

CATHOLIC WORKER



M F LAUTNER
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MEETING AT NEWBURGH

Plans Made for Non-Violent Revolt

On August 8, 9 and 10 the Committee for Non-Violent Revolution held a conference at our farm in Newburgh. This group was formed by C. O.'s who had been in jail and C. P. S., and who found the F. O. R., W. R. L. and peace church types of pacifism as quite unsatisfactory, and who felt that a more radical program should be adopted.

It was to be expected that there would be differences of opinion on many subjects, and yet throughout the conference I was constantly being impressed with the similarity between this group and THE CATHOLIC WORKER. What disagreement there is would be one of motive and of premise.

Distrust of State Personalism

Both THE CATHOLIC WORKER and the Committee for Non-Violent Revolution have a great distrust of the State. Most States in history have been founded on violence, and continue to operate by violence. And while we of the C. W. would not go the length of complete anarchism (for we do not have so optimistic a view of human nature to allow for that), yet, in view of the increasing dangers arising from the modern totalitarian states (a direction the United States is fast heading to) there is an obligation to go pretty far along the anarchist road in order to preserve personal liberty and Christianity itself. And Plus XI pointed out that it was wrong for the state to perform functions which smaller bodies could carry out for themselves.

This opposition to the state stems, in the case of some, from an individualism which may err

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EASY ESSAY

I. THEY AND WE

1. People say, "They don't do this; they don't do that; they ought to do this; they ought to do that; we should make them do this; we should make them do that."
2. Always *they*, and never *I*.
3. The personalist starts with *I* and not with *they*.
4. One *I* plus one *I* makes two *I*'s.
5. And two *I*'s make *we*, for *we* is the plural of *I*.
6. *We* is a community, and *they* is a crowd.

II. BASIC POWER

1. Bourgeois Capitalism is based on the power of hiring and firing.
2. Fascist Corporatism and Bolshevik Socialism are based on the power of life and death.
3. Communitarian Personalism is based on the power of thought and example.

- ### III. THINKING IS INDIVIDUAL
1. Thinking is individual, not collective.

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Labor Day—1947

"In the turgid wake of the Taft-Hartley Law, the American working man has given the nation and the world an example of dignity and responsibility in the face of discouraging odds. As Plutarch wrote: 'The truly noble and resolved spirit raises itself, and becomes more conspicuous in times of disaster and ill fortune.'

"The progress of the Labor Movement in this country must not be hobbled by this impetuous legislation. Where medication was called for, amputation was administered. The workers of America, and those of us who strive for a recognition of their rights, must renew the democratic struggle to regain those basic prerogatives which were unduly curtailed by this latest legislation.

"The American public and the rank and file of the American working men should be subjected to an extensive educational campaign concerning the inherent nobility of manual labor as consistent with man's nature as a rational and free being. As long as men look upon the manual laborer as an inferior caste, these same men can hardly be expected to worry about the rights of a manual laborer. Christ was a manual laborer, for, as the poet said—'no mouse of the scrolls' was He, but a carpenter and a fisherman!

"Those of us who condemn fascism and communism because they enslave the spirit of free men, should be just as ready to condemn a system which makes man the slave of a machine. Machines—and that means factories, coal mines, steel furnaces, etc.—exist for the working man, and not the working man for the machine. As soon as the American public and the workers themselves, realize that the working man is not a mere piston, fly-wheel, or soul-less conveyor belt, the sooner will the Labor Movement emerge upon the American scene as the greatest Christian victory of our times."

+ JAMES A. GRIFFIN,
Bishop of Springfield.

Poverty and Providence

To be poor means to free one's self from the slavery of the world, that crucifier of the Lord, with which it is impossible to come to terms. He who loves the world can have none of the indispensable virtues. He cannot believe, he cannot hope, he cannot love; above all, he cannot love. The poor man gives up those earthly treasures that the moth and rust corrupt and that thieves break through and steal. Finally the poor man gives up the infamous treasures of concupiscence, the beginning of every evil. But poverty does more than free one from the slavery of the world. It lights one on the road to heaven. It is the foundation of all the other virtues, which are linked together like a wondrous chain. Then in the purified soul all the great virtues can flourish. Faith first, on this fortitude, and on fortitude, wisdom and knowledge. From wisdom comes continence and temperance, and from these patience and perseverance, patience against evil and perseverance in good; and from these piety, brotherly love and charity.—From the Colloquies of Giosue Borsi.

I like to think often of a man and woman I once knew whenever I think of Divine Providence. A man and a woman who became poor, who becoming poor found their function in the Mystical body, who performed it and who remained poor and obscure all their lives. One of them is still alive, and the other is dead.

To be wholly poor is to be truly holy. To be wholly poor it is not enough that we separate ourselves from any superfluities that we possess, but we must constantly blast away at (or chisel at as the case may be) our inner faculties, those inner senses the will, the memory and the imagination that they may be cleared of the debris which clutters their proper workings.

Creatures

Creatures are placed in the world by God to tell us what He is. Events are willed or permitted on His Part to enable us to know What He does. It is in the relationship of these two that we find Providence. Saint Thomas says that Providence is the exemplar of things ordered to their last end, and that the execution of this order is called

government. The ordering or disordering of creatures is to be found in events.

It is in the remembrance of events in the past and the understanding of the events of the present that we are enabled to order the future. The remembering of the past is not merely a question of recalling events to our mind, but also of meditating on these events and applying the fruits of our meditation to events of the present that we may pierce the veil of obscurity which frequently seems to cloud the future.

The general pattern we are to follow in interpreting the past and the present has been set down for us in the Sermon on the Mount. "Blessed are the poor in spirit." . . . "Do not lay up for yourselves treasures on earth. . . . "Be not anxious for your life, what you shall eat or for your body, what you shall put on."

The Saints

It is found in the lives of the saints, whom the Church gives us on her altars not for admiration but for imitation. All of the saints were poor in spirit and

the overwhelming number of them were poor in fact. They, the artists of the spiritual life, understood that poverty was a great insurance against the Adam-fragilities of our natures. They realized that before chastity and obedience they must possess poverty. That until they had control of *things*, the creatures which surrounded them, they could not exercise that control over the senses which is implicit in chastity. That until they had achieved creature-control and sense-control they would be unable properly to order their will which is the essence of obedience.

Realizing these things they became poor, they depleted themselves that they might achieve the order that God intended, that events as far as they could control them might conform to the pattern God had fashioned. But these were the saints and they are removed from us frequently in time and distance. This man and woman I knew were of our own time and country. They were neither intellectuals or vivid personali-

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RACISM IN NEW YORK CITY

Met. Insurance Co. In Law Suit

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company in Superior Court this month insisted on its right to discriminate because of color against possible tenants in its Peter Cooper Village in New York City. The decision of the court in this case is now pending. Unusual interest was manifested in the case because many of the possible tenants were native employees of the United Nations. The housing project is partially tax-exempt.

"... the United Nations is, therefore, not entering into a lease with them." In a brief statement on June 4, United Nations officials thus announced the futile outcome of protracted negotiations with two insurance companies, Metropolitan and New York Life, for 912 apartments in two New York rental projects. The companies were unwilling to waive the right to exclude racially wrong tenants, even though the apartments were to have been rented by blocks directly to the United Nations.

In refusing to turn over the apartment keys to United Nations officers, Metropolitan demonstrates that it does not have the key to community life; that it does not understand or appreciate this life, and that it is unaware of the function of social life in human affairs.

Public Aid

Through the aid of the people of New York, Metropolitan is providing the setting in the Peter Cooper Village for a community life for 7,000 people. The apartments will be of modern design; brighter, roomier, more conveniently laid out, generally more attractive than pre-war apartments. But in spite of substantial public aid in the way

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ON Pilgrimage

Last month on my way home from church one day I was enchanted to see little fig trees and potted herbs being sold along the curb, for fifty cents apiece. So now in my window on the fire escape there is a delightfully fragrant bush of basil, two kinds, one the large leaf variety such as you find in cans of tomato paste, and the other the fine. Now every dish, even to the plain whole wheat pancake which we sometimes make for breakfast, can be garnished with a bit of chopped basil. The fig tree is to delight the eye and the imagination. There are even two little figs growing on it. All over the east side in the Italian section, wherever there is a bit of dirt for a backyard, the Italians have their fig trees carefully corsetted in straw in the winter, and cherished fondly in the summer. To sit under one's own fig tree! Even the proletariat, the propertyless, keep dreaming of this heaven. "A land flowing with milk and honey!" "Of the fruit of their corn and wine and oil they are multiplied. In peace in the self same I will sleep and I will rest.

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ON PILGRIMAGE

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For thou, O Lord, singularly has
settled me in hope."

This has been a tremendous summer on the farm, our first summer on our new farm at Newburgh, N. Y., ninety-six acres, of very good soil, which is producing cabbages, broccoli, tomatoes, rutabagas, potatoes, corn, in such abundance, that station-wagon loads are brought in every week to help feed the breadline and all of us at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. And as usual on C. W. farms, hospitality goes on, and constant visitors.

Maryfarm retreat house has been full on many a weekend during the summer. On one occasion, eight-five were present; there were colored boy scouts camping in the woods; there were colored and white at most of the retreats.

Gerry Griffin and Jack Thornton have been farmers and builders, with John Filliger, Hans Tunnesen, Joe Cotter and William Rocco. Peter Maurin is there, enjoying the conferences and the company and sitting on the lovely stone porch which looks down the road, past the flower garden and shrubs, which are so beautiful around the house. Out in front are three gigantic Norwegian pines, fragrant in the heat.

Quite a number of our friends answered our appeal in the last issue so that the butcher, the baker, the grocer, all had their weekly bills paid at least, and will wait until the fall appeal for the rest. We pray God to bless our benefactors and all these who have done us good.

From Italy, from the Philippines, from Spain and from friends in other parts came assurances that we should not be discouraged, but rejoice in the Lord always. This in answer to the editorial "What Dream Did They Dream? Utopia or Suffering." (The title, by the way, was not mine. Marjorie Hughes read the article and entitled it unconsciously in her comment on it.)

We thank all our friends for their encouragement, but we do wish to repeat that we are not discouraged—that one of the reasons we wrote the article was to point out as we have done again and again, that in following the Cross, we are inevitably going to have failure and death, and that these are the means God has given us to work out our Salvation. The sum total of our failures, however, will mean the abundant life, here as well as hereafter, though perhaps not in our generation.

Here are two quotations which make the point. (Peter always told us to back up our "points" with authorities!)

In respect to Peter Maurin's ideas about farming communes, it is good to ponder these words of Fr. Humbert Clerissac, O. P., spoken to Jacques Maritain, and quoted in his introduction to

"The Mystery of the Church."

"Jacques," he said, "the fact that a work is quite evidently useful for the good of souls is not sufficient reason for us to rush to carry it out. It is necessary that God should wish it for this precise moment (in that case there must be no delay); and God has His own time. It must first be desired, and be enriched and purified by that desire. It will be divine at this cost. And the man who will be charged with carrying it out will not perhaps be the one who has best understood it. We should beware of a human success that is too complete and too striking; it may conceal a curse. Let us not go faster than God. It is our emptiness and our thirst that He needs, not our plenitude."

In respect not to discouragement, but a healthy and truthful recognition of our own failures as well as those of others around us (the human aspect of the church) Guardini wrote that we must "have the courage to live in a state of permanent dissatisfaction."

As I was writing in my room just now, Rose Sclafani brought me up a delightful dish of snails, cooked in tomato sauce, because I had said as I passed her apartment door on the way up, that I had never eaten them.

I had remembered Sentimental Tommy who said wistfully as he passed his neighbors open kitchen doors "I'm not hungry;" and when they didn't look convinced, "My mother says I'm not hungry." Anyway, Rosie is always bringing me a bit of her Italian cooking, and telling the girls around here how to cook such things as spaghetti, mussels, eels, etc.

I was glad it was not tomorrow as I am scheduled to go on bread and water for the day for a special intention. It would have sorely tempted me because we are all as curious as Eve, and as I had told Rose, I had never tasted a snail.

It has been a pleasant day for mail and visitors. There were good letters from my daughter, my brother, as well as letters from dear friends in the work, bearing encouragement. Later when Sister Bernice, Sister Patrice and I sat in the office talking of failure and the Cross, the telephone rang and a priest from Maine called long distance to tell me that we should never think that we had failed, because conditions were the same in the rural districts and the city districts, and our efforts greatly encouraged others. He himself was interested in settling families on the land, a group of families together.

A lovely package of bookmarks and cards came in from Harry Berliner, Nevada City, California, and we are using them for correspondence.

Many of our friends and readers spoke this last month

about the flippancy with which LIFE magazine treated the Marian Congress in Ottawa this summer. In C. L. Lewis' *Screw-tape Letters*, the devil writes to his agent, "Flippancy is the best (weapon) of all. In the first place it is very economical. Only a clever hyman can make a real joke about virtue, or indeed about anything else; any of them can be trained to talk as if virtue were funny. Among flippant people the joke is always assumed to have been made. No one actually makes it; but every serious subject is discussed in a manner which implies that they have already found a ridiculous side to it. If prolonged, the habit of flippancy builds up around a man the finest armour plating against God that I know, and it is quite free from the dangers inherent in the other sources of laughter. It is a thousand miles away from joy; it deadens instead of sharpening, the intellect; and it excites no affection between those who practice it."

During the month of July I went out to New Kensington, Pa., to make my yearly retreat. Most of the retreats this summer have been for men at our Newburgh Maryfarm, though Fr. Fiorentino and Fr. Yunker have given retreats for women. At New Kensington, there is one more of the many little retreat



houses we ought to be having all over the country. Fr. Fusco begged me not to advertise it as it is filled up now for all four retreats and it hurts him to turn people away. As usual our readers hear about it and come from Kentucky, New York, Boston, to make this delightful retreat which is in complete silence and which emphasizes nature and the supernatural; the teaching of the samples; abandonment to Divine providence, and The Folly of the Cross. As usual the retreatants came from all classes; factory workers, teachers, colored women from the Hill district of Pittsburgh, shepherded there by Sister Angelica.

The retreat house is a big ten-room house with all conveniences situated up on the top of the hill, one of a row of similar homes, surrounded by pleasant gardens and trees. There are only a few hundred feet of garden to refresh oneself in, so I took walks every evening and the further down the hill I got the poorer the homes were. I always feel at home and at ease when I get in the neighborhood of the poor with the vacant lots, some all weeds and some with little gardens of corn and salads. People sitting on their porches, little girls wheeling baby carriages, the clatter of dishes in the kitchen, clothes

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MOTT STREET

An old friend sent in several dollars yesterday and facetiously suggested that we spend the gift on the most unworthy individual we could find. We immediately realized that we were being ribbed, however, we wondered how we could comply with our friends wishes if he had been serious. After much discussion we finally arrived at the formula that most people use in judging the least worthy person in the group. You pick out the person that you like least. And then we recalled that some spiritual writer once said we loved God as much as we loved the most objectionable individual we knew. That last reflection discouraged further musing on the subject.

Clothes

We are in dire need of clothes for men these days, which fact was vividly brought to our mind these last few days. A man in his sixties came in yesterday looking for underwear. He said that the Peeping Cat Woman sent him. The Peeping Cat Woman lives in the neighborhood and ecks out her living by rummaging in the garbage cans. Each morning she comes in and has our breakfast of coffee and bread and the afternoon finds her sitting in on the good soup and bread. This woman is un-

with our commercial, "write to your congressman."

A. A. Retreats

Joe Diggles of Chicago paid a hurry-up visit today. Joe is very interested in Alcoholic Anonymous. He has started the first inter-racial A.A. in Chicago. At present Joe hopes to get several priests in Chicago to give retreats for Alcoholic Anonymous groups. Of course we suggested to Joe that he contact Father Carrabine S.J. immediately.

Station Wagon

We are very much in need of a station wagon or a good truck, since our old station wagon is in deplorable condition. And we are praying that our readers will send one on to us, or else send the price of one. We are more in need of transportation now than ever before, since we are getting fresh vegetables each week from our farm in Newburgh, N. Y. Besides we have to have a car to transport retreatants to and from the trains.

Dispossessed

During the last few days we have had an engineer from the Midwest staying with us. He came to town looking for work in the shipyards here. While in search of employment he lost all of his money, tools and clothes. Those things were stolen from him while he was staying in a hotel uptown, and that sort of thing is not suppose to happen to one staying in a fairly respectable hotel.

Crossfire

A movie publicity man phoned us concerning the picture "Crossfire." Said that it was receiving too many favorable comments from the leftist press and not enough from the Catholic press. He wanted to know if we wouldn't print a favorable story that he would send in, of course we would be financially rewarded for that noble deed. After we explained the policy of our paper, we invited the man to send in his article. We haven't heard from him since and we can't imagine why.

Discrimination

Several of the group here went on the picket line to protest the discrimination against the admittance of colored people to a bath house down on Rockaway Beach. The pickets were called communists and other names not printable. The bath house lost eighty per cent of their patronage during the picketing and the case was brought to the attention of Benjamin Fielding, commissioner of licenses a week ago. After a most intelligent handling of such an affair, Mr. Fielding gave an excellent talk on the horrors of racial prejudice. Now the bath house is open to general patronage and the management has been warned that the place would be closed to everybody if the discrimination persisted.

Reader

An old reader of the paper dropped by the other afternoon. He asked about Peter Maurin's health and we replied that Peter is still in poor health but is being well taken care of on our farm at Newburgh. Then our friend finally came out with his own troubles, wife quite ill and grown children appearing rather indifferent to their faith. This elderly man had a beautiful Irish brogue and told his story simply and sweetly. Sort of brushed off his troubles by saying that we all have the crosses that fit our shoulders and quoted the "Imitation" where it says we can never escape our crosses wherever we flee. Also quoted St. Paul who says we should rejoice at our tribulations. A fleeting smile passed over our friend's features and he said, "You know it is kind of hard to rejoice, as St. Paul advises." The man's talk was casual and there was nothing sanctimonious in his tone. However, we felt

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able to speak anything but Italian. She is in her late sixties, wears high heeled pumps and a black aged satin dress, kind of strange looking at first sight.

Columbus Circle

Last week Jim Clinton, Charlie O'Rourke and several others of us paid a visit to Columbus Circle, where several large groups of people were engaged in fast and furious discussions. We ran into the Campaigners for Christ who were distributing the Catholic Worker and other Catholic periodicals. These people form a part of the lay apostolate who spend their leisure time circulating Catholic literature and speaking on street corners. The Campaigners for Christ would like to contact people here in New York and out of town who are interested in that particular work.

Reeves Bill

If anyone sneezes in Columbus Circle he has a discussion well underway. And we're no exception to that rule. One little man wanted to know why we did not attack the Reeves Bill which is before Congress now. That bill has to do with the discharging of disloyal employees of the government. The little man declared that the discharging process is undemocratic, unchristian etc. From what knowledge we have of the bill we think the man is right. Right about here we come in

+ From The Mail Bag +

Toeholds on the Land

Toehold No. 1

Rhineland, Mo.

Our little experiment in saving a shell-shocked social order is going along pretty fair in spite of some ruts and a few rough edges.

We have made a good start in acquiring a lot of livestock. About nineteen head of cattle, two horses and seven pigs, besides 500 chickens.

We feel we need that much livestock to carry us over and help us pay a \$3,000 mortgage. So the first few years we will be very much in the "business" of farming until the debt is paid off.

Like other, or almost every other, part of the country, we had an abnormal amount of inclement weather. It made things rather hard for an introduction into a new work and a new country. But, in spite of it, we have weathered it and would not exchange it for the third floor cracker box in Chicago, where, I understand, the heat was over 100 degrees. Ours was hot, but there are always cool nights and the creek that runs through the farms.

Larry and I put up about ten tons of hay, in addition to helping one of the neighbors. We will have about six or seven more tons to put up before fall sets in.

We tried everything, enlisting the aid of the county agent in helping us plan soil rebuilding and to check some serious erosion we have on the place. But it seems they are too interested in the big type farms, where large-scale farming is practiced. Our little farm, which we hope will support not only our families, but a half dozen more, didn't make much sense to him.

So Larry and I, after reading a lot of Government bulletins and U. of Mo. bulletins on farming, are planning our own system of crop rotation to rebuild the soil.

We figure it will take at least five years to do, and we intend to leave corn out of the picture that long because of the great amount of energy it takes from the soil and also leaving the soil open to erosion.

We figure we can do it by raising other grains less detrimental to the soil and exchange some of them for corn if we must have it for feed.

We still manage to get to daily

mass, and to day Father came down and blessed our home, dedicating it to the Sacred Heart.

Our garden has supplied us with an ample amount of vegetables and some fruit. At present we are eating cantaloupes after several weeks of filling up on luscious blackberries that grow wild on the place.

Our orchard isn't too good, but we are getting some apples, and hope to get quite a few peaches. Our new planting for an orchard is suffering from drought. We need rain very badly, so keep us in your prayers on that count.

The invitation to visit us still holds. Why not around Labor Day? At that time we are expecting a fellow from Boston who read Larry's letter in the Catholic Worker and perhaps a few others. We have the room, and, besides, there should be a little hay to put up then, and I guarantee you will be out of reach of a frosted glass but in reach of the frosted windows of the Parish church just over the hill.

Give my regards to the Mott street gang as well as remembering me to the Newburgh commuters.

Sincerely in Christ,
MARTY PAUL

Toehold No. 2

The weekend of July 18-21 I went to visit the new farming community at Schoharie, N. Y. There Mrs. Morgan Desmond, with her two-year-old son Morgan, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Donaghy, have purchased a 96-acre farm. The surroundings are incredibly beautiful; fertile fields, richly-wooded mountains and hills, beautiful streams. Rathmorgan, which is the name of the farm, has part of its land on the Schoharie Creek. What a change from the noise and din of Mott Street to sit by the shore of those placidly flowing waters looking at the wooded shore opposite and the mountains rising fold on fold beyond. As I was sitting there on a big stone, a lone fisherman came by and showed me his catch of seven beautiful bass. Now and then the calmness of the waters is broken by a fish leaping after a fly. Then back to the house through fields heavy with the scent of clover, wild thyme, and many wild flowers, past the cows resting in the shade of the trees,

past rows of corn, and the fine big red barn.

In March, Harry Donaghy, just graduated from Law School, cum laude, came up here with his wife Kate. Mary Jo Desmond followed in April with baby Morgan. Since then they have been very busy getting the garden in, getting the house in at least working order, taking care of their Hampshire Red chickens, even doing a little canning. There is a profusion of wild berries on the farm, raspberries, elderberries, strawberries. Saturday Kate put up some raspberry jam. They bake bread on a small oil stove, wonderful whole wheat bread, and are planning for the day when they will grow and mill their own flour.

The house divides nicely into two apartments, separated by the spacious center hall. In the hall is hanging a wooden plaque made by Kate, "Venit hospes, Venit Christus." A guest comes, Christ comes. One feels that spirit of gracious warm Christian hospitality here, the spirit of the old Gaelic rune — "Put food in the eating place, put drink in the drinking place, put music in the listening place—for often, often, often goes the Christ in the stranger's guise." One feels that this door will be open to stranger as well as to kin and friend, as in the old Gaelic hospices at the crossroads that Mary Jo has often told me about.

Mary Jo and the baby have one apartment, the Donaghys the other. This summer George Willig and his wife Therese are up there. George is working for a neighboring farmer, in order that he, New York City bred, may learn to be a full-time farmer. However, he has been admitted to the State School of Applied Agriculture at Farmingdale, L. I. He starts there in September and after the two-year course, he and Therese plan to join this or some other community on the land. Meanwhile they are living in a little cabin back of the house, but eat in the main house with Mary Jo and the baby. Therese is French-Canadian, and inherited much cooking and housekeeping lore from her mother.

Harry has opened a law office in Schoharie, and is also in partnership with a lawyer in Cobleskill. Already he is kept very busy, and he and Kate seem very loath to even visit New York City. All the parents have been up to visit, and Mr. Madden compares this country favorably with

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Crusoe Island

Louisville, Ky.
Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

Dear Dorothy:

You will no doubt be interested in what is going on in North Carolina. I had a chance to go down last Monday, and though I should like to have stayed a week down there, three days gave me a good idea of what the lay apostles are doing. I would suggest that you get a copy of May "Catholic Digest," and read the article called "Crusoe Island," or something like that. Crusoe Island is one of their missions, and the most interesting of them all. It may prove to be the most fruitful, also.

There are four girls now, and they could use as many more as could join them. There is a world of work to be done. Their territory covers many square miles, and so much of their time has to be taken up driving to and from their groups. Catholics are practically nonexistent in North Carolina, and there is much bigotry. The girls are doing most of their work with the children, and they seem to be responsive. This summer five college girls from Albany came down for three weeks to help teach vacation school. There are four priests with headquarters about eight miles from Chadburn. One of them is Father Howard, who began the missionary work in that area, and the other three are young priests just out of the seminary, who are learning the work from Father Howard. Each of them has his own territory. The girls are a great help, as they have entree into places where a priest would not be welcomed.

There is a little boy who was taken into court for stealing about five hundred dollars worth of goods (his brother was head of a gang of thieves), and Donnie was to be sent to a reform school. Gertrude interceded with the judge, and got him paroled provided he report to her every day. The result is that Donnie and his four brothers and sisters have practically moved in on the girls. Their mother is a woman of many affairs, as is their eldest sister, and the children get practically no care at home. The father is away. What to do with the children is a problem that Gertrude is hoping will be solved to the benefit of the children. Donnie has improved wonder-

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APPEALS

For his work among the refugees who have fled to his town in Germany, the Rev. Pfarrer Franz Fischer, St. Suitbertus Kirche, Langestrasse, Dortmund, Westfalen (21b), Germany, is in need of material and spiritual aid.

Mrs. Maria Siepe, of Lange Fuhrstr. 74, Dortmund-Dorstfeld (21b), Westfalen, Germany would like to have some white and blue material for a church flag to be hung on a flagpole for church holidays and also to be used in processions. She tells us about a mother who had been separated from her young children during the war, but has finally located them in Poland. They will, however, be unable to join her until she receives enough clothes and bedding for them. Contact can be made through Mrs. Maria Siepe.

Mrs. Helene Zoeller, Hellweg 144, Dortmund-Brackel (21b), Germany, British Zone, would appreciate an occasional package of food and clothing for her two boys, aged 6 and 9.

The late pastor of St. Kreuz in Dortmund, the Rev. Ludwig Litzinger, has been succeeded by the Rev. Pfarrer Gies, St. Kreuz Kirche, Kreuzstr. 61, Dortmund, Westfalen, Germany.

Sister M. Kastka, whose previous request has been well taken care of, reports the case of the destitute family of Weled, Herr Martin Cobben, Julleumstraat 15, Sittard, Holland, with nine children of all ages. Help is also needed for the following families in Italy: Nespoli Camillo, via Vittoria Veneto, Albino Bergamo; Minelli Anna, via Carnevoli 7, Albino Bergamo, and for the Rev. Leone Nespoli, via Carnevall 7, Albino Bergamo.

In Hungary the following needful cases are reported: Istvan Toth, Budapest, XIII Tar U. 2.I.21; Dr. Laszlo Zach, Budapest, XI Bartok Bela U61 IV 6; Mr. Korospataki Klss Sandorme, Budapest, XI Frakno U. 46.

Prof. Pietro Leone, of Palermo, Italy, Via Liverta, 28, for the packages that he has received quite recently, sends his thanks and joyfully describes the already improved conditions.

Furniture, food, clothes—material aid of any kind—is needed by the St. Joseph's High School, Trivandrum, Travancare, South India.

Sister Hildegard, of Austria, (Continued on page 6)



LAUDARE · BENEDICERE · PRÆDICARE



Alcoholics Anonymous Now 40,000 Strong

(Editorial note: The author of this article is an ex-GI Catholic, 40, member of AA and dry nearly 5 years. As is usual in AA, anonymity is preserved by use of initials instead of the name.)

In the late winter of 1934, Bill W. was just another super-souse. Through the kindness of relatives he was in a New York City Hospital for alcoholics and narcotic addicts, under medication to head off delirium tremens. Then occurred the instantaneous and vital religious experience known facetiously in AA circles as Bill's "hot flash." This experience in the sick mind of a sick man has been, like the Concord farmer's shot in 1776, something heard 'round the world. Bill's "hot flash" consisted in the indubitable awareness of God's presence—and a God-given assurance of His help to remain sober. For six months, Bill attempted to transmit this infused confidence of sobriety into another alcoholic's soul, without success. In the summer of '35 he found someone, a drunken doctor. In the next four years they gathered the first hundred members of Alcoholics Anonymous—a slow growth of two a month—chiefly around New York City, Bill's home, and Akron, Ohio, the home of the doctor's.

In these apostolic days of AA, the program assumed a definite pattern leading up to the publication of the book, "Alcoholics Anonymous" in the spring of 1939. In the eight years since, the membership of AA has risen from one hundred to forty thousand. Today there are over one thousand groups in the U. S. A. and others in Canada, Mexico, Australia, England, Cuba, Bermuda, and one "anzio beachhead" in Dublin Eire, within artillery range of Guinness' Brewery itself.

Whence this saga of salvaged souls? The AA answer included:

1. The program.
2. The AA book, and other literature including a well edited and cartooned monthly magazine, "Grapevine."
3. The group.

The Program

The program consists of twelve steps:

1. We admitted we were powerless over alcohol, that our lives have become unmanageable.
2. Came to believe that a Power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity.
3. Made a decision to turn our will and our lives over to the care of God as we understood Him.
4. Made a searching and fearless moral inventory of ourselves.
5. Admitted to God, to ourselves and to another human being the exact nature of our wrongs.
6. Were entirely ready to have God remove all these defects of character.
7. Humbly asked Him to remove our short comings.
8. Made a list of all persons we had harmed, and became willing to make amends to them all.
9. Made direct amends to such people wherever possible, except when to do so would injure them or others.
10. Continued to take personal inventory and when we were wrong promptly admitted it.
11. Sought through prayer and meditation to improve our conscious contact with God as we understood Him, praying only for knowledge of His will for us and the power to carry that out.
12. Having had a spiritual experience as the result of these

steps, we tried to carry this message to alcoholics, and to practice these principles in all our affairs.

All twelve steps are suggestions only. None is told which steps to work first, nor at what rate of progression. The sole requirement for AA membership is a desire to attain sobriety as the result of having a drinking problem.

The AA Book

The AA book is the four hundred page Bible of the ex-drinking class. The first half has eleven chapters on the disease of alcoholism. Here is the "distilled" wisdom of many bottle scarred veterans with years of combat duty against Barleycorn. Come ye of the early morning shakes, the palsied hand, the throbbing aspirin-defying noggin, the "reverse-english" digestive system: read these pages, and the twenty-six thumbnail biographies of AA case history lusher in the book's second section. Even within the compass of these "jaglographies" 'tis clear that alcoholism is no respecter of persons. They are rich and poor, young and old, Catholic and Protestant and agnostic, all giving testimony how AA brought them out of the hard-sauce fog back to sanity.

The Drunkard's Dilemma

comes an alcoholic he is faced with a terrible dilemma: to attain permanent abstinence, or go along with the progressive deterioration of alcoholism. For an alcoholic, there is no regaining the status of sociable drinker. Once an alcoholic always an alcoholic. AA groups instruct and re-instruct in this harsh truth, which kills the self-deception of the alcoholic that he will some time, some how be a controlled drinker. This is a very cruel truth, akin to the no sugar edict to diabetics or the physical exertion taboo of the tubercular. Most AA's are beaten into AA by booze. No alcoholic welcomes his classification "alcoholic." Nor does he initially relish a life sentence to sobriety. But the AA group shows an alcoholic how he can attain sobriety twenty-four hours at a time, in a pleasant, sociable, useful way.

The AA Group

The AA group is an enormous ingredient in the AA recoveries. Groups meet once a week at least, and vary in size from three persons to forty or fifty. They include young and old, men and women. Meetings last an hour or two, located in homes, stores, rectories, community houses, hotel rooms, lodge halls. The meeting opens with a brief quiet time of recollection or silent prayer. The theme of the meeting varies, but usually includes personal histories of drunks, illustrative taproom dramas, elucidation on some of the twelve steps, and considerable advice to the novices. Though fundamentally serious, the dialogue supplies a full quota of laughs and banter. The AA fellowship is not grim but very mirthful. When the Tyro abstainer realizes he is surrounded with his own kind he overcomes his feelings of guilt and shyness and after a meeting or two gives forth uninhibitedly his past and present struggles for sobriety. A secret of the fine fellowship in AA is that each is both teacher and student, both speaker and listener. Education is blended with self expression. Talk is releasing and creative. The weekly meeting which in the beginning seems an obligatory measure soon becomes a gladly anticipated opportunity for growth and friendship. Everybody is both patient and doctor; meet-

ings conclude with the group recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

Other AA Weapons

Besides the three major weapons of the twelve steps, the group meetings and the AA book, there are other items of defense against the next drunk. Each AA has an AA sponsor, as Catholics do in Confirmation. Any day the going is rough and the craving tortuous, the member phones or visits his sponsor. A heart to heart talk generally kills the compulsive urge to drink. New members are urged to carry candy bars because chocolate cuts the whiskey yen. Various AA literature is procurable; short pamphlets; reprints of AA speeches; and a monthly magazine, "The Grapevine." In some cities there are AA clubs to which members may go; they sit in for cards, talk, or absorb a few coffees and cokes and take recess from the pressure of daily life. Many members, long years drunks, resume their religious affiliations when on the path to sobriety. Catholics, of course, enjoy profound and rich advantages on the spiritual steps of the program because we have all the sacraments, masses, and prayers of the Church to use in maintaining sobriety. Religious differences are never stressed in



OUR LADY OF MERCY

AA. The common desperate need for sobriety is the heart and soul of AA. We Catholics supply our full share of alcoholics in the USA and also are a sizeable fraction of the AA membership. Through AA any Catholic alcoholic can attain sobriety and in good time help others now in alcoholic' drunkenness and despair. Let it be understood, AA is not a "cure." No alcoholic is cured in a final sense any more than any Christian is "saved" in a final sense while alive. AA is a way of life whereby sobriety for alcoholics is made possible, and palatable. Every twenty-four hours, (or oftener) the AA man or woman re-dedicates himself or herself to one more day of sobriety, with God's help. This daily rededication should be very familiar to, and easy for Catholics who practice it in all walks of ordinary life as well as in the strictest monastic orders. AA, like the good life, is only for those who sincerely desire it. For an alcoholic, AA may well be the instrument of his salvation in this life and the next. In AA an alcoholic's recovery chance is better than 50-50. Outside AA the individual alcoholic is generally a poor risk, a long shot, a casualty with a slim chance of permanent recovery.

The address nationally is:

The Alcoholic Foundation, Grand Central Annex, Box 459, New York City 17.

They will answer questions, supply literature, tell you of the group nearest you. If you are an alcoholic, write now. If you are a priest, doctor, or social worker, AA can supply great resources in your professional work.

J. C. D., Member of AA.



Lives or Profits?

By DAVID MASON

Frank Manno talked to me in the darkened hallway of his comfortable Brooklyn home, standing beside an open stairway. Mr. Manno, a contractor, is a middle-aged Italian, broad-shouldered and altogether powerfully built. His handclasp was firm and strong, and though there was not as much emotion in his voice as might have been expected, his eyes betrayed the deep pain of his loss.

Five days ago Frank Manno had an 11-year-old son, Anthony. Now he had only a memory. The change was wrought by a frightful accident on the Brooklyn elevated line of the BMT.

"I don't know much about how it happened," he told me, "it's so hard to find out about something like that. All I know for sure is, I called him up in the morning and told him to come to my place. He said he would come, but he didn't, and in the afternoon nobody knew where he was, so I called the police. They took me to the King's County Hospital, and it was my boy there. He was killed on the el, coming to me.

"Some woman said she saw him get off one train at the Van Sicklen station and run across the platform to a train going the other way. That train was just starting up, and he didn't get in. He was on the outside all the way to the next station."

Death

That was where Anthony Manno met his death, at Cleveland St. station, only a few blocks from his Highland Place home. He was crushed between the car and the wall of the combined ticket booth and waiting room. It is a dangerous structure, the only one of its kind I have ever seen on any elevated line, and Frank Manno said he knew of no other like it. There is only a few inches clearance between cars and the wall; anyone caught in the door of a Manhattan-bound train must surely be crushed against it, before the train left the station.

No one will ever know for sure what held little Anthony Manno on that car during his terrifying seven-block ride, but close examination of the doors must convince anyone that he could not have found a hand-hold on one of them. The outside door ledge is a scant three inches in width, far too narrow for adequate footing, even for a small boy. And the track curves between the Van Sicklen and Cleveland stations, so the boy would surely have been thrown from his precarious perch had he been depending on foothold or handhold, for he was on the inside of the curve.

The conclusion is inescapable that the boy must have been caught by the closing door. His hand must have been caught, or some part of his clothing, so that he was unable to escape as the train started, and had to cling to the door-ledge with a desperate toehold. But the doors of those trains are supposed to be safety doors. If anything prevents their closing, a pilot light flashes a warning to the engineer, and he cannot apply power until the doors close freely. Apparently the safety device is not 100 per cent efficient.

No Cord

It was amazing to learn from the stories in the daily papers that no one in the car pulled the safety cord during those horror-stricken minutes of Anthony's ride, though everyone in the car knew of his plight, for there would surely be one person with presence of mind enough to perform that simple act which would stop the train. Railroad-conscious Americans are thoroughly familiar with the function of the safety cord. But my amazement was far greater

when I learned the truth of the matter: THERE ARE NO SAFETY CORDS ON THOSE TRAINS!

There is, on some cars, a large button mounted in a red fixture near the center door. On the fixture are the words: "In case of emergency, push to call trainman." This is a totally inadequate substitute for the standard emergency cord, running the full length of the car on both sides, within reach of every passenger, but many cars do not have even this substitute. In those which lack it, there is a knob coated with aluminum paint projecting out of the ceiling near the center door, which may or may not be an emergency signaling device; there is no sign to tell what it is.

Reasons

My search for information on the absence of emergency cords was rewarded by one enlightening fact, provided by a trainman of many years' experience. He told me that the cords were removed from certain types of cars some years ago because labor trouble was expected and the management feared that union sympathizers might use the cords to hamper train operations. He did not know whether that was the reason for their absence today, but his information gives a good clue to the explanation.

Trainmen generally agree that there should be more men on subway and el trains to insure the safety of passengers. Trains of from seven to twelve cars have only two men, the engineer and the conductor, and on the efficiency of these two men depends the safety of 3,000 or more passengers. Surely the revenue from so many passengers warrants the expense of at least three men on trains of such great length; one man per car would not be too many. The old horse cars had two-man crews!

Profit Dictates

Another possible safety measure would be the placing of a guard on every station platform. There are guards on some platforms, where the management employs them to rush passengers into cars and otherwise help to insure what is considered profitable operation, but none are found where safety alone requires them. In this, as in many other things, profit is the controlling motive. Profit dictates the reduction of train crews to an absolute minimum (incidentally, thus adding to unemployment). It dictates that station platforms shall remain unguarded. It removes safety cords from trains. It withholds the installation of improved doors which will insure maximum safety. And it decrees the maintenance of an antiquated station structure against which the life can be crushed from an Anthony Manno.

Profits, of course, are large enough to make possible the payment of damages whenever such payment is inescapable.

INTER-RACIAL REVIEW

20 Vesey Street
New York 7

Permit me to call your attention to a mistake in your column in the last issue of "The Catholic Worker," in which you recommend a visit to the cemetery at Old St. Patrick's Cathedral. Toussaint L'Ouverture, Negro liberator, is not buried there. Evidently you were thinking of Pierre Toussaint, the saintly Negro Catholic, who lived in New York over 100 years ago, and who is buried in this cemetery.

You will doubtless recall several pilgrimages to his grave (which was newly discovered in 1941). We hope to resume these pilgrimages beginning this Fall. Best wishes.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE K. HUNTON.

Poverty and Providence . . . by Jack English

(Continued from page 1)
ties. In many ways they were just ordinary people as you and I.

He was a young priest and newly ordained for his order, one of the largest and certainly the wealthiest in the Church, when he was given his first parish assignment. A Mid-westerner himself he felt at home in the small industrial town on Lake Erie. He was at home although his own family background was rural and middle-class and this parish once wealthy was now poor and located within the shadow of factories and earshot of the ore docks.

The intensity of the long spiritual formation which his order gave its members was still sharp on him. There was no notion yet of considering his work as a job, it was still a mission to him, still a consecrated thing, still an extreme thing this giving one's self completely to God. It still involved the seeking after the lowest place in the little community (and this was provided for frequently since he was its youngest member), it meant a pretty literal interpretation of poverty (and this was helped by a superior who was a Yankee who knew the full value of every penny).

A Meeting

He still experienced a flush behind the ears whenever someone passed him on the streets, tipped their hats and called him "Father." Especially if the person were older than he, or obviously poorer. He was doubly taken back one morning when returning from a sick-call this happened and the greeting came from a Negro.

They stopped to talk for a moment and pass the time of the day. Father volunteered his name and received Joe Bennet's in exchange. They walked on down the street to the rectory, still talking. They continued talking through a light breakfast and all the way over to the city hospital where Father was a part time chaplain.

Joe said that he was a cradle Catholic from New Orleans. That he had drifted away from the church. No, he didn't know why. He supposed that it was principally because he was made to feel that he was "out"; that the churches in the north were White churches. That usually he had to sit in the rear and that no one ever sat next to him. Then too few of the Negroes in town were Catholic. Yes, there were several more like himself. Yes, he would come around and see Father.

More Friends

Within six months Joe and then his friends had brought thirty persons around to see the young priest. Before the year was out the number had passed eighty. Baptisms were frequent, a few marriages were performed, some dead were buried. But the problem of color had not resolved itself as Father had hoped it would. In fact the whites seemed to resent the zeal of the new arrivals. It was quite clear that something had to be done. But Father had no ideas. He prayed, what money he could wangle from friends and family disappeared trying to alleviate the temporal needs of his new friends. And in face of the demands it was a pitiful attempt.

One day his superior called him into his office. He was told that if he wanted to he could devote all of his time to his new charges. It was no order, mind you, but Father seemed to like the work and then it might simplify things in the parish. There was already some friction, perhaps if they had separate parish organizations. How about a Peter Claver society?

Father didn't believe that a Peter Claver society or any other

subtle form of segregation would solve the social problem for the Negroes or the positive problem of sin for the whites. It was suggested that he pay a visit to the local Bishop.

The Bishop remarked that the diocese realized the importance of Negro work. In fact they had a few definite plans but it might be fifteen or twenty years before they would be in a position to put them into effect.

Could Father have permission to open a Sunday chapel over in the district? How would it be supported? The diocese couldn't contribute a cent. No, the permission wouldn't cost anything.

The years spun around and the store front chapel which cost eight dollars a month rent was replaced by the Baptist church across the street. Father was a good rough carpenter, he could scrub and the men and women in the group were willing. The meeting house was changed into a church. The parish grew. There were now three hundred families and each was an intimate friend of its Priest.

The Poor Man

One man told me once that Father was the only white man he had ever known who was completely identified with his flock. I asked him the reason for this. I received a very peculiar answer. "Father is a poor man. Really poor. When he comes into the house you can set him down to the table and he eats with an appetite and you don't have to explain why the main part of the meal is corn bread or sow belly. Also because he is so poor you can be certain that he isn't trying to get anything for himself. We wanted to build him a place to live. A new place. He wouldn't have any part of it. He said that a priest shouldn't have the best place in the neighborhood, but the poorest, so that the poor could feel at home there."

Some of his women converts were prostitutes. No one will ever know how he contacted them, but he did. They would frequently lapse back into their former profession. And like the good shepherd father would sail into their establishments and pitch them from their work benches. Girls and clients, Catholics and otherwise respected him. They didn't fear him but they would once more start to toe the line. They would once more make fresh beginnings and start to put on the new man.

He built a retreat house in the parish and started eight day closed retreats. The whole parish each year made the retreat in small groups. The other parish members brought in the food for the retreatants, cared for children while they were gone. He began a cooperative, he agitated for better housing in his parish.

And he finally got the bounce.

His Reward

He protested *Jim Crowism* in the diocese. He said that if Negroes lived in another part of town they should be able to belong to the geographical parish in which they live, and not be forced to be members of an exclusively colored parish. That if whites lived in his neighborhood they should be members of his parish. He said in the practical sense he saw no reason for setting up lines which didn't exist generally in the locality. He said that segregation was a sin and that this was segregation. The bishop asked for his removal from the diocese by his religious superiors. Father had been engaged in the work for twenty years at this time.

Yes, he was moved. He is right back where he started. He was made an assistant curate in a poor white parish, and then a part-time chaplain in a local hospital. Somehow he drifted

into another position. He is now chaplain in a Negro hospital. It must irk him that once again he is in a segregated atmosphere, that no white patients are there.

A friend of mine visited him last spring. He had never met Father before. I asked him his impression. He said that he looked like the poorest man he had ever seen. He said though you didn't feel uncomfortable in his presence; that his poverty, like his literally ragged suit, became him in a strangely beautiful way.

Mother Harrison, as she was to be known in later years, entered a cloistered convent when she was thirty years old. She had waited until that time for a combination of reasons. Her father was an ordinary workingman with a below standard wage for the Average American Family. And the Harrison's were not an average family. There were fourteen of them exclusive of the parents. Not all of them survived the privations our present social structure inflicts on a na-

he mounted the steps the begging bell began to ring.

The normal procedure in the convent was to take final vows at the end of ten years. Mother Harrison had spent nine years with the community when one day she was called in to speak with the Prioress. She was told that it had been decided that this particular convent was not the place for her. That she would do much better to go some place else or that perhaps hers was not a religious vocation. Mother Harrison agreed. She knew next to nothing about the theological definitions of what constituted a vocation. She didn't question her superior's decision. She merely packed her bags and returned to charing in the Federal Building. In the nine years she was away her parents had died, and the family drifted apart.

Her Work

Somehow it has never been quite clear to any one, for she was always quite reticent on the subject. Mother Harrison stum-

had something to do with limiting the size. The children were all races and ages. She sent them to the parish school, and didn't attempt any "scientific" reforms. She completely ignored laws when she felt they stood in the way of exercising charity. She never actively begged, although the city firemen used to take up a nickel collection on their pay-day to help her out. She looked upon herself as a mother to the children, and on these people as friends of hers who were helping her, "a voluntary widow", keep her family out of the orphanage.

Poverty

Her children grew up in an atmosphere of poverty. There was never really enough to go around. One of them told me one time that the first one up in the morning was the best dressed. They grew up with a sense of dependence on God that it is the privilege of few of us to know. They married and they helped Mother maintain her home. They themselves, some of them, have taken on children who are their own only in the spiritual sense.

During the early stages of her work attempts were made on the part of well meaning clergy to "organize" her work. These attempts she resisted strenuously, and as a result a whispering campaign started around the town against her. Why did she leave the convent after so many years? What was the real reason she started her work? Where did the first child really come from?

She answered each question by merely adding another child to her flock. By becoming poorer as more friends helped her. All this time she was a daily communicant. All this time she was comparatively unknown. There was never a line in the newspapers about her. She didn't have any particular friends among either the clergy or Catholic lay leaders in town. When she died after thirty years in this work, hers was a small funeral, with services donated by a neighbor undertaker. The church was only partially filled and there was no sermon at the Requiem Mass. One priest knelt in the sanctuary.

The End

In a way it was a mysterious life she lived; but one thing is certain. The poorer she became the more secure she knew she was, the more certain that she was doing God's Will. It was then that the strength was given to her to harbor another child. In all she had a large hand in rearing some five hundred children. She never owned the house she lived in and she left no money in the bank. When she died her work died with her. God never sent her any helpers, and she never looked for any.

Saint Paul has told us that our love should be without pretense, that we should love with fraternal charity, that we should be patient and that we should practice hospitality, that we should not set our minds on high things but that we should condescend to the lowly, that we are not to render evil for evil. There is an old Italian proverb that "the finest form of revenge is pardon". These indeed seem like impossible absolutes and by ourselves they are impossible, but with "God all things are possible".

Father Pardow O'Brien when speaking of Divine Providence used to draw a strange analogy. He would tell the story of the incubator which hatched chicks, which had no knowledge of what it was doing, which had no care for the chicks it had hatched. He contrasted it with the hen who when the chick has been released from its shell, feeds it

(Continued on page 8)



tural sized family. Enough did, however, and Mother Harrison in helping rear them developed what is known as a belated vocation.

She had worked as a charwoman in the Federal Building in her hometown. This meant that her work was during the early evening until the early morning hours. Her family didn't understand why she wanted to enter a strictly cloistered community.

The Reason

Mother Harrison used to say in later years that she didn't know why she entered either. Love of God, yes. Desire to save souls, yes. But she said that using hindsight she often imagined that it must have been a desire to make a complete offering of self as possible. The cloister she entered was a most amazing place. To this day the nuns do not beg, but when they are in need of food they ring a bell and in this fashion notify their friends that they are in need. The bell is not rung until the last crust of bread is consumed. They then retire to the chapel for prayer, one of thanksgiving that they have been reduced to such real poverty. I know for a fact that only recently a baker relative of mine overbaked a batch of bread. It was about eight o'clock in the evening and he knew that he would be unable to sell it the next day. He happened to remember the Cloister in town, and though he knew their location he knew nothing about their customs. As

bled upon what was to become her life's work.

It is quite definitely known though that a friend of hers had an illegitimate child. That this woman preferred to keep the child, and that Mother Harrison after a few years came to realize that this woman was hardly providing a Christian atmosphere for the child to be reared in. She asked the woman if she could take her baby into her home. The woman apparently was glad at this time to rid herself of the responsibility. Or it may be that she herself had been reared in an institution and that she preferred anything to turning her child over to one of them.

Whatever the case when Mother Harrison was over forty years old she began her work.

First Children

She began to ferret out children. At first there were three or four, and ignoring legal aspects of any of the cases the numbers gradually increased. She took on such "impossible" families that no one bothered much about her activities. Gradually strangers heard of the work and began sending her at first food, and then money to help with the work. In a few years Mother was able to quit scrubbing floors and to devote all her time to her family.

She soon had fourteen under her wing. Somehow she decided that was the number she was capable of caring for by herself. It was the number of children in her own family and perhaps this

Toeholds on the Land

(Continued from page 3)

Ireland, quite a tribute from an Irish emigrant.

In the midst of all this, Art Harding, Mary Jo's brother-in-law, created quite a furore by notifying his boss in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. that to his mind insurance rather impoverished the poor man than helped him, took his little savings and dumped them into the undertaker's lap for as expensive a funeral as the traffic would bear, refused insurance to those who really needed it, etc., and therefore he was resigning. Art also has applied to Farmingdale, and he and Patricia are doing some inquiring about farming communities.

"Music in the listening place." Sunday afternoon we danced some Irish reels in Kate's parlor, Morgan increasing the perils of the fast dancing by whirling beneath our feet, and then adjourned to the dining room for some singing. Art and Harry have fine voices and Kate sang a catchy Scotch tune made up of English, Latin and Gaelic, telling the interesting story of a young farmer who married a gentlewoman who would do no work "for shamin' of her gentle kin and harmin' of her comely hue." The young farmer was in something of a fix, as it was against the law to beat a gentlewoman. However, he could beat his own sheepskin, and this he did, having first put it across her back. Whereupon, she forgot her airs and graces and took to spinning and scrubbing and churning with great alacrity.

The one disadvantage of the community is its ten miles distance from the Cobleskill and Schoharie churches. Father Keefe is busy with his five missions, and his vacation school for the youngsters. Now and then there is a memorial Mass that they can get to in the week. Someone gave some money to the community as a gift, and Mary Jo, wishing to use it for something not for those there now but for the community they envision, is thinking of using it towards building a priests' house.

They hope other families will come and buy some of the land from them, and eventually there will be a little village and a chapel of their own.

—Irene Mary Naughton.

Cobbet

My Dear Miss Day:

I suppose that bringing you quotations from Cobbett is like bringing coals to Newcastle, but just on the off chance that you had not seen the following passage, I thought it might be worth while to copy it out for you.

Today, near a place called Westborough Green, I saw a woman bleaching her homespun and home-woven linen. I have not seen such a thing before since I left Long Island. There, and, indeed, all over the American States north of Maryland, and especially in the New England States, almost the whole of both linen and woolen used in the farm houses, is made in the farm houses. There are thousands and thousands of families who never use either, except of their own making. All but the weaving is done by the family. There is a loom in the house, and the weaver goes from house to house. I once saw about three thousand farmers—or, rather, country people—at a horse race in Long Island, and my opinion was that there were not five hundred who were not dressed in homespun coats.

As to linen, no farmer's family thinks of buying linen. The lords of the loom have taken from the land, in England, this part of its due; and hence one cause of the poverty, misery and pauperism that are becoming so frightful throughout the country. A na-

tional debt, and all the taxation and gambling belonging to it, has a natural tendency to draw wealth into great masses. These masses produce a power of congregating manufactures, and of making the many work for them for the gain of a few. The taxing governments finds great convenience in these congregations. It can lay its hand easily upon a part of the produce; as ours does with such effect. But the land suffers greatly from this, and the country must finally feel the fatal effects of it. The country people lose part of their natural employment.

The women and children, who ought to provide a great part of the raiment, have nothing to do. The fields must have men and boys; but where there are men and boys there will be women and girls; and as the lords of the loom have now a set of real slaves, by the means of whom they take away a great part of the employment of the country women and girls, these must be kept by poor rates in whatever degree they lose employment through the lords of the loom. One would think that nothing could be much plainer than this; and yet you hear the jolterheads congratulating one another upon the increase of Manchester, and such places!

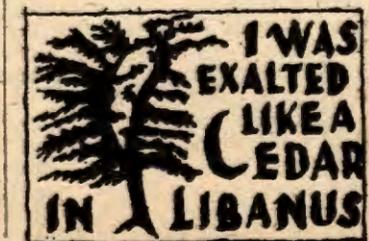
My staw affair will certainly restore to the land some of the employment of its women and girls. It will be impossible for any of the "rich ruffians"; any of the horse-power or steam-power or air-power ruffians; any of these greedy, grinding ruffians, to draw together bands of men, women and children, and to make them slaves, in the working of straw. The raw material comes of itself, and the hand, and the hand alone, can convert it to use. I thought well of this before I took one single step in the way of supplanting the Leghorn bonnets.

If I had not been certain that no rich ruffian, no white slaveholder, could ever arise out of it, assuredly one line upon the subject never would have been written by me. Better, a million times, that the money should go to Italy; better that it should go to enrich the rivals and enemies of this country; than that it should enable these hard, these unfeeling men to draw English people into crowds and make them slaves, and slaves, too, of the lowest and most degraded cast.—Cobbett in *Rural Rides*.

WM. C. BATES.

Catholicism and Socialism

The Socialist party (303 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.) has issued a pamphlet by Walter O'Hagan entitled, "Why a Catholic Should Be a Socialist." This should be of special interest to those who have not (as I have) lost faith in political action as the way to revolution. The pamphlet sells one copy for 5 cents; 6 for 25 cents; 25 for \$1; 50 for \$1.75. It should be realized that the American Socialist Party (of which Norman Thomas is chairman) is definitely an advocate of democratic socialism and is to be sharply distinguished from those (like the Trotskyite Socialist Labor Party), who still adhere to materialistic and totalitarian socialism. Also that the Norman Thomas party has come to realize the dangers of nationaliza-



Appeals

(Continued from page 3)

in a letter of thanks, points out how these many little acts of love and sacrifice do so much to raise the unfortunate out of gloomy caves of despair.

From one of the deepest parts of India, Father Joseph Cavagna reports that the aboriginal tribes are pitifully starving and without clothes; but of greater importance is the lack of any hut-shelter in which to meet and pray. The cost of a hut would be at least \$20, and even that small sum is difficult to obtain. The address is the Roman Catholic Mission, Benedwar (?), Dhamorr P. O., Dinajpur S.S. Bengal, British India.

Any kind of aid for the Russian children who are scattered in many countries of the world



and in desperate need may be sent to the Russian Children's Welfare Society, Inc., at 309 East 79th street, New York 21, or to P. O. Box 18, Station K, N. Y. 28.

We are informed by Roderick Piccio at the Paroquial of St. Anthony of Padua, Lisbu-Barbaza, Antique, Panay, the Philippine Islands, of the great need there for a chapel to replace the bare hut which is now standing. Money and various religious articles to supply the chapel will be needed. In addition, there is a shortage of reading material to propagate the faith, rosaries, medals, etc.

Working among the untouchable Pulayas of Malabar, India, who are starving and naked with their extreme conditions, the Rev. Joseph Taffarel, S. J., at the Catholic Mission, Mattul P. O., N. Malabar, India, could use any kind of help for his unfortunate people. Under his care are numerous orphans, with barely enough rice to keep them on earth and sheltered on the veranda of the church. More information can be obtained about this mission by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mr. Louis W. Bernicken, P. O. Box 413, Mt. Vernon, Ohio, who has interested himself in this mission and has willingly printed up leaflets explaining their poverty.

tion and advocates more and more a decentralized and local worker ownership of the means of production. And while not as yet officially pacifist the Socialist Party is sympathetic to pacifism and the day may not be far when non-violent revolution will be among the planks of the party platform.

When things do get so bad, due to the combination of capitalist and state mismanagement, the solution—if it could be carried out along pacifist lines—would be direct action by the workers who, by means of a general strike, would collapse capitalism. In lieu of this there may be situations where the state must intervene to rectify a situation largely of its own making.

R.C.L.

Segregation Is A Sin

Protesting against racial discrimination, on Aug. 2 and 3, from 10 a. m. to 3:30 p. m., we helped the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People picket the Park Inn Baths, 115th St. and Boardwalk, Rockaway Beach. In 27 test cases made by N. A. A. C. P., Negroes were refused admission to the bath houses on the pretext that they were not members of the "club," whereas white applicants were always admitted as long as they had the price of admission.

Our signs, made up by David Mason, were beautifully lettered, white on black, with the unequivocal dogma of the Roman Catholic Church on racial equality. Peguy wrote, "He who knows the truth, and does not shout it from the house-tops, makes himself the accomplice of forgers and liars." Rockaway Beach and Boardwalk is a good approximation of a house-top, as far as conspicuousness and publicity go, and we are grateful for the opportunity to testify before men to the teachings of Him, Who promised that He would, in turn, testify for such before the angels of Heaven.

"RACIAL DISCRIMINATION IS A SIN AGAINST THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST." The crowds that clustered curiously on the boardwalk all day long, could see this very clearly, and our other three signs. Our four signs carried the Catholic Worker masthead. As we picketed, the line, which numbered 24 at its peak, would occasionally chant slogans in chorus. It was more impressive than many sermons hearing those 24 voices chanting "THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN" repeated six, seven, eight times, and later on: "WE ARE OUR BROTHERS' KEEPERS," and "ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS."

"All men should be brothers, but they're not," commented one of our Negro friends, with a touch of both sadness and bitterness. To anyone who knows the teachings of the church, all men are brothers, really and truly. It is a natural consequence of being Sons of God, members of the Mystical Body of Christ; one could no more disclaim that relationship than one could disclaim the relationship of one's own blood-brother. Yes, all men are brothers, but they don't act like it. One is humbled to hear our Communist friends talking of solidarity and brotherhood; what is more, not talking but acting on it, and to see the majority of Christians usually hostile, at best apathetic. As Jack English once put it, the Brotherhood of Man under, the Fatherhood of God lies away on some shelf, while the Brotherhood of Man under Karl Marx goes into action. During the two weeks of picketing, only one Catholic joined the picket line from the onlookers, a young member of the Irish-American Committee for Universal Justice. At least three members of the American Youth for Democracy, and about three other non-Catholics left the bystanders to help their brothers in this non-violent direct action for justice.

Relatives of a seminarian friend of ours, who helps us in St. Joseph's House on Saturdays in the summer, saw us from the boardwalk, and asked him later if we were really Catholics. What an ironical question, that your status as Catholic should be suspect, because you are testifying that the Negro is your brother!

When we first went to give out literature, the Catholic Worker, and a throwaway stating clearly the purpose of our picketing, the police informed us that the boardwalk was Park Dep't property, and that therefore we could not distribute literature on it, and furthermore that we

could not distribute literature within 250 ft. of the boardwalk. When we complied with this, they told us that it was a violation of the Sanitary Code to distribute literature, because people strewed it all over the sidewalk. We said we would pick it up. Then they gave us permission to distribute the Catholic Worker, since it was a newspaper. At this point, we remarked rather sadly that we had better go ahead, distribute the literature, get arrested, and make a test case of it. This seemed really to upset the sergeant, and we understood that the police really wanted to avoid an incident. We went ahead and gave out our literature, including the Friendship House News, and nothing was said to us.

On Friday of that week, the case came up for a hearing before License Commissioner Fielding. Three from the Catholic Worker were present. Commissioner Fielding told the proprietor of the baths to cease discrimination or have his license suspended or revoked. He added that he intended to investigate discrimination of this type in other places, and see that public licenses were not used by people to further interracial injustice.

While I was taking my turn giving out the literature, there were some boys about 12 yrs. old watching our picket line nearby, and jeering occasionally. I went over to speak to them, and one of them told me that the Negroes should not be admitted to the baths, that they destroyed everything. Destroyed everything! What an ironical statement when you consider the destruction of the recent war years! One of the boys wore a Miraculous Medal around his neck. I reminded him that to wear such a medal and yet to act as though all men were not brothers was a contradiction. It is a lie to wear a medal to the Blessed Virgin, and to treat her children, the Negroes, yes and Jews also, our brothers and Christ's brothers, with contempt, hostility, neglect or indifference. Not all who cry "Lord, Lord," shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he who does the Will of MY Father Who is in Heaven." "For there is neither Jew, nor Greek, nor Gentile, but all one in Christ Jesus." St. Louis de Montfort, who was canonized this summer, wrote that we can be damned by false devotion to the Blessed Virgin. ("True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.")

The policeman who was on guard where we were distributing literature, and taking care that we did not set foot on the ramp leading to the boardwalk, said to me during one of my sojourns there: "How far do you go in opposing discrimination? Do you believe in inter-marriage?" "Of course," I answered, with a sinking feeling at hearing another version of the inevitable foolish question, "Would you want your sister to marry a Negro?" And expecting him to protest violently. "That's the way I feel," he said. "Either they're our equals or they're not." Either they're children of God or they're not. And they are.

The police were friendly to us and treated us very well, in contrast to the disgraceful treatment meted out by the New Jersey police to those picketing against racial discrimination at Palisades Park. Several of the pickets there were beaten up and arrested.

God speed the day when Colored nuns and white nuns behind the desks of our parochial school exemplify rather than speak about interracial justice. It's far more effective. God speed the day when colored priests and white priests in the same parish do likewise, and when marriages are entered into because of the holiness rather than the color of the partner.

IRENE MARY NAUGHTON

Racism in New York

(Continued from page 1)

of tax reductions, the management will not entertain applications for leases from colored families. Social life in the Village, in so far as it might involve Negroes, is forewarned.

Metropolitan knows all about the need for hot and cold water, and for heat and electricity, and just how much of each must be supplied each tenant; but it knows little or nothing about the more human needs of either its actual tenants or of those so brusquely excluded. Social life, closer to the spirit of man than refrigerators or central heating, is, like his spirit, difficult to see, to understand, to appreciate. Unknown and unvalued, it remains unprovided for, thoughtlessly hamstrung by unseeing planners, who know everything about buildings, but almost nothing about men.

Segregation

Of course, Metropolitan is not alone in fumbling the question; New York as a whole is segregated; social life is arbitrarily restricted, both by citizens who flee the poor, and by officials who excluded the colored. Just a few months ago, a New York judge commented publicly on a section of the New York Constitution which reads: "No person shall, because of race, color, creed, or religion, be subjected to any discrimination in his civil rights by any other person or by any firm, corporation, or institution, or by the state or any agency or subdivision of the state." After considering it carefully, he concluded that it did not prevent his enforcing a racial restrictive covenant, and accordingly he ordered that a certain property might not be sold to a colored person.

True, his decision, at least on its face, dealt only with land and house; but it was based on a misunderstanding of the role of social life, a misunderstanding which necessarily led to the prevention of any free or adequate fulfillment of that role in the life of the people of New York. Rather than being encouraged or protected as a precious aid in human growth, social life, cooperation between powerful and weak, between honored and despised, was smothered;

Social Life

choked at the outset.

From exile, from seclusion, from denial of the ordinary associations in one's community is a fundamental right and need. Men are social by nature; social life is necessary for the development of human personality in its greatness. Some thinkers—signed for just this purpose. The denial of access to free social life is a drastic punishment, and was so considered and used by Pius XII among them—go so far as to say that social life is de-king in other days.

Common Law

In Norman England, King John and his predecessors had, along with other excesses, exiled and outlawed a number of the English barons without just cause. Outlaw placed a man outside the ordinary protection of the laws; it deprived him of his civil rights, perhaps even more than does the fact of color in some sections of our country today. Exile of course meant exclusion. When the barons drew up the Magna Charta for John's signature in 1215, they were careful to specify in a celebrated paragraph that no one was to be outlawed or exiled without cause:

No free man shall be arrested or imprisoned, or deprived of his freehold, or outlawed or exiled, or in any way molested, . . . unless by the lawful judgement of his peers and by the law of the land.

So strong did the influence of the Magna Charta remain over succeeding years, that four of

the thirteen states which ratified the Constitution of the United States offered declarations of human rights substantially incorporating this section of the Great Charter. New York, now rather indifferent to such things, made the most advanced statement: "No Person ought to be taken imprisoned or disseized of his freehold, or exiled or deprived of his Privileges, Franchises, Life, Liberty or Property but by due process of law." Less impressed by the dignity of the human person, the three other states offering similar declarations had confined themselves to the rights of "freeman."

Pope Speaks

Social life, as Pope Pius says, is today an enigma for men, an inextricable tangle. That they do not all recognize it as a puzzle is no guarantee that all men have solved it. The child who "does not know" whether he can play a violin is certainly no more a master of the instrument than he who confesses that its proper stroking has eluded him.

Disorder in social life has taken two opposite forms: 1) the more or less complete disintegration of all social life, such as typically produced by racism, 2) the distortion and elevation of social life so that it dominates and overpowers the men who participate in it.

In the first, an instrument of human growth, ordinarily a



necessary and indispensable instrument, is thoughtlessly discarded. In the second, the instrument is set up above those whom it was designed to serve, until it forces them to serve it. In either case, that "absolute order of beings and purposes," of which Pope Pius has repeatedly spoken, is overthrown. Misunderstanding of social life implies a misunderstanding of that absolute order established by God.

Although the United Nations Charter has nothing to say about the right of freedom from exile, whereas Anglo-American, and particularly New York State tradition have, the recent action of United Nations men in declining to accept housing which would have resulted in the exclusion of racially differing employees, is a forward step toward the vindication of this ancient right in a nation and a state which have forgotten it for all practical purposes.

American officials, lacking an understanding of social life, although equipped with an abundance of laws, declarations, statutes, etc., cannot do what UN officials have done without laws, but with perhaps, a somewhat deeper appreciation of man and his social and personal needs.

Likewise, colleges, hospitals, and similar institutions which proclaim that men are social beings, yet prohibit free social life, do not understand. For them too, the key is missing. They do not see that social life is an image of God; they see nothing wrong in rending the Image.

The key to social life is the key to peace, for peace, peace among men, means peaceful social life. His preoccupation with the dream of peace and its attainment has necessarily driven the Holy Father into a preoccupation with social life. What has come as a result of his intense grappling with the problem? What new keys has he forged?

John Doehle.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 2)

terribly small in stature as this man departed and gazed after him realizing that we had just met one of the closest things to a Saint that we had ever known.

After leaving our friend we began to wonder why there hasn't been more literature written by the married saints of history and present day. It couldn't be that those people are too busy living the lives of saints instead of writing their lives.

Inter-racial Marriage

Since we are constantly bargaged with papers and periodicals we come across a great deal of reading material in our daily mail. We noticed an article recently on Inter-racial Marriage, the article was fairly good as far as it went. It pointed out that there was no impediment in Canon Law against such a marriage and that there was no impediment in the Natural Law against such a union. However, the author was careful to emphasize that she did not advocate such a marriage, too many obstacles you know. We were wondering whether or not the author would advocate Inter-racial marriage if those obstacles were removed. Yes, others have pointed out to us, that this particular question needs no answering now, however, we are sure that it will have to be answered in the very near future.

Fiesta

Fiesta time has laid its hold on our vicinity, this week it will be celebrated in honor of the Blessed Virgin on Mott Street, next week the feast of St. Rocco will be remembered on Mulberry Street. Varied colored lamps are strung across and up and down the streets. Stands are jammed packed against each other selling delicious smelling Italian sausages, sweet corn, pop, ice cream, etc.

Meeting at Newburgh

(Continued from page 1)

in positing that complete liberty is an end in itself, but which nevertheless contains a large element of truth. Truth based upon the worth and sanctity of all persons, and truth so well expressed by the French Personalist school and so well summarized in Emmanuel Mounier's PERSONALIST MANIFESTO. Indeed, it would be desirable, and I would like to suggest the substitution of personalism for individualism in the terminology of the committee. For the individual is an un-related atomic being. It is only a person that man takes on societal being and realizes relationships, both to the common Father, who is God, and to man, who, because they have the common Fatherhood of God, have also the common brotherhood of man. And this conception is quite in line with the attitude of the committee, for practically all at the Conference had for some time rejected the materialistic and mechanistic ideas upon which Marxism as a philosophy rests. For the present world situation cannot be accounted for under the Marxian dialectic—it is unable to account for it, it is quite bankrupt.

Message of Christ

So that it would also be quite in order to examine the failure

of violent revolutions as due primarily to a disregard for human personality and a failure to conceive man as other than a means to be utilized for the Party. And to examine if this disregard for human personality does not indeed have its source in a rejection of objective morality and in a failure to realize and incorporate the radical message of Christ into the Revolution. A failure due, in small part, to a betrayal of the radicalism of Christ by Christian priests and laymen who have maintained the theories and left the practice of Christianity to others. Revolution, to end differently than revolutions in the past, must have more than a sociological basis; it must have a basis in freedom and a basis in God.

Spiritual freedom, liberty of conscience, cannot be reconciled with coercion. One accepts Christ freely or acceptance is valueless. There is no place in Catholicism, there is no place in the Revolution for spiritual coercion. The medieval Inquisition offended against this, as do also the purges in Communist circles today. But this should not be taken to mean that one has unlimited rights that can be pursued to the harm of our fellowmen. And so, in the temporal field, some coercion may be necessary. But this can only be justified when one does actual physical harm to his fellowmen—and then it should not extend to a violation of the command "thou shalt not kill."

Duty to Revolution

We are also at one with the committee in regarding the capitalist system as inherently evil. For of its very nature, as an inevitable consequence of its ideology, capitalism means class war and civil war and international war. It has deprived the workers not only of their material needs, but of their dignity as human persons. And this dignity can only be restored by revolution within ourselves and within society. We will realize our own dignity when we realize the infinite value of souls redeemed and supernaturalized by Christ. And in society we will realize it by worker ownership of the means of production and by decentralization and by establishing farming communes around villages that make possible a more human and Christian existence. Not that we should flee, for as long as cities exist there will be work there to do; but that there should be concrete examples of a better life and a closer approximation to justice than is possible in the cities.

Survival of Values

The vast spiritual reserves found in man, and specifically in those who partake in the leftist struggle for justice, is realized in the struggle itself, in sacrifice and dedication and poverty that only too often puts to shame those of us who should follow along the same road and beyond the road as it leads up to Calvary and failure and death. For the survival of values is not coincident with our personal survival on earth. The instincts for justice, the Divine governance of the world, the realization of truth—all these will go on independently of our successes or failures, aside from the Revolution, aside from personalities. For the Christian there is failure at the end, as there was failure for Christ. But it is always a failure that knows the Resurrection and the life to come and the glory of God and the pity and sorrow of existence and the necessity of keeping up the struggle for justice on earth, for only as that struggle goes on can there be temporal or eternal hope or dignity of love among men.

ROBERT C. LUDLOW.



THE GREATER PART OF US:

our skins:
it must be our skins,
or our low degree:
we have no counts or earls here,
you see,
we have no counts or earls:
we are
just common folk
just common coloured folk
the greater part of us,
unknown, anonymous,
the greater part of us

what need have we
for fine clothes,
two courses at dinner,
luxury;
what need have folk like us
for flats luxurious,
cars, phones, and things like that
and asking friends to tea?

we can't appreciate
these things;
we are still not yet quite,
not yet quite
civilized;
(as one might say.)
socially undersized.

what want we money for?
we don't know how to spend it;
may do ourselves irreparable harm!

the European knows,
ah, yes: the European knows
how to wear clothes
and spend his money:
he knows how to appreciate
life's honey:
but we,
slaves, and children of slaves,
what do we know
more than the tom-tom beat,
and naked dancing feet
under a moon chased by the fleet
clouds?

give us the left-overs
from European plates;
let us stand outside their parties
and hear their music
and keep time with our feet
on the pavement

Barnabas J. Ramon-Fortune

Poverty and Providence

(Continued from page 5)

constantly; cares for it and in general displays great solicitude over her brood. God is not like an incubator. He shows constantly His solicitude and His Love for us. We, however, are not like the chicks, who with perverse exceptions, answer properly the bidding of the hen. As soon as reason comes to us we have the opportunity of correctly doing the bidding of God. We have also the opportunity of rejecting His bidding.

The Senses

The bidding of God will be known to us only to the extent that the apparatus He has given us for ordering ourselves to Him is in working order, that is receptive to His wishes. Our body operates as an entity, our senses are interrelated and interdependent. It is not enough to control just one of them, we must discipline and control all of them. We are, all of us, drunks of one sort or another. With some it is alcohol, with another it is music, another perfume, another color and lines, and another clothes.

We will hear Him when we learn to practice poverty of the sense of hearing, that is when we develop the habit of silence. When we have proper control over our ears, when we use them in such a way that they will be furthering our last end then our ears will be properly ordered.

Poverty of the nose consists in accepting the nauseous odors in our everyday lives, of appreciating the beautiful ones God sends us when they come our way, but not in seeking them out for their own sake.

We will taste Him when our sense of taste has been so controlled and disciplined that our eating and drinking is done in conformity with our natures as animals-touched-by-Divinity and not as brutes. We will feel and see Him when our sight and touch is so governed that we seek Him first in all things.

Poverty

When our senses are well ordered, then, in relation to the standards of the world, they have become poor. When our senses are properly ordered then, we are approaching the "good government" of Saint Thomas. This government is a temporal thing, it is not eternal, it is merely the execution of proper order.

And when this correct order is established we shall begin here on earth to experience God with all of our senses. We shall then properly love and value His creatures. And the test of love, resting as it does in renunciation, we shall make proper testimony of our love only when we have discovered the true worth of these creatures and then renounced them in favor of the Godhead Itself.

It is when we have achieved in some measure the love and the practice of poverty that we shall be able to lay ourselves open to those higher and more complete demands Providence may have in store for us, the purification of the mind by faith, of the memory by hope and the will by charity. It is then that the *felix culpa* of the Holy Week liturgy will be clear to us. Then we will be able to say to Him Who nestles all creation and love in His Care "I have heard Your words and acted upon them and built my house on a rock. And when the rains fall and the floods come and winds blow I know it will stand because it is founded on a rock."

Who Wants Peace?

By ERIC GILL

(A five-cent pamphlet)

ORDER FROM:

DAVID HENNESSY

MARYFARM, EASTON, PENNA.

Crusoe Island

(Continued from page 3)

fully, and is now serving Mass for one of the priests. This is typical of other situations: that are crying for help. Everywhere you go you see neglect, poverty, filth, and yet with it all a charm that one finds only in the deep South. The most ignorant and slovenly native has a sort of culture about him that is very appealing. The women lead a very hard life, as the men are hard drinkers of moonshine, and treat them roughly when they are drunk. Every one chews tobacco and dips snuff, even the children, and their teeth are yellow and rotting away.

The soil is sandy, and seems to grow things well. The people are completely dependent upon their crops, which are mostly strawberries, tobacco, corn, peanuts, and some cotton, though I didn't see much around Chadbourn. For home consumption beans and peas are grown, also potatoes, tomatoes, cucumbers, canteloupes, and other garden vegetables. So there should be no reason for destitution in that area. Milk and butter are scarce, but some of the people own cows, and all of them have chickens, of course. Some of them are sharecroppers. Most of them own automobiles, as distances are great, and it is quite incongruous to see a nice Chevrolet in front of an unpainted shack with a barefooted owner lolling on the front porch. A few of the more advanced places had screens, and occasionally there is electricity or a washing machine. There should be plenty of food, but I believe that what they eat is the wrong kind. There is a large consumption of rice. The girls tried to keep whole wheat flour for bread, but find difficulty keeping the bugs out. Everything molds easily down there, and such things as window sashes need constant renewing. It is practically impossible to get a good piece of carpentry work done. There is no pride taken in doing a piece of work well. There is a great deal of rain and wind in the wintertime, and the houses are poorly equipped for cold weather. We had lovely weather when I was there last week, but of course it does get quite sultry at times. There is usually a breeze at night, I believe, probably from the ocean.

The girls (known locally as "The Catholic Girls") would be happy to have assistance in their work, either temporarily or permanently. They need some one who can do midwifery, some one to help give instruction to the children; in fact, they need any one to do anything, as one of them put it. They could use one person just to take care of their house and garden, though with all the missionary work to do, she would soon add that to her household duties. You see, the girls have to go where the children are to instruct them. There is no way for the children to come to them. It isn't that simple. It isn't just a case of setting up a school of instruction and having nice little groups flock in for teaching. They have to go out and create classes, and pray that some of it will carry over to the adults. It is slow and painful work, but Father Howard is very much pleased with what they have accomplished thus far.

The order of their day is more or less flexible because of the nature of their work. They don't have Prime and Compline, but that may come later. Many things still have to be worked out as yet.

The girls will be happy to have you visit them, and I am sure you will find that area a vast virgin territory for the lay apostolate. The war helped break down a little of the prejudice, as some of the men were in the army with Catholics.

ALICE CASPER

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

hanging in back yards. These are homes of the poor, but not destitute. In most other cities there are these back yards and porches, not like Most Street, which is a canyon between tall buildings. Thanks to the playground across the street we get some glimpse of sky.

In the evenings, those retreat days, it was beautifully hot and still and there was an odor of pine and sweet clover in the air. Birds made their evening song, overhead planes soared. Just down the hill from the Apostolate of Mary retreat house was Fr. Fusco's church, Mt. St. Peter, which he and his parishioners built of the remains of an old Mellon mansion. It was just finished in 1944 and there are



—Ado Bethune

windows in it dedicated to Savonarola, Christopher Columbus, St. Joseph Cottalengo, Mother Cabrini, besides the fathers of the Church. The Chapel of the Seven Sacraments is especially beautiful.

What delighted me was the ramshackle old rectory nestled up under the shadow of the church, poor, unpainted, and yet somehow comfortable and home-like. Those good fathers should cherish and treasure that old house, especially these days when so many poor people are being evicted from their homes in all big cities; and so many others poorly housed in rat-ridden tenements, with no sun nor green about them. There is a sunny field around the house, filled with clover and Queen Anne's lace, milkweed in blossom—all fragrant and graceful in the hot July sun. As I rested outside the Church, after making the stations, a little rabbit came out and crouched in the grass, a lump of fur with its ears laid back, contemplating a fat robin in front of it.

Right below there is a factory with a clamor and a stench coming up from it. Up the hill, up from the little houses nestled below, women were coming for the evening devotions.

Yes, I hoped as I rested outside the Church, which was magnificent as was befitting the adoration of God, that the old rectory would be kept, a symbol of the poverty of Christ, who had no place to lay His head, who so identified himself with the poor.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

2. Fifty million Frenchmen may be wrong, while one Frenchman may be right.
3. One thinks better than two, and two better than two hundred.
4. The national thinking of Benito Mussolini, the racial thinking of Adolph Hitler, and the mass thinking of Joseph Stalin are not what I mean by thinking.
5. Read "The Crowd," by Gustave LeBon.

IV. SOCIAL POWER

1. Social power is more important than political power.
2. And political power is not the road to social power.
3. The road to social power is the right use of liberty.
4. Read "Our Enemy the State" by Albert J. Nock.

V. GIVE ME LIBERTY

1. Patrick Henry said, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"
2. What makes man a man is the right use of liberty.
3. The rugged individualists of the Liberty League, the strong-arm men of the Fascist State and the rugged collectivists of the Communist Party have not yet learned the right use of liberty.
4. Read "Freedom in the Modern World," by Jacques Maritain

VI. LEADERSHIP

1. Everybody looks for a leader and nobody likes to be dictated to.
2. Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin try to be at the same time leaders and dictators.
3. A leader is a fellow who follows a cause in words and deeds.
4. A follower is a fellow who follows the leader because he sponsors the cause that the leader follows.
5. Read "Leadership or Domination," by Paul Piggors.
6. Paul Piggors makes a case for domination in times of crisis, and in this he is wrong.
7. Domination is not the way to create order out of chaos.
8. Leadership is always the way to create order out of chaos.

VII. COMMUNITARIAN PERSONALISM

1. "A man is a man for all of that," says Robert Burns.
2. To bring out the man in man, such is the purpose of the Communitarian Movement.
3. A Communitarian is a fellow who refuses to be what the other fellow is, and chooses to be what he wants the other fellow to be.
4. Read "Easy Essays," by Peter Maurin.

VIII. THE FORGOTTEN MAN

1. Forgotten man is forgotten because clergymen have forgotten to rub shoulders with the forgotten man.
2. And clergymen have forgotten to rub shoulders with the forgotten man

- because clergymen have forgotten to use logic to discover what is practical.
3. And because clergymen have forgotten to use logic to discover what is practical. They have failed to give us a sociology that has something to do with theology.
4. The minimum standard has been emphasized, and the maximum standard has been minimized.
5. Which makes Chesterton say that "Christianity has not failed, for the very good reason that it has not been tried."
6. Read "Fire on the Earth," by Rev. Paul Hanly Furley.

IX. BOURGEOIS SLOGANS

1. Service for profits.
2. Time is money.
3. Cash and carry.
4. Business is business.
5. Keep smiling.
6. Watch your step.
7. How's the rush?
8. How're you making out?
9. How's the world treating you?
10. The law of supply and demand.
11. Survival of the fittest.
12. Competition is the life of trade.
13. Your dollar is your best friend.
14. So's your old man.
15. So what?

BOOK REVIEWS

"One World in Charity," Most Rev. Aloisius Muench; Wanderer Printing Co., St. Paul, Minn. \$0.20.

"The Times Challenge Us," Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench; Wanderer Printing Co., St. Paul, Minn. \$0.25.

These two pamphlets contain a wealth of really Christian thought on the post-war and after. Definitely they place Bishop Muench in the front rank of true global thinkers.

The first, "One World in Charity," is a criticism of the inhumane policies that have generally characterized our dealings with our former enemies. There is a recognition of good done and concrete suggestions as to what each and all can do.

In "The Times Challenge Us" we have a further analysis and a more recent one. This contains more criticism of conditions in America. Get no idea that there is anything negative about this.

Bishop Muench gives definite suggestions as to what each and all can do, without exception. In terms which anyone could understand, he deals with the separation of religion and life, which is death to all things.

Above all, he constantly develops the theme that only a virile love, a true charity can give us the answer to our tremendous complexity of problems. He deals with education, juvenile delinquency, natural rights, the spiritual life, many more things.

This comprehensive outline of the church's work is without a doubt one of the finest brief statements of modern times. No one concerned with the world should fail to read them.

JOE CONNELL.

Two weekend retreats for men will be held at Mary farm, Newburgh, New York the weekends of September 6-7 and September 13-14. Take the Shortline or Mohawk Coach or by train from the Grand Central Station from New York to Beacon, then by ferry to Newburgh or take the Hudson River Day Line directly to Newburgh. Telephone us—Newburgh 916-2.