

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

COMMUNISM OF COMMUNITARIANISM

1. Not Communists

1. There is nothing wrong with Communism, but there is something wrong with communists,
2. The wrong thing with Communists is that they are not Communists, they are Socialists.
3. There is no Communism in Soviet Russia; there is State Socialism in Soviet Russia.
4. Communism is a state of society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs.
5. The State has not withered away, the wage system prevails, and you can buy 7% government bonds in Soviet Russia.
6. By selling 7% government bonds they are creating a parasitic class in Soviet Russia.

2. Five Definitions

1. A Bourgeois is a fellow who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody which makes him nobody.
2. A Dictator is a fellow who does not hesitate to strike you over the head when you refuse to do what he wants you to do.
3. A Leader is a fellow who refuses to be crazy the way everybody else is crazy and chooses to be crazy in his own crazy way.
4. A Bolshevik is a fellow who tries to get what the other fellow has and to regulate what you should have.
5. A Communitarian is a fellow who refuses to be what the other fellow is and chooses to be what he wants him to be.

3. 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."
2. Always they and never I.
3. People should say:
"They are crazy for doing this for doing that for not doing this for not doing that; but I don't need to be crazy the way they are crazy."
4. The right way to start is to start with "I."
5. One I and one I makes two I's and two I's makes We. We is the plural of I.

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Christmas

O WISDOM, that proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching mightily from end to end, and sweetly disposing of all things; COME! and teach us the way of prudence!

O ADONAI, Leader of the House of Israel, who appeared to Moses in the flame of the burning bush, and who gave the Law to him on Sinai — COME! and with outstretched arm redeem us!

O ROOT of Jesse, who stands for a banner of the people, before whom kings shall keep silence, and to whom the Gentiles shall make supplication, COME! to deliver us and do not linger!

O KEY of David, and sceptre of



GLORIA
in excelsis
DEO

Antiphons

the House of Israel, who opens what no man may shut, and shuts what no man may open; COME! and bring out of his prison the captive sitting in the darkness, and in the shadow of death!

O DAWN of the East, splendor of light, and sun of justice; COME! and shine on those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!

O KING of the Gentiles, and their desirer, one, thou cornerstone that makes both ONE; COME! deliver mankind, formed from the dust of the earth!

O EMMANUEL, our King and Lawgiver, the expected one of the Gentiles and their Saviour; COME! to save us, O Lord our God!

THE MARSHALL PLAN

An Editorial

Who Then Is Our Brother?

The opposition of THE CATHOLIC WORKER to the Marshall Plan is based upon

1. Its violation of the Christian concept of charity.
2. The fact that it has for its prime purpose the extension and propagation of an economic system we believe to be unjust and immoral.

Consistently THE CATHOLIC WORKER in its editorial policy, in its signed articles, in its manner of operating Houses of Hospitality has emphasized Christian Personalism (the realization of the dignity of the other fellow, of our obligations to him, the willingness to work with him on those elements of the Truth he has seized hold of, accepting his cooperation as far as he will give it, and the refusal to admit disappointment when he doesn't go as far as we think he might).

Consistently we have written in terms of personal responsibility and the need for all Catholics to exhaust the message of Christ as given to us in the Sermon on the Mount. "I have a new commandment to give you, that you are to love one another; that your love for one another is to be like the love I have borne you." "Like the love I have borne you." That is the essence of the Lord's teaching. His love for us was not self-righteous but full of deep compassion. His love was based upon fraternal charity for us, the love of a Brother for brothers. Try and imagine Our Lord telling the non-believers among the multitude at the time of the miracle of the loaves and fishes "Go hungry, for I know that you do not agree with me now, and I know (and He did know) that on a certain Friday you will demand my life because my teachings affront your social sensibilities.

This then is the essence of the Marshall Plan. We are seizing upon the starvation status of our brothers in Europe and telling them, "Go hungry, you do not agree with our ideological concepts, if I feed you now you may oppose me later." The direct antithesis of our Lord's teaching and example.

* * * * *

We have consistently in THE CATHOLIC WORKER discussed the problem of modern industrial capitalism. We have not been deluded, nor have we deluded any of our readers into thinking that with the application of the revolutionary principles of Christ in our lives, and in the lives of any great numbers of people, that the present social and industrial structure can continue to exist. Insofar as we apply these principles in our lives to that extent the Christian revolution has begun, to that extent the present system has been changed.

We do not believe that Europe can be saved from the domination of one servile state, Russia, by the extension of the economic policies of another servile state, the United States.

We do know that this is just what is involved in the Marshall Plan. Our Secretary of State has not tried to conceal it, he has in fact been quite explicit on this score. We do know that already over one-half of the monies sent to Greece are being spent on the army.

To take advantage of a people's destitution has always been a fundamental policy of historical capitalism. Our present system based as it is on the profit motive can never give the underdog an even break. It is that form of capitalism which has brought about the present situation in Europe. It is that form of capitalism which should bear the cost of repairing the damage. If we would begin here and now to produce for use and not for profits we could meet the present crisis with small inconvenience to ourselves.

For the past three years we have been running the names and addresses of needy persons in Europe. We felt that it was an opportunity for our readers to practice personally what we have been writing about all these years. Our readers have answered these appeals for help magnificently. We pray that they may continue to do so. We hope that they will join us in offering our prayers, in increasing our penances, in imploring Our Lord during the reception of the sacraments to smile upon His children throughout the world regardless of race or creed or political belief.

The Spiritual Weapons are our strength, as well as our joy, and upon them we must rely constantly.

ON Pilgrimage

Nevada City, California.

I begin to write this account of my travels in California, high up in the foothills of the Sierra's, in a little mining town of 3,500, which was settled in '49 by gold miners. From this county in 1937 was exported twelve million dollars in gold. These mines are among the deepest in the world. The streets hereabouts are crooked and narrow, there are balconied houses, and outside all day long go double trucks with huge logs from up in the mountains, some so enormous that often there is only one log in the truck, which is like a freight train. Yesterday I saw a truck pass with two logs on it as its entire load.

This is the home of the publishing house of Berliner and Lanigan, which is going to bring out my book, "About Peter Maurin," which will be available now in a couple of months. Those schools and libraries who want the book can send in their order now, and all the address needed is Nevada City, California. It is too bad the book won't be out for Christmas, but it can be ordered for an Easter gift, ordination gift, birthday gift.

I am spending these days here in the midst of my trip going over the book again, adding new chapters, trying to picture for our readers this man who has held up a strong light for us these past fifteen years, and who has clarified issues, shown a way, and built up in us all a sense of our responsibility as workers and members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

Florida

To give an account of my trip so far: I started out in October, speaking first in Richmond, visiting my daughter in Berkeley Springs, W. Va., and then going down to Miami, Florida where I spoke at Barry College. Here are the Dominicans and I had met some of them before at Adrian, Michigan where Sister Helene has her Studio Angelico (there too you find Peter Maurin's synthesis of Cult, Culture and Agriculture worked out).

A good part of the land around Miami was under water, due to the recent hurricanes and there was an estimated 3,000 out of homes. As it is, people live in shacks, trailers, sheds or anything they can get in the way of shelter. Things being as they are, boys should be taught from the earliest age how to build a shelter for themselves and future families, or else pledge themselves to a life of celibacy. Government housing, municipal housing, and the housing put up by private interests is a drop in the bucket considering the great need throughout the country for a house to live in, a place to lay one's head. The story is the same everywhere. You would think we were the bombed out peoples to see the makeshift homes people put up with, and not only throughout the South.

I had a few days to visit cousins from Georgia who have been living on Biscayne Key, off the coast of Florida for the past ten years. They have been as though on a desert island most of the time; but now these past weeks, a causeway has been opened to

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ADVENT—1947

"Unless serious attempt be made with all energy and without delay to put (Catholic principles) into practice, let nobody persuade himself that the peace and tranquillity of human society can be effectively defended against the forces of revolution!"

—Pius XI Forty Years After.

Riots have broken out all over Italy. In one place the rightist papers were seized from the newsstands and burned in a huge bonfire in the streets. Having come, in the course of two world wars, to think of death in terms of millions, we say in a tone of relief, only a few casualties. Only a few hearts broken by the loss of a husband, a father, a brother, a beloved. Some children orphaned, a father and a breadwinner taken from them.

In Marseilles, thousands of dockworkers are on strike; North African troops are unloading the perishables from the ships. In Northern France, in the coalfields, more thousands are out on strike.

Why? Most people say angrily, or resignedly, "those Communists trying to make trouble." Always the over-simplification, the attempt to be irresponsible, to find a scapegoat, so that we may not have to examine our own consciences, our social consciences.

Is social justice no longer justice because the Communists ask for it? Is wrong no longer wrong because the Christian world practices it as an economic and political way of life? When we picketed the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. for segregation in its housing projects last month, Mr. Ecker, their spokesman smeared us as Communists. If we had been Communists, which we were not, would segregation have been any less wrong, less un-Christian?

The poor, the families like the seven we know, crowded into two small rooms on Baxter Street, the young lovers who cannot marry because there is no place for them to live, the unemployed, and the heartsick daily fearing of unemployment, the starved of the world, the dehumanized worker in every country,—these are certainly the victims of real injustice whether they are Communist or not.

If the streets of Europe run red with blood, if the streets of America, humanly speaking, can only expect the same forces of revolution (remember our murdered pickets of 1933-34, our lynchings, our Hunger March), it is because serious attempt has not been made "with all energy and without delay to put Catholic principles into practice."

We have said before, and we say it again: we are opposed to atheistic Communism, to the Fascism we are fast approaching in this country as the State more and more takes over, but most of all, because it is our sin, to that apostasy, that hypocrisy of Christianity, monopolistic Industrial-Capitalism. Christian social teaching points to the small community, economically and politically self-contained, where "the area of production is the area of consumption," to the "withering away of the State," and the Communists point to this last, too. Is Thomas Jefferson now to be labeled a "Red," because he said, "the less government there is, the better it is?" Unlike Capitalists and Communists we are against class war. Unlike Capitalists and Communists, we are for the way of non-violence, of passive resistance, of the strike and the picket line, above all, of that personal responsibility which refuses to participate in an unjust social order, and has already begun to construct a new social order on the land, rooted in the Voluntary Poverty of hard work and less comforts.

"Workers of the world unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains." True, as it stands, and also the words of the Internationale, "prisoners of starvation, ye wretched of the earth."

And now again, Christmas comes, amidst this real anguish, this terrible injustice. Can it be right to seek peace and joy? A girl said to a priest once: "Surely one would ask suffering and not happiness in such a world, that even one more soul might be saved through that suffering." He said, "There isn't a conflict." It's the paradox of Christian life. "In the world you will have affliction, in Me you will have peace." "All the way to Heaven is Heaven," for Jesus said, "I am the Way."

It is a terrible thing that it can be said of us, who are born in the Fullness of Time, what Isaiah prophesied of the Jewish people at the time of Christ's Birth. "I have brought up children, and exalted them: but they have despised Me. The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib: but Israel hath not known Me, and My people hath not understood."

One remembers the words of Peguy, it is almost as if, dear Lord, forgive the blasphemy, as if You had not come. But what else could we add than the words of that same Isaiah, "The Lord waiteth that He may have mercy on you."

The Incarnation was Revolution in the true meaning of the word, when a child was put in our midst to confound the Wise, for "I have seen the thoughts of the Wise that they are foolish." For each of us the revolution begins in his heart, the revolution of non-violence, of surrender of self, of passive resistance, of the seed that dies that it may not remain alone, but may bring forth much fruit.

Let us all read Isaiah these coming four weeks of Advent, with the Church, the Bride of Christ. In our dining room, by the time you read this, the first candle on our Advent wreath will be burning. It is a visible sign during these weeks of our waiting, with the Church, with Mary.

Mott Street

A middle aged man just walked into the office in search of a clean pair of socks. Informed us that he had a pair of socks on his feet however they were in need of a washing. He pointed to his blue shirt and said, "you people gave me this several days ago." As he attempted to smooth out his suit coat he remarked, "this came from a Bowery mission." We didn't have a pair of socks to help the man out with and glancing down at our own socks we noticed that they too were in a sad condition. We couldn't help but wonder as to the whereabouts of those new socks that we had at the early part of the summer.

The Unwashed

We remembered our own mother's horror whenever she noticed holes in our socks which openings frequently revealed dirty feet. She would generally mention how appalling and shameful it would be if we had



I AM THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

an accident and strangers would be able to view our great unwashed feet. Our middle aged visitor seem to have the same terror of the dark night of the feet, and he promised to return the next day in search of socks. Before he left the office he insisted on telling his story. "Yeh, I got drunk on paynite and found myself down on the Bowery where I was beaten up and rolled (robbed). They hauled me over to the city hospital where they tossed me into the psycho ward, didn't even bother to put stitches in my wounds. I was released in a couple of days since it was decided that I wasn't Psycho. Personally I thought the patients were saner than the people who work there."

Christmas Shopping

Last Christmas we saw a suggestion in Chicago's Catholic Labor paper, "WORK." The suggestion urged it's readers to spend all of their Christmas savings in purchasing gift packages for Christ's Poor in Europe and the Far East. After all your father will survive without that awful tie you intend to buy, and your sister will be better off with out that bottle of perfume and the rest of your loved ones will get along without those superfluous presents you have on your list. But the hungry and naked overseas will die if we don't send food and clothing to them. If you adopt this suggestion you will run into plenty of headaches with relatives and friends who just won't understand. However Saint Vincent de Paul stated that no good was ever

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ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

the mainland and half the Key turned over to the state for a park, so now though their half of the island is like a jungle, the other half is the world encroaching on their solitude. They have been working for the owner of the island, my cousin the captain of his boat and general overseer. My cousin Kate keeps chickens (there are plenty of coconuts to feed them), and several times a year she has to kill rattlesnakes in her back yard!

The bus trip from Miami to Sarasota takes you across the peninsula, and up the coast, and it is an all-day trip. There our lay apostle is Margaret Connelly, and her little cell is made up of her mother and several friends, Catholic and non-Catholic. She tutors children every morning, and there is many an opportunity for sowing the seed.

While I was there she arranged for me to visit the celery farms where the land sells for a thousand dollars an acre. The Palmer people from Chicago have come down, drained a shallow lake, and on this lake bottom which looks like black peat (it can burn just as Irish peat does when dry) is grown the celery crop for the country. Margaret's friend, a Seventh Day Adventist, formerly from Illinois, showed us his 28 acres on which he can grow two crops a year. Besides celery he can raise cabbages, potatoes, strawberries, etc. For a cover crop they plant cesbania (I don't know if that is the way you spell it) and it grows 18 to 20 feet tall. Its roots are covered with nitrogen nodules and these are ploughed under.

Our friend belonged to an association made up of 30 members, a sort of cooperative which maintains seed beds. Crews set out the celery, and do many another work on it. These crews of Negroes and whites are picked up by truck in the town and brought out to the fields every night, and the pay is \$4.50 a day for men and \$4 for women. Up to a short time ago a great many children, worked in the celery and strawberry fields in this section. And the pay was not always what it is now.

As usual in this factory-farming, aeroplanes spray the crop, which is dusted with lime or with D.D.T. In spite of the fact that much fruit is grown in the vicinity and honey is another industry, one farmer will spray to the ruin of another, since the D.D.T. kills the bees which produce the honey and fertilize the fruit trees. Again a proof of our cannibalism, we devour one another!

Florida is the next largest cattle state in the union! This is hard to believe. We saw, everywhere, Brahmin cattle, beautiful animals, with great humps on their backs.

Our host told us of his adventures, in coming to live in this land of milk and honey. One winter he was broke when he first came down and he asked one of the Negro workers how people lived under such circumstances. The Negro said, "we have little fish for bread and big fish for meat." Always, everywhere, on every canal and stream and lake you see people fishing. And there should always be fruit, if we were still following the Old Testament, which taught that the poor had the right to glean in the fields. But we don't keep the old law any more, let alone the new.

Another one of Margaret's friends was a woman who raised earthworms and went in for composting instead of using artificial fertilizer. She assured us there were no earthworms in Florida and that she was going to introduce them. She took us around her lovely garden and showed us where she had planted a thousand worms around trees and

shrubbery, etc. These little farmers plough the soil and are great aids to man, and one of the tragedies of commercial fertilizer and sprays is that they kill earthworms as well as bees.

House of Hospitality

The high point of my visit to Florida however, was the Sunday afternoon visit we paid to Mrs. Corbett who runs as near a thing to a house of hospitality as anything I have seen on my trip. She was a poor woman, but not destitute, since she owned her home which spread out, what with porches and sheds, all over the place. Her husband became paralyzed and she began to help sustain them by taking in another old man whose pension barely took care of himself. There is no old people's home in Sarasota county in spite of the millionaires who winter in Florida, so pretty soon social workers were begging her to take care of others. Now she has a household of twenty three, and among them, three children whose father is in a leper colony in Louisiana and whose mother deserted them; an imbecile of 22, bedridden; a man with infantile paralysis, very bad; another man dying with cancer of the eye, a woman with dropsy and so on. The pensions are tiny, and Mrs. Corbett does even the cooking and serving all this large family. The country pays her nothing but provides her with a Negro helper. The money she gets does not quite cover the bills. The group that formed together to help her under Judge Grey, a Methodist, and which included the Connellys, saw to it that additional porches were built on the house, and showers and toilets put in to accommodate the crowd. They have put a few thousand dollars in the house and it must be confessed that now some of the members of the committee feel that they have a stake in the house! Poor Mrs. Corbett, who has never received a salary, and who works with love and serenity for her children!

People are always criticizing, Judge Grey said. He himself was her staunch supporter. She was not as tidy as she should be. They had built a porch and she had made it into a bedroom. Etc.

She had no warning of our visit, but to me it looked like any crowded home on a Sunday afternoon. It was not like an institution, that is true, and thank God for that. The beds were not on line, no one was afraid of ruffling a spread by lying down in the middle of the afternoon. God help these martinets who run institutions who keep the old up all day, who keep the sick weary in chairs, because they do not want their white spreads disturbed.

Only last summer I had heard a horrifying story of neglect from the county old people's home in New York. Old paralyzed people who were kept to their beds and could not move, had been bitten by rats about the nose and ears and could not protect themselves! This was told me by a doctor who had attended them. Think of these things, you our readers, before you consign your aged mother, father, aunt, etc., to an old people's home or institution, no matter how beautiful the surroundings, how gracious the buildings. Help is scarce everywhere, there are no attendants, and throughout the country hospitals and institutions are gravely undermanned. And I would say too, that this is not only an argument for personal responsibility as opposed to state responsibility but also an argument for young people to choose useful work instead of the white collar job, the job in which to get ahead and become "better off."

(Continued on page 7)

+ From The Mail Bag +

65 Rua De Campo,
Macao, South China,
September 24, 1947.

Dear Miss Day:

After a 44-day voyage I at last arrived at my homeland. And after chanting the "TE DEUM" and readjusting some long overdue works, I am happy to be able to write you a few lines reiterating you my deep gratitude. I hope you have been keeping well and busy as usual.

It is indeed a great pity that large number of donations had to be turned back to their donors, according to reliable information I received lately from Honolulu, because my appeal and photo published in the Hawaii Catholic Herald still bears my old address, care of Father Kavanaugh, Philadelphia, Pa., instead of my home address as above. It is all through my own fault, not having my old address corrected, but how could I have this wrong corrected or remedied, could your kind heart, for instance, lend a helping hand?

As to conditions here, they are improving very slowly, but on the other hand, the disastrous flood situation of our neighboring provinces and cities are most desolate and deplorable. Packages can now be sent and received here with safety, as postal services are becoming daily more normal. Should you deem fit, please let me have monthly your much read THE CATHOLIC WORKER, for I would like much to keep track of your grand work and its rapid development. Inclosed herewith you will find some of the photos of the various units of our orphanage.

Please pray for us, as we have never forgot you during our daily religious service, specially during my own daily "memento." May God bless you, yours and all your work.

Yours most sincerely and gratefully in Christ,
Rev. Laurence Mahn.

November 2, 1947.

Dear Dorothy:

We have mailed you recently, Miss C. Dubois and I, a few boxes of men's clothes. How we got them may be an inspiration to others like us who have no other way of getting men's clothes. The St. Vincent de Paul Society chaplain announced one Sunday in Church they had a surplus of clothes which they offered for sale at very low prices. We went and almost emptied the place making about 10 cases for Austrian people and all the rest, men's wear, for you. The whole for a scant \$100 mailing cost and all plus a few hours work to prepare boxes. We filled and tied them right in the Society's room and the truck driver took them to the post office. (As usual Miss Dubois pays for my suggestions.)

I am sure there are other St. Vincent de Paul parish units who could dispose of a large surplus for the European people. The chaplain was well pleased as he needed cash for pension, hospital bills, etc. The very next day, the forest fires raging in the outskirts of the city and villages around—since a few days, wiped out whole communities leaving the city full of refugees, who had lost most of their belongings. We were sorry for a minute, we had ransacked the place so completely. But then we thought people in Biddelford will surely find some more clothes for our needy. Today the same chaplain spoke in church of his amazement at the amount of clothes brought in during the week—and finer clothes than ever, too. We thought he said, people misunderstood our announcement of last Sunday asking all the needy from the stricken area to come in for clothes—we'd give them

all they need, and buy whatever we did not have—instead people brought in old clothes—so much more than demands already made on us" he praised the charity of the parish. So, it's a repetition of the truth; the more you give, the more you receive.

So we may soon go gain and empty the place once more to make room for the incoming loads. I'm sure would pour in again—unfortunately men's clothes are always the scarcest.

It's wonderful to see the fine community spirit around for the fire victims. Everyone wants to help them—their homes will be rebuilt and refurbished. Only a few had to stay in public halls for a few days. Friends and relatives took whole families sometimes. Over the radio, friends would invite their acquaintances from the fire ravaged area to go and live with them—I am sure if people would know exactly the great misery of Europe and other parts of the globe they would respond with more generosity to appeals. There seems to be too few to beg for them and so our distant bretheren are ignored.

In Christ and Mary,
Mary Eleanor Drouin.

AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE

Wien 1, Rotenturmstrasse 17, III
Telephon U 28-504
Sept. 22, 1947.

Just a short note to enclose a letter to me from a good Austrian friend named Kaspar Mayr. Kaspar is a Catholic, about 45 years old, who represents one of a very few Austrian Catholics today who are dynamic and vital and radical. You will be interested to know that although 97 per cent of Austria is Catholic, only 15 per cent go to Church.

I think it would be fine if you would see that Kaspar received the CATHOLIC CO. He is already getting the paper. He was formerly secretary (executive) of the Fellowship of Reconciliation in this part of Europe. He had a son named Richard who was killed on the Russian front at the age of 19. This son wrote a diary which mirrors his intense Catholicism and is one of the finest things I have ever read. It is being published in Austria and in England. Kaspar is interested in possibly publishing it in America and I told him you could give him good advice since you knew some Catholic publishers.

Kaspar is well known to the Quakers and some of them have sent him food packages. He is in contact with many needy groups, Volksdeutsche, needy families and he distributes the food to them. I think you could mention his name in the issues of the paper where you print names and addresses of recipients from overseas.

Sincerely in Christ,
GEORGE MATHUES.

(Editor's Note.—Part of the program of Mr. Mayr is contained in the letter referred to by George Mathues.)

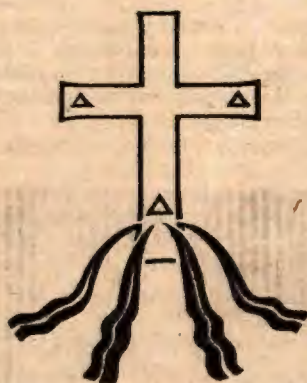
It calls for:

1. Radical Christianity in personal life first.
2. Work for social justice, not so much by talking, but by personal responsibility, to bring the church again in touch with young workers by personal talk and co-operation—without any differences of party—is one of the ultimate aims of the movement.
3. To stand for Christian peace, not only by taking part in Christian activities (such as peace groups, "Holfedionst," etc.) but by deepening our fundamental basis; The Church experiences as the living body of Christ, a principle which does exclude the idea of war and ought to lead to radical pacifism.
4. Union of the separated

Churches, again not so much by discussing about dogma (although we stand full to the Catholic doctrine), but by personal contacts with protestant groups and in particular—when time is coming—with Eastern Church peoples.

The responsibility of the lay-folk must be one of our main concerns. We are fully aware that the Western Church needs a radical reform in many directions and we are trying to take our share in it, even if it be indefinitely modest.

The "Guest-House" which is



mentioned in the "Richtlinien," is not only to be just Conference House; it should become the Spiritual Center of the movement to help to create this new type of broadminded, more radical Catholic layman, which we need so much for the coming big tasks. The House should be open to all groups who are marching in this direction, also to non-Catholics and to Socialists, as far as they are sincerely interested in Christian Socialism of this new type. The ultimate aim would therefore be a sort of "Leaders-School," but we do not talk about this now in public.

Kaspar Mayr m.p.
17., Nachreihengasse 48.

Dear Catholic Worker Readers,

May I share with you a letter which I have just received from Germany—a letter which foretells something of a tragedy and suffering the coming winter will bring there. In the name of Christ, I beg you to join with us in sending relief:

Dear Francine,

I have just spent the past six weeks in Germany. I feel that it is my serious obligation to appeal urgently for help from America for the people of this barren country. The food in Germany is: bread and potatoes, no fat, no meat, no butter, no eggs. This is the meagre diet which has barely sustained the people for the past few years, and which is all they have to withstand the bitter cold of this winter.

You may think the situation is not so bad here. I cannot possibly describe for you, and you cannot possibly imagine the disaster and bodily anguish that I am witnessing on every side. For the love of Christ in the members of His Body, I beg you to waste no time in sending food and clothing. The following addresses are of people in a position to distribute to those in desperate need:

Dr. Maria Lucker
Bismarckstrasse 25
(22a) Bonn
British Zone, Germany
Miss Hanna Arens
Franziscushospital
Schonsteinstrasse
(22c) Köln—Rohrenfeld
British Zone, Germany
Miss Joanna Dissemond
Mainzerstrasse 65
Caritasheim (22c) Mehlem
British Zone, Germany
I. Seybel

Yours in Christ,
FRANCINE WICKES

SPECIAL APPEALS

The following are leading Catholics greatly in need, especially deserving of aid in food or clothing packages:

Herrn Franz Steber,
(13) Muenchen, Cammerlokestrasse 54, Bayern.

One of Germany's prominent Catholic youth leaders. Spent five years in Nazi prisons, leaving him nearly blind. In spite of this, now leader of Katholische Jung Mannschaft in Munich. Has wife and four children.

Alfons Erb, (17) Offemburge in Baden, Weingartenstrasse 9, Sued-Baden, Germany—French Zone.

Editor of "Von Froehh Leben," one of Germany's most progressive left wing Catholic mags. Often arrested by Gestapo. Active in anti-Nazi work. Lost everything in war. Has four children, greatly undernourished. He is now suffering from TB.

Peter Heinrich Klein,
(22a) Essen, Demrathkamp 28, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany—British Zone.

Active leader in Catholic peace and youth work. Has two or three small boys.

Fraulein Henriette Brey
(22a) Oberpleis (Siegreis), Burg Niederbach, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany—British Zone.

Famous Catholic woman writer (novels and religious books) was persecuted by Nazis, now in great need. Over 70 years of age.

3-ro Peter Colobie, Displaced Persons Camp, Kellerberg X/6, Post Feistritz (Drau), Kaernten, Austria.

Refugee from Tito. Was President of Catholics Teachers Association of Slovenia. With him in D.P. Camp are one son and two daughters, ages 14, 16, 18.

Herrn Konrad Thoonen,
(22a) Duesseldorf-Eller, Vennhauser Allee 48, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany—British Zone.

Prominent in Catholic youth and peace work. Wife a convert, active youth worker. One daughter, age 7.

Frau Sabine Himmels,
(22a) Duesseldorf, Birkenstrasse 85, Nordrhein-Westfalen, Germany—British Zone.

Active with late husband in Catholic youth and peace work. Imprisoned by Nazis. Husband one of principals in Roissant trials. Acquitted, but Gestapo hounded him, deprived him of livelihood, Killed in Greece. Wife in bad health; could use extra food.

Following two are in Russian Zone. No CARE packages can be sent. Parcel post can.

Herrn Kurt Doeblen,
(15) Gotha, Schoene Allee 9a, Thuringen, Germany—Soviet Zone.

Extremely active in anti-Nazi work. Now a leader in Christian Dem. Union battling Soviets. Works in most de-Christianized parts of Germany. Has wife and four-year-old boy. Lost all in war.

14 Christian Points

"Every tree that bringeth forth not good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire." (Matthew 7-19)

The implications of these words were explained by Our Lord in His preview of the Last Judgment (Matthew 25: 31-46). In that terrible prophecy, He warns all that eternal fire will punish forever those who have failed to produce the good fruits known as the Works of Mercy. The Works of Mercy can be reduced to Fourteen, listed by Christian Tradition as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1. To feed the hungry. | 9. To counsel the perplexed. |
| 2. To give drink to the thirsty. | 10. To instruct those who lack knowledge. |
| 3. To shelter the homeless. | 11. To admonish sinners. |
| 4. To clothe the naked. | 12. To bear wrongs patiently. |
| 5. To care for the sick. | 13. To forgive all injuries. |
| 6. To release or relieve captives. | 14. To pray for the living and the dead. |
| 7. To bury the dead. | |
| 8. To console the sorrowful. | |

As can be seen readily, there is no situation involving human relationships which cannot be solved by one or more of the Fourteen Works of Mercy. No wonder then, that Pope Pius XII on June 2, 1947, declared to the College of Cardinals that: "For those who see things in the light of the supernatural, there is no doubt that, even in the most serious conflicts of human and national interest, there is always room for a peaceful settlement."

If President Wilson's Fourteen Peace Points could have been even more successful in preventing World War II, may not the reason be found in their dependence upon governments rather than upon the conscience of individuals?

On the other hand, the 14 Peace Points of Christian Tradition, known as the Works of Mercy, can be practiced by the individual regardless of governmental action. In practice governments ignore the will of the people where it concerns war, because they know that the people hate war and want peace. If a sufficient number of people refuse to support any action opposed to the Fourteen Works of Mercy, governments will be unable to sabotage these Fourteen Points as they sabotaged Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points.

Of course it will be difficult at times to practice the Fourteen Works of Mercy, especially toward enemies. Then it will be necessary to recall the greatest work of Mercy—Christ's Cross, which He endured for friend and foe. There can be no higher motive for the Fourteen Works of Mercy than that inspired by the Fourteen Stations of the Cross. For the Cross is the Good Tree which bringeth forth the good fruit of Mercy.

Rev. Michael J. Deacy
New York City

Saint Thomas of the Creation

Modern Thomistic Philosophy by
R. P. Phillips, The Newman
Bookshop, 2 vols. \$7.50

"For by the greatness of the beauty and of the creature, the creator of them may be seen, so as to be known thereby."—*Wisdom*, XIII, 5

"For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."—*Romans*, I, 20.

During the past several years, I have become increasingly convinced that all of us working towards the furtherance of an integrated Christian wisdom and social order need a more direct and personal recourse, beginning in our school years, to the great books of our religious and philosophical heritage. At present, of course, the idea of reading and studying the "Great Books" is becoming more popular in American colleges and in adult education centers; some people, in fact, are convinced that turning people's minds away from the radio and getting them to think about important issues by way of the "Great Books" is one way of helping to avert the imminent collapse of our civilization. From the Catholic standpoint, there are many pertinent questions that may and should be asked about the "Great Books plans." For instance, one might ask, after all, what is a great book? Are all so-called great books true or good? Or, we may wonder whether too much trust in books as a way of salvation may not be behind these plans. But, there should at least be no dispute about this fact, and I am confident that the emphasis on "Great Books" will make Catholic educators realize something that they have neglected, that we need more formation in the magnificent sources of our tradition—Plato, Aristotle, Saint Augustine, Saint Bonaventure, and especially Saint Thomas. These men, despite their differences of viewpoint, all agree in stressing the need for a divine center in our view of life and reality; they agree in a God-centered humanism as opposed to the man-centered humanism of the present day.

There will always be, nevertheless, a definite need for interpretations of the great works in philosophy. I have become more and more impatient with textbooks, which often perpetrate an "average intelligent misunderstanding of Saint Thomas," but one of the few manuals I would recommend as an aid to the philosophy of Saint Thomas is *Modern Thomistic Philosophy*, by Fr. R. P. Phillips. It is always a difficult task to write a book of this sort which won't be too technical for the layman and too popular for the serious student. Fr. Phillips has, I think, contrived to overcome the difficulty and has given us a very accurate and readable introduction to Thomistic philosophy. This is no mere cut-and-dried text-book, but the fruit of personal thinking-through to the meaning of things. I would not agree with his every opinion, but his judgments are always worth weighing. The first of the two volumes, *The Philosophy of Nature*, contains treatises on Cosmology and Psychology; the second, *Metaphysics*, treatises on Epistemology, General Metaphysics and Natural Theology. All in all, it makes a good handbook, and is written in an interesting easy style.

Saint Thomas, in the technical language of Aristotelian philosophy, teaches us that the most proportionate object of our human intellect is the essence of material things. As far as reason goes, we come to know immaterial things by way of

material things. As G.K.C. puts it, Saint Thomas, in his understanding and humility, discerned that we must begin in the cosmic cellars to climb to the cosmic towers; through sticks and stones Thomas finds his way to heaven. In his mission of recapturing natural wisdom and reuniting it to divine wisdom, Saint Thomas was at one with Saint Francis who beheld symbols of His Master in the birds and beasts, the sun and the moon, and with Saint Paul who teaches us that we know God by way of the things that are made. Saint Thomas' philosophy is not one which begins with thoughts about thoughts; it begins with actual things. It is an "existential" and "creationist" philosophy and explains how the God Who revealed His Name as Being ("I AM WHO AM") gives being to creatures by freely making them out of nothing. No wonder, he has been called "Thomas of the Creator." For Thomas, the world of creatures is good, because "the first author of beauty made all those things," (*Wisdom*, XIII, 5). We should ponder the fact that the "world" in the evangelical sense is not the world itself, which is good as created by God, but the

world as organized apart from God. (As Gilson puts it, the "world" in the Gospels is not nature, but nature shaping its course without God). This, I think, is one of the most valuable lessons Saint Thomas has to teach those of his students who are engaged in social action.

Fr. Phillips' book provides a helpful guide to understanding Saint Thomas, and to leading us towards the Angelic Doctor himself. He preserves the spirit of his master faithfully, as is shown by the closing lines of his work—

"Step by step we have climbed the ladder which leads from matter to God, and now, looking back, we can see that each stage of this ascent receives a new meaning from and is to be interpreted in terms of, this, the last stage. So far reason can guide us, and it remains for faith, prayer, and at least, vision to unite us with the God of whose existence and attributes we have learned something in the mirror of creatures. All the effort of the reason is valuable insofar as it leads man along this road."

Donald A. Gallagher, Ph. D.
Marquette University
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

CULT :: CULTIV

A child is born to us,
and a Son is given to us;
whose government is
upon His shoulder: and
His Name shall be
called, the Angel of
great counsel. Ps. 97,



THE WORD {An Idea-Drama}

Chorus of Voices:

We are the speakers
Neither the first speakers
Nor perhaps the last.
By thought, actual and potential,
By thought, identifying and differentiating,
By the absence of thought even,
By birth, by alliance, by unitive urge,
Brought together at a twentieth-century Bethlehem—
Our little world still intact
Wherein we can play at anarchy,
Or be as brothers.

The Scriptural Reader:

(Solemnly)

—And there were in the same country shepherds watching—

Chorus of Voices:

Shepherds we cannot be.
Simplicity for us would be a masquerade.
Neither are we snowbound
Nor, in pink coats, are we riding to hounds,
We are not chubby Medieval figures
In one of those exquisite pages
Of the Sforza Book of Hours (British Museum).

This is Christmas—an hour of tension, an hour of memories—
A night as quiet as snow, as violent as hunger,
A day of Salvation and a day of catastrophe—
The light that is set for the downfall of many.

The vulgarity of the atom shall enter the still, the silent night...
Cartesian equations shall howl in the clarity of the night...
In the easy pacing firmament of stars
In this hour of grace.
Let us talk and freely remember atonement
Must follow knowledge.
Let us not hesitate to be allegorical—
Let us love the truth nor forget the symbol of truth.

Chorus of Anti-Voices:

(in the background)

We are the simplifiers
Who vigorously shake
By false analogy
The apples from the golden bough.
Neither Darwin nor Freud
Acknowledge us.
We are the bastards with a lawful name.
While the uncompensating image of the Freudian dream
Pays us dividends,
With dimensional hammers and nails
We hoist the uneconomic Christ.
We are the builders of the ivory towers
Refulgent in determinism.
Great is the smoke of our burning
And what ivory tower is like to our great ivory tower?

The Scriptural Reader:

He has filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he has sent away empty.

The Voice of Lazarus (The spirit of that Capitalism, poverty-stricken in its wealth, that is condemned by the Church):

I am Lazarus and I am asked to give, give.
Shivering and naked I am in my shimmering purple.
I, impending skeleton, will put down my demitasse
And will speak up to my naked poor relations.

I am the man of action who controls events
By the signing of checks.
Daily the rare perfume of sycophancy
Is burnt in my nostrils.
I arrived alone—I shall wander forth alone
The natural leader of the mechanic man

Stripped to the quivering flesh

In a streamlined chaos

Chaos devised by a neat but limited idea.

I inherited the masterhood

Of this disguised man

Walking with stoic reserve

In his own self-created naked cell—

Walking without decor or insouciance—

Quietly, stoically defending his naked cell—

Defending not too much, not too nobly, but defending.

I share my machine with him, my idea such as it is.

Well may a man in my position say crisply

What matters for the firefly moment.

I quake with fear in my somnambulant comfort.

Christ would have died to save

One rich man—a poor man, too.

But who is rich and who is poor?

I am piquantly empty—there is an increasing

Bleakness in my skull.

Who is more naked here it is hard to say.

Facts can be made respectable

Words can emasculate—

But this is the fact:

No man can escape the crucifixion of time.

Time does not readily lend to "growing old gracefully."

The best that the world asks of Lazarus is to be quiet.

To be quiet and to die without a scene.

My acts of triviality mercilessly frozen

In the stream of past time.

I am an old man

A dusty prow in the anchored seaweed

Of abandoned ships.

There is no journey for me into the world of the present.

The bridge is down; time was.

Finality is.

The Scriptural Reader:

...in which the orient from on high has visited us: to enlighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death; to direct our feet in the way of peace.

The Voice of Eurydice (the vestigial remains of the Romantic Tradition deeply influencing contemporary values):

I, Eurydice, have lived partly in two worlds.

When the cold wind blows through

The rose garden of my aestheticism, I die,

But when the wind is dead, you hear my voice

In the brilliant nights.

I bear the expensive perfume, the inspired complexion,

The Paris model, the badinage, the exhausting tact.

In reposeful beauty I suffer—

A perfumed well of calix freshness, unmoved

My deep-as-velvet eyes, premature with inquiring light:

My laughter was like the surge of blue air falling

Through the checkered sunlight of the trees.

I was in reality what the most exacting advertising

Fantasies—a faun and garland-covered mare.

I stalked and paced in winerust, in palegreen, in starlight blue—

Explosions of a million formal flowers

Lay in the smooth surface of my primavera form.

I was exquisite.

But my heart beat to itself—always to itself.

Nothing could conceal the simple fact of emptiness.

Grace did not dawn upon my emptiness.

There was always, I thought, the secret hill.

There I knew the loneliness of music

The sad cold song of beauty.

Sage and serious was my hill, remote and high.

CULTURE VATION ::



1. Sing ye to the lord
a new canticle: because
He hath done wonderful
things. Glory be to the
Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
Amen.

—Introit of the Mass for Christmas

a for Christmas }

Veiled and introvert.
The hill like light but not light—
Without color in itself, it gave all color—
Ascetic voluptuary of the landscape.
It spread out the long avenues of the setting sun.
It gathered darkness and the negation of the closing shore.
With nothing it swept the world
Neatly and tidily into a corner,
I loved that hill,
But one day that hill fell on me.
There is no hope, I'm afraid, in hills
Nor in Faust nor in Rosseau.

The Scriptural Reader:

And the word was made flesh, and dwelt among us...

The Voice of the Communist:

I have broken bread with you
Whether cannibalistic or sacramental—
Lazarus has eaten his fill of workers
Boiled, broiled, fried, in ragouts and fricassees
With and without wine sauce.
I myself have contemplated
A fine dish of capitalists
Flanked with bourgeoisie.
But between thought and act
A principle may wisely change.
O lady with your perfumed hint
Of Walpurgis night and the waywardness of the empty moon,
This mysterious night dissolves our mysteries.
The hills have risen against me top.
I, harbinger of revolution, have seen
Submerged rocks of meaning break in two
The routine sailing of my ideology.
Revolutions feed on mutual neurosis
Spawned as chimeras from one another's shadows.
I would have had the world as brothers
Under the compulsion of the law,
But the unforgivable sin, the sin against Marx
Knew only liquidation. I knew no
Flexibility of the prodigal son,
Nor evening laborer, nor thief
Transformed on the cross.

In my fanaticism I urged on inevitable determinism
Along with whips, without mercy or pity,
Determined in my duty after my faith was shaken.
I obliterated the particular image
In my inebriated love of the universal—
But universal ideals do not feed the hungry soul.

The Scriptural Reader:

He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and
the world, knew him not.

The voice of the Bourgeois:

I am the bourgeois, I hate hysteria
And I am not more naked than the rest
But everything on the other side of my wall
Challenges me and sends shudders through
My sense of security.
Sacred status is shot through the heart
And left a corpse in the inner sanctum.
I, a business man with a private office,
Must listen to shepherds—and what
Is no less embarrassing—to herald angels
Who walk right through walls unannounced.
I had my account in the savings bank, security for
My withered years in unimpeachable bonds.
My spiritual reading suggests the halo gives one status
But it is an uncertain exchange.

Voice of the Artist:

I am the artist, the ironist.
For the moment only I have an adequacy of intelligence.
For the act of creation and then I am empty too like the rest

Christ, God and Brother

The Christ of Catholicism by
Dom Aelred Graham, Long-
mans, Green & Co., 1947 New
York City \$3.00.

Dom Graham's new book is easily the most significant work published on the life and message of Our Lord in years. It should prove of inestimable value to those who are concerned with the creation of a Christo-centric world. *The Christ of Catholicism* is one of those borderline books, it is at once an historical survey, a consideration in detail of many scriptural texts and a meditation.

With the exception of the Introduction which in the main is of interest to professional students of theology and scripture and deals principally with semantics, the structural form of the rest of the book lends itself easily to the background of the average lay Catholic.

By far and wide the most readable and valuable section of the book is that entitled the "Life Work of Jesus Christ." Dom Graham here is writing with a fluid ease which comes principally from deep familiarity with his subject. It was the special vocation of Jesus that determined much of His activity.

The commentary on the Temptations Christ experienced in the desert are particularly illuminating. For the first time I had the realization that these temptations were aimed against His divine vocation. "One lesson emerges from Christ's temptations as unmistakably clear—the condemnation of all self-interest which not even the highest objective motives can redeem... the temptations which come our way are meant to be shaped and fashioned into God's praise."

Commenting on the Sermon on the Mount the author points out that the essence of the word "blessed" rests on happiness or joy. Thus we can say "Happy are the poor in spirit; happy are the meek, etc." This point brings a wealth of ideas and I was sorry that it was not further developed. In speaking of the poor in spirit Dom Graham points out that "the whole tenor of Christ's teaching shows how conscious he was that the well-to-do classes are all but inevitably tainted with worldliness and irreligion." In speaking of those who suffer persecution, and this is to be the lot of all true Christians, he says that we must be

certain that those who oppose and speak against us have no grounds for their complaint. Before ranging ourselves with the martyrs—and it is wiser to leave that honor to be conferred upon us by others!—let us be sure that we are being persecuted."

I found that in reading this book I was doing a lot of supplementary reading from the New Testament. I believe that for the first time I read the eleventh chapter of Saint Paul's Epistle to the Romans in its true light, that of a tract against anti-Semitism and as a partial answer to the mystery of Israel.

In speaking of the consequences of the Incarnation we discover the author saying that "all those who defend the cause of the common man and the life close to nature, in the village and on the farm, can rightly appeal to Jesus for their support." Dom Graham must have known his English contemporary Vincent McNabb. There is no attempt in Christ's manner of teaching to cloak his message in sterile words and pedantic expressions. The theory and the practise are magnificently joined.

In his discussion of the role of Mary in God's Plan we do not get the garish picture so often painted. The true position of Mary in the light of Catholic teaching and tradition is given; she is a woman of incalculable virtue; the creature *par excellence*, but a creature none the less. He clearly defines her position as Mediatrix of Grace. Mary comes from his hands a radiantly beautiful woman, humble for all her power. He says quoting Dante that the faithful will all meet "in the heaven of humility, where Mary is."

This is not a book to be read easily in one sitting. It is easily, simply written but like the Bible itself for all its simplicity and clarity of expression its Subject demands attention, prayer and meditation. There are copious footnotes and references, and the reader is enjoined to use the triple index. This is a book to own and keep. In the author's words "those of our progressive-minded contemporaries who imagine that they can transcend institutional Christianity, to reach a "mystical" communion with the Absolute without reference to the humanity of Christ are deceived when they think themselves enlightened... To the mind which relies on reason alone, now as in Saint Paul's day the Cross of Christ must always appear "folly"; to those who live in the light of faith, possessors of the true gnosis, it remains "the power of God and the Wisdom of God."

J. E.

"In nothing more clearly than this have we shown our failure to grasp the implications of Catholic doctrine. We have talked all through modern times of the sacredness of the Family and the Home to the great embarrassment of the politicians. We have talked hardly at all, and certainly we have done nothing at all, about the necessary basis for their maintenance." Harold Robbins, *The Sun of Justice*.



By W. J. GRACE

I make one man's commentary of the anonymous city—
Every morning is an expectancy and every night is a closed door.
Few things fool me, yet I fool myself.
I have a respect for egoism—I have read the Romantics.
Their ego stands out, dark and peeling,
A gaunt mast marking a dead sea;
Their emotional investment unsalvaged.
But irony is not enough—nor beauty—
Nor the ceaseless effort to transmute to spider's silk
Endless factuality.
Can you be cynical, they ask, about the lilacs and the apple trees?

Do you bathe the cherry blossoms in ironic light?
For us no new facts, no new science
No new philosophy calls anything in doubt.
But, my friends, the worst is yet to come—
Not the vulgarity of atom bombs, biological warfare,
All these very large and trite things—
But once comes the gardener in white
And the unreal image of what we are falls from us—
That is the most terrible of moments
When we see not into the heart of things
But into ourselves.
Let us be brothers and naked again.

The Scriptural Reader:

He hath put down the mighty from their seat, and hath
exalted the humble.

Chorus of Voices (Omnes):

By the undiluted force of littleness
Unspotted of the world He embraced the primal sin
Without benefit of Caesarean purple, of Cartesian fashions.

One Voice:

Every man knows tragedy
The stab of concentrated pain
Neither discursive nor prolix.

He did not make the world
Holy and apostolic
By passing a law...
He gave us his flesh to eat.

He gave meaning to pain,
Made reality as acceptable
As water, wine and flesh.

He withdrew us from that Hell
That hears the osiers play upon the bank
That sails the river of time to the dream music of Nirvana
That skirts the *fluers du mal* lulled by the cycle of waves.

He did not reconcile opposites.
He was crucified.
It was well to sacrifice one man
For the sake of the people.

Omnes:

The truth is one—
Between us blooms
Bearing curious fruit.

Pity us who in the remorseless night
Of the silent seas have sought out the human
To destroy it;
A gray prey, awaiting a gray prey.

Give us an abiding city
Where we may hear the healing song
Of the quiet hills of Bethlehem.

Voice of the Scriptural Reading (receding):

While all things were in quiet silence and the night was in
the midst of her course, thy almighty word, O Lord, leaped
down from heaven from thy royal throne...

MOTT STREET

(Continued from page 2)

accomplished unless some suffering was entailed.

Hans

On November 22 Hans Tunne-son our carpenter at Maryfarm came into the Catholic Church. It all took place at St. Patrick's church in Newburgh, N. Y. Father John Schritz, our retreat house chaplain, baptized Hans and quite a few of us looked in on the ceremony. We can't remember when we celebrated a more happy event. Peter Maurin was god father and Dorothy Day was god mother by proxy. Most of Han's city friends found their way up to the occasion among whom were: Agnes Bird, Duncan, Irene, Msgr. Betowski, Charles O'Rourke, Stanley, Regina Brady, Emma, Mary and Jack Thornton.

Lectures

On Friday nights we have been holding talks on various phases of the program of the CATHOLIC WORKER movement. Robert Ludlow spoke of Catholic Radicalism and his talk was followed on succeeding Friday nights by a lecture on Church Art by Maurice Levenoux. Another speaker William Grace spoke on Thomas More. All are welcomed to these Friday night talks and the discussions which follow.

Visitors

Rocky, a former member of our group at Newburgh retreat house stopped by the other day. Rocky looks fine and is working for a convent in the Bronx. . . Father Carrabine S.J. a friend of long standing, came in from Chicago. Father was scheduled to give a conference to a group of Franciscan nuns in Pelham Bay. After Father completed his work he came down to Mott street and we had quite a lengthy conversations on the movement and sundry topics. . . Henry Sullivan, one of the founders of the Detroit Catholic Worker group, found his way down to the house here. Mr. Sullivan was very sorry that he didn't have sufficient time in this New York visit to get up to Newburgh to see Peter Maurin. They had met right at the beginning of the movement and Mr. Sullivan developed a fine appreciation for Peter.

Periodic

On our way down Canal street a fortnight ago we came across a short heavy set man of fifty who was very drunk and was unable to pick up his hat which was lying on the sidewalk. We picked up his hat and asked if we could direct him home. He burst into tears. He had no desire to return home due to a fight with his family. And there was no persuading him to do so either. Consequently we asked him to come to our place for the night. He was very reluctant to come back here for the night since it was impossible to explain just what the setup here was and our friend was in no condition to grasp the idea of a house of hospitality. After we showed him to his bed he fixed a suspicious look on us and gave us a warning, "never ye fear, I will remember your faces and report ye to the police the first thing in the morning." Next day our guest was filled with remorse for falling off the wagon, first time he had a drink in two years. After another day in bed our man was able to be up and around. And as soon as he was, he left for home, family, and friends, and he hasn't been heard from since. We are sure he never told his family where he had been. And it is understandable in a way since we Catholics and non-Catholics alike are ashamed to admit that we have been the recipients of Charity. It is considered somewhat of a disgrace in this country where everyone is supposed to be able to stand on his own two feet if he is worth his salt. It is a horrifying situation when Charity is so misunderstood that the

recipients are embarrassed at the thought of their need becoming public knowledge. And the ones in a position to administer Charity are constantly attempting to find a way out of such nasty situations by sending a needy person to a public agency that handles such cases, or by refusing the person outright in stating and believing the case to be unworthy.

How Long?

A priest called here the other day. He wanted to know if we were acquainted with a Mr. . . . We replied in the negative. "Well," he said, "this man says he is in need of carfare to get over to Jersey for a job. And he states that you people have been giving him money for his bed over at the Union Hotel on the Bowery." We told our caller that we frequently give bed money to people whom we can't put up for the night due to overcrowded conditions. The voice on the other end of the wire inquired, "you mean that you don't know the names of these people you help and you don't keep a record of them?" We confirmed that. "Well aren't some of these men unworthy and using you?" And we replied that they probably were if there is such a person as an unworthy case. However we don't feel competent enough to decide who is unworthy and who is not. Another one of those things we prefer to leave up to God. We were concerned with the present need and taking care of that. After further conversation our priest friend asked if he could not come over and discuss this matter further and get acquainted with the people here in the house.

Mentionables

"TRIAL BY FIRE" is a play written by Rev. George Dunne, S.J. It comes to Broadway December 2 and runs thru December 21. "Trial by Fire" created a sensation in Los Angeles. The play concerns itself with a murder committed because of racial prejudice. Father Dunne should be encouraged and complimented in his inter-racial work. . . "The Life of the Virgin" appears in the December issue of Coronet. It is done up in pictorial form, the pictures being duplicates of nine masterpieces hanging in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Those who know their art around here highly approve of the reproductions. . . We have frequently heard people wonder what had happened to Father Stratman author of Church and War. Well, Blackfriars report him writing for German Catholic Periodicals, naturally in Germany.

Thanksgiving

The Thanksgiving dinner here was provided by a dear friend who sent down two turkeys and by Maryfarm which sent down enough hams and roast pork to take care of all who came for dinner. By killing two pigs, John Fillinger with the help of Frank prepared the house here and the Retreat house at Maryfarm for Thanksgiving. Smokey Joe, Dave Burgess along with several other men and women cooked and served the Thanksgiving dinner for the house and the line. Everyone agrees that the event went off very smoothly.

Retreat

Father Ott of Pittsburgh made the trip to Maryfarm to give a retreat over Thanksgiving for men. There were about 15 men who made the retreat, several from Mott Street and most of the men working on the farm plus a few friends of the movement. Charles Luddy the cook prepared and served superb meals; besides all that work he managed to take in a few conferences. The retreat ran from Wednesday night through Sunday noon. Four conferences a day followed by short meditations, plus two Masses in the morning, one by Fr. Ott, the other by Fr. Schritz. We had

spiritual reading during each meal followed by a rosary at lunch. Before morning Masses we had Prime, and nightfall found us reciting Compline plus Benediction before bedtime. All of us maintained silence through the four-day conference at the suggestion of our retreat master Fr. Ott. All retreatants were immensely pleased with Fr. Ott and the retreat. God willing, we hope to make many more retreats under his guidance.

Dope Addict

Sometime ago we took a dope addict into the house. We placed him up in Joe Latchford's room asking Joe to watch over the poor man. The poor unfortunate became so difficult to handle we decided to send him to a hospital for a cure. It was impossible to



keep a fire in the room because our guest would stumble over the stove and set the house on fire. After much red tape we had the man hospitalized, but he was released in a few days, all of which didn't do him much good since he is back on the dope in the form of tablets known as "goof balls." This is a very discouraging problem to understate the case and we beg the aid of our readers' prayers. And may God love all of you and keep you tight in His fist this Christmas.

TOM SULLIVAN.

MARK OF THE BEAST

"Have you got the mark of the beast?"

Such was the query addressed to me by a 67-year old illiterate worker in the vegetable fields where I work daily. I was not sure to what he referred so asked him what he meant.

"Has the gov't got your number; did you give them your name and get a number on a social security, ration or draft card? For if you did you have the mark of the beast which in these last days seeks to corrupt all of God's children," replied the old man as we walked along the lettuce rows whacking with our hoes at weeds.

I answered that I had used a social security card for 3 months but since a tax was withheld from my pay I had not worked where that was possible; that being the reason why I was now working on a farm. Also that I had used a ration card, but had refused to register for the draft.

"I have nary a card. Guess they thought I was too old to register for the war and didn't bother me. All of my family made blood money during the war and now my wife and brothers have the mark of the beast again for they accept old age pension. I will work until I drop before I take money from the beast; from the gov't that makes bombs," the old man replied.

"Yes, in these days they number the babies in hospitals when they are born; get boys and girls number up for war when they grow up; pester them with numbers when they die. The mark of the beast is everywhere. The Bible says that families will be divided for folks who witness for the Lord can't be a part of numbering and voting and war, and if their families prefer blood money then such as I have to go where I am not numbered and do not get the mark of the beast. I'm sure glad to find a fellow who goes part way with me."

Ammon A. Hennacy, R. 3, Box, 223, Phoenix, Arizona

Night of the Nativity

blow up the yearning vessel
on the right road as the star goes east
and the yellow yellow moon hides
to give greater majesty to its lesser brother
bright bright the steel stellar glow
black the cold cold night
faint glow of the yellow yellow moon
run the roadway
past greece
past rome
past israel
past nature
past law
run the roadway
in the bright steel stellar glow
in the black cold night
in the faint glow of the yellow yellow moon
run the roadway
to God and the crib
and bethlehem
the resting place of the greatest radical
the most unique revolutionary
the supreme pacifist
God-flesh in the yellow brown straw
in the black still night

bright stellar glow
satisfied-saturated
give way to moon
night moon
night yellowness
yellow
yellow moon
night moon
night yellow
blackness the moon
blackness the yellow
yellow the black moon sky
over the brown straw crib
feel
feel the night
feel feelness
feel blackness
feel moon
feel yellow yellowness
feel black moon sky
over the brown straw crib
feel
feel God
feel man
feel oneness
feel sharp cool black steel night
God in the brown straw crib
in the cave
in bethlehem
of judea

robert c. ludlow

Book Reviews

The Mystical Body In Action. By Bernard F. Meyer, M. M. Center for Men of Christ the King. Herman, Pa. \$1.00.

This workbook has been prepared to put at the disposal of busy priests and the laity an organized selection of material for the preliminary training of lay leaders in parish Catholic Action. The author is a Maryknoll missionary, now on his way back to China, who was interned for nearly four years in Hongkong. He succeeded in organizing a splendid Catholic Action program in the prison camp. Catholic Action workers met weekly in small groups and, though less than two percent of the camp population, were leaders in welfare work and the building up of morale.

Methods

Catholic Action is dealt with in this book as an integral part of parish life, working with and within the parish societies, not in competition with them. It presents, above all, a method of formation which the directives of the Holy Father insist is a basic necessity in this age. Without formation of the members, the most perfect organizational setup turns out to be just another society. Any committee of average intelligence can produce a fine paper organization at one sitting, but training involves long and persevering effort.

The plan followed by Father Meyer is that of study-action. The author is convinced by experience that systematic study is necessary to provide Catholic leaders with the principles basic to the apostolate. The subject chosen for the first year's program, divided into weekly sections, is the Mystical Body. This, combined with the discussion of the Sunday Gospel, is calculated to provide the spiritual motivation essential to strong formation.

Parish Groups

The Catholic Action parish is expected to develop among its members the qualities of leadership, first through teamwork, and secondly through the exercise of responsibility in apostolic

Garrigou-Lagrange, Reginald, O.P. *La Synthèse thomiste*. Paris, Desclee, De Brouwer & Cie, Editeurs, 1947. 739 p. 150 fr. B. (Can be purchased from Arthur M. Adler for \$4.20.)

Another work from the fluent yet profound pen of Father Garrigou-Lagrange, *La Synthèse thomiste* is an analysis of the theological thought of St. Thomas in which the author considers the fifty or so major points which enlighten all the rest of Thomas' teaching.

The introduction discusses briefly the principal philosophical and theological works of St. Thomas and his best commentators. This is followed by a consideration of being and the doctrine of potency and act as a foundation for a deeper understanding of the Saint's theology. The main part of the book is divided according to the chief divisions of the *Summa*: the nature of theology and the existence and nature of God; the Trinity; the treatises on angels and on men, on the Incarnation, the sacraments, and moral theology. An additional and valuable section has been included on the realist bases of Thomism, treating the Twenty-four Theses, the principle of contradiction and causality, the realist and pragmatic notions of truth and the nature of personality, with a chapter on the much-debated question of efficacious and sufficient grace.

A careful reading and study of this book will help to "dispose one for the contemplation of divine things, and permit one to appreciate more and more the immutable and vital value of the word of God."

projects which result from observation of the situation around them. There is a graded series of social inquiries, so planned as to develop in beginners the practice of observing from a Christian viewpoint the various aspects of their daily environment—friends, work, leisure, family, parish, community. No important aspect of life is neglected.

The Sun of Justice, by Harold Robbins	\$2.00
Flee to the Fields, by Belloc, McNabb, Jebb, Robbins and others	\$2.00
Sacred and Secular, by Eric Gill	\$2.75
Unholy Trinity, by Eric Gill	\$1.50
What's Wrong with the World, by G. K. Chesterton	\$1.00
The Restoration of Property, by Hilaire Belloc	\$2.00
The Crisis of Civilization, by Hilaire Belloc	\$2.50

Order from
David Hennessy
The Distributist Bookstore
Berkeley Springs, West Va.

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)

I've met so many college girls selling in department stores, catering to concupiscence, one might say, and people are dying of neglect all about us and positions in hospitals, orphanages, mental institutions remain unfilled.

Thank God for the Mrs. Corbetts. Of course her home is not the ideal place. She needs more room, more help. But she has the right spirit, and "where love is, there God is."

Alabama

There were cases of floggings in jails and lynching along the country side as I passed through the South. I do not doubt but that we could match the account with scenes of violence in the North.

At any rate, St. Bernard's college in Cullman, Alabama, was playing a Negro college from Birmingham in spite of hell and high water, as one of my southern relatives said. One can only call a sample of hell the spirit of discrimination and hatred of one's brother. I heard a tale from a Sister who was from Tampa, of a priest in the Spanish district speaking from the altar in favor of Franco in Spain and the irate working class parents taking their children from the parochial school. The Sisters and priests feared violence, so this Sister said, and who should call up but a representative of the Ku Klux Klan, offering to protect them from the "Spicks" who were almost as bad as the "niggers." God save us from such friends, and how low we have fallen that we have raised such friends from hell to our aid. Indeed, as Pope Pius XI said: "the workers of the world are lost to the Church," and how often the devil has entered into the Church to make them hate Her. Because it is indeed the bad they see in Her that they hate. De Rougemont points out that the devil is indeed in the Church too, and he recalls the incident when right after our Lord made Peter head of the church, he said to him, "Get thee behind me Satan," because Peter was trying to argue Him out of the Cross, in other words, out of dying for us to save us. And we can hear them yet, those advocates of the use of force, to save our brothers or to save the church.

One could write a book about St. Bernard's abbey, which stems from Latrobe in Pennsylvania. Half the enrollment there is non-Catholic, thanks to the GI bill of rights. And more than half is rural, so I was glad to speak of the Green Revolution. It was not converting the converted, it was to try to give them Peter Maurin's philosophy of work and poverty so that they would not sell their souls, their freedom and their land, for the sake of modern machinery and factory farming.

All but six of the Brothers who are magnificent craftsmen have come from Europe, southern Germany many of them. There are shops all over the place in addition to the great farm which feeds the students. There is a bakery, book bindery, butcher shop, a shoe shop and a tailor shop, a cabinet making shop and an apriary as is usual when there is this synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation, the men are artists too in stone and wood and painting. Brother Joe's rock gardens and reproductions of the Holy Land, the south west missions, scenes from fairy tales such as Hansel and Gretel, as well as his great shrine to our Lady, have charmed visitors from miles around. Fr. Michael was my host (he had been our guest at Mott Street the year before) and I met too the Abbott, Boniface Seng, eighty years

old and a valiant man yet. It is a happy place, such an monastery, with its atmosphere of work and study and prayer. It reminds you of that saying of St. Catherine of Sienna, "All the Way to Heaven is Heaven, for He said, 'I am the Way.'"

Bus Travel

I took the bus out of Birmingham where I had spoken to the Catholic Men's Club at noon; at two-thirty. Mr. Wright, a baker and an oblate of St. Bernard's bought me my ticket and put me on the bus. At two-thirty the next afternoon I got into Houston, Texas. There is a picnic here each year for the relatives of Sam Houston and I should go too. My grandfather's name was Dr. Sam Houston Day of Tennessee. But Houston is a shocking city. It is a port town, a materialistic town, and if you told the Houstoners they were Black pagans and as materialistic as the Marxist, they'd be shocked no doubt. The headlines in the the daily paper stated, "Possible War" plans conference here. Area to gain 20 Millions in industry."

There was an oasis there of course. I visited with Fr. Al Smith of Maryknoll and Fr. William Roach, who is head of the Charities, and who was the twin brother of Fr. John who gave his life to his brothers in the Texas City disaster. When I told them of Mrs. Corbett in Sarasota, they said that one of the problems of their own city were these homes for the aged, where dozens were crowded in little rooms over garages and given the minimum of care. They call them convalescent homes. On one occasion the priest who was talking to us about such a situation told us he had to hear a confession down in the back yard by the ash cans and administer the last sacrament there. (The patient was still up and walking but with a fatal disease.) What has become of our homes? And yet how can we have homes if we have no housing? And why will not those who have big homes, share the homes they have. Many an old couple are left with an entire house which they could divide with others.

Every where the story is the same. Not enough attendants, not enough lay apostles, not enough vocations. One can well see the need for organized Catholic Action to build up personal sanctity. Then we will have holy apostles, holy families and more priests. Fr. Smith is certainly imbued with the supernatural. He sees clearly the need to sow in order to reap. "We must sow priests to reap priests," he said. "If each diocese, no matter how short of priests they were, would send a few away, to Japan or China, for instance, where there is a great call for workers, they would reap a hundred fold. Archbishop Cushing sent out his priests from Boston in all directions, knowing not only that he would reap, but that he would get back his priests more apostolic men."

Another thing Fr. Smith said that I will not forget. "We do not do spiritual work, so we have no spiritual hunger or desire," he said. "If we worked hard we would be hungry, and frequent the sacraments more."

We all like to hear of miracles in this day when evil seems so triumphant. One of the priests who came to visit at Maryknoll that afternoon in Houston was an aviator and he told of a prairie fire which was ravaging the countryside and threatening every home in its wake. He flew over the area and dropped a Miraculous medal and sprinkled holy water and the next day the papers said that during the night an unprecedentedly heavy dew had fallen putting out the

THE THIRD HOUR

Last month a copy of the *Third Hour* came to our attention. We find much in this magazine which would undoubtedly appeal to our readers. It has a spirit of deep Christian charity and genuine catholicity of both thought and appeal.

The *Third Hour* group was formed originally in Paris some twenty years ago. As the most recent issue points out in an editorial "at its very beginning an intercourse shared by a few Orthodox, Catholics and Protestants, seeking a better understanding, and trying to discover all that could bring them to a closer understanding. Only when this personal friendly contact was achieved, did the *Third Hour* offer its pages to a wider exchange of views, in the social, philosophical and religious field, attempting to solve the spiritual crisis of our time....the *Third*



Hour invites its friends, known and unknown, to take part in this intercourse; it calls upon all those who are working and seeking in the same direction, and who know that the souls of men in their diversity are inhabited and moved by the Spirit Who Is One."

The *Third Hour* is not a periodical, it appears when most convenient and in the tongue which best suits that issue and that time. As of now it has appeared in Russian, French and English. The most recent issue, which was in English, lists articles by Berdiaeff, Denis De Rougemont, Helen Iswolsky, Dorothy Day, C. G. Paulding, Lord Halifax, a text from Saint Louis de Montfort and one from Nicholas Gogol. Cost is \$1.00 the copy, and they may be obtained by writing to Mrs. Sophie Kapnist, P. O. Box No. 6 Lenox Hill Station, 221 East 76th St., N. Y. C. 21, N. Y.

fire. There is an account of another miracle in this issue of The Catholic Worker, of the saving of the farm at Upton, Massachusetts.

And here I have gotten only as far as Houston Texas, and this account is already too long. I must work the rest of the day on the book about Peter, so I will leave this writing now and start putting on some lunch. Prisca is here from the Grail, on this little branch of the Mystical Vine which is the Church. All over the country I have been finding these little cells, this yeast which is leavening the wheat. And the wheat is good, and God is with us in our work so how can we lose, no matter what happens throughout the world. We are living in an instant of time, and this world and all in it are in the hands of God. He is love, so of course, "all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner of things shall be well."

Dorothy Day

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

6. "We" is a community and "They" is a crowd.

4. Communitarian Movement

1. Communitarianism is the rediscovery and the exemplification of what the Kiwanis and Rotarians used to talk about, namely, the Community Spirit.
2. Communitarianism is expounded every month in the French magazine *Esprit*.
3. Emmanuel Mounier the editor of the magazine has a book entitled "La revolution personaliste et communautaire."
4. Raymond de Becker is the leader in Belgium of the Communitarian Movement.
5. Dr. Kagawa the Japanese co-operator is truly imbued with the Communitarian spirit.

5. The C. P. and C. M.

1. The Communist Party credits bourgeois capitalism with an historical mission.
2. The Communitarian Movement condemns bourgeois capitalism on general principles.
3. The Communist Party throws the monkey-wrench into the economic machinery and by doing so delays the fulfilling of the historical mission which it credits to bourgeois capitalism.
4. The Communitarian Movement aims to create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy a philosophy so old that it looks like new.
5. The Communist Party stands for proletarian dictatorship.
6. The Communitarian Movement stands for personal responsibility.

6. Big Shots and Little Shots

1. When the little shots are not satisfied to remain little shots and try to become big shots then the big shots are not satisfied to remain big shots and try to become bigger shots.
2. And when the big shots become bigger shots then the little shots become little shots.
3. And when the little shots become littler shots because the big shots become bigger shots then the little shots get mad at the big shots.
4. And when the little shots get mad at the big shots because the big shots by becoming bigger shots make the little shots littler shots they shoot the big shots full of little shots.
5. But by shooting the big shots full of little shots the little shots do not become big shots they make everything all shot.

7. Capital and Labor

1. "Capital," says Karl Marx. "is accumulated labor not for the benefit of the laborers, but for the benefit of the accumulators."
2. And the capitalists succeed in accumulating labor by treating labor

not as a gift but as a commodity, buying it as any other commodity at the lowest possible price.

3. And organized labor plays into the hands of the capitalists or accumulators of labor by treating their own labor not as a gift but as a commodity, selling it as any other commodity at the highest possible price.
4. But the buyers of labor at the lowest possible price and the sellers of labor at the highest possible price are nothing but commercializers of labor.

8. Selling Their Labor

1. When the laborers place their labor on the bargain counter they allow the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor.
2. And when the capitalists or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the laborers' labor that they do no longer find it profitable to buy the laborers' labor then the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor.
3. And when the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor, they can no longer buy the products of their labor.

9. Farming Communes

1. Laborers do not work for wages on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
2. Laborers do not look for a bank account on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
3. Laborers do not look for an insurance policy on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
4. Laborers do not look for an old age pension on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
5. Laborers do not look for economic security on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.

10. Books To Read

1. *The Land of the Free*, by Herbert Agar.
2. *Post-Industrialism*, by Arthur Pentty.
3. *Work and Leisure*, by Eric Gill.
4. *The Future of Bolshevism*, by Waldemar Gurian.
5. *La revolution personaliste et communautaire (French)* by Emmanuel Mounier.
6. *L'humanisme integral (French)* by Jacques Maritain.
7. *The Outline of Sanity*, by G. K. Chesterton.
8. *Religion and the Modern State*, by Christopher Dawson.
9. *Nazareth or Social Chaos*, by Fr. Vincent McNabb, O. P.
10. *The Unfinished Universe*, by T. S. Gregory.



THE LAND

The Pope and Craftsmen

All individual craftsmen, all those who own their own workshops, all those who are interested in the re-birth of the trade and craft skills, can take encouragement from the words of the Holy Father, Pius XII, who in addressing the first national congress of the Christian Association of the Small Craftsmen of Italy, said:

"The relations between the church and small craftsmen have a foundation deeper and more essential than historical, because the church wishes to put a limit on the diminution of man before the predominance of the machine."

"Small craftsmen as a class are almost a militia chosen to defend the dignity and personal character of the worker."

"During the bitter, frequent and unnatural struggles between employers and workers, small craftsmen, generally speaking, have kept themselves apart. Their small workshops still present a family character."

"For more than a century, small craftsmen have had to fight for their existence before the great industries — powerful and all-conquering but they have shown strength, resistance and vigor. Even in the most industrialized regions, abounding in great factories, they have gained new ground and can look to the future with a sense of confidence."

Why is it that the Holy Father is so enthusiastic about the small crafts? Is it because the sense of vocation is realizable in this type of work, and is entirely absent from the slavery inherent in our factory industrialism? Does he believe with Maritain that "the future of a new Christendom primarily depends on a full and inward realization of a certain lay Christian voca-

tion in a certain number of hearts?"

The thing that distinguishes man from all other animals is his rationality, it is his rationality that makes him a responsible creature. Anything which deprives or tends to deprive him of his responsibility is something degrading. Our present system of manufacture does just this.

The workman no longer designs what he makes, the designer no longer makes what he designs. In the actual execution of the process the workman no longer employs his intelligence or his skill, he has become merely the extension of the machine. During all of his working hours his rational nature is constantly being debased. And this is wrong.

Our means of livelihood, both as individuals and as a society, should help us on our way to heaven, it should not hinder us. There must be in our work a sense of dedication, that this work is God's Will for me, that it is part of His Plan by which I am to achieve my beatitude. We must have a sense of vocation about our work. This sense of vocation has disappeared from our daily lives.

It has disappeared precisely to the extent that sections of society have become industrialized, precisely to the extent that personal responsibility has been replaced by factory responsibility. The divorce we have effected between the church and our daily lives is responsible for this situation. The secular or profane exists only that our final end, which is holy and sacred, may be achieved.

These words of our Holy Father are indeed fit subject for meditation for those who are working to restore all things to Christ.

TOEHOLDS

124 Circle Avenue,
Potomac Heights,
Indian Head, Maryland,
November 23, 1947.

The Catholic Worker,
115 Mott Street,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Catholic Worker:

As a reader for several years of THE CATHOLIC WORKER and as one indebted to you for my introduction to the Catholic land movement in this country and to a number of related ideas, I feel an obligation at this juncture to report on what I am doing and what is going on in my particular locality with respect to "toeholds on the land."

Although I planned for a while after being discharged from the Army to leave Washington, D. C., various circumstances have made it necessary for me to stay here for an indefinite period and to give up the idea of moving to a smaller city where the "foot on the farm, foot in the factory" set-up would be easier of accomplishment. It turns out also that for the time being at least no D. C. area Catholic rural community is available. After a search of about 18 months I found a small homestead within my means and within about 27 miles of downtown Washington. I purchased this place consisting of about 26 acres (24 wooded), a small house, and outbuildings. It is located in Southern Maryland about 2 miles from the Potomac River. Lucile and the children (Richard Elbert 5 years, Bridget Lucy 15 months, and Maura Anne 3 months) are expecting to move to our new home before long.

The Catholic decentralists around here are not large in number but we are slowly encircling the city. Walter and Jack are on the east. I am to the south. And to the north near Colesville, Maryland, Richard Collins and several associates have a group of homesteads—the nearest thing to a community we have in the Washington area. One of these days we may all get together and form some loose association for purposes of propaganda dissemination and exchange of ideas.

I have been corresponding with David Hennessy at Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. And in that connection I must not forget to say that the person who has been of great spiritual and material assistance to us all has been Father Michael of the Richmond Diocese.

Sincerely yours in Christ
Elbert R. Sisson

P.S. If any of your Washington readers are interested, we are anxious to have Catholic families join us on the land. We should like to get in touch with persons so interested.

November 5, 1947.

Dear Dorothy:

Did Frank write you that St. Benedict's Farm and St. Leo Shop were almost wiped out by a forest fire. Please say a prayer of thanksgiving for us that this calamity was so providentially spared. We were in Upton yesterday and saw the dreadful traces of the fire which had come up to within a few yards of Frank's house. The woods started burning around one o'clock in the afternoon Thursday two weeks ago, but a sudden change in the wind brought it all down in the direction of the houses. Within a few minutes Marion Roche and her five youngsters were given orders by the fire-chief to leave the big house and seek refuge in Upton. The road was jammed with cars of people trying to help and the air was thick with smoke. On her way down, Marion called Mary Paulson. Mary grabbed a few winter

III Fares the Land

THE ETHICS OF COMMERCIAL FARMING by Anthony J. Adams, S. J., published by Institute of Social Order, 3742 Pine Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo. Price 10 cents.

This is an excellent little pamphlet, and everyone interested in the Green Revolution should read it. In brief, it is a consideration of the modern large, one-crop farm, as contrasted to the diversified family farm—the effect on the farmer, the effect on the land, the effect on future generations.

First, Father Adams says that "by 1937, no less than 253,000,000 acres, or 61% of the total U. S. area under cultivation, had been completely or partially destroyed or had lost much of its fertility. One third of these acres is nearly or actually beyond repair; another third requires costly work to restore it; the final third demands immediate attention and heavy expenditures if it is not to grow worse."

He quotes a U. S. Dep't of Agriculture Bulletin. "If a foreign country powerful enough to do so should annex the corn belt, the loss to the nation of the farm land in this region would be staggering. Yet the land that has been destroyed or can no longer be profitably farmed because of erosion and depletion of fertility is comparable to the entire crop acreage of the corn belt."

The facts that Fr. Adams gives on the migratory workers and tenant farmers who have replaced the dispossessed small farmer are heartbreaking. "California workers live in shacks—towns built of brush, rags, sacks—and sometimes of no more than a few bits of board thrown over a ditch." As for the tenants, many of them are no better than serfs.

Fr. Adams points out that all

this has resulted from the practice of "free enterprise," or the theory that the free play of "enlightened self-interest" on the part of every individual automatically produces the common good. Adam Smith summarizes this ideal: "(The individual) . . . intends only his own security; and by directing that industry in such a manner as its produce may be of the greatest value, he intends only his own gain, and he is in this, as in many other cases, led by an invisible hand to promote an end which was no part of his intention." The "enlightened self-interest" of our farmers, of our insurance companies, banks, our cattle-raisers—land barons all—has produced deserts, dust storms, floods, and broken human beings, "the wretched of the earth."

And yet, M. Schuman, the Catholic Premier of France, according to the N. Y. Times of Nov. 30, favors "free enterprise."

There are the kind of laws which promote human freedom, at the same time that they curb that viciousness in man resulting from the Fall from Grace, such laws as the medieval one making it impossible to speculate in land. This is that vision of the law which enables "good men to live among bad," and not our iniquitous Roman Law heritage, which enables "rich men to live among poor."

But ignorance of these things among Catholics is appalling. This invaluable little pamphlet would be the beginning of the formation of a Catholic social conscience for many.

Personalists and communarians, we appeal to the generosity of our Catholic youth to do something about it. Let Study Clubs and Economics Classes and Catholic Action Groups begin asking "Why?"

I. M. N.



Many of our readers have asked for a list of the books Peter Maurin has recommended over the years. Here is a partial list, alphabetically arranged by author. Some of these books are out of print but most of them can be obtained from any good sized library.

What Man Has Made of Man; by Adler, Mortimer (Longmans Green and Co. NYC, 1937)

The Land of the Free; by Agar, Herbert (Houghton Mifflin Co. Boston, 1935)

Lord of the World; by Benson, Robert Hugh (Dodd, Mead and Co. NYC, 1915)

The Bourgeois Mind; Berdyaev, Nicholas (Sheed and Ward, NYC, 1934)

Christianity and Class War; Berdyaev, Nicholas (Sheed & Ward, NYC, 1933)

A Philosophy of Work; Borne, Etienne (Sheed & Ward, NYC, 1938)

Flight from the City; Borsodi, Ralph (Harper & Bros. NYC, 1933)

Man the Unknown; Carrel, Alexis (Harper & Bros. NYC, 1935)

Soul of the Apostolate; Chautard, J. B. (Abbey of Gethsemani, Trappist, Kentucky, 1946)

St. Francis of Assisi; Chester-

ton, G. K. (George H. Doran Co. NYC, 1924)

The Outline of Sanity; Chesterton, G. K. (Dodd, Mead & Co. NYC, 1927)

The Great Commandment; Cicognani, Giovanni (McVey, NYC, 1933)

Enquiries into Religion & Culture; Dawson, Christopher (Sheed & Ward, NYC, 1933)

The Making of Europe; Dawson, Christopher (MacMillan, NYC, 1932)

Progress & Religion; Dawson, Christopher (Sheed, NYC, 1929)

Religion & the Modern State; Dawson, Christopher (Sheed & Ward, London, 1935)

Catholicism, Protestantism, & Capitalism; Fanfani, Amintore (Sheed & Ward, NYC,)

Companion to the Summa; Farrell, Walter (Sheed, NYC, 1939)

Ireland & the Foundation of Europe; Fitzpatrick, Benedict (Funk & Wagnalls Co. NYC, 1927)

clothes and got on a truck also with her three little children. Frank's mother, who is in her seventies, and his six boys were also gathered up somehow or other and brought to Upton to spend the night in different homes. Even the families at the old C. C. camp had to be evacuated. Everything had to be abandoned as lost: the houses which the young couples are courageously building up and the complete stock of Christmas cards and other things of the St. Leo Shop—crib sets, crucifixes, etc., which Frank and I had assembled throughout the year in order to sell at this season.

For several days the alarm continued as new outbreaks were coming out. Finally it started to rain and what a merciful rain. It fell in heavy, big pellets. Frank writes there was such thanksgiving in all hearts and from seeing him and Carl and Mary yesterday and hearing them talk about it one realizes how earnest that thanksgiving is.

Bill and Marion Roche really want to stay on the farm now and they are building a little house for themselves, or rather Carl and Frank are building most of it because Bill has a job in Boston. It is a nice little stone house with real leaded glass windows. Carl, whose trade is stained glass, as you know, figured out that it would be cheaper to make the leaded windows than to buy ready-made sashes from the lumber companies. In order to help young couples building little houses like this, we have been collecting a building fund. With this fund we can lend them money to help build a house; this can be then paid-back as the people earn it. Our building fund is still rather small so that we welcome further contributions. But

nevertheless, it is already a great help. Just as soon as money that has been loaned has been refunded by the one who built the house, it can be loaned out to the next family. Apparently, there is another family thinking seriously of joining St. Benedict's Farm also. That would make four families. Altogether, with the three families at present on the Farm, there are fourteen children, and they certainly are a lovely blue-eyed and dark-eyed bunch. The Roches are still living in the big house but they hope to spend the winter in their own house. The Paulsons are living in their tiny little one-room house. The stone house they are building next to it is coming along very well, but will not be finished before next year. Meanwhile Carl uses it for a shop for his stained glass work. Altogether, the little community is coming along very well and prospering with God's help. And thanks to His providential protection. Please do ask everyone to say a prayer of thanksgiving for us for His protection from the fire.

Much love in Christ.

Ada de Bethune,
Trustee, St. Benedict's Farm,
Upton, Mass.

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