

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Personalism

By Peter Maurin

### I. Individual

1. A stone is not an individual.
2. You can make little ones out of big ones.
3. A tree is an individual.
4. It comes from a germ.
5. "Only God can make a tree," says the poet.
6. A horse is an individual.
7. A horse is not an individual the way the tree is an individual.
8. It has animal life.
9. Man is an individual and has animal life like the horse.
10. Man has also reason, which the horse has not.

### II. A Person

1. As an animal man is an individual.
2. As a reasoning animal man is a person.
3. The difference between an individual and a person is the power of reasoning.
4. Through the use of reason man becomes aware of the existence of God.
5. Through the use of reason man becomes aware of his rights as well as his responsibilities.
6. Man's rights and responsibilities come from God who made him a reasoning animal.
7. Man's primary duty is to act according to reason.

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**Feed the Hungry CHILDREN!**  
**Clothe the Naked CHILDREN!**

## We Are Herods— We Kill Infants

By JOHN McKIERNAN

PROBABLY no story in the New Testament more excites our pity than the account of Herod's massacre of the children of Bethlehem. Here is a man of such vicious character that the birth of the King of Israel arouses his passion of jealousy: a man so ruthless that, in an effort to kill this Baby, who is acclaimed in the prophecies as King of the Jews, he heartlessly decrees the death of every male child in Bethlehem who is two years old or less.

That massacre has left an indelible blotch upon Herod's reputation through the centuries.

The number of innocent children whose steel-riven slender bodies dyed red their mothers' cloaks that awful day in Bethlehem was, perhaps, twenty.

Months ago the sovereign power of the United States decreed the death of an uncountable number of innocents. Hundreds have been counted dead—and their lives taken before they were 30 days old!

But the sacrifice is not yet complete. The decree of massacre was again promulgated when, according to a recent report, President Truman refused to allow the mails to Germany to be opened so that churches and charitable institutions might send food and clothing to the destitute.

President Truman would call himself a Christian: our Government would be known as a Christian Government: but the reported reason for refusing food to Germany via the mails

was that Russia—self appointed country of Godless—objected.

According to the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service, thousands of German families have been evicted from their homes on one hour's notice and interned in concentration camps—in camps where there is always room for newcomers because of the excessive death rate from starvation and its attendant diseases. Elsewhere the N.C.W.C. writes of men and women evicted from their homes and jammed into freight cars, 80 to 100 to each car, and left on railroad sidings to die of starvation and cold.

But let us think of the Holy Innocents—the children of Germany, the babies that die for want of so much as one quart of milk a day: the ones that die because they have not so much as the swaddling clothes that warmed the Infant Saviour: the ones—all of them—that die because the sovereign nation of the

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The above drawing is reproduced from a large poster just received from Father Peter Jones, of London, England. The poster was exhibited throughout London at Christmas time. Its message is even more important now than it was two months ago.

Many of our readers are now sending food and clothing to Europe, to be distributed by the nuns and others whose addresses we have published, but much more is

needed. There must be no let-up in this vital work of mercy.

Doris Ann Doran, whose moving appeal we published in December, writes:

Dear Friends:  
God love you for your Christ-like co-operation in getting direct relief for His suffering children. I am very grateful to you and to each person responding. I have written to each person in answer to his and her letters. I would like to thank the donor of the \$10.00 check.

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## On Pilgrimage

I am selecting a new name for my column, since there are *Day After Days* and *Notes By the Way* in other papers. We should always be thinking of ourselves as pilgrims anyway. When things get tough, I like to recall St. Teresa's "Life is a night spent in an uncomfortable inn." And from the gay way she wrote of her adventures, she agreed also with St. Catherine of Sienna, who said: "All the Way to Heaven is Heaven, for He said, I am the Way."

January 1

Last night I kept vigil at the Cenacle of St. Regis up on Riverside Drive. Just before midnight the nuns started singing, "Parce, Domine, parce populo," before the clamor started outside which ushered in the new year.

Today, Father Fiorentino and Miss Brady and Carmela came down to wait on tables and serve the men on the breadline.

January 2

First rabid anti-semitism in the neighborhood. Anti-foreign in general, since two Jewish shops and two Chinese shops had their windows smashed in the New Year's eve celebrations. The little shopkeeper down the street was grief-stricken and told me how many robberies there were during the year. Just night before last he lost a hundred dollars' worth of stock at least. And he makes his living in pennies. Looting and stoning. It will cost him \$175 to put up grills before the doors and windows to protect him from the hooliganism in the neighborhood. This is new to us, and we have been here for ten years.

January 3

Today read most of the psalms travelling on the subway between dentists. Had to go to a specialist about an infected jaw. A cold day and we are out of coal again.

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Archbishop Mannix on—

## The Layman In Catholic Action

[From the Australian Catholic Worker]

At a recent Conference of the Y. C. S. (Young Catholic Students) at East Malvern (Victoria), His Grace Dr. Mannix spoke on the meaning of the Catholic Action movement, and of the role to be played by both clergy and laity in Catholic Action.

His Grace addressed the gathering of 350 members of the Student Society. He said that he felt at the end of a long life he had lived into a new era, because he could well remember the time when anything like that gathering would have been unthinkable.

One of the most remarkable things done by any of the Popes—and very remarkable men in recent times they had been—was when Pius XI started this great movement of Catholic Action.

The Pope himself believed that he started the new movement under the inspiration of God. No doubt God did give inspirations to many people, but this particular inspiration that came to Pius XI was very far-reaching.

It enabled the modern Catholic world to change its outlook, and to attempt things, and achieve them,

that would have been quite impossible before.

This movement, as an organized movement, was quite a new thing in the Church. In the time to which he had referred, practically all leadership came from the clergy. The laity, the best of them, waited upon the word of the priest: they looked for his

leadership, and where he led they were ready to follow.

The result of that was that practically all initiative rested with the clergy. Now Pius XI, in his great and inspired wisdom, thought that whatever suited times past, the day had come when the laity should begin to take their part as they had never done before.

He had a feeling, said His

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## Stop That Bomb Test!

**F**EAR has taken possession of the heart of man since the atomic bomb destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Fear and distrust rule today where love and faith should govern. Mankind's confidence has been shaken deep in its foundations by the knowledge that a new destructive force is loose on the face of the earth. Dread of that force receives tremendous impulse from the fact that there is no possible defense against it. Men know that their great cities are now potential death traps. Skyscrapers of steel and stone are vulnerable targets for the atomic bomb. The deepest subways offer no sufficient shelter from the effects of solar heat generated by nuclear fission.

Redistribution of the great city populations over wide areas has been seriously recommended to governments by important professional and business associations as a practical measure to meet the threat of the bomb. That move would be effective acceptance of decentralist ideas under duress. So far the recommendations have not served to alleviate the prevailing mood of fear. The man in the street looks on such schemes as visionary, impractical, too costly. Besides, he believes that other nations will have atomic bombs to hurl at us long before decentralization can be effected. In this belief he is probably right.

Man's fearful state of mind will last as long as the bomb threat exists. Elimination of that threat is the only solution. To accomplish that purpose, the power of using the bomb must be given up by the men who control it. Military men must be told that no more atomic bombs are to be used anywhere, for any purpose. They have usurped absolute control of a new form of power devised by scientists for constructive purposes. The military authorities have diverted the use of that power to destructive ends. Their use of it horrified the world and made decent people of this so-called victorious nation feel deep shame because such unprecedented massacre was committed in their name.

Those same authorities now plan a test of the bomb on a gargantuan scale "somewhere in the Pacific." Many captured naval vessels and some of "our own" obsolete ships are to be subjected to the bomb's action sometime during the Spring. The reason given for this undertaking is that information is desired regarding the effect of nuclear fission on armored ships. That such information is desired is beyond question. However, that consideration becomes secondary in view of the far more important result of the operation. *The primary effect of the test will be the further extension of the rule of fear. Only one more step, but one of incalculable importance.*

That is why we are moved to protest the carrying out of plans for the bomb test. We are not presently moved by the possibility of tidal waves, destruction of marine life, radium poisoning of the waters, or other physical effects. All those things merit consideration, but they cannot be set forth as determining factors. They are material effects, and for each material point advanced it is possible to counter with another in opposition. Our protest is based on the moral ground that conquest of man by the means of fear is sinful. Conquest through the overwhelming and unprecedented fear made possible by the atomic bomb is just as much a defiance of God as was the revolt of Lucifer, the Light-Bearer.

We hold no fatuous hope that our small voice raised in protest can bring about abandonment of the plans for the bomb test. Our function is to suggest, to call attention to the wrong that is being perpetrated. Our purpose is to put ourselves on record as opponents, however ineffectual, of the acts of those who seek to rule by force and fear instead of through love. We do hope that our words reach others who are like-minded and willing to register their own protest. The time is now. The place is with the powers that be.

Perhaps the effectiveness of such dissent would be greatly increased if it were coupled with a sincere expression of sorrow and penitence by decent men and women for the use our nation has already made of the "basic force of the universe."

## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)  
Visited Julia at the Art Students League on 57th Street before I went to the dentist and saw her figures in limestone of Mary and Joseph's betrothal. Very Jewish, warm and tender. Bob Sukoski was in tonight for supper and it made us all feel terrible to see his empty sleeve and the other arm crippled, too. He has a strong spirit, however. God knows just how much each one of us can take. Another veteran came in and helped serve. He brought a rabbit-skin jacket from Germany, and we wished he had left it there, they are needing it so now. However, it is keeping the cold from John Rider, who is with us after a terrible siege of bronchitis and looking very thin indeed. The trouble with getting sick on the Bowery is you can lie in hotel room for days and starve to death.

January 4  
Two more veterans in, bringing clothes. Herb Walsh and Jack English help with visitors, and so Jack, who is doing cooking also,



### Patron of Journalists

burned the soup. Five more store windows broken, this time Italian.

January 5

A mild spring day. We had the station wagon in to help mail out the paper, and used it to move coal which Msgr. Nelson gave us from St. Andrew's rectory. It was an all-morning job. I drove, six men loaded. There were about three ton. We were black when we got through.

January 7

Paper went to press and afterward Marge and I took a walk through the East side, buying herring and hair brushes and pricing Hebrew dictionaries for Miss Branham, whose ambition it is to read the psalms in Hebrew.

January 9

John Gavrilovitch, one of our Seattle friends, called. He had been shipwrecked off the coast of Italy on the way to Yugoslavia with a load of wheat, seven thousand ton. During these latter years of the war he has been shipping out from the East Coast and bringing clothes and what food he could to different countries. Now he is on his way home. I met him at Grand Central station, Thompson's, and had supper before he caught his train.

January 10

Today I was invited to a luncheon at Schrafft's, a tea at one of the housing projects with Mrs. Simkovitch and her committee on housing, and to a Carlo Tresca meeting at Cooper Union. Could not get to any of them, what with driving the car and delivering the paper to the post-office. If some of the returned ambulance drivers and other veterans do not get their driving licenses renewed! Grace Ma-

## For Industrial Peace

Everyone who desires to see the establishment of industrial peace in America should give close attention to the words of Pope Pius XII in his address to a group of Italian industrialists and workers who were received in audience January 25th. The Holy Father's discourse on the spiritualizing of labor relations applies to our own country no less than to any other.

The need "to infuse the breath of spiritual and moral life into the very framework of industrial relations" was stressed by His Holiness. He told the employers and employees that the fraternal meeting of the two groups should lead to a fruitful understanding between them for the greater increase of national prosperity and civil progress.

"There is an erroneous doctrine," said Pope Pius, "which affirms that you representatives of labor and you possessors of capital are destined, as if by natural law, to be in reciprocal combat, in bitter and implacable struggles, and that industrial peace can be secured only at this price."

"However, you understand instinctively, without the need of too subtle reasoning, that social peace, if it is to be rational and human, cannot be attained by pure and simple elimination of one of the parties to disputes, since in such a case that labor peace which gives life and vigor to public and private economy would be destroyed."

"For, indeed, can it be thought that through the collectivist organization, which would follow therefrom, the cause of dissension would be removed, because, with a change of the parties to the conflict, the struggle between labor and private capital would be replaced by one between labor and state capitalism?"

### Warns of State Slavery

"Indeed, in whatsoever manner the distribution of profits might be decided upon by a disciplined collectivism—whether in equal distribution or in proportion to the hours of labor or according to the needs of individuals—it would be impossible to prevent the rise of disputes and dissensions regarding the distribution agreed upon, working conditions, the sometimes reproachable policy of the managers which threatens the working class with becoming a slave to governmental power."

"Therefore, to obtain the desired peace between labor and capital, recourse has been had to organizations of the professions and to trade unions, with the understanding that these are not weapons meant exclusively for defensive and offensive war, providing reactions and reprisals, nor a torrent which inundates and divides, but a bridge which serves as a uniting bond."

"We have already had occasion to point out how, above and beyond the distinction between employer and employee, there is that higher unity which binds all who collaborate in production. This unity should be the foundation of the future social order. The professional organizations and trade unions are provisional auxiliaries, transitional media; their end is the linking and solidifying of the relations between employers and employed in order to provide jointly for the common good and the needs of the entire community."

### Morality Is Necessary

"However, beloved sons, neither professional organizations nor trade unions, nor labor management committees, nor collective contracts, nor arbitration, nor all the directives of the most vigilant and progressive social legislation will be able to provide a complete and lasting labor peace, and produce all their benefits unless there is also a far-seeing and constant effort to infuse the breath of spiritual and moral life into the very framework of industrial relations."

Here, addressing himself particularly to the Italian situation, His Holiness emphasized the necessity for a return to the spiritual traditions of the nation as a bulwark of peace between groups and classes in the nation.

Making special mention of the disinterested efforts of all those, especially priests who are engaged in the important work of labor relations, the Holy Father bestowed upon them a special Apostolic Blessing. Concluding this discourse on the spiritualizing of labor relations, His Holiness called upon employers to offer their sincere and fullest collaboration.

guire donated more rabbits. The food here is as good as that at Schrafft's, I am sure.

January 13

On the farm these last few days. Today being Sunday, Tamar and I went for a drive along the river, calling for the Gots on the way home to come to supper and a little celebration, the burning of the Christmas greens before the fireplace. Richard Strachan, one of our C.O. jailbirds and now in the seminary, donated a phonograph and we have three books of Gregorian records, which we play to our visitors. Fr. Ehmann's choir at St. Bernard's seminary, Rochester, is magnificent. They sing the first and second Masses.

January 14

Ten above zero these days in the country. When there is no wind it is good to get out and walk with Tamar and her baby. Rebecca, down the road, through the fields, past the little Italian cemetery and Eichlen's brook

where the watercress will be ready for picking next month.

... Nileen is reading us Newman's "Idea of a University" at meals. Peter, dressed in maroon-colored stocking cap and a sheepskin coat, sits and eats huge bowls of oatmeal and nods approvingly. At Athens they planted groves of trees, as part of the students' work, and so this spring we will make everyone who comes to Maryfarm plant trees, dig up around trees, cart manure for trees, cultivating the ones we have besides putting in new ones.

Last year on one of our walks we picked up a basket of black walnuts which had been rotting on the ground all winter. We left a dozen or so in the basket and they sprouted beautifully. Now they are planted along the bath.

January 15

A smell of snow in the air. Now we are in the depths of winter. Sixteen above zero, and we just

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# + From The Mail Bag +

## Notes From A T.B. Ward

Dear Editor:

Poor Carmine! He lived only in his eyes at the last, his whole body wasted, and stinking, as if indeed the flesh were sin-wracked; as if he too had too long "soiled his addition." And at last he wasted out of life, with faint, unpretty screams, all strangled with phlegm and desperation. But I like to think that he died in Christ. But the eyes remained large and terrible eyes, holding all that is brilliant and penetrating in life; even the lashes grew, and made them beautiful in his commonplace small Sicilian face.

I am moving out of B Court tomorrow, and now I'll be able to fortify myself by going to church each Sunday. And I do need to go, as I seem to neglect the *opera Dei* dreadfully. And I have to get Jimmy started on a schedule, too. He does everything I suggest, and so now is a good time to get him started on something worth while. He's only 17, and he's much too sick and frail. He's been through Bellevue, too, and has had the rib job, which is a pretty strenuous affair, as you may know. So now he has six months of bed rest ahead of him, and I want him to invest in the four hours of absolute silence we have here each day, two in the morning and two in the afternoon, to start on a few exercises of his own.

It's made so easy for us, this neo-monastic schedule is really a great boon, if only we knew enough to use it for our highest purpose and so pay our "latrinal" debts. Jimmy is a grand kid, and I know you'll remember him in your prayers. Pete, who went to be confirmed with me, is threatened with a pneumonectomy; that is, they want to cut out his entire lung, as it won't heal, the cavity being too large. That's a dreadful operation, and I hate to see him endure it, especially as it leaves one so vulnerable during the rest of life. So I'm trying to see if that can't be put off, and I'll ask your help; your special help for him, too. He's a very swarthy lad, a gentle-natured Puerto Rican boy, about 25 or so, and I keep thinking of the terrible eight to 10-hour stretch on the operating table such as a lung removal entails. You can see why I want to get all the help for Pete that can be obtained. There's a generation of prayers needed for this place; just go into the Annex, or W Hall, or Pavilion X, and you'll see why, and this place is like purgatory to the hell of S—. Imagine, they "threaten" unruly patients up here with S—; an implied guilt in that.

Say a prayer for poor old Mary, the "gorgan" night nurse—she is God's Christian daughter, but hates the black boys—and she's so dreadfully torn between her Irish hate and her Irish heart. Prayer could and should resolve it all—and free all faults.

And now at last I have my garden started, as great Teresa bids me. It is full of weeds, a most unpleasing prospect for our Lord, but I can see the outlines; it's stalked out and I work it over as best I can, and try not to be too greedy, waiting upon His good pleasure, as a servant should. For no man knoweth at what time the "Head Gard-

ener" will come, and I'm lucky that I do have the morning hours of silence, when my head and heart are clearest, and best fitted for "gardening"—if only repentance could get past the facile mind into the bowels, to wrench them! The work is fearsome, too, and the bright girls, with their painted archaic faces, walk past my garden, spreading their scent that tightens the mind's discrimination, vise-like, draining everything. But then I have little Teresa to draw them aside, Little Teresa who looks at me from Paul Balister's Funeral Parlors calendar. It's part of God's providence that He hides His Teresa in vulgar, hideous calendars and gross sentimentalism so that snobs like me are late in discovering her. Yes, it took humility to find God's revealed love through Teresa of the roses, for I had to go through a lot of superficially repellent mush to find her as the lovely person she really is, and of all places I came to know her through a Coughlin pamphlet! The awful strangeness of the mercy of God!

St. Benedict Joseph Labre guard you.

JOHN PUTNAM.

## Cruelty

Dear Editor:

The worst nurse I ever knew in a State Hospital—a big, brutal-looking woman—never struck a patient in the months I was with her. It was quite a revelation to me, as I had always thought brutality and cruelty the worst crimes on the calendar. I have met a number of out-and-out brutal nurses, and suffered greatly thereby, but they do not at present inspire me with the horror which I still feel for Mrs. K., who was rather kind to me at times.

She was what one would call "interest mean." This is only a horror for people who actually know how awful the monotony of State Hospitals can be.

I realize that during illness and convalescence monotony is necessary. However, here we are assuming a real "hospital," not the many wards that comprise a State institution. After the convalescence, thank God for the Gheel system of boarding out patients! All interests are permitted there, to the everlasting honor of St. Dymphna and her confessor.

To return to Mrs. K. This was her torture game, which wasn't even done out of meanness or brutality, but just to avoid bother.

How I prayed that she would open the screened-in porch door to let us out under the care of two attendants for a little walk of 15 minutes. I really believe that hospital regulations prescribed a daily walk. The summer before we had gone out for that miserable walk of fifteen minutes daily. But not this summer! Occasionally, after counting us, she would let us out. And the attendants in such a great hurry to get back again! But most of the times she decided against it, and we had to return to the unbelievable monotony of ward life.

Then I would think of the wonderful days last summer when the two attendants would lead us to an open mall, where the band would play and one could sit on the grass and look off to the distant vistas of other buildings.

Mrs. K. had two minor torturers under her. One, a rather sweet-looking young girl, forbade access to the sewing room, and, after I had finally found a means

to get there—just a few doors away—and located the cherished needle and thread (with a few scraps of silk samples!) she grabbed these out of my hands, and locked them up again. I often pray for the kind textile manufacturer who must have donated the samples.

Then there was the young married attendant who every night tuned out the musical program in order to hear the baseball game! (The radio was turned on fifteen minutes each morning, noon and evening.)

But Mrs. K. and her two young attendants were only naughty children compared to the ones I met in the next hospital, who, for lack of better entertainment, decided to hate me in a big way. Fortunately, every employee in that hospital could only go so far and no further with patients, the doctor in charge of my ward—an Italian—being a strict disciplinarian.

This advantage, however, was offset by the fact that in the new hospital there were only occasional movies (due to lack of help), and walks only once, or twice during the entire summer.

Oh, well, some day conditions will be better for the millions of patients in our State hospitals. But it is up to the citizens of this great land to do something about a crying evil. Are we our brother's keepers? We are.

I often wonder about the average persons—who hasn't any patience to spare, it must be admitted. Suppose someone were cruel enough to lock hundreds of these up—no visitors, no entertainment, except the shrieking and misconduct of other patients. Nothing to do but sit down in a huge ward with many other patients and listen to the attendants talking together of life on the outside (which doesn't even seem real after months in an institution). Would they act sane, calm and collected? It is an open question. Anyone's guess will do.

L. L.

## From S. Francisco

Dear Friends:

In response to the repeated and heart-rending appeals of our Holy Father to come to the aid of war-stricken peoples in this gravest of hours, headquarters have been opened in this city of St. Francis, the great apostle of Charity, for the purpose of facilitating the mailing of gift packages to war victims. The work goes by the name of "CARITATE DEI" (for the Love of God), and with the approval of His Excellency, Archbishop John J. Mitry, is under the auspices of Catholic Action.

Package Number 1 — (others are to follow) — which is now available to the public for mailing to friends and relatives or to the Pope, Bishops, Pastors, Catholic Action units, religious houses, charitable institutions, etc., weighs four pounds and contains the following articles:

- 1 lb. ground sweet chocolate
- 2 pkgs. bouillon cubes
- 1 can condensed milk
- 2 spools thread
- 1 pkg. absorbent cotton
- 1 lb. coffee
- 2 pkgs. dehydrated soup
- 1 bar soap
- 1 pkg. needles
- 1 pkg. gauze

The price of the package to the sender, including packing, wrapping, filing out tags, addressing, mailing and 56 cents postage, is \$2.00, being less than the actual cost of the merchandise and service.

Since the opening of the Headquarters on the Feast of the Assumption nearly 1,000 packages

have been mailed, most of them to the Holy Father, for distribution through the Vatican Agencies.

All that anyone wishing to avail himself of this charitable service has to do is to bring or send the names and addresses of the senders, the names and addressees, together with \$2.00 for every package ordered and "CARITATE DEI" will attend to the rest.

"CARITATE DEI"

(For The Love of God)

1817 Powell Street,  
San Francisco 11, Calif.

## From Rochester

Dear Editors:

One thing I find lacking in the pacifist mood wherever I meet it, and sadly especially in my own life and its ends, and that is the positive or the aggressive attitude, the sense of zealous peacetime vocation.

I hear Catholic Workers of most devoted behavior to the cause express the opinion that the cause of "peace" is hopeless, or nearly so, in the world today. I look back (not always healthy but today most needful) on the troubled years following the last war, on all the activities, motives, writings of the various peace groups. I am forcibly confronted with the thought that diplomacy between nations, writing letters to Senators, Presidents, Prime Ministers, drawing up resolutions, holding protest meetings, etc., have all failed miserably.

Thus I conclude more, much more, is needful—that the "little heaven" must work into the lump of dough to "lighten it and make ready the loaf." In other words, the pacifists—not fellow travelers, but the sincere Christians among them, omitting the humanitarians with no divine calling—must "go forth and preach the Gospel" of peace. On street corners, before factories at noon hours, in railroad stations, wherever people gather, "Christianity in the market place." Proclaiming the Sermon on the Mount, personalized Christianity, personal social responsibility, in a mission such as Christ Himself established when He first sent forth His disciples two by two to proclaim "The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." And such disciples ought, as far as is necessary, to follow Christ's own instructions—not to bear with them purse or "two cloaks or two pairs of sandals"—but to go to the house of one of the faithful and there seek shelter and food while the mission is in progress.

This is as far as my program goes. I don't know how it would work out. Doubtless some scoffing, some name calling, maybe jail sentences, fine! Who knows! But let the words be of peace on earth to men of goodwill, and I believe it would be received as gladly by most of this modern, confused, leaderless world as the shepherds received it at Bethlehem.

I am scarcely young enough or unencumbered enough to undertake the great sacrifices necessary to such a project myself. However, I believe that we older ones could and ought to form the background of prayer and penance (mortification) which the work would require.

Would to God some hearts may see this, the way, and the workers themselves some time soon see how white the fields are with the harvest of souls!

May God bless you and further the cause for which you labor.

Most sincerely in Christ,  
MILDRED H. O'TOOLE  
Rochester, N. Y.

## From Vermont

Dear Editors:

A short while ago we were hitch-hiking north on route seven, when a powerful, flashy car stopped to pick us up. We were soon deep in conversation with its occupant, a shrewd-looking businessman of the "self-made" variety. Our new friend mentioned, with some satisfaction, that he was a Methodist, and went on to describe his active interest in church affairs. It was not long before we touched on the subject of Catholics.

"Well, I'll tell you," said our friend. "All the Catholics want is money, and more money." When we protested his unfairness, he brought forth this tale to support his contention.

It seems he was a technical engineer, that is one who devised new methods of industrial production. In the course of his work, he happened upon a Catholic woodcarver, who produced, entirely by hand, magnificent life-sized images of the saints, done in hardwoods and sold at a high price to Catholic churches. Our friend was appalled by the amount of labor involved in the business, for the craftsman could produce only one image in a month. "Why take all that time, when a machine could do it a hundred times more quickly?" he asked.

The craftsman was dubious, but the upshot was that our engineer persuaded him to "modernize." Between the two of them, they devised a lathe-like machine, which, given a pattern, would turn out in one day an image that could not be distinguished from the hand carved original. A little sanding, a little painting—and there you were. Of course, the churches were not notified of the change in production details, and the images, happily, brought the same price. The converted woodcarver soon had more money than he knew what to do with.

We were horrified. Did the Catholic feel, we asked, that the money really compensated for the joy of work skillfully performed?

At this our friend smiled cynically. No, the carver was happy in the thought that he was helping to bring many souls to salvation . . .

We pass on this incident to you because we have rarely come across a more concise illustration of the Catholic and Protestant views of life. Like you, we have long suspected that Martin Luther did more to usher in the present era of scientific, capitalistic, nationalistic materialism which is on the verge of blowing itself to hell, than he did to banish intolerance and superstition. In this story one can almost imagine the engineer complete with horns and tail. It's about time we Protestants shed our self-righteousness and confessed that our gilt-edged "success" is nothing but a fraud.

Irene Mary Naughton and Josephine Drabek's ideas of working people and work are most valuable. May we also congratulate you as being the first and only publication we have met with having the courage to propose the complete renunciation of atomic power, in its unnatural, destructive form?

Have you read that delightfully penetrating peasant story of Tolstoy's, "Ivan the Fool?" We would like to suggest that Peter Maurin present his version of the story; it could gain much by his handling.

With all good wishes,  
Norman and Winifred Williams  
Hilltop Farm  
Jamaica, Vermont.



# HOLINESS FOR ALL

By HIS EXCELLENCY, NORBERT ROBICHAUD  
Archbishop of Moncton, N. B., Canada

"As He chose us in Him (Christ) before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and unspotted in His sight—in charity." (Saint Paul to the lay people of Ephesus. 1, 4.)

## Chapter I

### FOUNDATION PRINCIPLE OF HOLINESS

**W**E are all called to be saints, for the simple reason that we have all been baptized. At the solemn moment when, in the presence of our godparents, the priest thrice poured the baptismal water on our forehead and pronounced at the same time the sacramental formula, there took place a most extraordinary thing, a most prodigious thing, a thing pregnant with consequences for all our life.

Hardly had we come into this world by way of a natural birth than we were born again with a new birth, which caused us to enter a world literally a million times more marvelous. When at the moment we were by nature nothing more than 'he son of a father and mother of this world, we became by baptism a child of God, a son of the Heavenly Father; of course not by nature but by a special mode, which for lack of a better term we call *adoption*. While on the one hand human adoption causes a child to enter the house of one who cannot become a father to it in the real sense of the word, on the other hand divine adoption means truly a participation in the life even of God, a new life, a supernatural life, infinitely superior to the natural life which derives from parents. And in order that we be enabled to use the inheritance that God the Father reserves for His children, this new life becomes the principle of a supernatural activity which renders us capable of acting, no longer like men, but rather like gods—capable of winning that divine and heavenly inheritance which is Heaven and perfect happiness.

Now it is precisely this new life, this marvelous source of supernatural energy, which urges us to be *saints*.

**A**S a matter of fact, all life is a movement. The movement can be in the direction of what is above, and that is progress—the normal life being a life ever more intense and more perfect. The movement can be in the direction of what is below, and that is no longer really life but rather a drawing on to death. No living creature can remain put: either it must progress, and that means tending towards perfection; or it must retrogress, and that means drawing nigh to death.

Thus an infant who has just received a natural life begins at once to grow. The law of its nature urges it to develop itself, to perfect itself. Not even on crossing the threshold of manhood may one escape the universal law of progress; for he continues to aspire to a health more flourishing, to a life more animated. Attempt if you will, to deprive him of food or to give him simply the strictly necessary and soon will you see clearly he cannot survive such a regime. Those hapless aviators lost in Labrador, Cote, Davidson and Fecteau, lived on for four weeks taking nothing but water, but all the while they realized that death was approaching slowly but relentlessly. To maintain his physical life a man must not merely avoid what would place his health in danger; he must above all feed himself regularly and exercise himself also. It would be silly for him to ration himself when all the while he desires to live more fully, to move about and work more robustly.

**T**HE same for the supernatural life. Take a baptized man who does not nourish himself sufficiently, who contents him-

self with the strictly necessary, that is, a man who does only what is required to keep himself in the state of grace and narrowly avoid mortal sin, who does nothing more than that—such a man is drawing nigh to feebleness and supernatural death. In the absence of the practice of the virtues, especially the virtue of charity, the evil tendencies of human nature awaken, gather strength, undermine the most robust of supernatural systems and finally finish by imparting death.

In order to have a strong and prosperous supernatural life these things must be: a continued spiritual progress, a persevering tending to perfection, a really serious and efficacious determination to reach holiness. Once a man has received the unspeakable privilege of supernatural life there lie before him but these two alternatives: to determine genuinely to be a saint—or to expose himself to lose his soul forever.

The grace of Baptism is then the hidden but fertile source whence our supernatural life draws its strength to grow without ceasing, carrying us on like a torrent towards the high sea of holiness. Now this supernatural life is common to all Christians. For the source whence it comes is common to all—holy Baptism. And just as there is but one Baptism in our holy religion, so there is but one and the same life—common to all who are baptized.

**I**T is precisely in this community of life that all Christians meet one another, defer to one another and fraternize. As a matter of fact, whether you be a humble laborer or a poor servant you are actually living with the same life that a Trappist monk or a Carmelite is living with. No matter what your condition, profession or trade, you have a right to the same title and you partake of the same dignity that our Holy Father the Pope or the most illustrious bishop of the world has a right to and partakes of—I mean the title and dignity of son of God, member of Jesus Christ, temple of the Holy Ghost. United as all Christians are in the same faith, sons of the same Father, members of the same Body, stones of the same temple, what matters the difference in vocations or the divergence of functions! Does not the honor that is at once essential and incomparable consist in the participation of the life of the Most Holy Trinity, a life begun here on earth with the advent of grace and consummated in Heaven by glory?

How little sense has one then of the supernatural to be making a distinction between priests and laymen, between men and women in religious orders and men and women in the world! The real distinction is between the baptized person and the nonbaptized, between Christian and pagan. Before the eyes of God two groups, and two only, constitute the world of souls: those who on

the one hand have life that is supernatural, those who on the other hand are alien to that life. And from God's point of view there is an immensely greater distance between the best of pagans and the most humble of Christians than between the very least among the faithful and our Holy Father the Pope.

**W**HY then should perfection be looked upon as being something like a world apart, a closed corporation from which lay folks should very naturally be excluded? "This distinction," writes St. John Chrysostom, "exists nowhere in the Gospel. Our Lord there names neither religious nor seculars; this distinction has been introduced by the imagination of men. The Scriptures have no mention to make of anything like that; they intend that all men *aspire* to lead the same life, be they solitaires or married. For we are all obliged to *aspire to the same perfection*. It is a necessity then for the man living in the world, as for the monk, to live according to the manner of a Christian and to tend to a perfection which is the same for both." (See *Apologie de la Vie Monastique*, 1, 3, Trad. Jean-nin t. 2, p. 46).

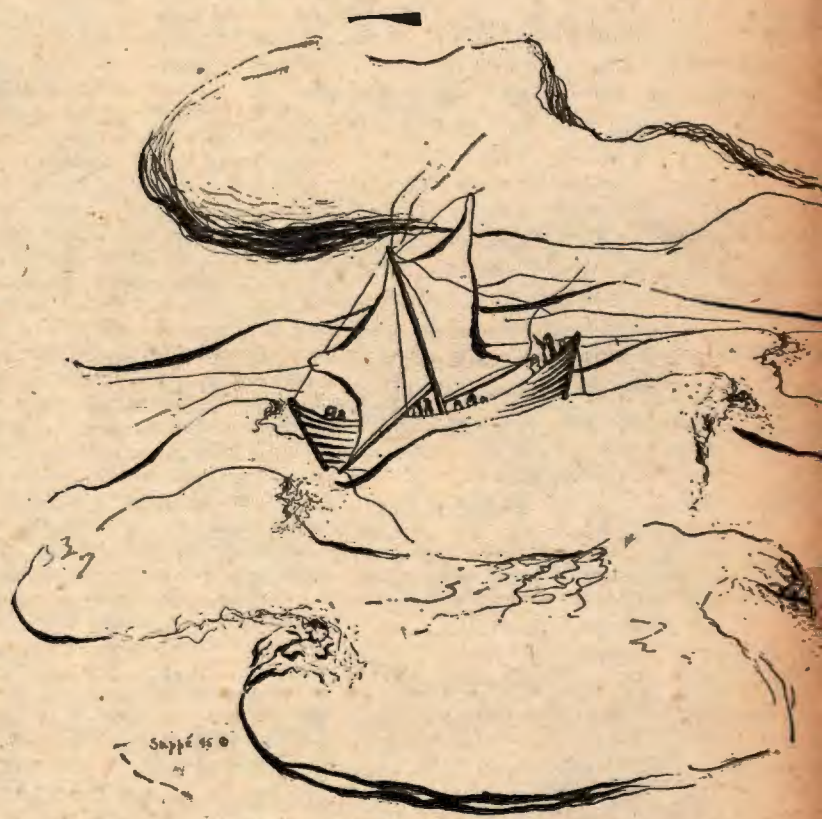
In thus rendering the layman the supernatural dignity due him, we are heightening his ideals. Nobility of nature carries its own obligation — *noblesse oblige*. Raised as he is to an order of living infinitely superior to the natural, endowed with a life that is supernatural, participating in the intimate life of God Himself—it all signifies that the Christian is expected to live after a manner quite different indeed from the manner of the pagan, unequipped with such prerogatives. His conduct, his customs, his manners should be those of a child of God, of a member of Jesus Christ, of a temple of the Holy Ghost.

Made to understand his proper rank and place, which is that of child of God, the lay person whoever he be, sees he is obliged to be perfect, that is, to tend to perfection, quite as much as any priest or religious. St. John Chrysostom has just reminded us of that: we are obliged to tend to perfection because of our dignity of Christian. Just as a child will naturally imitate his father, so the baptized lay person must strive to live like God, to comport himself like God. As each member of the human body must follow the directions of the head of that body and act in conformity with it, so the Christian, the disciple of Christ, the member of the Mystical Body of which Jesus is the Head, must endeavor to make his activity conformable to the activity of the Whole—he should comport himself according to the directions that come to him from the Head and show himself in everything worthy of the holiness of the Body of which he is part.

Let us have done with entertaining the idea that Christian perfection, or holiness, is quite all right for priests and religious, but that this obligation of tending to perfection is not applicable to ordinary lay folk. The fact is that every person who has received supernatural life through God's unspeakable privilege in Baptism, is held bound to cultivate that life, to develop it and cause it to grow to its plenitude, which is nothing other than holiness. Just as the plant develops unceasingly with a view to producing its flower and fruit, so must the soul supernaturalized by the grace of Baptism tend to blossom into the flower and fruit of holiness. Or to use another figure: just as the brook winds its way to the river and finally to the ocean, so must the supernaturalized soul press forward with all its strength to its properfulness of growth, which is perfection.

(To be continued)

# CULT :: CULTIV



## Jesus Stills the Waves

(The Holy Gospel for the Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.  
St. Matthew 8, 23-27.)

## As Peter Came to Rome

By JOAN QUILTY

**T**HE stairway down from the upper room was covered with bare feet of men. One pair of feet was thin and yellow with age. Above the old man's feet was a plump pair of boy's feet, bouncy of step.

The old man complained, agitatedly, "Timothy, watch now! You're pushing! Watch now, will you!" They reached the ground. Clinging to the boy, the old man pressed timidly against the wall.

A tall and heavily bearded man was in front of them; he and his stout companion were in saffron robes. As they neared the door they swung mantles of gold-threaded purple over their shoulders. One mantle, fringed with gold, lashed the face of the old man.

The tall merchant thrust his bearded head out the curve of the door. Beyond the door the sunlight blazed in shimmering waves. "Bishop James has already started on his way to the temple, Aaron."

The other merchant sighed, "His knees are becoming those of a camel—all his days here in Jerusalem he kneels in the Holy Temple of Solomon."

The boy, Timothy, peering out the door, saw a gaunt figure wrapped in a mantle of threadbare wool. Bishop James. He was walking down the narrow winding street, the dust gushing over his ankles, his legs swinging stiffly.

**B**ACK in the vestibule the old man held on to Timothy's thick red hair while the boy knelt, fastening the old man's sandals.

"Remember now, Timothy! If your mother goes fussing and saying that it's too much for me to go to the temple, that this 'Breaking of Bread' in the upper room was enough for me, ye're to tell her ye'll take care of me." The old man wagged his head and the thin hair of his beard batted his chest. "Bishop James and Bishop Cephas are the same age as your grandfather. Do you

understand that, Timothy? And they scurry up and down the highways and seas of the Empire. Did you hear Bishop Cephas, Timothy? Did you hear him?"

The boy drew the thong of the old man's sandal. He put his hands to his head, "You've a powerful grip on my head, grandfather! I can't stand up!"

The women were coming sedately down the ladder. A frail little woman with smiling eyes in a face creviced with tiredness crept quietly up to the grandfather and Timothy.

**I**N the winding street the merchants stalked along ponderously. The sun clapped a burning hand between their shoulder blades. The bearded merchant spat, said, "Well, I don't know why Bishop Cephas should bother us about the slaves of Rome. Why in the name of David should he talk to us..."

The other merchant's stout cheeks were purple with the heat. "Never did believe in giving money in order to convert pagans hundreds of miles away." Unctuously, "When we have many, right here in Jerusalem—who need help?"

The tall one mopped his face with linen. Solemnly, "Now if I had any money to spare," hastily, "which I haven't—business has been bad, very bad, the last months as you know—Did you see aged Lazarus, with his little grandson? — the mother works, supports them—child, old man. Had any more, I'd give it—to people like that."

With studied stateliness they





# CULTURE VATION ::

## Canticle for the Visitation

*Behold, now my Beloved speaks to me:*

*Arise, make haste, my love, my dove and come  
For winter is now past, the rain is gone  
The flowers are appearing in our land  
The pruning-time of lilac trees is here.*

*The turtle's voice is heard again today  
And fig-trees bloom outside the cottage door  
While vineyards in sweet blossom yield their smell  
Arise my love, my spotless one, and come.*

## Victims of Peace

These were beginning days of fragile peace  
When mercy's mantle could be worn again.  
The torrent of men's hatred seemed to cease;  
A wounded world might overcome its pain.  
But where are men of peace in whom we hoped?  
Pride and destruction have been in their ways;  
The brave new world for which they blindly groped  
We cannot find these sad and broken days.

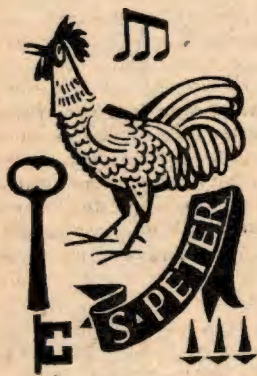
What of the children? Agony and grief  
Are still their daily bread; what fault is theirs?  
Starvation, filth and death will crowd the brief  
And woeful hours to which they are the heirs.  
This is our sowing; this shall be our shame.  
God of the harvest, what shall be our blame?  
—JAMES ROGAN.

moved along. The portly man, "Yes, take care of our own city—" Hastily, "not that I have any money these months to go wasting—"

"Bishop Cephas hasn't any right to bother us about the poor of Rome, the slaves... Why can't he stay here in Jerusalem?—Plenty of work for him to do here."

BACK in the house vestibule an old man as gaunt as Timothy's grandfather was slowly descending the staircase. His body was stooped with weariness, knobbed and bent by labor.

Timothy trotted up to him, "Bishop Cephas, grandfather and mother told me to give you this," the boy opened his fist, copper coins were on his sweaty palm. "We hope you can journey with



the 'Good tidings' to the poor of Rome." Sagely, "Grandfather says it's hard enough to be enslaved without being denied the knowledge of the Master's love."

Bishop Cephas looked at the little group and his eyes said he knew how much flour, oil, food they were denying themselves. "You are kind. Not many believe I should go to Rome. But," old Bishop Cephas smiled and his hand closed over Timothy's shoulder, "I have great hopes in Rome—I have great hopes in Rome—"

## BOOK REVIEW

OURSELVES, INC., by Leo R. Ward, Harper & Bros., publishers, New York, 1945, \$2.50.

THESE days of strikes and insecurity make one realize the need of the apostolate. What a boon it would be if it became possible to place Father Ward's book in the hands of every person who is disturbed by the thought of his future, and in the hands of all who have the problems of the human race at heart.

In the voice of the salesman in a co-operative store, Father Ward tells us the most astonishing achievements of groups of people united in the determination to take the profit out of men's necessities.

Imagine such achievements as co-op burials, a co-op hospital, adult education, co-op factories, and co-op refineries!

You will enjoy the chapter on "The People Learning to Play," and I feel grateful to the students of Ohio State for making the co-operative dance a reality in a state university.

Could one begin to teach the advantages of co-operation in a more effective way?

We will see that Father Virgil Michel built a solid foundation for the American co-ops when he insisted on the liturgical movement emanating from the Mystical Body of Christ.

Incidentally, might not religious orders, parishes, and organizations take to heart a lesson in co-operation from the same source?

—SISTER MARY NORBERT, R.S.M.

# OUR LADY OF FATIMA

By JULIA PORCELLI

THE first time I heard this name I thought it was the name of Our Lady of Turkey or some Oriental country, so I was surprised to know Fatima referred to a town in Portugal. Two months ago there was an account of the apparitions of Our Lady in the Bronx in the CATHOLIC WORKER which may some day be proved to have been true. However, there are many authentic apparitions of the Blessed Mother which we should know about, at La Salette, at Lourdes, at Pellevoisin, at Pontmain and at Fatima. I hope to write about them and to interest you in reading more and to heed the precious words that Mary, Our Mother, uttered to teach us. In the Christmas, 1944, issue of Life magazine there were several of Lauren Ford's paintings; two of them are of the visions at La Salette and at Pontmain. These pictures are part of a book containing all the visions of the Blessed Mother, which I am anxiously awaiting to see completed. They have inspired this series of articles. I have found so very few people know of all these apparitions. The Mother of God did not come down to earth and speak to simple children for a social call only, or because she wanted to wear another dress (in all of these apparitions the Blessed Mother wears an entirely different costume), but to deliver a message of the GREATEST SIGNIFICANCE TO ALL THE WORLD.



OUR LADY OF MERCY

ADE BETHUNE

THE Lady told the children to recite the Rosary faithfully, to be ready to bear the sufferings that would come to them in reparation for sins. And her message to the world was:

1) The world was in the midst of a terrible war (World War I), but unless people turned to God and desisted from sin in the next pontificate another and more terrible war would begin.

2) In this second world war the good will suffer martyrdom, great errors will be spread throughout

the world and different nations will be destroyed, the Church will be persecuted and the Holy Father will have to suffer much.

3) These afflictions can be averted only through the consecration of the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. People should receive Holy Communion on the first five Saturdays of five months in reparation to her Immaculate Heart. Widespread recitation of the Rosary must be attained.

4) The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Russia will be converted. In the end the Blessed Mother would triumph.

PEOPLE are always looking for something practical that they can do. The Blessed Mother warned the world of the horrors of the second World War, but since we did not "turn to God" and "desist from evil" we had that horrible scourge. Are we going to learn our lesson? Let us recite the Rosary daily, if possible, and with our entire families. Receive Holy Communion, after Confession as an act of reparation to her Immaculate Heart on the first five Saturdays of five consecutive months. Say the Rosary on those days, and meditate for at least 15 minutes on one of the mysteries of the Rosary. Add this prayer after each decade: "O my Jesus, forgive us our sins, deliver us from the fire of Hell, and give relief to the souls in Purgatory, especially the most abandoned souls." In the course of the apparitions the Blessed Mother gave the children a vision of the fires of hell and how many souls are lost because of their sins. (Continued on page 7)

## Bread Line

By GERTRUDE KRANZ

AND I saw a Bread Line from Heaven to earth,  
And they who served had marks on their hands like wounds,  
And the beautiful, serene Lady who made the Bread had time to pray and to help those in the Line.  
And the Bread glowed with a white flame,  
And some of those who served were glowing with the same light;  
Others were thick and dark, only the Bread shone in their hands—  
But most of those who served glimmered faintly.  
Of those who ate, the same was true; some shone like stars,  
Others flickered weakly, and some,  
O God,  
Some grew blacker as they ate.  
And many in the earth did not see the Line, or did not seem to care.  
Some laughed boldly, and jostled and pulled the members away.  
Afar off others stood, whole groups, and gazed longingly and wonderingly,  
And here and there a cry went up, a plea.

And I saw the source of the Bread Line,  
He who gave and is this Bread,  
But I did not see Him clearly, for the light was too dazzling.  
My heart seemed like to break with longing for Him, the Bread.  
And the Lady took me by the hand,  
"O foolish little blind one!"  
And she led me.

The vision fled, but not from me,  
But it seemed to melt into me,  
And I found myself at the Communion-rail,  
And the priest came with the white Host in his hands.

Praise be to God the Father.  
Praise to His only Son.  
Praise to the Holy Spirit,  
Forever and ever. Amen.



\*I am indebted to Rev. Joseph Caccella, a devoted champion and crusader in the cause of Our Lady of Fatima, for the quotations and most of the details narrated. His compilation of the better sources of information on the apparitions bears the imprimatur of Manuel Cardinal Cerejeira, Patriarch of Lisbon (Portugal). Father Caccella's address is 443 East 135th Street, New York City.



# A Father of the Modern Desert

By FR. JOHN J. HUGO

"WHERE is your friend Epicurus?" asked Theologus. "You seem to be taking turns about—or is he away?"

"I suppose that Epicurus is afraid that the discussion would become too involved for him this evening," Abstractus replied. "He knows I was at a convention, and I suppose fears that I would want to talk about the things that I heard there. At least this is what I suspect—since his excuses did not sound convincing."

"He told me that you were attending the convention. At the University of Babel, he said. What kind of a convention was it? Did you find it interesting? Was it well attended?" Theologus asked all this with a trace of resignation but politely.

Abstractus cleared his throat. "It was an inter-religious convention and was both interesting and profitable. And it was attended by outstanding scholars, as well as by distinguished leaders from different faiths. The presence of so many, and the great seriousness of the discussions reflected, I think, the widespread consciousness today of the need for religion; and also for a new approach to religion; and also for a new approach to religion." Abstractus looked at Theologus, apparently quite well satisfied with this neat little speech. As he spoke the last phrase, about the need for a new approach to religion, a note of challenge came into his voice. The gauntlet, it appeared, was down. And Theologus, with his medievalism, was in for a drubbing whether he took it up or not. Such a man was an anachronism in the very center of advancement, New Babylon.

## More Than One?

"A new approach to religion? What exactly do you mean? I would say that there is just one approach, which is both old and new, Our Lord Himself, who described Himself as *the Way*."

"Yes, yes," said Abstractus impatiently. "But our age and country has its own needs and genius, and religion must learn to meet them." He was reciting from the convention.

"Did the speakers describe in any detail what this new approach should be?"

"That was the theme of the whole convention: The New Approach to a World Religion. Once the theme was presented, the leaders and scholars of the various parties explained how they conceived this approach and in what way their own party could contribute to it."

"Do you mean that the several parties represented came to an agreement? That would be remarkable indeed!"

"They came to a substantial agreement. And they pledged themselves to emphasize this substantial agreement rather than their special differences."

"Well, then, I would be interested in knowing what this New Approach is. Among other things, I am curious to learn whether it is really new; and then, too, knowing what it is we can the better judge whether it will really convert and transform the world—or quietly expire, as so many other New Approaches have done, after seeing to it that its Resolutions were duly published in the morning paper."

"You have no sympathy at all with the efforts of your fellows, especially your contemporaries," said Abstractus angrily. "But you will see that your ideas are wrong and that no one will accept them."

## Not Unsympathetic

"The fact that ideas are not accepted is no proof that they are wrong," replied Theologus quietly. "See how few ever really accepted the ideas of Christ! And then, in regard to my want

of sympathy—surely you are unjust. I am very much interested in my fellows, most anxious to contribute what I can to their efforts: while trying not to be misled by every fad. I am even interested in this New Approach—provided it coincides with the ancient and holy Way given to us by God Himself. Still, I am afraid, on no other terms. I have lived to see too many New Approaches—born on Monday, dead on Wednesday, and finally buried and forgotten by Saturday!"

"But this is different. Our resolutions represent the modern mind at its best."

## "Practical and Realistic"

"If it coincides with the other Way which I speak of, then it is indeed different and will last. The reason that the others have failed and are forgotten is that they did not coincide with God's Way. And this is the norm by which we can judge the durability of your scheme. And God's ways, the Scripture says, are not man's ways. But what is the New Approach?"

"Well," said Abstractus, clearing his throat again and looking very grave, "the theme was set by Dr. Mediocris, of the Latter Day Philistines. He showed the need of a Religious Common Denominator. By this he meant a common ground of truth on which all men of good will might meet regardless of their particular faith. He especially stressed the fact that we must dissociate this elementary religion from the heady idealism that is so often found in religious fanatics. We must be practical and realistic, he said: recognizing that men had never lived up to the ideals given to them by their 'revelations'—real or pretended—we must change the ideal itself to fit human nature. Then we can reasonably expect men to live up to it."

"I see," said Theologus. "He would cure the difficulty we have in realizing sublime ideals simply by removing the sublimity from them. Something like the policy followed by modern educators when they accommodate knowledge to the capacity of students by lowering—and even destroying, if needs be—high academic standards. Or like curing a headache by cutting off the patient's head."

"Nothing of the sort!" Abstractus retorted. "He meant simply that we should get together on the basis of Natural Religion, whose elementary principles would be acceptable to all. In that way we could eliminate the differences that now cause such lamentable religious divisions."

"All right, now that you have given me the theme, perhaps you had better explain a little how the other servants contributed to its development."

## A Few Highlights

"It would take too long to tell you all that was said. You will have to be satisfied with a few highlights." Theologus sighed. "I will try to be satisfied," he said. "One of the finest papers was read by Dr. Mundanus, leading thinker of the Neo-Saducees. He showed how religion has in the past few generations lost much of its influence by a too exclusive emphasis on other worldliness. We must consider

that tendency, he pointed out, by using the religious impulse to improve the conditions of the world. Unworldliness and other worldliness he considers a weakness in religion—understandable in simpler and more superstitious societies, but now hindering the work of true religious reform in the world."

"I suppose," said Theologus pleasantly, "that you would particularly recommend Dr. Mundanus' paper to my attention. But I wonder how you would reconcile his views with our Lord's statement that 'My Kingdom is not of this world.'"

"Christ certainly didn't mean that we are simply to rest content with whatever social conditions we find about us."

## Religion's First Interest

"No, but I don't think either that He intended we should use Christianity merely to improve this world. I believe that Christianity—in spite of what you seem to think of my views—should change this world for the better. Hence we pray that God's will be done on earth as in heaven. But I also believe that religion's first interest is with the other world, the world unseen, and whatever improvements we



effect here will be the result of lessons learned there. I think that is what Jesus meant when He said that, if we would seek Him first, these other things would be added to us. The more unworldly and other-worldly religion becomes, the more apt is it to help even this world."

"Then you disapprove of religion's entering into social sphere?"

"By no means: we have a religious duty to our brother also. But our primary religious duty is to God. What I would disapprove of is religion's leaving the primary sphere to enter the social one, which is secondary. In other words, I believe, that it is still the essential duty of religion to instruct in holiness of life and thereby bring men into union with God. If we would do that, then our social and economic problems would disappear like shadows before the sun."

## Pious Platonism

"Then there was Justus Juncundus," went on Abstractus headlessly. "He belongs to the New School of Pious Platonism. He developed especially the ethical aspect of the subject, showing the need and value of a new humane code of conduct among us. He described the natural virtues as explained by Plato and Aristotle and appealed for their general adoption as the basis of a new world order. Such virtues, being rational and human, are within the reach of all and are alien to no group."

"Thus your final resolution, and your proposed solution for all the world's problems would be a return—what I would call a reversion—to Natural Religion?"

(To be continued)

# On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

tify our wearing many clothes to bed thinking of St. Vincent Ferrer, who never believed in taking off his clothes at all. A waste of time. Today is the feast of St. Paul the hermit, the patron of weavers, because he wove baskets, I suppose. In his honor we carded goats' hair today. Blandine, who came down from Canada to teach us, did a beautiful job of washing and getting the wool ready for spinning. Now Irene is up with her for a month, learning weaving.

January 21

Cold and rainy. Today we slaughtered the hog, John Filiger shooting him with a thirty-two revolver, which was not effective, and then cutting his throat. We borrowed block and tackle and scrapers from the neighbors, set up an old bathtub under the cherry trees by the print shop and made fire under it to boil the water. We were six months too late in the killing, John said, judging from the toughness of the job of removing the hair. The scraping took a good part of the day. Then John cleaned it, quartered it, and stored it in the milk house, to continue the job tomorrow. John, Joe Cotter and Dave Hennessy worked valiantly with some of Father's good wine to stave off the cold. Stanley is running off a four-page leaflet, one of a series to be gotten out this year. We hope to bring them out monthly on what we will call our Penny Press.

January 23

Bitter cold, five above zero. Father is visiting in Philadelphia and Baltimore, so a group are walking in to Mass. The snow with its crust sounds like tinkling glass as we walk on it. The roads are so icy I am afraid to venture on them.

January 24

To the clinic with Ann Thornton, where we sat for three hours. It gave me a good chance to read de Rougemont's "The Devil's Share," a superb book. After a beautiful clear morning, it snowed and sleeted all afternoon.

January 26

In town again, and an epidemic of rats, evidently flooded out of the B.M.T. subway. Ever since the recent flood in the Broadway subway they have been our companions. They walk over my desk, leaving footprints. They sit on the edge of the waste-paper basket, sniffing for apple cores from Fr. Duffy's healthful lunch. They ate a quarter of a loaf of Hans' whole-wheat bread. One ran over Marge's hand as she cut bread on the closet shelf. Bill Duffy killed two on the stairs with a rubber hose. One gray monster sat on the edge of the bench with us while we talked with Fr. Burke, Oblate of Mary Immaculate, just out of prison camp in the Philippines. As we watched the rat (the bench was quite a few yards long) Father told us how stewed cat tasted. Like chicken. He had never eaten rat.

One young soldier visiting us said sadly that now that he had lived in the Army in Europe, sleeping on the ground in mid-winter, he had learned all the things he could do without. And now he was coming back to take a job to earn the money for the things that he had learned he could do without. We are trying to persuade him to go to the Benedictine school at Benet Lake, Wisconsin, for the coming year. If a job cannot be considered a work of mercy or part of the apostolate, it's not worth working at. After all, a single man has a good deal of choice along those lines. D.D.

# Blackfriars

"A Young American." A play in three acts by Edwin M. Bronner. Directed by Dennis Gurney. At the Blackfriars' Theatre, 320 West 57th street, New York City.

I find it impossible to write of the latest Blackfriars production as though it were just a play. This is because the production itself is a fine demonstration of interracial amity and co-operation. Being that, it is a beautifully effective object lesson in the destruction of those un-Christian barriers which have caused untold hardships and injustice to be inflicted upon the Negro.

This is all quite aside from the content of the play itself, but it is something which I believe merits emphasis. Here we have a group of five white and three Negro persons, working together in harmony in the close intimacy required by the staging of a play. Co-operating also are the workers who do not appear on the stage, and of course the director, and all under the guidance of the Dominican Fathers who are responsible for the existence of the Blackfriars' Guild. And it is not as though they were held together by pay checks, for these players are all volunteers. Seeing this, the observer is led to ask, "If it can be done here, why not everywhere else?" That is a question which must be asked boldly and insistently, until the barriers go down.

The play deals with the problem which arises when the director of a New York orchestra invites an unknown young symphony composer to live in his apartment in order that they may work together to perfect the symphony, which will be played at an early date. Consternation reigns when the composer proves to be a young Negro. He has lived since infancy in a Negro orphan home, so engrossed in his music that he is unaware of the prejudice against his race. Effective conflict is supplied by a young real estate salesman who wishes to marry the composer's daughter, Lynn. He has traveled in the South, and adopted the Southerner's keep-them-in-their-place attitude. Servants add to the conflict, and even the director himself becomes antagonistic, due to an unfortunate misunderstanding. But Lynn remains staunchly sympathetic to William Farrell, the Negro; she is the protagonist of interracial justice.

Lynn says, near the end of the third act: "Bill, listen to me. There is hope for—tomorrow. Maybe we won't see it in our lifetimes. But someone's got to begin somewhere, don't you see? I'm going to work for that—for understanding and tolerance. We're not animals—we're human beings..." And you can't help but believe that she does mean what she says—not just Lynn Cortell, the character, but Martha Jean, the girl from Oklahoma who plays the part with deep sincerity.

Louis Peterson, Jr., is perfectly cast as William Farrell. He is an accomplished pianist, and his playing of "Clair de Lune" is one of the finest things in the play. Joan Field, Howard Swaine, Alex Wilson, Murray C. Stewart, Marion L. Douglas, Harry Gerard and James Horace deserve individual mention and praise which space limitations alone forbid.

The last performance of this play at the Blackfriars' Theatre will be next Sunday afternoon, February 10, at 2:30 p.m. If you wish to see it after that, you will have to wait until it is opened on Broadway by the Shuberts, who have bought it. I believe they have bought an excellent play. D. M.



## Children

(Continued from page 1)

I heard again from the children in Amsterdam, N. Y., in answer to a letter I sent. By God's grace I bought wonderful merchandise for their box in Filene's basement store (Boston). Imagine children's stockings at five cents a pair! I also got excellent markdowns on boys' clothing.

Mrs. Leone (wife of Dr. Leone in Palermo, Italy) is also working to get the aged into shelters for the night. She has taken 89 old men and women, cold and starving, who sleep in doorways of churches and theatres, to a warm shelter. She and members of "Siamo Con Voi" are doing God's work. Each evening they go around the city and pick up these old darlings. They also clean them up, as they are very dirty, and feed them, clothe them.

Miss Drouin, of Biddeford, Me., did an excellent job and I will write to her. I had an interview with Father Delaney, director of our C. Y. O.; he is stationed at the cathedral. He is giving me some used athletic equipment to send to Palermo, and I am most grateful. This equipment gets the boys off the streets and actually helps to restore them to grace. Father Delaney was quite surprised at what I had accomplished, but I do it for our Lord, and He really does this through me, a most tiny instrument. I hope I can continue to work for these children.

I sent most of my extra copies of the Catholic Worker to friends, and they are sending boxes. Thank you for publishing the addresses again. I wish I had addresses in each city of each war country (convents, generally, and rectories or religious houses, are the best distributors to children of all creeds), so that I could write a very complete article and have it used by a secular magazine. Our Holy Father issued an encyclical letter to bishops about conditions of children in Italy. I have not seen a reprint of it.

The children in Germany and Japan are also in unspeakable poverty. These countries could be opened for food and clothing from the United States if our citizens appealed for it to our Senators and Congressmen in large numbers.

As I buy merchandise with the contributions from Catholic Worker readers, I tell each donor what gifts I have bought, except the one who sent the \$10.00 check, whose name I do not have. Now I have an idea how busy you must be all the time.

The following addresses are those of convents of the Little Sisters of the Poor in France. In each address, after the first one, we have omitted the words "La Reverende Superieure, Petites Soeurs des Pauvres," in order to save space. Be sure to supply these words in each case when addressing packages, just as they appear in the first address.

La Reverende Superieure, Petites Soeurs des Pauvres,  
Quartier St. Roch, Toulon, Var, France.  
Rue de Boullargues, Nimes, Gard, France.  
17 Quai Pasteur, Nice, Alpes Maritimes, France.  
15 Rue Ferdinand Fabre, Montpellier, Herault, France.  
Quartier des Ribes, Grasse, Alpes-Maritimes, France.  
Cours des Minimes, Aix, Bouches-du-Rhone, France.  
15 Rue du General Marguerite, Beziers, Herault, France.  
57 Rue des Capucins, Rouen, Seine-Inferieure, France.  
40 Rue Carnot, St. Omer, Pas-de-Calais, France.  
59 Rue St. Sauveur, Lille, Nord, France.  
62 Rue Jules Barni, Amiens, Somme, France.  
181 Rue Judaique, Bordeaux, Gironde, France.  
Avenue d'Espagne, Perpignan, Pyrenees-Orientales, France.  
10 Boulevard Preuilly, Tours, Indre-et-Loire, France.  
56 bis Rue Bellebat, Orleans, Loiret, France.  
Glaire pres Sedan, Ardennes, France.  
23 Rue Jeannot, St. Denis, Seine, France.  
43 Rue Henri Gorjus, Lyon-Croix-Rousse, Rhone, France.  
14 Rue du Docteur Horand, Lyon-Vaise, Rhone, France.  
28 Rue Denis Epitalon, St. Etienne, Loire, France.  
6 Rue Megevand, Besancon, Doubs, France.  
79 Avenue de Bordeaux, Poitiers, Vienne, France.  
126 Cote Pavée, Toulouse, Haute-Garonne, France.  
74 Quai de l'Yser, Calais, Pas de Calais, France.  
1 Rue de Valenciennes, Cambrai, Nord, France.  
Cote de la Madeleine, Evreux, Eure, France.  
35 Boulevard de Strasbourg, Dijon, Cote-d'Or, France.  
14 Rue Boucher, Autun, Saone-et-Loire, France.  
29 Rue Côté de Cerf, Lyon-Villeurbanne, Rhone, France.

## Fatima

(Continued from page 5)

cause of sin, especially the sin of impurity.

To give a message of such importance to three little peasant children who could neither read nor write—containing the secret of true peace—is something only God could do. The worldly rulers pick the cleverest and most brilliant diplomats to carry messages of great moment. The children had to suffer much in spreading this message, and their own families were hardest on them.

By October the numbers of people following the children to the scene of the apparitions reached 70,000. It was pouring rain. The children heard the Lady say she was Our Lady of the Rosary. And for all the crowd Our Lady showed a tremendous spectacle. The rain stopped, the children were enveloped in a white cloud. The sun appeared like a silver globe

Thank you again for your cooperation, and may you receive many extra added graces in your daily work.

Sincerely in Our Lady.

DORIS ANN DORAN.

221 Morris Ave.,

Providence 6, R. I.

### WHAT TO SEND

Clothes (no new ones), woollens, coats, shoes. Mrs. Arthur Burchill, of Queens Village, L. I., sent velvet curtains, and the nuns wrote that they had made shoes for the entire convent. Otherwise they would have gone barefoot. There is no duty to be paid on your packages. One eleven-pound package of food and clothing can be sent weekly to each name on your list. You should write a letter each month to those to whom you are sending parcels. List what you have sent; specify how many packages you sent. Tell your correspondents to watch for the packages and let you know if they have not arrived after several months. But have patience. It takes much time.

Send no coffee to Italy.

The following addresses in Italy and Poland are reprinted from last month, as the need continues as urgent as ever:

Dr. and Mrs. Pietro Leone  
Via Libertà 26  
Palermo, Sicily.

(Will distribute boxes to Siamo Con Voi, to many orphanages and hospitals.)

Rev. Mother Superior  
Forbach Bei Pudewitz  
Polska, Weis  
Poland,  
Rev. Mother Superior  
Plac Nowomiejski La  
Posen Poland.

at which all could gaze without being dazzled." Then the sun began to spin like a wheel of fire, casting enormous beams of light; green, red, blue, violet painting the clouds, the earth, the huge crowd, in fantastic fashion.

Then the sun stood still, only to begin a second and a third time the same whirling dance. Meanwhile the children in the white cloud had a heavenly tableau of the Blessed Mother in various poses and costumes, as Our Lady of Sorrows, Our Lady of Mount Carmel. They saw the Holy Family and Our Lord grown up, blessing the 70,000 people.

"The sun, after its magic dance of fire and color, ceased to turn, and like a gigantic wheel, which by the very movement of turning had become loosened, detached itself from the firmament and hurled down towards the crowd crouching, terror-stricken on the ground, convinced that this was the end of the world foretold in the Gospels."

"From all the vast multitude, suddenly on its knees in fear of death, arose the most ardent supplications, the most fervent acts of contrition. But the end did not come." Soon the sun went back into its proper position after serving our Lady's purpose of convincing all the 70,000 and the world of her power. "Is she not fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army set in battle array?"

Fatima is now a spiritual powerhouse, has a Church at the spot where Mary appeared, built by voluntary contributions. Portugal is again a Catholic country. The message of Fatima is the reminder of the Christian way of prayer and penance; the power of the Rosary, the Mass, Holy Communion and the need for reparation for sinners. We as Christians have the answer to war if we but lead holy lives. Are you going to listen to the Blessed Mother?

## Layman

(Continued from page 1)

Grace, sometimes that in some places there might be difficulty in changing over. The laity might still be inclined to rely too much and too heavily upon the priests; and the priests, too, might be inclined to take a place within the Catholic Action movement that the Pope never intended.

But in Catholic Action it was fundamental that the leaders were to be lay people, young and old: the priest had his place not as leader, but rather as a sort of trusted consultant, who would be ready to give his advice when it was needed.

### Australian Example

In Australia he believed they were giving an example of Catholic Action at its best, said the Archbishop. He did not know any place where Catholic Action had made more progress than in Australia.

He hoped that the lay people would continue to take their proper place in the movement, and, if necessary, insist on their right to leadership and initiative. Nobody could challenge their right.

The priests, on their side, would walk warily, and be ready to foresee difficulties and in due time give sound and wise advice whenever it might be needed. It was not the Pope's intention, nor was it needful, that they should lead the various movements. Their work was to guide gently and cautiously the activities started and worked out by the laity.

## Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

### III. Faith

1. To guide himself man has not only reason but also faith.
2. Faith is not opposed to reason, it is above reason.
3. The use of reason leads to faith, but reason cannot understand all the faith.
4. The truths of faith that reason cannot understand, we call them the mysteries of faith.
5. To use reason is to philosophize and philosophy is the handmaid of faith.
6. Some truths we get through reason and some truths we get through faith.

### IV. Emmanuel Mounier

1. Emmanuel Mounier wrote a book entitled "A Personalist Manifesto."
2. Emmanuel Mounier has been influenced by Charles Peguy.
3. Charles Peguy once said: "There are two things in the world: politics and mysticism."
4. For Charles Peguy as well as Mounier, politics is the struggle for power, while mysticism is the realism of the spirit.
5. For the man-of-the-street politics is just politics and mysticism is the right spirit.
6. In his "Personalist Manifesto" Mounier tries to explain what the man-of-the-street calls "the right spirit."

## Herods

(Continued from page 1)

United States decrees they shall not live.

In one German city, two months ago, 98 out of 109 babies born in that month died before they reached their fourth week. Think of that, you mothers! You mothers whose travail is forgotten in the joy of the newborn, can you picture the mothers of Germany for whom the pains of birth are as nothing compared to the anguish of death, so many days later?

You who bear your children to joy, what think you of these mothers who bear their children for death?

And why, why, when the signature of President Truman could put an end to this wanton massacre?

For power and ambition Herod slew his twenty innocents. To appease a Godless nation, we, the United States of America, are killing our thousands. Herod made a distinction both as to age and to sex. We made none. Oh, must we not trouble for the judgment of God as these baptized Innocents flock to His heavenly throne! "Whatsoever you have done to these, the least of my brethren, you have done to me!" What an awful thought.

Weep not for these innocents but for ourselves whose hands drip with their blood.

The least any American Christian can do to ease his conscience is to write to President Truman urging him to allow the mails to Germany to be reopened. It is the minimum. It is the least a Christian can do. It is impossible to conceive of a Christian shrugging this duty off his shoulders. Indifference makes one a party to this murder of the innocents.

## Neighbor Rosicky

From "Obscure Destinies" of Willa Cather, 1932. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Reprinted in "This Is My Best," 93 Living Authors. Edited by Whit Burnett—Dial Press, N. Y. 1942.

Those interested in the "back to the land" movement will enjoy reading or re-reading Willa Cather's "Neighbor Rosicky." The story is not new but the author considers it her best and her work speaks for itself.

Neighbor Rosicky was city bred, and lived in London as well as New York, before he came out to a farm in the Middle West. He married, reared a family of five boys and one girl who lived happily while they all worked toward acquiring the comfortable farm, though they never put much in the bank.

Neighborliness and joy in life meant much more to them than amassing wealth.

Their real problem arose when Rudolph, their eldest son, married an American town girl. The fear that she would persuade Rudy to leave his farm and go to Omaha to work in a factory exercised the ingenuity of the amiable Rosicky and his wife, Mary.

Knowing the evils of the life of factory workers, Rosicky even consented to relate his two years' experience as an apprentice to a poor tailor in London, though before he never even allowed himself to think upon the horrors of that time. His life in New York was more pleasant, but after a time that, too, became unbearable. However, he found lasting joy, in spite of hardships, when he came to the farm.

The fear that Rudy would make the tragic mistake of leaving the farm to become a factory hand pushed Rosicky to the supreme effort to save Rudy. The effort cost him his life, but it also converted his daughter-in-law so that the man died contentedly in the knowledge that he was now sure of her.

It is a story of a beautiful life, and it is very true to life, although one wonders what that family did on Sundays. Czechs of that sort are Catholic and one expects them to drive to Mass even in a wagon, or even to walk. There should be family prayers and grace before meals. On entering the house one should be struck by the Crucifix and some religious pictures, as well as by the mentioned correct details.

Sister Mary Norbert, R.S.M.

### FOR ORDINATION & FIRST MASS

Announcement cards & env., 100 for \$5.00

Holy cards (2 1/2"x5") 100 for \$1.25; 500 for \$5.00

Sample sets: 5 announcements & 20 holy cards, assorted: 45c

Easter cards (with env.)  
Small: 50 for \$1.50—  
Large: 50 for \$3.00—

Sample set: 16 assorted cards, 75c

Mass Intention card & env.  
25: \$1.25—50: \$3.00—  
100: \$5.00

The Saint Leo Shop  
Upton, Mass.



## "Have Pity On Me"

There is much suffering and sorrow in the world. Much of it is in Europe, where people are starving or being starved. It is a good and Christian act to endeavor to alleviate some of this starvation, as many readers of THE CATHOLIC WORKER are doing, but while you are helping and feeling sorry for the starving sufferers in other lands, please remember that there are people right here at home who need your help, people who are also being starved (this is no exaggeration) in the mental hospitals of New York State and of other parts of the U. S. A.

The food in the mental hospitals of New York State costs 23-26 cents per day. If you buy food even in quantities you will know how much food you will be able to purchase for that sum. The Saturday Evening Post recently carried an article on the subject of Mongoloid children, and a picture of the doctor in charge of these children accompanied it. It was a laudatory article. The food cost per day per child in the institution (State School for the Feeble-minded, Wrentham, Mass.) is

### One of the Corporal Works of Mercy

Form groups in your parish and get your local St. Vincent de Paul Society to Visit the Sick in the State and other Hospitals, to take them prayer books, rosaries and literature. This is Catholic Action. Do it now.

14.2 cents. The whole Wrentham per capita cost is 93 cents, or was at last report. As in all such institutions, all expenses, doctors', attendants', nurses' and all other officials' and employees' maintenance and salaries, heating, lighting, etc., come out of this 93 cents figure, or per capita sum. In 1937, at the exposure of the Boston State Hospital, the superintendent said that it was proved by autopsy that patients had starved to death there on 22 cents a day. It has since been raised to the New York level of 26 cents a day, which is still a starvation diet.

Here indeed is officially recognized and enforced starvation of helpless people in the United States.

What can you do about it? In the first place you can do what one Christian lady, a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic, is going to do in the Midwest. She is going to get her fellow tertiary interested in caring for the feeble-minded and the mentally deficient right in the community in which they live, and by volunteers among the tertiary. She feels that the relatives of these unfortunates will help financially as much as they can and that help can be got in other ways, not only to provide any medical treatment which may be necessary, but to give instruction, training and guidance to the sufferers and make them, where possible, and as far as possible, self-supporting. You can do a similar work in your community if you have the time and the inclination.

But whether you can do that kind of constructive work or not, you can help in another way to bring about much-needed reforms in mental hospitals at least in New York State. Perhaps if these reforms are effected in New York, other States may follow its example. In the City of New York there is an organization sponsored by various groups and individuals interested in improving conditions in mental hospitals. There are many doctors among the sponsors, men and women who realize that there is something very wrong with mental hospitals,

that something must be done to change things pertaining to them.

The organization has a program for reforms. One of its objectives is "to stop the practice of feeding patients what is little more than a starvation diet, costing the State no more than 23-26 cents per day per patient." Another is "to insure to patients and their relatives who cannot afford to pay attorneys' fees the opportunity of being apprised, upon demand, of their rights and privileges." This latter objective should result in the release of all sane people committed to these institutions, something that the organization is also working for.

Outstanding legislators of the State of New York are ready to fight for this program, but money is needed to publicize it. If you want this program to succeed and thus help some of the 600,000 inmates of mental hospitals in the United States, and especially the 80,000-odd in the State of New York, you will assuredly do whatever you can to back up and help this organization in its fight for those people who cannot help themselves and who cry out to you here on earth and this country of yours "to have pity on me, at least you, my friends, for the hand of the Lord has touched me."

Action must be taken at once, for the New York Legislature is already in session. Contributions of any amount may be sent to Peoples' Committee for Mental Hygiene, 673 West 227th St., New York 63, N. Y.

Please send donations direct to the Committee and not to The Catholic Worker.

REV. CLARENCE DUFFY.

## From a College

Dear Editors:

Only an hour ago I read this passage in Dom Anscar Vonier's *The Spirit and the Bride*: "Unless we consider the Church as being rooted and established in the resurrection from the dead of the Son of God, through the Spirit of glory, our notions of the Church will not exceed the human measure. She will be only an assembly of holy people when she ought to be a function of Christ's risen life."

Some of us in San Francisco are a bit troubled over the lack of a Catholic program to guide the laity in the years ahead.

I have been teaching nineteen hours a week this last semester, and find that I can do little else. After my letter to you appeared in the CATHOLIC WORKER I got a letter from a priest in Oakland deploring my decision to abandon Catholic Action (!!!!), urging me to keep it up, so that the idea would gradually impress those who opposed the movement. As I remember, I was saying to you that perhaps the limit of my capacity should confine me to my teaching. And, for several years now I've been striving to improve the curriculum at St. Mary's to include theological studies. For five years I used Father Farrell's *Companion to the Summa*—all four volumes for the last two years; but this year we have introduced St. Thomas himself in the Random House edition, and it's simply marvelous what Aquinas can do with an inquisitive mind. If I could do a really good job of this, perhaps such minds would strengthen the diocese far more effectively than I could by "organizing" it. The need for wisdom and charity is primary and we have come to realize that in one way or another.

One of the really great promises of our time is the recognition by more and more people of the vocation to voluntary poverty

in the world, which you have shown to be actually possible. More groups are inspired to rival the Catholic Worker movement, and this heaven will generate an atmosphere in which the virtues of chastity and obedience not only become possible, but necessary. It is customary for some Catholic editors to quip about people who fail to distinguish between precepts and counsels of perfection. Perhaps this is giving the people what they want. But what the children of God want and need is the spiritual food for which they are hungry. Acts



ST-APOLLONIA

ADE BETHUNE

conforming to the precepts, from the right spirit, develop virtues, and virtues make the letter of the law unnecessary, for they point towards perfection. Only in the absence of the willing mind and heart formed by the virtues must we resort to law in the external sense. I think it is a quibble for a writer to think he can distinguish precepts and counsels of perfection in any but a textbook sense. The real difference is between virtues and vices. Push the virtues on from any given state, and perfection occurs *ipso facto*. And for anyone who suffers from spiritual myopia, a meditation on "I believe in the Communion of Saints," with a reading of St. Teresa's account of prayer in her *Life* (chapters 11-22), should reveal the liberty, equality and fraternity of the faithful. The freedom of the sons of God is far more powerful than atomic energy. But its secrets are hidden in what St. Thomas calls "*sacra doctrina*," and which remains a secret in "sacred doctrine."

Dr. JAMES HAGERTY.  
San Francisco, Calif.

### The Catholic Worker Penny Press

Stanley Vishnewski, Printer  
Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

#### OFFERS:

Fr. John J. Hugo's pamphlets:  
Gospel of Peace, 25c  
Weapons of the Spirit, 15c  
In the Vineyard, 15c

#### Penny Leaflets:

The Immorality of Conscriptio

Catholics Can Be Conscientious Objectors

St. Francis Xavier on Profiteers, by Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

We Catholics Believe in Beliefs, by Peter Maurin

Cards with texts for the Liturgical year, lettered and printed, 1 cent each

Postage must be included for all orders under \$1.00

## SELL THE PAPER!

By DAVID MASON

The young woman who bought a CATHOLIC WORKER from me in front of Macy's looked startled and bewildered when her escort snatched the paper from her hand before they had walked five paces. He snarled something about "those ideas," and said, "Give it back to him." Then he turned and threw it at my feet with a contemptuous gesture. I picked it up and sold it again. The papers were going fast that afternoon.

John Curran, Herb Welsh and I were selling at the corner of 34th Street and Broadway on Saturday afternoon, two weeks ago. We had started at Times Square, but decided Macy's corner would be better. That afternoon we sold about 450 papers in two and a half hours. Stanley Vishnewski and I had sold about 300 in two hours the day before at Times Square.

This is the small beginning of what we hope will be a permanent street-selling campaign. Selling the paper on street corners is an important apostolate, and it is something everyone can do. The girls can do it as well as the men, often better. Cecelia Curran has been on the job twice this winter, once with John, her husband, and once with Herb Welsh and John. Last Saturday Catherine and Irene went with me to Macy's corner and we sold 110 papers in less than an hour. That was all we had, the last of our January issue. We are going to print about 5,000 extra copies this month, just for street sales.

#### Here's Your Job

I repeat that this is an important apostolate. Every time you sell a paper you are helping to broadcast all the ideas contained in it, just the same as though you got up on a soap box and talked as Peter used to do before there was a CATHOLIC WORKER to carry his thoughts to the people. Here is the answer for everyone who has been asking what he or she can do to help in the work. It is extremely simple. All you have to do is join one of our groups on a selling expedition.

We like to have several persons working together on the same corner, the more the better, as the cumulative effect of a number of "salesmen" works wonders with a crowd. When someone who has never even heard of the CATHOLIC WORKER sees little Catherine selling it in front of a hot dog stand, and a few steps further has it thrust at him insistently by Herb Welsh, passes Irene with her flaming hair and bundle of papers standing beside a green lamp post; hears John Curran's quietly urgent voice calling on him to buy the Catholic Worker, sees Cecelia smiling at him above another copy of the paper—well, when our "prospect" gets to the curb after running that gauntlet, and stands waiting for the green light, how can he possibly resist my super-salesmanship as I tell him about the "biggest little paper in the world"? He can't, and I get his copper. Sometimes it's a nickel, or even a dime. Last Saturday a prosperous-looking business man gave me a quarter for one paper, and a woman bought five for ten cents. Many customers express surprise when they find that the paper can be bought for one cent.

#### Friends Keep Turning Up

Street-selling is accompanied by odd experiences. I had not been standing at 42d Street and Broadway an hour, that first day with Stanley, when a young man darted around the corner of the subway kiosk. I had known him in Philadelphia, before the war, when he was writing a column for the *Philadelphia Record* under the name of "Cecil Pennyfeather." He was just out of the army, and was in a great hurry. He said something about "selling papers" in a commiserating tone as he rushed on down Broadway. I was so surprised at seeing him, of all people, that I quite forgot to sell him a paper. It would have been a great sur-

prise to "Cecil Pennyfeather" to learn that the CATHOLIC WORKER is one paper (possibly the only one in New York) for which the same persons write copy, edit, make up, mail and sell on the streets, and regard each job as being just as important as the others. That's what happens when you work for the lay apostolate instead of for an employer.

Joe Hughes popped up that afternoon, too, grinning, as always, with his chubby, chuckling Johannah on his shoulder in her bright red coat and hood. Johannah took it as a matter of course that we should meet there, but once more I was flabbergasted at the way friends and acquaintances, and old friends of the CATHOLIC WORKER, keep showing up among those hundreds of thousands of people, just as they would in the Village Square on band concert night. I looked over the heads of the crowd, and there was our Merchant Marine friend, Orion, talking to Stanley. Orion is always just getting back from Madagascar or Archangel, always leaving for Calcutta or Buenos Aires. Now how had he happened to turn up on just that corner, at that particular hour, in his resplendent braid-bedecked uniform?

#### "You Meet Such

#### Interesting People"

The winds blew chill and penetrating around the southwest corner of 42d Street and Broadway that first afternoon, and one girl spoke pityingly to another as they passed me, "Oh, buy one from the poor fellow, it's only a cent!" I hope she appreciated the paper as much as I did her kind thought.

One elderly man wanted to know why there should be a "CATHOLIC" WORKER. "Are you trying to divide up the workers?" he wanted to know. "What's the difference, Catholic workers, Jewish workers, Protestant workers, they all get exploited. Why don't you have just a paper for workers?"

"But that's what we have," I explained, "this paper is for all workers. We want to let people know what the Church teaches about labor and unions and exploitation."

"Churches don't care about the workers," he spluttered, "all they think about is themselves. Churches and synagogues, it's all no good. Only unions is good for workers."

"But the Church does want to help the worker," I insisted. "If you read the CATHOLIC WORKER you'll find out it's so."

He bought a paper. Maybe you will be able to sell him another sometime. That's how friends are made for the work. The circulation of the CATHOLIC WORKER was built up by street sales in the early days. During the war there were not enough helpers to continue the street apostolate. Now it should be possible to make it better than ever, but persons like yourself must do it. "Somebody else" never comes around.

You who live elsewhere must not think that all this applies only to New York. Houses of Hospitality in other cities were supported by sales of the paper before the war. If you live where there are no crowded streets, how about your church on Sundays, your pamphlet rack?

This is the month to start—February—Catholic Press month. Come down to 115 Mott Street, if you live nearby, or order a bundle of papers. Everybody can sell papers.