property out of town.

The property had been used as a cafe which served liquors. The rent ceased coming in when the tenant lost his liquor license. Now the two women are praying that the man retrieve his license. Yesterday these poor souls asked if it were proper to pray for such an intention. It seems that someone disturbed their calm by scolding them for praying for that intention.

Since both of them seemed so foreign to the Bowery, I asked them how they liked their present living quarters. They replied that they did find the language of the other patrons of the hotel somewhat coarse. However, they were more upset over their failure to persuade the Catholic members of the hotel to attend Mass on Sundays.

Best Wishes

All the members of our household wish all of you readers a very happy Christmas and New Year. May all your prayers and hopes be realized.

Maryfarm

(Continued from page 2)

which he was working at that time. He talked of people becoming mentally unbalanced because of "too much religion." Is it too much religion, or is it too little religion; religion not having the proper effect on us. Is it too much religion, or is it too much of the world, and our own desires — our own lack of Surrender to what God is asking of us. God asks much of us at times. Love is very demanding. Love sometimes requires great sacrifices of us, but then, as the "Imitation of Christ" says, "It makes every difficulty easy, and bears all wrongs with equanimity. For it bears a burden without being weighted and renders sweet all that is bitter." St. Theresa of Lisieux says "to be a true victim of love, we must surrender ourselves entirely. . . . Love will consume us only in the measure of our self-surrender." And in "Such Love is Seldom," the story of Mother Mary Walsk, O.P., founder of the Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor, she says, "You must forget and forego all other things in this world in order to free yourself of all earthly attachments. Often this sacrifice will seem very hard, almost impossible, but anything less would be unworthy of your vocation. . . . If we let any kind of personal desire come between ourselves and this work God has given us to do,

we are offering only our second best." The point is that each of us who have been chosen to know Christ, lay people as well as religious, "All you who have been baptized in Christ have put on Christ," have a vocation in the service of Christ. Certainly, no one had more religion than the Saints, and there have been no more balanced people. That is why we love them so.

We are planning a discussion week-end on December 7, 8 and 9th on Pacifism and Conscientious Objection: William Gauchat is coming from Avon, Ohio, for it, and Michael Harrington from Chrystie St. Both William and Michael have studied much along these lines. Certainly much clarification of thought is needed on these subjects. May much fruit come of it.

"The individual who protests against the law he deems unjust is far less alone than he is likely to imagine. He is acting in a mental climate in which the experience borne in upon him is likely to be shared by others; and the gesture he makes may awaken others to the understanding of their obligations." Harold Laski. *The State in Theory and Practice*

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