



## LABOR AND THE WAR

By ROBERT LUDLOW

The question has been asked me if my only objection to the war in Korea is because I believe all war to be un-Christian. If, in other words, I regard the American aims to be just and good but only object to the method by which they are being realized. My answer is definitely no. Apart entirely from the question of pacifism I am opposed to American aims in Korea or anywhere else in the world because I am opposed to that political and economic system that is called "the American way."

I believe that the American system is a system of exploitation. I believe it is thoroughly materialistic, that it is guided by the rank-and-file pragmatism. I believe further that we are headed in this country towards a totalitarianism every bit as dangerous towards freedom as the other more forthright forms. We have our secret police, our thought control agencies, our over-powering bureaucracy. If we enjoy some freedoms it is because it is thought expedient at the time that we enjoy them, but when it is no longer expedient that we enjoy them I have no doubt but that they will be taken away. The American State, like every other State, is governed by those who have a compulsion to power, to centralization, to the preservation of their gains. And it is the liberals—the New Leader, New Republic, Commonwealth variety—who have delivered the opiate necessary for the acceptance of this tyranny among "progressive" people. It is the fallacy of attempting social reform through the State, which builds up the power of the State to where it controls all avenues of life. Even certain members of the lay apostolate who, through very special circumstances, are not daily burdened by the consciousness of State dominance are lulled into apathy in this regard and into looking favorably on the extension of State control—believing mistakenly that it is for the benefit of the people.

It has been apparent these last few years that the United States government is committed to the

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## Inventory—January 1951

By DOROTHY DAY

This last year, at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, we gave out, roughly speaking and underestimating it at that, 460,000 meals. Also 18,250 nights' lodging. This is what the world sees and if we wished to impress the world we would multiply this by eighteen years, and the figures would be truly impressive.

But suppose a mother should say, in a plea for sympathy. "I've put one thousand and ninety-five meals on the table this last year. I've washed fifty thousand plates."

It is easy to see how foolish it is to look at things in this light, in this big way. I am sure that God is not counting the meals. He is

## Chrystie Street

We were reminded last month that we failed to wish our readers a Merry Christmas but I am sure that all of you realize that we did intend to extend those greetings. As you must know by this late date that we are weak in the formalities department even though we decry a lacking of those social graces in our relations with one another. Thus is the springboard, if one is needed, for wishing you one and all a very, very happy New Year. With the world's conditions as they are I find myself gulping when I wish someone the greetings of the New Year, but the salutations do come from the bottom of our hearts, nevertheless.

Ever since our taking up quarters here on Chrystie street there seems to be more of a family spirit among our household members. It isn't as close as you would find in your own family but it is remarkable when you stop and consider the heterogeneous group of people who have collected under our roof. No doubt it is due a great deal to the physical makeup to our new home since we are now living in one building whereas at 115 Mott st. we were split up into two buildings. Besides here we have a common recreation room where we are able to have little get-togethers. We have had two or three of these parties thus far. All of the people

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looking at Tony Aratari, Joe Monroe, Ray Taylor, turning off their alarm clocks at five every morning to go downstairs to start the coffee, cut the bread. They get no credit for being noble. They have no realization of dying to themselves, of giving up their lives. They are more often than not abused by friends and relatives for not getting jobs, using their education, "supporting themselves," instead of living on charity. "This then is perfect joy," as St. Francis would say.

We all wish for recognition of one kind or another. Last week when we received letters from Stringfellow Barr and Pittirim Sorokin, commending us, even that did not satisfy us! Though it is a boast, in a way, to speak of it at all. We want, these days, all of us who write and work for the revolution to reach the masses, the people, the working class groups. And yet, come to think of it, there



are those letters from west coast seamen, from rural workers, from white collar workers this month. We are, after all, reaching sixty thousand subscribers and countless readers, each one an individual—each one with infinite possibilities. But it is mass action people think of these days. They lose sight of

## Christmas at Maryfarm

The magic of the Incarnation miracle has again touched our lives in its delicacy, its vibrancy, its power to make us feel the warm love of the living God. As we await "a light of revelation to the Gentiles" at Epiphany, and look back on Christmas at Maryfarm, it is the experience of a rich and quiet peace that has expressed the Christmas magic for us this year.

Nature had a share in this experience, preparing us for it as a final transition from Advent to the feast itself. In the stillness of a moonlit Christmas Eve, made still lighter by crisp, snow-covered fields, we went carolling to our neighbors, and all of us felt that the Mystery of the silent Christmas night is light and peace for all who seek it.

Undoubtedly, Father Faley's Christmas homily on the Gloria in Excelsis Deo and the fact that each Mass renews the Birth of Christ, really set the tone, and centered our gratitude and joy in the Mass. (His reading Felix Timmermans' "The Triptych of the Three Kings," Christmas night while we enjoyed a singularly wonderful fruit cake from Mt. St. Joseph, had a lot to do with a truly happy day, too.) The following days begun with sung Masses in honor of the calendar-companions of the Crib, St. Stephen, the Beloved Disciple John and the Holy Innocents, were in a special way permeated by the peace that had such a sweet entrance with the Christ Mass. There

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the sacrament of the present moment—of the little way. We think of money in this way too. We spent two trillion dollars, money spent and property damaged, during the last war, plus suffering untold, unbelievable. We forget that it is our tax money, our payment of taxes that permits this huge expenditure for war. Seventy-five per cent of our taxes goes for war.

These days Josefa Menendez' book, *The Way of Divine Love*, is on the best seller list in all Catholic book stores, here, and even in China among Catholics there. This book contains hundreds of pages of the revelations to a little lay sister in the Sacred Heart Order

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## Picketing

By AMMON HENNACY

"How are you going to get people to put up the sword? My son died in Korea. I know you didn't kill him. God bless you," said an elderly woman as I was picketing the post office in Phoenix, Dec. 18, in response to Truman's "emergency" declaration. The woman had seen my big sign which read:

"Put up thy Sword.  
He that taketh  
the Sword  
Shall Perish  
by the Sword"

Jesus' words.

On the reverse of this sign was a picture of a pot colored green with a sign on it—Capitalist. Opposite was a red kettle—Communist. Underneath was the caption: "The Pot Calls the Kettle Black." I carried my old tax refusal sign as a sandwich in front. It read:

75%  
of your Income Tax  
Goes for War.  
I have refused  
to pay Income Taxes  
for Seven years.

The reverse sign hanging on my back read:

Reject War.  
Use Gandhi's  
Weapon of  
Non Violent  
DIRECT ACTION.

I attended mass at St. Mary's  
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## THE DEATH OF BISHOP BOYLE

Bishop Hugh Boyle of Pittsburgh died on December 22nd at the age of 77 and was buried December 28th at St. Paul's Cathedral. Bishop Dearden, the new Bishop of the diocese was at his bedside reciting prayers for the dying when the end came.

Bishop Boyle was the eldest son of a family of twelve and was born in Johnstown, Pennsylvania. His father, four brothers and three sisters were drowned in the Johnstown flood of 1889. All but one other brother died at an early age.

From the time the Catholic Worker started he showed his friendship for Peter Maurin and his great interest in his ideas. He and Peter had many conversations which lasted for hours over the land movement and the needs of families at the present day. Thanks to Bishop Boyle's generosity a diocesan House of Hospitality with St. Joseph as its patron was established over twelve years ago.

It is not an officially supported charity of the diocese. Father Rice, the director, was given the job of running the House by Bishop Boyle ten years ago after the Catholic Worker group found that it was too large a proposition for them. The building is large, three stories, and of brick, and was formerly the St. Paul Orphan Asylum, and is still owned by the Orphan Asylum Corporation. No rent is charged for the use of the building, and some heavy items of repair have been paid for by the corporation. There is a chapel in the House and Holy Mass is offered daily.

A group of twenty-five volunteers keep the House going, all of them working without pay, getting only their clothes, a place to sleep and three meals a day. These men have been working for Father Rice for many years, some of them as long as thirteen years. The House is not funded in any way, it is not part of the Community Fund. Father Rice, too, receives no salary, nor is he paid by the diocese.

Many of the Unions send in offerings for the work, and he sends out letters a few times a year, as we do in New York. Most donations

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## The Center of Poverty

By Brother Kerran Dugan

Continuation from the Dec. Issue  
II

### The Struggle for Poverty

Man in the midst of material things must have an attitude toward them. If man is to perform his proper function in creation, if he is to place himself properly in the hierarchy of being, his attitude toward them must be poverty—the placing of material things properly in this hierarchy. And this latter can be done only if his vision of the hierarchy is panoramic, extending beyond the world and the self.

The panorama must have depth as well as width, so that man may see the size and shape of closer things against the distant mountain rising from the mists of another world beyond his present plodding. Only then will all things fall into perspective, and the pebble not deceive him by its closeness to the eye.

The proper attitude is not the easy attitude. We must not only work in matter, but we must work

in it with the impaired eyes of a race of creatures whose father deliberately strained his eyes and set askew the vision of his children down to the last generation. No matter what our knowledge, we are yet those children whose knowledge cannot but be spotted and incomplete. We may know, as St. Thomas says, that a thing is true universally and yet not be able to see that it is true particularly. A man may know that all fornication, all injustice must be avoided without knowing that this particular act of fornication or injustice must be avoided. Matter and sense are compelling and blinding. We cannot see the tree as it is because we see it, in a sense too well. It confronts us too closely and blocks our view. We cannot see the tree for the tree. We lose sight of its place in the forest, bash our head against it, and perhaps lose sight of the whole forest.

We are indeed in a strange situation. Our own experience and that

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## Gheel—The Lourdes Of the Mentally Ill

By OSSIE BONDY

This is the story of St. Dymphne (Daphne) and her Colony at Gheel, Belgium. This is a story which has inspired thousands of men, women and children whose minds were clouded and who regained mental health by the intercession of one of God's elect, St. Daphne, virgin and martyr.

At the close of the 6th century, according to the legend, the daughter of an Irish king fled to Belgium with her confessor, Father Gereberne. She had embraced Christianity secretly and when her father had proposed an incestuous marriage because of startling resemblance to her deceased mother, Daphne had forsaken all for fear of the marriage being consummated against her will. The king was not to be denied and he discovered priest and maiden with her maids at Mass in the tiny settlement of Gheel. He again demanded that she marry him.

Again she refused. With his broadsword he cut off her head. His soldiers did likewise to her confessor. The neighboring peasants who witnessed the decapitations buried the exiled martyrs. From that time private devotions were paid to them.

About the year 900 the first pilgrimage occurred. Every year thereafter, on her feast day, May 23, was witnessed the advent of pilgrims coming not only from all parts of Belgium but other countries as well. In 1390 the first church in honor of St. Daphne was built. One hundred and fifty years later the first infirmary or hospital for the religious treatment of the mentally ill was built. This was enlarged a century later. Church and infirmary were destroyed and it was not until 1682 that both were rebuilt. During the liberation of Belgium the retreat-

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## Better and Better Off

The world would be better off if people tried to become better.

And people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off.

For when everyone tries to become better off,

Nobody is better off.

But when everyone tries to become better,

Everyone is better off.

Everybody would be rich

If nobody tried to become richer.

And nobody would be poor

If everyone tried to be the poorest.

And everybody would be

What he ought to be

If everybody tried to be

What he wants the other fellow to be.

PETER MAURIN.

## Peter Maurin Farm

(469 Bloomingdale Rd., Pleasant Plains, Staten Island)

About a month ago, just before the first freeze, Mr. Hauber, our neighbor down the road, ploughed up two acres for our next year's garden. Up until the first freeze, too, we continued our composting operations, six inches of weeds, two inches of poultry manure, or three inches of horse manure, or layer of fishheads, topped with one inch of earth, layer on layer of this. We have five compost piles finished, and although the big storm took part of the barn roof, our compost piles remained untouched.

We look in vain on the beach for sea weed, so our asparagus is only partly mulched. The weather grows brisk, and the kitchen fire more attractive. It looks as though we must leave our asparagus to gather up food in its roots in the dormancy of winter, and we, too, gather up our strength, our plans and resources for the coming growing season. Meanwhile, every place, the seeds lie beneath the snow, looking toward that time when the "voice of the turtle is heard in our land" and "the sweet sun of love again shines forth in a delightful Spring."

## Shelter, Fuel, Food

Hans has the job of repairing the roof on the barn that we are converting into a chapel, where it has been damaged in the big storm. Billy Hausman made firewood of the trees knocked down in the storm. Terry McKiernan came down to visit and chopped a goodly pile of wood. There are several tons of coal in the cellar, and Dave keeps the fires going. Between Hans, Joe, Dave and Billy, they have installed the big oil bake stove that can bake one hundred loaves at a time. A friend of Peter Carey's gave us a refrigerator, and we no longer have to run out shivering to the box on the back porch. An anonymous priest friend in Long Island sent in a truckload of potatoes and cabbages to Chrystie St., and we have shared in this generous gift. We have five station wagon loads of lumber that we beachcombed after the storm. We have 73 dozens of powdered eggs given us by the Sisters of St. Louis Academy, on Christmas morning. Good things on every side.

## Arrival

We are very fortunate in having Rita Riley from Detroit and Grailville with us to help out. Rita spent several months in the Detroit Catholic Worker, helping out in the women's hospice.

## Christmas

On Christmas Eve, the farm family attended Midnight Mass at the St. Louis Academy. I was in at Chrystie St. for the caroling and Midnight Mass there, and Vincenza and Annabelle came out to Peter Maurin Farm to celebrate. We had a beautiful Christmas tree of blue spruce, blown down in the storm near the home of our friends, the Bakers. It was decorated with seed pods which we had dipped in gold and silver paint, pale blue, bronze and red, and with strings of cranberries and with golden hydrangea and even a few artichokes.

## Manual Labor

When I think of the amount of manual labor that has been necessary and will be necessary to grow those shoots of asparagus that are eaten so quickly, I am almost overwhelmed. But it is a salutary reflection on the nature of manual labor, a subject which should be discussed and written on much more. Just keeping warm, fed, clothed, demands much labor from the human race, and if we don't do a certain portion of it ourselves, we are parasites. It is the Benedictine tradition. Peter Maurin spoke of the worker-scholar. Marcel Legault, the French mathematician, sought in manual labor a deepening of life. The Zionist Movement, in attempting laboriously to build a new society in Palestine

through the kibbutz or co-operative work colonies, found that the essential task was "the conquest of the Jew for labor and of labor for the Jew."

## Sunday Meetings

We shall resume our Sunday meetings on Jan. 28. Fr. Wendell will give conferences all day on Prayer.

IRENE NAUGHTON.

## BISHOP BOYLE DIES

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tions are small, and it is faith in St. Joseph that he will inspire hearts of men to be generous that keeps the House going. Coffee and doughnuts are served every morning at six o'clock to one hundred fifty to two hundred men who come each day. Between two hundred and fifty and three hundred come for the heavy stew plus bread which is served them. If fruit comes in or some other sort of windfall it goes to the line too. Free clothes are given out all the time, and no count is ever kept of these. At the beginning of this winter there was a stockpile of four hundred overcoats which were given away.

Hundreds of men have been paroled to Father Rice from prisons, and as in New York, many other agencies send people to the House, Travelers Aid, Red Cross, Police Department, and so on.

Peter Maurin had a deep feeling of friendship for Bishop Boyle, and the Bishop himself seemed to enjoy Peter's society, since whenever they met at conferences they spent hours together. Peter never passed through Pittsburgh without paying a call on his friend, and he delighted in bringing people in to see him. They loved the same books and enjoyed talking of Community, Agricultural Settlements, compost heaps, Education and Charity. When Peter spoke at Conferences Bishop Boyle often got up and reaffirmed what Peter was saying. "People looked on Peter as a dangerous revolutionary" and he said to me on a number of occasions laughing, "I enjoyed pointing out that he was talking good Catholic social teachings."

Peter used to go around talking to bishops and hopefully recalling to them that it used to be the obligation of every bishopric to maintain a hospice. However, there are not many Catholic Hospices in the big cities in the United States. There are plenty of breadlines at the doors of Catholic hospitals and rectories, but there is no place a man can get lodging, except at a city jail or a Salvation Army shelter. "There is no room for Him at the Inn," a tragic phrase repeated over and over again in the person of Christ's poor.

The House on 61 Tannehill Street in Pittsburgh takes in all who come, and in addition to the service to the homeless and hungry men, the house is used also as a headquarters for the work in families by the Sisters of Mercy. When I last visited there, the first week in December, Sister Mary Hugh was decorating one of the rooms for a party for the children.

The whole building seemed warm and homelike, and as I watched the long hallway filled with men sitting at the tables over their bowls of stew, I said to myself, "God bless Bishop Boyle and Father Rice who make this work possible."

"If we want to talk about poverty," Chesterton said, "we must talk about it as the hunger of a human being. . . . We must say first of the beggar, not that there is insufficient housing accommodation, but that he has not where to lay his head. . . . We must learn again to use the naked words that describe a natural thing. . . . Then we shall draw on the driving force of many thousand years, and call up a real humanitarianism out of the depths of humanity."

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in France, coming from the Sacred Heart of our Lord and appealing for love and reparation. We must keep our eyes on the future life, on God's majesty and power. We must remember we are living in Apocalyptic times and that "it is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of a living God." We must turn to Him, and in His mercy, He will save us from the wrath to come. He is a merciful God, and wishes our cooperation in saving the world, and every little act, every little suffering is used by Him, as He used the loaves and fishes to feed five thousand. So much emphasis is placed on enduring, on suffering that no stress at all is laid on the active work called for by the Holy Father to promote social justice, racial justice, a work that the Communists have made the oppressed masses believe they alone are promoting. We are living in this material world where a certain amount of goods is necessary to lead a good life, as St. Thomas said. In embracing poverty ourselves—it is to alleviate the hunger and misery, the homelessness, the cold of the destitute.

"There is a fight against Communism that produces no results," Cardinal Saliege of France wrote. "What really matters is to achieve, in the face of Communism, the Christian ideal of community. The characteristic of Materialism is violence; that of Christianity is love."

We are all waiting like Lord Jim, in Conrad's story, for great opportunities to show heroism, letting countless opportunities go by to enlarge our hearts, increase our faith, and show our love for our fellows, and so for Him. It is by little and by little we are saved, or that we fall, as St. Paul says. We are living in this world and must make choices now, choices which may mean the sacrifice of our lives, in the future, but now our goods, our reputations even, since they are a form of goods most precious to us. Our work is called futile, our stand of little worth or significance, having no influence, winning no converts, ineffective if not a form of treason. Or it is termed defeatism, appeasement, escapism, in other words, passivism.

This was the line taken against any opponents to the Hitler invasion of Czechoslovakia, Austria, Poland, or to the satellite countries opposing Russia. Finland is not called a satellite country even yet, because she is managing to keep up her opposition. Yet I imagine at the time of an election, that there is and was strong Communist propaganda, and great effort is made to persuade the voters that if they vote against the Communist regime, they will be voting alone, that the Communists have a majority; and that when that majority comes in, these lone objectors, these lone voters, will be made to pay by imprisonment or death, or by the imprisonment, torture and death of their dear ones, for their temerity, for their futile lonely step.

So much emphasis is placed on the next life, in all the opposition

to Communism, so much talk there is of prayer, of novenas, that Catholics as a whole are left with no guidance as to what action to take in this present life save that of going along with the world, suffering and dying, yes, and killing with the others, in an all out war against the aggressor. There is a very real humility of course on the part of the ordinary man which makes him reluctant to trust his own judgment, a fear of presumption, even a desire to be one with others in a great mass endeavor, to suffer with others, to make sacrifices, and to realize for a time, a sense of comradeship. But it is again a desire to identify oneself, even to lose oneself with the masses, to become part of a great force, to be irresponsible, to give up one's freedom, no longer to make choices.

It is also the fear of losing what gains we personally have made, to give up our way of life, our homes, all we have worked for over the years. It is a fear of losing our material goods, which means often, and rightly so, freedom and responsibility.

What a paradox it is, this natural life and this supernatural life. We must give up our lives to gain them, we must die to live, we must be pruned to bear fruit. We want to be free, and we want to be free of responsibility except for our own. Am I my brother's keeper? Or can I be free when other men are enslaved? We speak in large general terms in our press, but when we talk among ourselves, we talk of our own homes, our own children.

When I speak of big sacrifices we may have to make in the future, which may result from the small sacrifices now, it is in the light of history, and to a certain extent our own experience.

In reply to a letter I wrote to the Commonweal last week, one of the editors commented on my "fine writing" and also added that with all this talk of laying down our lives, the only lives laid down so far were those of the "poor kids in Korea." The phrase is maulin if he is speaking of the men in our armies but if he means children, we do not usually admit to the killing of children en masse which is the result of our obliteration bombing. He ignores the fact that Christ has died for us all in the bloody sacrifice on the Cross for Russians, Americans, Chinese; that there are untold martyrs today in concentration camps and in mines and factories throughout Russia, untold thousands of them who are laying down their lives in a long martyrdom. Are they like Stephen who prayed for those who stoned him to death or are these prisoners like the unrepentant thief who did not recognize Christ on the Cross but saw only a futile dreamer, a soft forgiving appeaser. Recently Ernest Hemingway in an interview in the New Yorker commended this hard boiled thief in an unremarked blasphemy.

Ah yes, when we are being called appeasers, defeatists, we are

being deprived of our dearest goods, our reputation, honor, the esteem of men and we are truly on the way to become the despised of the earth. We are beginning perhaps to be truly poor.

We are trying to spread the gospel of peace, persuade others, to extend the peace movement, to build up a mighty army of conscientious objectors, such as Archbishop McNicholas called for in the last war, though I do not think he meant it in the same way we do. And in doing this we are accounted fools, and it is the folly of the cross in the eyes of an unbelieving world which was scandalized in Him.

Martyrdom is not gallantly standing before a firing squad—although come to think of it, I did see a picture of Father Pro's brother standing against a wall, nonchalant, with a cigaret as the firing squad levelled their guns at him, while photographers caught the picture.

Usually it is the losing of a job (and so the means to life) because of not taking a loyalty oath, or buying a war bond, or paying a



tax. Last month we met a Quaker in Baltimore who had lost a job for refusing to take the loyalty oath required of city employees. Martyrdom is small, hidden, misunderstood. Or if it is a bloody martyrdom, is it the cry in the dark, the terror, the shame, the aloneness, nobody to hear, nobody to suffer with, let alone to save. O, the aloneness of all of us in these days, in all the great moments of our lives, this dying which we do, by little and by little, over a short space of time or over the years. One day is as a thousand in these crises. A week in jail is as a year.

But we repeat, we proclaim, that we do see results from our personal experiences and we proclaim our faith. Christ has died for us. Adam and Eve fell, and as Juliana wrote, the worst has already happened and been repaired. Christ continues to die in His martyrs all over the world, in His Mystical Body and it is this dying, not the killing in wars, which will save the world today.

Do we see results, do these methods succeed? Can we trust in them? Just as surely as we believe in "the little way" which in this last century St. Therese Martin proclaimed and restated to the world, we believe and know that this is the only success.



## Labor and the War

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policy of upholding any reactionary regime that may exist because it regards Communism as the alternative. It is a cowardly and short-sighted policy. It is a policy that ignores the injustices perpetrated by these regimes. It is the policy that upheld the Syngman Rhee government when that government had been rejected by the South Koreans themselves. It is the policy which would spill the blood of millions to maintain a toe hold for the corrupt Chiang Kai-shek "government" in Formosa. Any regime, so long as it is reactionary and does not threaten American investments and is not Communist, can bank on American support. We are no longer at war with the Nazis and so Spain is no longer a threat and so we look quite tolerantly on Spanish fascism. We have no loyalties, no devotion to principle, no idealism beyond what is expedient for the United States empire and the preservation of capitalism. We are as ready to murder the Chinese people today as we were to protect them against the Japanese yesterday. It is our moment in history, we see America in flaming colors in the skies, we see America as synonymous with the world. We are a cocky, boastful, proud people.

### No Uniformity

But when I say "we" it is a literary device. For there is no such thing as a corporate entity over and above the individuals that compose it. There is no United States Government or American people. There are individuals who rule other individuals and call their rule "The United States-Government." Who give out a policy which is conceived of as the "attitude of the American people." In reality there are all sorts of people in America, all shades of opinion. National uniformity is a myth, useful for the politicians and effective in deluding the people into believing they will be out of step if they don't conform to "American policy."

The conservative A. F. L. and C. I. O. labor unions have proven very useful in perpetuating this myth. In exchange for seats on government agencies, for a few more dollars and shorter hours they have betrayed the interest of labor. They have become stooges for the government. If there is any trouble among the workers all that is necessary is to call in a labor leader who will iron out the differences at the conference table and all will go on as before. Our labor unions have lost the vision of world-wide solidarity. It is no longer felt that the workers here have more in common with the workers in Russia or China or Korea than they have with our economic overlords at home. Consequently the labor unions support the imperialist war aims of this government.

It is a sad and distressing spectacle, this business of the workers of the world united, not in a common brotherhood, but in mutual slaughter. It is a sad thing to witness the conscripts in our country going out to fight for the preservation of a system that will and has exploited them. It is a sad and distressing spectacle to see the so-called liberals sneer at the Marxist analysis of capitalism as outworn, as not in fashion, as a cliché. For when all the maneuverings of the modern States are examined, when all allowances for other factors have been made, when that in each of us that produces war has been acknowledged, the stark fact is that the motivating force of governments is one of economic gains, of a struggle for power and dominance. It is true of Russia, it is true of the United States. It is the characteristic of the modern State. There is no objective substance to the idealisms for which men fight. For they are ideals that can only be realized apart from the methods by which men fight

for them. They disappear in the struggle.

Capitalism is a system whereby some few own and others work for the owners at a wage. And those who own, in the last analysis, control. They are the United States government. It is for them and for their system that the proletariat goes to war. But this is not realized by most of the workers in this country and, as I stated before, the labor unions themselves must bear a large part of the blame for this. For there is no longer a revolutionary labor movement in this country, we are witnesses to the sad spectacle of the triumph of business unionism, class collaboration. The number of those who keep to the old spirit is small and accounted as of no worth in official labor circles. They linger on in the I.W.W. or in some of the anarchist groups—the salt of the earth and yet harkened to by only a few.

And yet they should be harkened to if labor is to become again something to be reckoned with, if the old spirit is not to die, if the workers are to become the managers of their own destinies. For we are witnesses today of the failure of business unionism, of political action. We know it has failed and we are therefore compelled to seek a return to those principles of revolutionary labor, as taught by the I.W.W., and the departure from which has produced the present anemic labor unions and has ensured the continuance of the capitalist system and the consequent imperialism and war that are integral parts of it.

We will cease to have war when the workers cease to produce the instruments of war. And the workers will cease to produce the instruments of war when they have regained the old feeling of solidarity with all workers in the world, when loyalty to the working class takes precedence over loyalty to the State. When all of us—athletes, materialists, Protestants, Catholics, Jews—learn to live together, respecting the persons of all and cooperating in unified action against the common enemy (the boss class of all nations) and work for a better society founded on those principles of justice common to all of us.

### Class War

It is one thing to say, as the Popes have said, that class war is wrong. It is quite another thing to say that it does not exist. That it does exist only those who refuse to face reality would deny. That it must exist under a system wherein the worker is deprived of his own means of production and becomes thereby dependent on the will of an employing class for subsistence seems to me evident. That the class war will cease only when there is no longer an employer class seems also evident to me. And so, for the present, we must engage in this war and we must oppose that class collaboration which has already ruined the labor movement and pulled it far away from the fundamentals of the I.W.W. and anarchist groups.

I say we must wage a war and yet it must not be a war of violence. The employing classes of the world as well as the governments of the world have used and use today systematic violence against the workers. Only too often their stooges have precipitated violence in order to discredit the workers. Time and again this can be seen in the history of labor. So that it has become a commonplace to associate violence with the I.W.W. and the anarchist groups. I do not maintain that violence was never used by individuals within these groups but I do know that such use was and is deplored by responsible workers in the groups who realize that in the long run violence, besides being morally wrong, never pays.

We have only to recall how the gains of the workers in the general strike of May 1st, 1886 (in

which 200,000 workers obtained the eight-hour day) was brought to grief by the bomb thrown at Haymarket Square (thrown in all probability by capitalist stooges out to discredit the labor movement). But the lesson is still there for if the bomb had been thrown by a worker the effect would still have been to discredit labor. The war against the employer class should be therefore a non-violent war. And this can be done by means of the sit-down strike, the general strike. Whenever a worker lays aside his tools and refuses to be exploited he is pursuing this non-violent war and acting in a good moral way. He is refusing to cooperate with an exploiting and evil system and as such, when he goes on strike, he is performing a virtuous act.

### I. W. W.

If the workers were to reexamine the program of the I. W. W. and the techniques of Gandhi I think we would have a labor program that could not be surpassed. Among other things it would mean that the workers would again take things into their own hands, would cease looking to labor leaders and the welfare state for salvation and that such a program would foster that personalism and decentralization that is so necessary in these days of growing State tyranny. Indeed it is within the power of the workers to bring an early end to the war system by going on general strike and refusing to produce the instruments whereby their fellow workers are murdered. In this way labor would further the cause of all humanity, would



advance the moral code of man in conformity with the possibilities contained in his nature and from which natural law is derived.

When authority is habitually abused, when governments have no concern beyond the perpetuation of an unjust status quo, when even natural morality means little to legislators, when the State becomes an instrument of evil gobbling up all into its hungry mouth and leaving nothing for man, then it is time that the people take back to themselves that authority which comes to them from God—the power to rule ourselves and not to delegate that rule to those who betray us. To those who cannot help but betray us because they are pledged to uphold a system of government and an economic system which is unjust.

### International

Labor in this country is no longer class conscious. If it gains a slice more of the capitalist pie it is content. Then it will give no strike pledges and enter into phony contracts with employers. It has forgotten about the revolution, it has lost the vision of the new society. Behind the Iron Curtain and in the so-called democracies workers, whose interests should be in common, cooperate with the common oppressor, the exploiters of labor, in preparing to murder one another. The international solidarity of labor is a forgotten dream and has been replaced by loyalty to the nationalist states. Before it is too late before workers on a world scale are at each others' throats at the behest of their national governments—let us hope that Joe Hill and Peter Kropotkin and Bill Haywood and the Chicago Martyrs and all those others who laid down their lives that man might have some measure more of freedom may intercede for us that we realize, instead of universal hate, the brotherhood of all men in a society which does not divide men into exploiters and exploited.

## Our Daily Bread

Little problems: Kidneys, hearts, liver, are called offal in England. But everybody waits in line for them now, on both sides of the Atlantic. Hearts are 47c a pound, corned beef, 69c; pot roast, 98c; chopped, top round meat, \$1.09. Other chopped meats, 92c; for beef for a stew, 75c. These are all prices charged at the ordinary grocer. The American, English and Irish have to have meat. Peter Maurin, French peasant, said his family lived on vegetables most of the time, and plenty of bread. But fresh vegetables at the store are exorbitant. Spinach is at this moment of writing 40c a pound in Cos Cob, Conn. "Remember when we were children and only had meat twice a week?" my sister asks me. "I have heard Chinese can make a meal with one pork chop shredded fine with plenty of rice and fresh vegetables."

The grocer comes in to deliver and tells how one woman customer buys two cases of canned goods for her dogs, and beef hearts and baby foods. She has twenty dogs which she keeps as a hobby. And then she did not tip the grocer boy for a Christmas present! Reasons for revolution. No wonder people who do not look towards revolution as a solution look for reincarnation when that same woman will suffer the lack of food for her family, or purgatory or hell itself.

How do we go on feeding a breadline during the present high prices? We always say that St. Joseph is doing it. That God is our Father and that He is worth billions. What does the cost of food mean to Him who made Heaven and Earth?

But it does take some conniving at that. I see Tom Sullivan poring over the check book and the bills, and God help anyone who asks for money. A cold glaze comes over his eyes, a withdrawn look—his usual warmth is frozen over suddenly. Suddenly where you thought you had a friend, you find a stranger. He is the father of a large, hungry family and ready to fight to the last drop of his blood to defend the family goods against an aggressor.

Coffee costs 59c if you buy it roasted in the bean. But our grinder is on the bum and nobody can fix it and we cannot buy the parts we need. Ground coffee costs 70c a pound now. Someone brought us in a few cases, God bless them. We continue to serve coffee every morning from six to seven. With sugar and canned milk. Sugar is 49c for five pounds. Milk is 24c a quart. Then for lunch we have soup, or pancakes with oleo, 37c a pound, and very watered-down syrup. But sugar is still cheap, five pounds for 49c. No wonder people fill up on sweet stuffs and flour goods. Rye bread, 19c a loaf. Other breads over 20c.

"What do you want us to do—do without meat—with your talk of voluntary poverty?" we are asked? Do you want us to lower our standard of living? Do others truly get more because we have less? Yes, if you do without in order to send money to feed war stricken peoples, in order to feed the hungry at home. It is a very good reason for lowering one's standard of living—to help in a very immediate way the poor whom Christ loved. "But my husband would not put up with it!" Very well, then, give the best you can; study cooking, cheaper foods marketing, beautiful serving, and then learn to take criticism, too. That also is poverty, to be deprived of praise and appreciation, and even of courtesy.

Of course, we can do without, each one of us, more than we do. How many opportunities come every day? Each one of us is gluttonous, even with toast and tea as the devil in the Screwtape Letters points out.

As for dinner, which is the big meal of the day at Chrystie St., we have meat, fish, spaghetti, potatoes, vegetables, stewed fruits. Over the holidays a priest in the Brook-

lyn diocese sent us a truck load of potatoes and cabbages, and it was a Godsend. Someone else sent us cases of wild duck and pheasant broth which some of our cooks pointed out cost over a dollar a can. They were rusted, but not bulged. Are we being forced into more gluttony? But as Tom loves to point out, "Nothing is too good for the poor!" That is all right when it refers to the breadline, but when we use it to refer to ourselves, who so little approximate the poverty of the destitute, it is grim humor, that makes us squirm.

The Essex St. market, on the East Side, sells cheap food and we watch the prices. We try to buy there for the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island after one experience with corned beef at 89c, a pound in Pleasant Plains and 39c at the Essex St. market. On that occasion I bought two pounds for eight people, men who were working hard, and we had plenty of cabbage and potatoes.

Tonight we had corned beef again at Chrystie St. and it was navel, parts grizzle and tough, but Tom Seymour, the cook, is a good butcher, too, and cuts it all out, to be put through the grinder and served as hash next day.

Stew meat, Jack English says, is 40c a pound, lamb usually. We have not had beef for months.

But everything has doubled since last year. Gov. Dewey calls for austerity. We will be desert fathers yet.

## Maryfarm Retreats

February 2-4, 1951

Retreat over Quinquagesima Week-end, to prepare for a fruitful and holy Lent.

March 9-11, 1951

The week-end with which Passiontide begins. To prepare to live with the Church during her representation of our Redemption through the Cross of Christ.

The spiritually agricultural Season of Lent is a time when we can legitimately separate ourselves from our brethren by a great solitude and silence. The heartwarming reason for this is that we may return to our brethren with a love renewed and multiplied because we have sat at the feet of Christ and drunk in His love. We invite to our Lenten retreats those who want the opportunities Maryfarm offers for a deeply joyful entrance into this Lenten spirit of cultivation and growth.

The basic Retreat Day, centered around the Sacrifice of the Mass, Conferences and parts of the Public Prayer of the Church, will be rounded out by much opportunity for meditation before the Blessed Sacrament, and time also to use the silence of our now snow-laden fields, which truly echo the depths where God loves us without words.

Because week-end retreats are so very short, we ask those coming to make a special effort to be here for the opening conference Friday night at 8:30. (Where there is a will, there is a way, offices, bosses, jobs notwithstanding!) If we know of arrivals, it is possible to meet anyone at the adjoining bus and ferry stations in Newburgh not later than 8 p.m. Local busses to Maryfarm leave Newburgh only at 5:15 and 9:15 p.m. The New York Central Railroad to Beacon, N. Y.; then ferrying across the Hudson to Newburgh; and the Short Line Bus from Dixie Hotel, W. 42 St., give the best connections. If you want to come, write Jane O'Donnell, Maryfarm, R. 3, Newburgh, N. Y.

## BOOKS WANTED BY THE CATHOLIC WORKER

E. I. Watkins—Men and Tendencies.

Luigi Sturzo—Inner Laws of Society; Church and State.

We need these books for study. Please send to Robert Ludlow, 223 Chrystie St., New York 2, N. Y.



# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

**Enthusiasm** by Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Knox, Oxford University Press, New York. \$6.00.

Enthusiasm, a term popularly indicating fervor, has quite a different connotation when applied to the extreme religious fervors characterizing the sects of believers which flourished most particularly in the 17th and 18th centuries. Monsignor Ronald A. Knox, in his lively and learned treatment of the subject, discusses the nature of the enthusiasm as a "recurrent situation in Church history . . . where an excess of charity threatens unity," as "ultrasupernaturalism," which turns the enthusiast back to a picture of the early Church, visibly penetrated with supernatural influences, and leads him to abandon the theology of grace as perfecting nature and elevating it—but allowing it to remain nature still, for the belief that grace destroys nature and replaces it. The enthusiast wishes to lead a life of "angelic purity, of apostolic simplicity" in which the members of his group are the saved in a perishing world. Man thusly saved "claims another citizenship and another allegiance," rejects worldly authority and the rights of the sinful "unsaved," and disposing of institutional religion often goes forth into the wilderness to set up a theocracy where the righteous rule. Invariably the essence of enthusiasm is accompanied by such arresting phenomena as undisciplined prophesying, speaking with tongues, ecstasy, belief that the Second Coming of Our Lord is at hand, and convulsions. These symptoms appear again and again in the history of the sects.

Though enthusiasm reached its heights during the above mentioned centuries, Msgr. Knox traces its beginnings back almost to the beginning of Church history. The Corinthians rebuked by St. Paul, may have been the first example of the necessity for the use of "the curb, not the spur," followed a little more than a century later by the Montanists, those "wild Christian mystics" who attempted to revive the spirit of prophecy in a very eccentric manner. Following the Montanists came the Donatists with their excessive rigorism culminating in a lust for martyrdom, reinforced by their "shock troops," the Circumcellions, whom St. Augustine spoke of as the "monks of Donatism."

In the Middle Ages any number of more or less furtive heresies developed in opposition to the medieval hierarchy. The Albigenses, Waldenses, Manicheans, Cathars, Humiliati, Lollards, Beghards, Fraticelli, to mention only a few of the more familiar sects, sprang up and fermented in a sort of underworld of discontent. Though most of these heresies were uprooted and stamped out, some of them found refuge from the Inquisition, notably in northern Italy and in Bohemia, where they remained, "little pockets" of heresy, the possible breeding ground for later enthusiastic sects. While the enthusiasts of the 17th and 18th centuries do not owe a direct debt to any of these individual rebellions, nevertheless Msgr. Knox points out that a certain similarity of emphasis and ideas is traceable through these medieval sects back to the early days of the Church, and that the unmistakable marks of enthusiasm are exhibited by the Montanists as surely as by the followers of George Fox.

The enthusiastic movements really took hold of the European mind, however, with the rise of the Anabaptists, and Msgr. Knox examines briefly the effect this group had in directing the Protestant Reformation away from the channels of enthusiasm, by incurring Luther's dislike and bringing down on its head bitter persecution. The story of the early Quakers is told

too, with no neglect either of the direction the movement took or of the personalities involved, particularly George Fox and the unfortunate John Naylor. Particularly absorbing are the chapters concerning the Jansenist heresy, the Quietists, and the rise of Methodism in England under John Wesley.

Under Msgr. Knox's skillful hand the personalities from which the sects took spirit and direction emerge vigorously and life-sized. The Quietist "high priestess," Madame Guyon, Molinos and Pascal, the Jansenist leaders, and that autocratic reformer, Count Zinzendorf, consolidator if not founder of the Moravian Brethren, all come through as vital men and women, and Msgr. Knox scales the heights when he draws his sympathetic and masterly profile of John Wesley, a truly great man whose evangelical zeal and tireless efforts to keep his Society together consumed a lifetime. These individuals dominate the book, noble, devout, idealistic, perhaps eccentric but almost always surely self-willed. This is an impression that is difficult to escape. Throughout the book Msgr. Knox never dwells, if indeed mentions at all, the wilfulness of the enthusiast leaders, but one continually feels that perhaps the false emphasis which brought their doctrines into being can be laid at the door of pride—pride, that is, in their own confidence in being "chosen," in being the recipient of special graces and favors, or in a cultivated unworldliness which puts them outside the bounds of established spiritual authority.

Scarcely a page in this fascinating book will fail to hold the reader's interest. The famous theological controversies between the Jansenists and the Jesuits, and between Fenelon and Bossuet, are presented in as much detail as possible. The strange group of children known as the French Prophets, as well as the convulsionaries of the churchyard of St. Medard are each given a chapter, and the influence of women in the enthusiastic movements is indeed a startling revelation. Msgr. Knox has left no stone unturned (as his impressive bibliography proves) to give his history both authenticity and color.

It is superfluous to mention Ronald Knox's learning. His superb translation of the Bible established that beyond all question. The genius of the man lies in the combination of the scholar with the master of the language, and the urbanity of his comments is consistently pleasant. What might with lesser gifts become a heavy religious tome lacking literary merit, or conversely, a skillfully written surface examination of an intriguing subject, in Msgr. Knox's hands attains distinction both from a literary and scholarly point of view. In his dedication he tells us that 30 years went into the research and writing of the book—and he speaks of it as *The Book*, as his love and delight, the whole of his literary life, the unique child of his thought. He tells us too that it is strange to think that "a thing which is so much part of oneself should go out into the world, and lie in shop-windows, and be handled by reviewers." And you love the man for his candor, and understand his reluctance. It is good to feel that when one is able to say unhesitatingly that the 30 years were worth it; that the book should have been written, and was written, thank God, by a man sensitive to the nuances of the English language as well as the importance of his chosen subject.

BETTY BARTHELEME

**THE PREACHER AND THE SLAVE** by Wallace Stegner (Houghton Mifflin Co., 2 Park St., Boston, Mass., \$3.75).

This is the story of Joe Hill. Or it is Mr. Stegner's story of Joe Hill for it seems to be impossible to determine just what were the actual facts—whether Joe Hill was in truth a labor martyr framed and done to death by the copper interests or whether he was the murderer of two men. Or whether he was the murderer of two men and still a labor martyr. There are the three possibilities.

But, taking Wallace Stegner's interpretation of Joe Hill as he gives it, it must be conceded that Joe Hill was one of the fanatics of the I. W. W. movement. And fanatics are an unlovely people. They are those who would willingly (or reluctantly) sacrifice people to an ideology. They do not consider the person as of any importance except in relation to a system. And it is the system that must be served and preserved even if it means the violent liquidation of individuals. It is a dangerous frame of mind—it brought, and brings, inquisitions, torture chambers, theocracies. In the history of class warfare the chief offenders, those who constantly sacrifice the individual to a system, are the men on top, the employers. They do this in every country of the world by planned violence (the State itself is based on planned violence). In this country they call on labor spies, on the police, or trained thugs. It



is they who have used, and use, violence as a principle, as an ordinary procedure. The workers, as organized in unions—in the I. W. W.—do not proceed by violence on principle. Nevertheless it would be most doctrinaire to maintain that labor has never been guilty of violence. The I. W. W. does not stand or fall over the issue of what Joe Hill was. The fundamental principles of the I. W. W. stand on their own merits. Joe Hill apparently wanted to die a martyr. That slipped out during the course of his trial. And I suppose he wanted to die because he ran away when Fuzzy Llewellyn remained to face the enemy in a labor fracas in Sacramento Valley. He had suspected Llewellyn of being a stool-pigeon, yet it was he who escaped and it was Llewellyn who, of his own will, remained to be murdered by the police.

One knows that this bothered Joe the rest of his life and one suspects that he felt it could only be righted by shedding his own blood. This and perhaps actual guilt, or a desire to cover up for someone and a desire not to injure the I. W. W. cause and a belief that his death would help the cause—some of these are undoubtedly the factors that account for his silence at the trial, his stubborn contention that he did not have to prove himself innocent. One can never tell about a person like Joe Hill (if Stegner's character is Joe Hill). In the narrative he seemed human twice. Once when he gave into his sexual instincts and once in jail when he felt the need for a friend and sent a wire to Lund (the Preacher of the story).

I wouldn't know what to say by way of evaluating this book. It is well written. It is most interesting. But, you see, Joe Hill is one of my heroes. R. LUDLOW

**ATOMIC PEACE** by Harold Goddard (Pendle Hill Publications, Wallingford, Pa., 35 cents).

I picked up Harold Goddard's pamphlet *Atomic Peace* to relax with the other day and it held me breathless. I could not move to find a pencil to mark it with, and I wanted to mark it, every page of it, to quote, to read aloud from it. It is a beautiful rich thing, packed, crammed with paragraphs to meditate on. I will have to read it again and reread it, and make it a part of me, because it makes me understand and see things I already know, feel dimly, see through a glass darkly. I started to read it because this former Swarthmore professor quotes from Chekov, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Jung, Emily Dickinson, William James, and what he is writing about are those spiritual forces which will overcome the forces of evil in the world. As I read I kept thinking that the Little Flower would like this—it is her little way—she would understand and love it as I do. It is a pamphlet filled with hope, that most neglected virtue these troubled times.

D. D.

**Concerning Mary Ann** by Leo R. Ward, C.S.C. Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Indiana. \$2.75

Father Ward introduces us in this biography not only to Mary Ann Cofflin, the woman, about whom the book is written, but to a whole community of Irish-Americans in the midwest. Larry Cofflin, the father of Mary Ann, came out from Ireland in 1846, and was one of the first of the Irish settlers to root himself on the prairie which was so rich and fertile in comparison with the soil of his native land. The young community where Mary Ann was born and grew up had been formed by the Irish farmers, and their part in the building and settling of southeastern Iowa is discussed at length—their farms, their work on the railroad which later in the 19th century crossed Iowa and lured many of the young men from the land; their partial migration to the nearby towns and villages; and their work in establishing the Church in their own and neighboring communities even in the "Hoosier" town of Melrose. The historical background is always subordinate, however, to the story of Mary Ann. She emerges as a gay child, wise in the ways of country life and hard work, a laughing, flirtatious girl, and a generous, warm-spirited wife and mother, devout and loving, a good woman in every sense of the word. In her ninetieth year, deprived of her husband and the last of her children, her spirit is as strong and fresh as it was when she romped on the prairie as a child. Father Ward catches the lilt of the Irish speech in every line he writes—the whole book, in fact, is drenched in an atmosphere of "Irishness" which will undoubtedly please the reader of Gaelic proclivities.

## If Men Must Go To War

If men must go to war leave Christ at home.  
A bristling tank on a muddy road  
Is no place for HIM.  
The brothel of hate and fear and lust for blood  
Is not a place for HIM.  
He spoke of forgiveness, the brotherhood of man;  
Not American man, Russian man, Chinese man,  
Not black, white, yellow—  
But MAN!

To pray for Peace is not enough.  
The ministers and priests who do not decry the sin of war  
Should be generals,  
Rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's.  
The world is listening for their voices  
And hears their silence,  
Louder than the war's thunder.

Margretta Scott Lawler.

**ST. ANDREW DAILY MISSAL** (E. M. Lohmann Co., 413-417 Sibley St., St. Paul 1, Minnesota).

More than twenty-five years ago, Dom Lefebvre, O.S.B., introduced a translated Missal designed to help the faithful understand more fully and participate more actively in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Now this well-known authority in the world wide liturgical movement has completed work on a revision of the St. Andrew Daily Missal which is even more comprehensive than his earlier edition.

Of special interest is the publication of the St. Andrew Missal in a handy pocket four volume edition. This is published especially having in mind those who are not too familiar with the liturgy. Consequently there is no Common of the Saints, as in the one volume editions, but the Masses of the Saints are printed in full in the Proper of the Saints so that they are very easy to follow. If references are necessary they are made to the nearest possible place in the book. Also the English text is now printed the full width of the right hand page in larger and more readable type.

This new edition of the St. Andrew Missal should aid greatly in furthering the liturgical movement in this country.

The new issue of *RETORT*, an anarchist publication edited by Dachine Rainer and Holley Cantine, contains an interesting article on the Catholic Worker Movement by Byron Bryant with notes by Dorothy Day. Other articles in the same issue include *The Two Soldiers* by Donald Wetzel, *The Epic of Father Gapon* (translated from Volin) along with book reviews and poetry.

A subscription to *RETORT* is \$1.50 a year (four issues). Single copies are 40 cents. The address is:

**RETORT**  
Bearsville, New York.

The Editors of *Alternative*, monthly anti-war periodical, announced today that the November issue has been banned from the mails. The September-October issue had already been banned because of an advertisement addressed to draft-dodgers which urged them "to go a step further by becoming open non-violent war-resisters." In the November issue the Post Office Department objected to sections which urged people to become world citizens who owe no allegiance to any nation state. It also objected to passages calling on people to refuse to adhere to the provisions of the McCarran Act and to refuse to make or bear arms.

In a special news release the editors announced: It is obvious that the government is afraid to have both sides presented to the public. Our democracy has room for minor disagreements and political squabbles, but it does not dare to let people read freely the point of view which is both anti-communist and anti-war. The Post Office allows anti-semitic and anti-Negro material to go thru the mails unchallenged, but it bans material which asserts, as the November issue of *Alternative* does, that totalitarianism should be combatted not by the mass murder of A-bombs but rather by Gandhi's weapons of non-violent resistance and brotherly love.

The editors in a letter to subscribers said: "The only answer of *Alternative* must be to make a redoubled effort to make people resist recruiting and to stimulate soldiers to the point where they can no longer be murderers for the imperialistic forces of any country. Beginning with this issue we are printing twice as many copies as formerly. We are trying to set up centers of distribution throughout the country."



# + From The Mail Bag +

## Agnus Dei Farm

Aptos, Calif.

As the Church ended its Liturgical year we started out on our first project of putting the family to work as a team. This morning we hustled harder than ever to get down to the parish church on time for the 9:30 Mass. Only this time we had to get there early because we were going in to mind some other children while their parents went to the Mass. And what a task it is to get a family ready for Church—let alone get them there early! It took the three of us, my brother helping, working as hard and as fast as we could two full hours just to get the gang into the car. Of course, as part of the preparations we had to take time out to shift the location of the water pump in the creek because we were getting too much sand in our water. Nevertheless, we arrived at the first grade schoolroom (around 9:28) to find three little tots waiting for us under the good and patient eyes of the Sisters who were temporarily holding our job. They and the one tyke that arrived even later than we were the first ones to test our ideas of putting our children to work in something outside the immediate needs of the family. It must be admitted that the team played more than they worked but anyway it did permit a few parents to pray the Mass with both hands on their Missal.

Yes, Father Durkin finally, after a long period of pestering for "Apostolic Action," let us begin a little service for his parishioners by inaugurating a baby sitting program for parents wishing to attend the 9:30 and 11:00 masses—unencumbered. And, actually, a Sunday morning nursery is a very fine and fitting way to begin our plan to help our family by trying to help others, together. It was a beautiful, sunny day, the children enjoyed themselves in the playground, the parents were able to pray with less distraction and to crown it all some of them even volunteered to help us by taking turns on future Sundays.

Since it worked out so nicely, we are more convinced than ever that if we really want to rear our children properly, we must as soon as they are able to perceive the idea of being unselfish (and this is earlier than we think) begin to engage them in little activities with us as a team to help others. In our search to find the best way to carry out our vocation as parents and in our struggle to live as a Christian family, the one huge thing that stands out from the contacts and relations with our neighbors and world around us is the basic need and desire of men to do good for others. We see this even in the most pagan, the most confused and the most selfish of men. If this is so, then we have found a very splendid thing to build on in our job to guide our children into manhood. And for us Christian parents, how much better the house we can build because we can encourage this desire to give to be the foundation by developing it into giving for God's sake.

That is why when Doug Tilton and I discuss ways and means to work out a closer unity between our families I keep insisting on the point that our only real bond will be the cause our families take on outside themselves. We worked together, Doug and I, this morning taking care of the children. My wife and I took over during the 9:30 Mass while he and my brother took over for the 11:00 Mass. I am sure that it helped to cement the bond. And, last week when we went out on another little apostolate, that of visiting some of the

sick of the parish, we were brought that much closer together.

Of course, it was a sacrifice on the part of our wives to have us go out that night after being gone all day but unless we begin right now to instill the idea of families, as well as individuals, working for the common good, we will in a large part fail to rear the souls entrusted to our care as cooperators in the Divine Plan. Even though many children have turned out to be good men, while in their youth they were quite the "problem child," we never stop to think how much of a burden and how little a help he was to society and how much time he wasted while he was such a problem.

At any rate, even though it is hard on the family to have the father go out of the home to do a little good—especially when he is away from home most of the time, and especially when the family isn't even housed decently yet—it still isn't so hard if he does it but one night a week. I feel that we cannot wait until we have our family all Christianized and in a perfect Christian atmosphere before we begin to do Christian service to others. If we want to get the team ready to play ball, we have to start to schedule games too. For the present, the other seven days and six nights should be sufficient to make a better team by providing them with a good field to practice on and a good menu at the training table. But even this ratio of thirteen to one is very much unbalanced especially when there is so much to be done. Perhaps we can begin to balance things by finding a way whereby the father will be able to spend more time with the team by producing their needs with them. If we can find this way, then perhaps we will have more time for other and more important things to do besides providing room and board for the offspring. And certainly, if man is different from animals who are such excellent providers, he has other things to do.

There is one thing parents have to do besides procreating the race and providing their needs and that is to educate their children or see to it that it is done properly. If the parents are Christians, then they have besides this obligation the task of training future apostles. But how can we rear new apostles unless we and the family are apostolic in attitude and act?

The main objection to families and especially fathers engaging in apostolic works is that with all the time he needs to support the family he simply does not have time to do anything else. And if he does, he should speed it with the family instead of away from it. If the father has to spend his time away from the family to gain the necessities, the objection is valid. However, if he can obtain the same things with the help of the family, the objection is overruled. Nevertheless, one thing is certain—fathers must get back into their position as fathers and educators as well as being providers.

The best way we have found to accomplish this is for the family to work with the father not only to provide their needs but also to work together for the good of society.

Participation of the family in the work of producing the necessities of life gives us tremendous advantages that have been lost to fathers ever since they scrapped family guilds and family industries for a family car to get to a not-so-family-like job. Nothing, absolutely nothing, gives more joy to a child, or man for that matter, than to be needed as a part of a necessary activity. Junior will throw away his make-believe six-shooter the minute he can help Daddy build a real trap for real rabbits

or other game for the table.

Granted that it is difficult and that it takes a great deal of grace and patience to turn children from being in the way into daddy's little helpers but that is why we have the Sacrament of Matrimony and its graces. Besides, it isn't too long before little children grow into big apprentices. It goes without saying that children are being educated about life and for life when they are given the opportunity to participate in real life. Consequently, once the coach is back on the field directing the team in producing the minor things of life it becomes easier for him to take the team out for the big games, i.e., to work on the major tasks that men have in life.

Doug, John and I long ago decided that we must try and earn our living in a family way. But it has been extremely difficult to find something suitable, Christian and not covered by mass production. Although we first turned to a natural, namely agriculture, we soon found out that farming today as a means of living is "big business." How can we go into farming unless we have enough land and tools to produce the quantity needed to multiply the tiny margin, if any, the farmer gets for his crops under the present method of distribution. We could perhaps change things to give us a greater margin for our labor by changing the methods of distributing food but that is a task to be handled by two or three generations or by a community of Trappists and not by a few fathers with children still eating in the meantime. Our task is doubly difficult because not only do we have to work towards the future but we must also provide the daily needs while we work.

Food processing for a living, such as a small cannery, was next investigated, considered and dropped. We again felt that we could not compete with big volume business. Even though our initial investment would be smaller than that needed for a farm we could easily see that no amount of labor or overhead trimming would permit us to sell a can of tomatoes for 21 cents when it costs 23 cents to produce.

The next field that came into view, that of clothing and textiles, was much more closely investigated and considered—but it, too, had to be dropped. Although we had an excellent opportunity to purchase some machinery for small-scale woolen production that might have been a wonderful nucleus for a textile industry, from the raising of sheep to the design and tailoring of fabrics and garments, we felt that because of our lack of experience and the problem of selling quality products to low-income workers we should give up the idea of producing woolens for the time being.

At this point in describing our search for a good enterprise to engage ourselves it might be pertinent to mention that although it is difficult to change the ways of commerce it is even more difficult to go from one idea to another. Still, if we pretend to be idealists and men of principles, once we see the vision we must pursue it or sit back without complaining until someone else makes the changes. And believe me (if it is any consolation to those fathers battling away inside the system) it is just as much of a battle outside the system. All that we have managed to do so far, or for that matter expect to do, is to change the battlefield. It is tough going because there is so much to do and so little to do it with.

So, from the necessities of food and clothing we went on to the next necessity of shelter. We are now seriously considering the field of housing as a means of livelihood. Here, at least, there will be no problem of disposing of our product. Especially if we can build roomy houses for families, with a

## A Seaman's Case

Dear Miss Day:

Should have written this a week ago; that age old case of the best of intentions which is to say the poorest of alibis. (Share most seamen's almost pathological honor of penning missives. Wonder what Freud would diagnose?)

As you know your paper enjoys quite a popularity with the Marine Firemen on the Coast here. Partially due to the fact that so many of our membership are of Irish descent, and also due to your own contributions during our strikes.

The article dealing with a call to all for a united front against the latest Coast Guard drive against seamen, in an effort to wipe out the bill of rights for working men, has received tremendous support. It is what we all believe in the maritime industry. The McCarran bill, and its sister in sin, the screening act, mean pure and simple abrogation of all civil rights for the trade unionists.

Have the rather dubious honor of being the first M.F.O.W. member to demand trial before the non-existent Coast Guard appeals boards. The test case. Was screened off a vessel going to Korea some seven weeks ago. (Miss Day I have only been to Korea 8 times; returning on the last trip aboard the New World Victory which discharged while the Koreans were just outside the port of Pusan).

Might add that there was no question of my "loyalty" during the entire war just ended. After escaping from Hong Kong (was there when war broke out, joined the defense garrison of British volunteers, after the ship of ours—Y.S. Williams—was abandoned) made my way afoot to Changking. No help was given me by our Ambassador in Changking (Mr. Gauss) and I speak no Chinese. Made out fine. Have always found that people, left to themselves by the self elected "Fuehrers," get on famously. Isn't that what your church's whole message is anyway? If it were to be repeated, by its originator today, He'd certainly be screened as a "poor security risk." Agree?

My first action was to appear before the regular meeting of my union and get full union rights and privileges until I received a fair trial. (The M.F.O.W., in a mistaken effort to aid in the "security" program, signed an agreement to suspend all members declared risky by the Coast Guard—after this appeal board trial of course. Not only are there no "appeal boards," but the manner in which they are to be set up makes a farce of the word trial.)

We have, like so many other unions, so much dead wood at the top that it's a wonder that there is any life at the bottom at all. But, surprising enough, rank and file militancy is very much in evidence in this present crisis. Man simple does go on, eh?

Next published an open letter to our membership. Hundreds of these copies went to the ports (N.Y.C., Baltimore, New Orleans, San Pedro, Frisco, Honolulu, Port-

price that will include only the cost of material plus our labor—excluding any cost of middlemen and unnecessary profits. With the help of Lou Gardner, a young man from the city, and my father and my experience from the construction of four other abodes we should be able to earn our wages until some sort of a group effort can be started with the other families interested.

And, if it is God's will perhaps this means of making a living will make it possible for us to participate as families in our real objective—that of helping the Church carry out its mission to convert and Christianize the world.

THE CAROTAS.

land and Seattle here). It was hard to swing alone but no one, repeat no one whatsoever, of the various organizations had anything to do with it. Am a very independent Mick, can always handle my own beefs. Up to the present time, anyway.

The Seattle membership thought the open letter should be published in the Firemen's official paper, some seventy so requested, and have clipped the article for you here. If you desire can send photostatic copy of the Coast Guard's reply to you for filing or publishing.

The letter of mine was so timely that the labor news commentator, here in Seattle, gave it space in his radio broadcast. The longshoremen's official paper published it, the charges (completely groundless and entirely unsubstantiated!), on the front page. Couple other labor news organs did likewise recently.

Next the I.L.W.U. regional director (Bill Gettings) called a meeting of Maritime Unions to form a common front against the Coast Guard drive on the Front. (Bill and writer are old friends). Was personally invited to attend, as individual; also brought a number of friends.

Basis of present waterfront security act was read out at the caucus. (This is the enclosed yellow sheets). Discussion followed and a resolution was drawn up to form a common case against the act, and unanimously agreed upon by all delegates present.

These unions backed this resolution (green paper): the Woodworkers, the Alaska Fishermen, Independent Fishermen, the Cannery Workers, Marine Engineers (M.E.B.A.), Radio Operators, Warehousemen, Longshoremen and the Cooks and Stewards. At a meeting the following day the Marine Firemen, in Seattle, went on record unanimously to back this common program in Wash., D. C., the 27th also.

Have probably repeated much you already know but could think of no way to present this but chronologically, Miss Day. Sorry. Now of course I need as much publicity as I can get on the coming trial. These appeal courts, gag laws, military domination of civilian life; et al., must be exposed for what they really are. A vicious employer drive to break all the bona fide trade unions (they want the sell out types, run by labor czars in their own pay and keep).

Want to carry this all the way. Either be exonerated, find out what was said against me and above all who said it—End this whole thing coming in America before they have us saddled with a police state—And if they frame me, well better men than I am have pulled time for Labor in its long history of battling for men's rights.

Particularly poor letter but have only brief time before going to work tonight. Getting few days from the longshore hall to keep going. Wonder if you can cipher this? Terrible scrawl. Aunt once swore she took a note of mine to a Chinese laundry and got two shirts for it. Ooops!

Well, as that old saying goes, letters should be like a woman's skirt, big enough to cover the subject and short enough to be interesting. Looking forward to your reply, and press support if you feel its justified.

Best of Luck,

R. D. Casey,  
c/o M.F.O.W. Hall  
2333 Western Ave.,  
Seattle, Wash.

P.S.: If you have any old copies of the paper of yours, pertaining to the call for united action of all on this Coast Guard setup, could well use them. Many ships returning from Asia, crews missed the number.



# THE CENTER OF POVERTY

(Continued from page 1)

of those who have been in the forest before us tells us that complacency in a general, distant, all embracing view will betray us and leave us lost in the midst of the trees, and that the genuine knowledge can come only through counting one tree after another. In that way will we really come to know the forest. But if we have not the whole-view while thus plodding from tree to tree, how do we see each tree in perspective? How do we keep it from becoming for us a larger part of the forest than it is? If it becomes an obstacle to our view of all things it becomes an obstacle to its own proper evaluation and use.

There are a number of ways of confronting this problem.

There are those who ignore it. (Although there seem also to be some men who are never aware of it in any terms whatever, all men are aware of it at least in its personal, practical impact. The significance of one's arrangement of things to an order of value is felt in the boomerang of one's particular arrangement.) Their attitude, of course, is no solution.

There are those who try to solve this problem by a rigorous, analyzing preoccupation with things. They do not accept their animal nature and the material world with which they come in contact as the things which God made, but as things which they have perverted into scourging whips or tidy notebook entries for themselves. But the person who uses this method because he is sincerely seeking God will not, we can be sure, be abandoned by God to drowning in a thimble of pettiness. And what is pettiness in one who is not a saint may be a genuine essential to sanctity in a saint. The psychology of the saint is a mystery beyond the logic of those around him. Yet, even when we do find what some might call a preoccupation with things in a saint like Francis of Assisi, who was as careful about kicking Brother Ass as most people are about patting him, we see it transfigured for men and shown as what it actually is—not a slavish preoccupation at all, but a wild, joyful, communicative acceptance of the things which God has made. We see that what Francis was careful about denying himself, he was also careful to keep from being perverted into something which would be for him different from what it actually was. In his hymns sung close to nature, and his kindness to Brother Ass when death was approaching, we see, however much of his mysterious sanctity we cannot see, a man for whom nothing was thrown out of perspective, not even for the sake of sanctity. Nothing can be thrown out of perspective for the sake of sanctity without lessening both it and sanctity. Sanctity, as Eric Gill used to say, is whole-ness.

What is an accidental manifestation in the saint—something that comes naturally and undisturbedly as a result of his devotion to another "object," as chips fall at the feet of a woodcarver intent upon his statue—may be, in another, an inorganic, superficial action, and even a neurotic one. One wonders if a D. H. Lawrence, who at least lives without perverting physical nature to the ends of his own mind, is not closer to Saint Francis than the latter's sentimental imitator. But again, it is God who searches the heart—to its depths—and decides to whom He shall give the stigmata.

It is only grace which resolves for us the problem of our situation. Without that, we would be forever lost in our own judgments, our own plans, our own conceits.

The revelation which God has given us, especially in the person of His own Son, bridges a gap that would otherwise be the pit of our destruction. But even that bridge cannot be crossed without grace. Revelation without grace is not revelation, but only information, no more vitally personal than the lat-

est crime news might be to the armchair sitter. The Hindu without revelation may be saved because he accepts grace; the Catholic with revelation may be lost because he does not accept grace.

There appeared a few months ago in the newspapers the story of a mother who gave her young son some good advice—not to own things in such a way that they own him—in a note she wrote before committing suicide. She knew, abstractly (although apparently from her own unsuccessful experience), what was to be done, but she herself was unable to cope patiently with the problem of life in a material world. That is difficult without grace.

Grace can keep the man who must work for the security of himself and his family from that terrible underground rainbow with the eternally luring mirage of a gold-pot at the end of it; it can keep the maternally destitute from becoming spiritually blind; and it can reconcile the renunciation of things with the appreciation of their innate goodness and beauty.

## III

### Poverty and Riches

Poverty—we speak always of the poverty of the Sermon on the Mount—does not consist, in any way whatever, not in any way, of the lack of material things or the power to dispose of them. Who can say but that a person who, suffering this lack, voluntarily or involuntarily, does not see things as they are, but in a distorted and ugly way, might not find truer sight of them in more abundant possession and use? The sated rich man and the libertine are in a sorry plight. But is there not the possibility that even they, after their satiation, see material things in a light no worse than, and perhaps not as bad as, the person who, lacking them or power to use them, gives them a value far above or below what they deserve as the things God made? This will be most probable in the case of the involuntarily destitute or needy. But it is not unfeasible to consider the possibility of a man who voluntarily renounces or refuses things, or power over them, because he wishes to easily ignore their meaning by resorting to a meaningless simplification rather than make the uncomfortable search for it; or because he sees them as smaller than they are, and worthy only of his disdain, or larger than they are, and conducive to his fright and his pride in being able to flee them.

\* \* \*

In our day, money, the medium of convenient exchange of material goods, is the symbol of material goods. It is often sought in the same way that he who did not know "this very night his soul was to be taken from him" sought full barns of superfluous grain. Avarice has come to seek material wealth one step removed—in the symbol for it. Already in the time of Christ this was possible. It was already possible to serve materiality in the "abstract," as a god. It was already possible to serve Mammon.

But this is only one side. A man like Leon Bloy could speak of his great desire for money, without fearing to sound like a Mammonite, because his heart was pure. He wanted money so that he might be relieved of the hindrances to his mission. (One is rather happy that this desire was not fulfilled, fearful lest any difference in circumstances might have changed the beautiful wild message of the Frenchman.) The Houses of Hospitality and Friendship want money that they may feed the hungry and harbor the harborless.

I would like to say that money is completely beside the point as far as poverty is concerned. It would clarify my meaning. But that is not wholly true. Money is itself material, of course—metal or paper usually; but more than

that it is the symbol of "goods" and a means to them; and from that value it can take on, for some, a perverted intrinsic value. So money is not completely beside the point of poverty, which would not be if material things did not necessarily involve man.

To say that money is beside the point would also leave me open to the danger of seeming to further an already too common compromise with Mammon, by which a millionaire feels called upon to shout the unimportance of riches, because the Church tells him it doesn't matter how rich he is as long as he is poor in spirit, but which he may never take to mean that he is bound never to hoard or use his riches idly while even one fellow human being lacks the essentials to decent human life. There is too much of this compromise by which a man who has more than he will ever need, more perhaps than his children or his children's children will really need, can feel justified in calling himself a Christian while not feel-

## SAINT NICHOLAS



ing the slightest duty to go to the starving and feed them. There is absolutely no justification in all of Christianity for such a comfortable attitude in the midst of want.

(It is easy to speak like this, of course, when one is not a millionaire oneself, just as it is easy for a eunuch to condemn with disgust the lecherous actions of a normal man abusing his sexual power. Mammon has tentacles that pull from a much darker cave than impurity, in its quagmire ever dreamed of. But distance—from this particular aspect of the problem only, no man being distant from the problem of poverty—necessitates sympathy, not silence.)

In spite of the danger to truth, it would be best to throw money to the four winds. It would be easier to see the real meaning of poverty, I mean. What is pertinent to poverty, for example, is the reverence one man pays to another man simply because that other is a man. If there is a lack of due reverence, there is a lack of poverty of spirit. The essential criterion has been replaced by a non-essential. The non-essential may be clothes or beauty or, and more probably, money—but not necessarily money. It is possible that the attitude of the destitute man toward the rich may be as wrong as the attitude of the rich man toward the destitute. (In the same line of thought, but conversely, Plato said that the destitute man may be "liberal," in the sense of generous with material goods or money, although he has nothing to be generous with as the rich

man may be petty, or ungenerous, although he has much to be generous with. "Liberality resides, not in the multitude of gifts, but in the state of character of the giver.")

One is rich in the sense Christ meant, when he spoke of the narrowness of the needle's eye, when one places money above humanity, and dismisses from his definition of humanity anything in rags and dirt and want. But it is not because one places money above humanity that one is rich in spirit. Fundamentally it is because one places something (here it happens to be money) which is below humanity, above it. There is the terrible thing. There is the perversion. There is the richness of spirit.

"Liberality" for Aristotle meant virtue in regard to wealth. For Aristotle it extended its roots into a real poverty, deeper than having or spending. Poverty goes much deeper and pertains to other things than money. When Aristotle's liberal man spends in a manner contrary to that which is right and noble, he will be pained, but "moderately and as he ought," because he is truly poor. Poverty has roots deeper than the aspect of spending.

The prodigal can be as unpoor as the skimpy man, because, as Aristotle says, he does not "value his substance as he should." And the prodigal is likely to turn to improper sources, and thereby abuse these sources. Although evil lacks unity, it does not lack a certain continuity. The impure man, for example, to satisfy his lust, may disrespect distant and various values, which would otherwise seem to have no connection with purity.

But Aristotle thought that the prodigal was closer to what we mean by poverty of spirit than the mean man was, since fundamentally he does not place wealth over personality, and may, by age and destitution, be taught to give to the right people and not take from the wrong sources. (He also adds that the prodigal may benefit many while the mean man benefits "no one, not even himself.")

## IV

### Poverty and Eternity

"All men are poor," says Father Walter Farrell, because all men love. The supreme object of their love is what they shall lavish their substance upon. All else is oriented, directed, even drained and enervated, by this love. All else need not be drained or enervated ultimately, if the supreme love is worthy of being the supreme love. If it is not, the further it is from being worthy, the more disastrous are the effects on the spirit of the man who has it.

"The rich man is the poor man who has failed," says Leon Bloy. The rich man is poor in a wrong way. His poverty, in Father Farrell's sense, is in everything but the non-essential. Rather—for I would prefer to look at poverty from a different angle—his destitution is in everything but that in which destitution matters least. The rich man has failed fundamentally in his love. He loves and is devoted to the wrong object, an object with no value for the unification of all other values. There is only for him a continuity, the continuity of a row of dominoes knocking one another down in turn. From the point of view of human personality alone, nothing can make it more miserable than a center which is not a center, a supreme value which is not a supreme value. All unity is lost, and one is left only with the resort of the Devil, the tedious brooding over fragment after fragment, and the fruitless and everlasting attempt to piece the million fragments together. One can only scheme and reason without the aid of intuition and fruitful love. (The Devil is truly the Prince of Reason.)

Poverty is only necessary and possible for us while we are in our present unglorified bodies in the midst of unglorified matter. When

a man dies in the attitude of poverty of spirit, the attitude, or bending toward, is frozen, one might say. But the aspect of poverty is gone. There is no longer need for it. The tension between spirit and unglorified matter is gone. There is left the fundamental attitude which reveals itself in the temporal-local environment of this world as poverty. Once the relation to the material world is gone, the attitude does not go, but continues, not in its aspect as poverty, but simply as a deliberate tendency toward Unity.

In the same way, when a man dies who does not have poverty of spirit, he also is frozen in his attitude. He continues to bend toward the disordering value which he has decided shall be the supreme and central value for him. Before death, the attitude does not necessarily have unbearable consequences, in spite of the intrinsic disorder and destruction on which it leans. There is a certain temporal "stability" in material things on which a soul may feed and sustain itself in non-agony, when it has no stability in itself, as long as it is in the midst of material things. "The bourgeois has no feeling for the end and the last judgment. He is a stranger to eschatological perspective..." (Berdyaev). But the end must come, and once the threshold has been crossed, the rich man, who may and can no longer change his attitude, sees completely its futility. He must continue to be devoted to his object in spite of the clear knowledge he now has of its worthlessness. He must continue to attempt the unification of fragments around what he now knows to be a disordering center. "I can think of no worse hell than [immorally] loving a woman for all eternity," said Paul Claudel to Jacques Riviere. In hell a man will see with disgust the foolishness of—in this case—concentrating on a body as though it had a worth beyond that which it does have. And yet, if that is what he has chosen, that is what he must do.

When the rich man dies, he continues toward Disunity—and sees that it is Disunity. Deliberate disorder pains him eternally.

Lest there be misunderstanding, it is well to point out here again that by rich man is not meant the man with wealth as such. (I have already gone over that.)

It may also be well to point out here the connection between the rich man spoken of by Christ and the bourgeois man spoken of by Bloy, Berdyaev, Maritain, and others. The fundamental meaning is the same. Christ's rich man is one who will "have his consolation now"—on his own sub-spiritual and sub-supernatural terms. The critics of the bourgeois mind have endeavored to reveal just what these terms are. Poverty, by its very nature, is not included among them—spiritual poverty, holy poverty, much more so than material poverty, although the Bourgeois may not hesitate to call upon the name of spiritual poverty as a justification for his material riches if his particular cultural milieu happens to necessitate that.

If I have said what I meant to say about poverty I have probably left some reader with the impression that the meaning I attach to poverty is too broad, is such that one might replace the name of any virtue in any context with the name poverty without the context losing its meaning. That would be a wrong impression. It would not be what I mean. But if there is no danger of such an impression, I have probably failed to say what I mean.

There is always the danger, in speculation, of a superficial unity of thought. One may arrange all virtues in relation to humility, let us say, or love, or obedience, and do it without violation to truth. Again, one may not. One may violate truth by too facile a "unity."

I do not grudge anyone who

(Continued on page 8)



## Picketing Again

(Continued from page 1)

before picketing and prayed for wisdom during my day which I feared would be more disturbing than my previous marches. In another church that morning a CW priest said mass for the success of my witness for peace. I had notified the City Manager and the tax man that I would picket against the war emergency. Ginny Anderson, whose C.O. husband Rik varityped my leaflet and made the above signs, stood on one corner to hand me extra literature and be my "lookout" for trouble. Byron Bryant, Catholic anarchist, home on Christmas vacation from his duties as professor of English at a western university, stood on the other corner. There was an unusual amount of people going and coming. No one advised me to go back to Russia or called me a Communist. As is usual in picketing most people were afraid to be seen taking a leaflet. If one person took a leaflet all others in line took it and if the first one refused so did all the others. Negroes and Mexicans and Indians always took the leaflet and many times a CATHOLIC WORKER. My leaflet read as follows:

### What's All The Shooting About?

It's about men who put money ahead of God. It's about young men on both sides misled into dying and killing each other. It's about rationing, inefficiency, dictatorship, inflation, and politicians stealing a little more than usual.

War is what happens when one nation prepares to defend itself against another nation that prepares to defend itself.

World War I and World War II did not end war nor make the world safe for democracy. Neither will this one.

There just isn't any sense to war! What can we do about it? If the politicians think one person is important enough to become a soldier, a munition maker, a bond buyer, or an income tax payer, then one person is important enough to

REFUSE to become a soldier, REFUSE to make munitions, REFUSE to buy bonds, and to REFUSE to pay income taxes.

War does not protect you—it will destroy you!

You cannot overcome Communism with bullets. It can be overcome by each person doing what he knows in his heart to be right. The way of Jesus, of St. Francis, of Tolstoy, and of Gandhi teaches us to love our enemy, to establish justice, to abolish exploitation, and to rely upon God rather than on politicians and governments.

If you are a Christian, why not follow Christ? You might as well die for what you believe in as for what you don't believe in. If you must fight, fight war itself. Don't be a traitor to humanity!

Wars will cease when men refuse to fight.

(No "Johnny come lately" to the peace movement, I served 2½ years in prison for opposing World War I. 8½ months of it in solitary confinement in Atlanta Penitentiary. And since more than three-fourths of one's income tax goes for war purposes, I have refused to pay my income tax for more than seven years. Nor did I register for the draft in either world war. I am a Christian Anarchist, a follower of Tolstoy, Thoreau, and Gandhi, and invite your serious consideration of their examples.)

"Extra, extra, all anarchists to be shot at sunrise," shouted the good-natured news man stationed in front of the post office as I passed by. The one who had led the fight against me in August and later become my friend had left

town. When a later edition told of a bank robbery in Tucson he shouted as I passed:

A woman looked at my sign and asked if I did not know that Jesus told Peter to sell his clothes and buy a sword. I answered: "yes, but when Peter showed him the sword which he had Jesus answered 'that is enough,' and when Peter used this sword to cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest Jesus did not say to cut off the 'other ear but said 'put up thy sword. He that taketh the sword shall perish by the sword.'" As the woman walked on she shouted back: "Jesus called for a sword so he could perform a miracle. He never said 'put up thy sword.' You better read your Bible."

Somewhat different was a teen age boy who pointed to an ad of the Marines and said that meant more to him than my sign or my leaflet which he had just read. I told him that if he believed that way—and he was to leave next month—that he should do what he thought was right. He refused to take a CW although he was a Catholic and went to St. Mary's. I hoped that he would return safely and could then confer with the priest as to the possibilities of being a pacifist Catholic. It was not his fault that he had never heard the pacifist message before. We parted in a friendly spirit.

One gruff fellow asked: "What have you got there?" I answered "It's either very good or very bad; depends on how you look at it; better read it and see." He smiled and went his way reading the leaflet.

A Catholic anarchist woman walked with me for a bit and was going to come after 3 p.m. and take Ginny's place. While Byron and I went for lunch the Catholic banker whose bank had been robbed spoke to Ginny. Although the CW says "Starve the Bankers and Feed the Poor" he reads the paper and has visited me before on the picket line. Another Catholic anarchist woman came and missed us because of the following incident.

### The Cops

We had only brought along 500 leaflets and now at 3 p.m. they were nearly all distributed. Many had stopped with kind words and no one had openly insulted us. Two good natured policemen came up in a squad car and said they were having too many complaints about my picketing. They read my signs and leaflet. I told them that what I was doing was clearly subversive and that the FBI and the tax man had priority over them in my case and they ought to confer with them. One cop did so while the other asked me questions. Meanwhile people crowded around and watched my signs. I saw my tax man as he came near, and an FBI man. The police wanted to know what had been done when I had been arrested for picketing before. I told them that I had been released and had picketed 7 more days without being bothered. They conferred with headquarters and suggested that Ginny and I accompany them to the police station. Here we waited about an hour while detectives and police looked over the signs and leaflet and asked questions. I offered a CW to one police captain but he refused it saying that no Catholic paper could support such unpatriotic actions as mine. I asked him if he knew Father Dunne and he said he did. I advised him to call him up and see what he said about myself and the CW. (Later Fr. Dunne told me that the man had called him.)

Byron had phoned a Catholic attorney, friend of the CW, who spoke to Chief Clair. The latter told us we could go but I had better not picket for I might cause a riot and then charges of disorderly conduct, loitering, or other charges would be preferred against me. I told him that I had been

ing Germans utterly destroyed the old infirmary and burned the church.

The treatment of the mentally ill is divided into two phases or periods. From the time the first infirmary accepted the patients until 1852 the treatment was entirely and primarily religious. After the above date the "Kolonie" became a direct responsibility of the Belgian Government and the treatment was essentially medical although the patients' devotion to St. Daphne remained as passionate as ever.

The religious treatment at Gheel of those mentally afflicted began with the premise that they were possessed by a devil or devils, who caused them to do things or to have delusions. When the patient was admitted to the infirmary, his bodily needs were cared for by two nurses, his spiritual wants by a resident chaplain. The rules were simple. The length of the treatment was in the form of a novena of nine days. The patient did not change his clothing during this time nor did he take them off at night. He remained within the infirmary during the novena. His daily schedule included rising at 5 a.m. with prayer and ablutions. Attendance at Holy Mass. After Mass the priest chanted the prayers of exorcism and the patient drank the water of the Ablution. At approximately 10 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m., the patient walked around the church three times



praying. He would recite aloud thirty Our Fathers in honor of Our Divine Lord's 15 wounds; 7 in honor of the Seven Sorrows; and the last 5 in supplication and honor of St. Daphne. On the last day of the novena he was granted the privilege of receiving the Sacraments of Confession and Holy Communion. In thanks-giving the patient would make an offering of corn (wheat) to the infirmary. If he were without means, he would go round the countryside and beg for corn from the pious farmers. If a cure was not vouchsafed a second novena was undertaken. If this, too, was unsuccessful, the patient would take lodgings with one of the townspeople. Thus was begun the famous "SYSTEME FAMILIAL" or family care of the mentally ill.

In connection with the religious treatment, Dr. Van Doninck, at present physician to the colony, gives a present-day psychiatric view in relation to the demons and animals depicted in the Retable of the High altar in the Church of

able so far to handle individuals and crowds. He shrugged his shoulders inferring that I would be on my own. I said that I had been on my own all my life and another half hour (it was now 4:30) was not much to worry about. Before I left I told him that I would picket again on March 14th. He replied, "That is another day."

St. Daphne at Gheel. Both before and during the Middle Ages, demonism played a very great and important part in the history of the psychological world. What Christianity refuted as decidedly pagan as well as impure and wicked, became the attribute of witches, of whom the devils were considered to be direct helpers. This was the period of demonomania, when formulas for the treatment of any illness contained the products of toads, lizards and insects. The existence of devils and their power of entering the human body was admitted. Hence the conviction that the devil, God's enemy, should be driven out by exorcism or similar means.

In the scenes of St. Daphne's life we have on the one hand paganism, shown in the pagan life of the royal court, the sinful proposal of the king and the pursuit and martyrdom of the holy virgin; on the other, Christianity indicated in the baptism of Daphne, the death of her mother, the life of St. Gerebern at the Court, the flight and martyrdom of the saints. The presence of the demon when the scene represents the pagan actions of the king is worthy of note.

1. The death of the mother, the devil is embraced by the serpent.
2. When the king makes known his resolve, three devils prompt him.
3. When the messengers inform the king that they have found Daphne, the devil urges him to behead her.

4. When Daphne and Gerebern are beheaded, the devil triumphs.
5. Demoniacs, lunatics and other sufferers are helped by the virgin-martyr, then the devil is put to flight. At first the king has the appearance of an obsessed being. The devil is manifestly skillful. He commands the whole situation and spurs on the king until he finally triumphs in the death of the King's daughter. The last picture of the Retable recalls the tendency of the period to personify the recovery of the lunatic. The devil who has occupied the brain flees by the mouth of the person. We only find two other examples of this manner of curing by St. Daphne's intercession, viz. a 17th century copper engraving (Paris) and a 16th century painting (Antwerp), the fifth of a collection illustrating the legend of St. Daphne. The ingenious symbolism of these figures, writes Dr. A. Marie, is quite clear, connecting the devil not only with cases cured by the saints, but also with the obsession of the Saint's father, who is represented as being obsessed, if not possessed, by one or several demons, who are beside him at each sinful act . . . .

Of equal importance is the representation of animals on these pictures in which the king takes a leading part. On the death of the Saint's mother the devil is embraced by the serpent. A popular superstition attributed to serpents' influence for good or evil and they were considered symbolic of health and strength, and worshipped as such. On the picture representing the proposal of the King, a dog appears in the foreground. The Egyptians considered the dog a symbol of beneficent divinity because of his fidelity and sweetness; but on the other hand in the temples of Epidaure the dog seems to have the same function as the serpent. In the same way we may explain the monkey in the scene where the King finds his daughter, and the toad in the scene of the martyrdom.

In general these animals may be regarded as the devils' instruments, which exercised a real influence on the King's brain. These sacred animals of the pagan world excited the obsessed King in his struggle against his daughter, thus putting the insanity of paganism against the sanity of Christian spiritual life.

About 1700 A.D., the treatment began to include something of a medical nature — psychiatry and psychology were still in their elementary stages. This continued until about 1850 when the State took over control. The religious treatment was stopped — at this time there were about 750 patients undergoing treatment — in the hospital itself there was accommodation for 25 men and 25 women, the remainder being outpatients in the systeme familial. In 1923 there were 100 in the hospital and 2300 outpatients; twelve years later there were 200 in hospital and 3700 outpatients — and then came the war, putting a stop to everything.

Patients for treatment at Gheel arrive from their native towns or country districts accompanied by their case histories compiled by the family doctor with statements of fact from the parish priest; the burgomaster (mayor); from the patient's employer, and a more or less complete family history, although occasionally the patient's wife and family are uncooperative. At times patients arrive under supervision from closed asylums for possible recategorization. All incoming patients are placed under observation for two weeks and they are given every benefit of modern psychiatric care in Christian surroundings. He or she is given a number of X-rays, blood tests, spinal fluid test, blood pressure check, plus I.Q. and mental aptitude tests. All tests are conducted in private and in an informal manner. The patient is treated with every consideration so that the doctor in reality becomes one of his best friends in whom the patient has every confidence. I saw this relationship with my own eyes and there was nothing strained or artificial about it. In brief, every patient is treated as an individual Christian personality and to me this is the secret of the success of the Gheel system. He is not just another case history although a case history is necessary.

For simplification, patients are divided into A, B, and C categories, regardless of the numerous variations and types of mental diseases. "A" is quiet, capable of working and looking after his physical needs; "B" is quiet, incapable of working but can look after himself; "C" are the old patients, also the helpless and bedridden. Children also come under the three classifications. Patients who are ill-tempered or uncontrollable are sent to what are called "closed asylums."

Financial care of patients is assumed either by the family concerned or, if the family is destitute, the state provides the means. This, in turn, is apportioned between three public bodies—the state, the province, and the commune (village or country district).

Once the patient's disease has been diagnosed and a course of treatment instituted, he is placed, if "A" or "B" in family care. Part of his observation period is devoted to what is called "orientation" which means that if the patient is a farmer he is put with a farming family—if he is a professional man, he is put with a like family—if he is an artist, likewise. Through the years, varied types of families have moved into Gheel, which makes this sort of placement possible. The Gheel Commune (town and countryside) is divided into zones, each of which is covered by a staff psychiatrist and a social worker. Their zone headquarters consists of an office, consulting room, waiting room, and large bathhouse for the patient who comes regularly to this centrally located place for regular treatment. In addition, the social worker visits the patients in their adopted homes. I have spoken to some of them in English and French. One old man has been a patient for over forty years—truly a shining example for other hospitals for the mentally ill.



## Christmas at Maryfarm

(Continued from page 1)

was much busy-ness with a retreat to prepare for, but gaiety was there as we carolled each day after Mass and Compline to "the Babe, the Son, the Holy One of Mary."

Another proof that we shared this peace, is that we enjoyed several rather silent meals together! Such "silent" meals remind me of the man who lived with us for a time, who was always a little puzzled, and disquieted when we all were quiet at a meal. Great joy, this, it seems to me, for are not the roots of Christian community which we share, often nourished by such corporate silence?

It was a deep consolation that this year our Christmas joy should so undeniably emanate from the Holy Sacrifice, as we were praying that the New Year's Retreat on the Mass, should be fruitful in just this way—the peaceful living of man with man. Our joy was somehow sealed by the two Ambassadors of God, the proper name for men off the road, as Peter always happily reminded us. They too acknowledged a peace they had never before known at Christmas.

Came the 29th and our Retreat. It was rich in instruction and doctrine about the meaning and historical origins of the Mass, as well as our practical participations in the Holy Sacrifice. First Father Foley led us to the Mass by instructing us in the excellence of the Psalms which so largely make up the proper Chant parts of the Mass, to express the heights and depths in man's heart as the communicates with his God. How this also served to enhance our praying the Psalms at Prime and Compline! With stress on the Altar as being the Table of Sacrifice, Father had us go up in spirit with the priest, there to place our self-immolations with Christ's, and to seek the source of the true "Abundant Life," the Life of our Saviour, as it comes to us in His Holy Communion.

Father's insistence on "sacrificial lives," and his final emphasis on accepting the invitation of Pius X who "threw open the doors of the Tabernacle," to show us where our feasting-table really is, has given the solid basis for which we hoped and prayed when we decided that a retreat on the Mass was perhaps the best service we could give anyone seeking a retreat over the New Year's holiday.

We would like this column to be longer, to give more details for those who have been part of our family at various times, and who can "live with us" again as they read of our blessings and trials, but time does not permit at the moment. They will like to know that Hans Tunnesson and Joe Cotter are "home" from Peter Maurin Farm (there is a rivalry growing between Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm!) for Christmas, and Hans found himself in the kitchen, cooking the generous turkey, one half of which our helpful butcher, Johnny Sifos, gave us with some extra lights for our most-beautiful-

ever Christmas tree! They will not be happy to hear that Billy McDonough cut off his left forefinger on the circular saw, while cutting logs which came from trees downed in Newburgh during the hurricane. The Post Office Department is still delivering the Christmas greetings which remind us of our gratitude for our fellowship in the Mystical Body.

As this year closes and we remember the beginning of the Holy Year, and the blessings that it has showered on innumerable lives, we cannot help thinking that we are just beginning to taste the fruits of that Holy Year in increased knowledge and love of our Holy Mother, the Church. We promise to pray at Maryfarm that this love will always stay fresh and bright, pure and unsullied as does the newness, the disarming humility of God, as He came to us in "the fullness of time" in the simplicity of the Crib at Bethlehem.

JANE O'DONNELL.

## THE CENTER OF POVERTY

(Continued from page 6)

looks at all virtue by the light of some one virtue other than poverty. There are aspects and there are aspects. All sin is pride; it is acting as though we were in a position higher than we actually are. All sin is disobedience; it is rebellion against the will of God. All sin is hate; it springs from the Devil, who cannot love. Each of these is true in its own way. It is no use arguing against partial unity when one is oneself in the climate which prohibits complete unity of thought. Humility, obedience, love are, each of them, aspects of the whole of virtue.

But what I am concerned with here is virtue seen in the context of the tension between matter and spirit. In heaven, this tension (at least as understood as an agonizing tension) will no longer exist for man—or does not, when he is there. But humility, obedience, and love will still be habits in him—perfected, in fact. There will be piety still, and reverence. (I am not concerned here with distinguishing between the virtues and the attitudes implicit in them.) But there will not be poverty.

Neither, of course, will there be faith or hope, because vision and fruition will have come. But faith and hope are not intrinsically related to the environment of unglorified matter. They may be, and actually are for us thus related. But faith and hope may also be the pre-Union virtues of pure spirits. They are not limited by necessity to spirits compounded with, and complicated by matter.

But poverty—perhaps we need another word; this is the only one in use whose conventional meanings can be stretched to cover the idea—is limited to the situation of man in the world of space and weight and time.

No poetry I know of has so well expressed the spirit of poverty as one of the prayers of John of the Cross: *The heavens are mine, the earth is mine, and the nations are mine: mine are the just and the sinners are mine: mine are the angels and the Mother of God; all things are mine and for me because Jesus Christ is mine and all for me. What dost thou then ask for, what dost thou seek for, O my soul? All is thine, all is for thee; do not take less, nor rest with the crumbs which fall from the table of thy Father. Go forth and exult in thy glory, hide thyself in it and rejoice, and thou shalt obtain all the desires of thy heart. O my love, all for Thee, nothing for me: nothing for Thee, all for me.*

"It is certainly a finer and more wonderful thing to change the mind of enemies and bring them to another way of thinking than to kill them. We ought then to be ashamed of ourselves, we who act so differently and rush like wolves upon our foes." St. John Chrysostom.

## APPEALS

The Lord continues to send people in who tell us of the many works being done in the service of God; to seek a sympathetic listener, to ask cooperation in their efforts to help those who cannot plead for themselves.

Another visitor who came in to see us was Father William Corloni, Oratorian priest—who has just come from Italy. Father Corloni, with his confrere Father Carri, sensitive to the crying need for shelter; physical, moral, spiritual, for the many homeless, destitute war-orphaned children of Italy, are trying to provide these things for boys in the vicinity of Milan. As Father said, "they have to be fed, clothed and educated, and equally important, they have to be kept from Communist influence."

The problem of these children has not been lessened, rather our efforts to give to them, to share with them of what we have, in material things, in spiritual things, especially of the love of Christ; must be doubled, tripled, multiplied many times. In these times particularly, Christ asks us to prove our faith, our love of Him, by what we do for the many who do not know Him. Christ gives us of His mercy and love when we ask for it. He wishes also that we share this love and mercy with others, when it is asked in His name.

Donations can be made to Father William P. Corloni, c/o N. Munk, 233 W. 77 St., New York 24, N. Y. N. Y.

Father Crenier, Benedictine, came in to the Catholic Worker recently to see us and to tell us of the progress of his community in St. Pierre, Martinique.

The community is made up of Negroes and whites, who are living and working amongst the Negro population in a real spirit of poverty and simplicity. The aim of the community is to live according to the early Benedictine way of work and prayer.

All priests and brothers, together, have done the necessary manual work in building the thatched cabins which are their homes, making their clothes from feed sacks, raising their food. Together, also, they chant the praises of God in the Divine office.

The community has grown from 3 postulants; 2 Negroes and 1 White in 1947, to its present number of sixteen Negroes and four Whites, in spite of the many trials which have beset it. Indeed, the Lord seems to be blessing this work.

In the early 1900's an earthquake destroyed the church that was there. The stones from this church, dug from the 8 to 10 feet of ashes and debris which covered them, were used again to build the new church for the community. They need financial aid to build the roof. "That we do ask," said Father Crenier, "money to buy the necessary materials to build our roof." Could you help with a contribution?

Father hopes, also, in the near future to work for the development of the same kind of a community in the South of our own country. His address is just Fr. Crenier, Prior, Benedictine Monastery, St. Pierre, Martinique, British West Indies.

Dear Friends,

As you know very well from papers India is suffering terribly from want of food and a Himalayan task lies before me. The Communists who have come back are having one meal in two days. Foodstuff is scarce and the little amount of food that we could purchase is very dear and forbidding. But this situation of ours is not to prevent me from sympathizing with those near you. There is a proverb in Tamil that says: "If you bring up the children of your neighbors with the food that you have, you have not to feed your own children." (oorarveetee pillai ooti valasthal, than pillai thanah

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

in the house are invited plus a few outside friends. Due to the shattering effect that alcohol has on so many people we serve nothing stronger than hot chocolate plus sandwiches and cookies. Tonight there will be much singing and dancing plus a hearing of recordings of Peter Maurin's Essays recorded by Peter himself several years ago.

Two days before Christmas a small man in his late fifties stopped in to pay us a visit and presented us with a Christmas gift. He is one of the gentlest of people we have ever been privileged to meet. South America is his native land and he still has a slight accent. After we had visited with him for a few minutes he asked if he could spend Christmas day with us—explaining that it would be a lonesome day for him since he had no friends or relatives hereabouts. Of course we were only too glad to have this poor working man spend the day with us, although it made us ponder on how lonely can you get. Again it caused us to meditate on that basic loneliness that is a part of each man regardless of how many friends and relatives he may have. Christmas seems to point up that loneliness to the level where you will frequently notice a tear-dimmed eye at the Midnight Mass when the choir sings *Adestes Fideles*.

Last night I drove up to the front of our house in a 1949 convertible Ford coupe. It was the end of a long, pleasant drive of nine hundred miles from Chicago where the car was presented to us by an old friend. To my knowledge it was the first time we ever had a car that was less than eleven years old. Besides which it is a very sporty looking automobile and seems quite strange in our world of shopworn and second-handed possessions. And now the debate is on as to whether it's in keeping with our much vaunted poverty or shouldn't we have traded it for something in the line of a sturdy truck. It seems reasonable that we would trade our 1939 station wagon plus the Ford coupe for a long-lasting half-ton truck. Still there are the other pleas that we keep this practically new Ford—the first really decent car we ever really had, something that we would all enjoy taking a Sunday drive in. But if we were trying to keep up with some of the typical poor who frequently purchase cream puffs and chocolate eclairs in lieu of milk and bread—we would wildly abandon ourselves to this inviting luxury. On the other hand we might be guilty of giving a much welcomed scandal to the targets of many of our criticisms. In another sense and in a much less pious manner we could say like Father Damian, "Brother Lepers."

Last Tuesday I was speaking to

valorum.) You could always rely on me for prayers I assure you.

You will be really glad to hear that the Hindus are really reading "The Catholic Worker" with great avidity. You will do me a great favour if you would dispatch some periodicals useful to priests along with the foodstuff that is sent occasionally.

God bless you!

Yours gratefully,  
Rev. K. G. Michael  
Mettupatti-Dindigul  
South India

Here is the name and address of the lay apostle in Nigeria, West Africa:

Mr. Fabian Asa-Afiana  
Mukurdi  
Nigeria, West Africa

He sends heartfelt gratitude in anticipation of your charitably publishing his appeal for Catholic reading material—doctrinal and general—and, any other assistance your readers and friends may be able to send him, to help in his missionary efforts.

a friend whom I hadn't seen for some time. She is in her late twenties and is quite an attractive young lady. In the course of the conversation she mentioned casually the incidents that had happened to her in the last couple of years. These incidents started off with a crash two years ago when her brother around her age died of heart trouble. Her husband left her when she was about to have her first and only child, the husband decided that his vocation was not that of marriage. The baby died an hour after birth. The girl returned home from the hospital to support her mother, the father who was dying of cancer and a paralytic older brother. A short time later the father died. Now the girl is holding down two jobs which consume twelve hours a day of her time in order that she will be able to support the remaining members of the household. As I sat gasping listening to these incredible tragedies my friend went on to state how all these things are accounted in the Divine Plans of God.

At the present moment things have sort of quieted down in the house since the house party for the Feast of the Epiphany has been brought to a close. The members of our household have retired for the night and the visiting party-goers are on their way home. Shorty Smith, Little George and Sharkey are gathering up the fragments of food left over from the festivities. As usual these three men work quietly, efficiently for long hours each day and ask nothing in return. The brightest spot in the evening's entertainment was the voice of Peter Maurin reciting his Essays. Although it was kind of strange listening to the voice of one who is dead, still it brought on an onrush of warm memories of Peter with his pointing finger and strong, pleasing voice and solid reasoning.

Our Friday night lectures have reopened with the end of the holiday season. Last Friday we had Irene Mary Naughton speak to us. This Friday (12th) we expect to have Fritz Elchenberg. Mr. Elchenberg is an extremely competent artist and has been so good as to contribute several drawings to past issues of our paper. He did the front page Christmas cuts that we printed last month. All are invited to our Friday night talks.

On Christmas Eve I was presented with a copy of the new English translation of the Breviary. It is the winter edition printed by Benziger publishing house. I was somewhat surprised by the gift and as I fingered it over I sort of wondered what I would ever do with it. As I lifted it I decided that it was as thick and heavy as my daily missal. No, I thought this can't be for me. This is the final touch. I might just as well enter a seminary as to begin reciting the divine office each day. I had visions of myself becoming duty conscious about the daily recitation of a certain portion of the prayers therein to the exasperation of my friends. I could even hear the groans uttered by acquaintances when I excused myself from their company with the remark that I had to finish my office before midnight. Or I could visualize trying to drag my carcass out of a good movie in order to finish the office before the witching hour. No, these trials are for the priests who are obliged to say their office each day and I didn't know of any laymen who said the office each day. However, all my fears about being chained to this breviary each day have disappeared since I have had the book several days now and have read nothing more than the preface which is written by Cardinal Spellman. Surprisingly enough the preface is quite interesting and makes a fine case for the encouragement of laymen to begin the saying of the divine office each day.

TOM SULLIVAN.

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