

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XI. No. 7

July-August, 1944

ONE CENT AT C. W. OFFICE
Two Cents at News-stands and Stores

Men and Things

By Eric Gill

Arranged by Peter Maurin

If You Are Arranging Things

1. I say that holiness is the only test of man and his works.
2. If you arrange things so that a man cannot live a holy life—you are arranging things wrong.
3. If you are arranging things so that the things he makes or in collaboration with his fellows turns out cannot be regarded as holy things, you are arranging things wrong.
4. You will note that holiness has nothing to do with priggery, or teetotalism, or not swearing.

Man Also

1. It is not simply conformity to the rules of this or that sect.
2. Though rules are only rails, and it would be a foolish locomotive that refused to run on rails out of some conceit about its personal liberty.
3. Man also is conditioned by his material circumstances.
4. Holy works are not simply church works, church pictures, church furniture.—though there is no reason

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Once Upon a Time

A Story by Dorothy Day

Once upon a time there was a House of Hospitality in a big city. Such a House is a hospice to care for the poor, the unemployed, the unemployable, the derelict, the refugee from class war, race war, and other kinds of war. Once a Bishop gave such a house to a group of lay people to run, and even a priest to be in charge. Maybe sometime this will happen again. There are ten or so such houses now and after the war there will be many more. Before the war, for a time, there were thirty-two. Many of the men on the present breadlines run by the existing houses, are left over from the last war. Priests come to these houses to give instruction, and sometimes give whole courses of lectures.

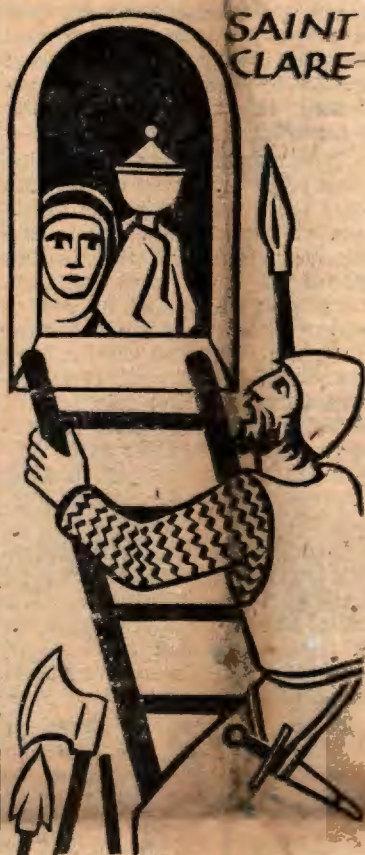
Concerning Priests

This story is about two priests and about some people. One might say that these two priests are samples of many priests and the people are like all of us, in one way or another. So it is no use in trying to identify them, or to say—this is me. I am writing about all of us, about myself and you.

Father Cross is half a dozen priests we know. Father Joy is another half dozen. Minimus is all of us, and so is Fabiola. I use these names—because I do not know anyone by them and neither do you.

One hot summer night, Father Joy and Father Cross were giving lectures in the house of hospitality.

Father Joy was saying, "we must think in terms of the liberty of the spirit. Away with this petty counting up of sacrifices, this talk of self sanctification. Self, self sanctification! Bah! Emphasis on self. Let us look towards God who is infinitely merciful. Let Him take care of the whole matter for us. We do not depend enough on grace. We lay too much emphasis on our own puny efforts. Let us look towards God instead of inwards towards ourselves. Let us concentrate on the glory



of God. There is a tendency these days to talk about self-denial, mortification, detachment from creatures. There is a great deal of modern piety which is neither

Announcing— Catholic Worker Land School

Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

This first course will be opened on Sept. 11 with a retreat—retreat master to be announced later. Following the retreat, there will be a discussion of cult, culture and cultivation and their relationship to each other—led by Peter Maurin, which discussion will continue for another two weeks.

Due to equinoctial storms, a leaky roof to the barn which may or may not be repaired by the time you come, we advise you to bring raincoats, ponchoes, sleeping bags or blankets (you can mail them parcel post). Be prepared, if we are crowded, to sleep on the floor of one of the other barns; to wash in cold water, to eat whole wheat bread, the herbs of the field, dairy products and what meat and fish we can get. If you contribute to your food, well and good; if not, all can take a little less so that "your abundance can supply their want," as St. Paul says. We shall try to get back, as the Pope has asked, to the spirit of the early Christians.

There will be work projects, during the entire course, such as repairing rock wall and roads, building an outdoor oven, scything, ploughing for winter wheat, harvesting corn, digging potatoes, and for women, breadmaking, and the principles of spinning, weaving and knitting.

Please let us know if you are coming so that we can make preparation. Write Dorothy Day, Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

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Little Italy Meets Big Italy

By David Mason

Five truckloads of Italian soldiers captured Grand Street on a beautiful Saturday afternoon last month and held it for nearly an hour. The most remarkable feature of this strange military episode was the fact that the soldiers carried no arms; they had not a round of ammunition among them. Yet their conquest of Grand Street was as complete as though they had descended upon it with all the military engines of destruction.

Prisoners of war, wearing green armbands with "ITALY" in white letters, they were as fine a lot of young men as you will see anywhere. Except for the armbands they were virtually indistinguishable from the few American soldiers who accompanied them.

They were enjoying a holiday from their industrial jobs in Bayonne, N. J., jobs which they accepted voluntarily. I don't know who planned their excursion to Grand Street, but my hat is off to him for a grand idea (no pun intended).

The five trucks turned into Grand Street from Mulberry and rolled up to their objective, Ferrara's bakery and coffee shop. Mr. Ferrara must have been expecting them, for he had prepared appeasing refreshments. His store is not small, but it could not accommodate all of them at one time, so they had to wait their turn outside in the trucks.

By this time news of the unexpected invasion had spread through all the tenements and stores of the neighborhood, and in a few minutes a traffic-blocking crowd milled from curb to curb. Never have I heard greetings and inquiries flying so thick and fast. My very slight knowledge of Italian enabled me to understand that there were questions about relatives and friends

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Deocentric nor Christcentric, but egocentric. St. John of the Cross, St. Bernard, both in a way show this tendency which is dangerous. And there is that very dangerous chapter in the *Following of Christ*, on nature and grace," etc., etc.

As Father Joy, who was an earnest, serious, saintly priest, tried to talk of enjoying creatures, increasing our love for all creatures in God, Minimus staggered through the meeting room, so far gone in drink that he had to crawl up the stairs to the dormitory on his hands and knees. He had been greatly enjoying Creature Beer. "There was no harm in it. Take a little wine for your belly's sake. No sin in one beer. "God put these creatures here for us to enjoy," he murmured to himself as he heard Father Joy talking so earnestly that he did not even see Minimus's dejected rear as he fell up the first steps outside the meeting room.

Raised Eyebrows

Some of the good visitors who liked to come to meetings at the House of Hospitality, and always brought food and clothing with them for the poor, looked at each other, raised their eyebrows and sighed. "What noble people these are," one was saying to herself, "to take care of these repulsive human beings, though of course they are Christ (in his most repulsive guise)."

And still others thought bitterly, "What stupid fools to waste their time on drunks. That's where my money goes. To the corner tap room. They contribute to their delinquency by caring for them. Those who do not work should not eat."

Meanwhile, Minimus, not able to sleep and thinking another drink might help, stole the suit of a dying man who had just been taken to the hospital that morning, and staggered out again down the back stairs and out the side door.

Father Cross was speaking not

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Going My Way

Fr. John J. Hugo

Thus far no movie reviews have appeared in the CATHOLIC WORKER. And heaven forbid that any should appear there—the kingdom of this world already has more than ample means to advertise its wares. All rules have exceptions, however, and it seems well to draw the attention of CATHOLIC WORKER readers to the current movie, "Going My Way." Of course, candor forces the admission at once that the present reviewer has not seen the movie and does not intend to see it. But this fact does not necessarily disqualify him; reviews already printed provide sufficient material, if not for a safe judgment, at any rate for asking certain questions that are raised by this movie.

"Going My Way," whose chief characters are three priests, has been widely advertised by the Catholic press and received with acclaim by a number of Catholic

movie critics. According to one enthusiastic reviewer, it shows us the priests we have known all our lives, not the stiff and unreal priests of "pious" fables. Without obvious disrespect, this movie apparently presents three priests as "comics."

From one point of view it can be readily understood why Catholics would welcome such a movie; they are a little weary, not only of the unreality of the stiffly pious priests that appear in devout fiction, but also of that more offensive portrait of priests, still not unknown, which represents them as having horns. "Going My Way" provides a more human and pleasing picture, and at the same time it effectively destroys that false and offensive representation. Nevertheless, it must be questioned seriously whether in the end it provides a picture of the priesthood any

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Yanqui Imperialism

Fr. Clarence Duffy

There is a growing rift between this country and Brazil. Many Brazilians believe that the United States intends to keep air and naval bases after the war. Publishers in Sao Paulo, taxi drivers in Rio, illiterate *janga-deiros* who spend their lives fishing from rafts off the northeastern coast, rubber traders in Amazonian Belen—they are asking themselves with growing fear the same question, again and again: "What will the Yanquis do about the bases?"

Writing in the August issue of the *Inter-American*, the noted Brazilian professor, Hernane Tavares de Sa says: "It is easy enough to understand my countrymen's point of view. Suppose that at the beginning of the war the United States had granted Russia permission to build great naval bases in San Francisco and Seattle on the condition that she

pull out as soon as the Japanese were crushed. How would you, a North American, feel if the Russian forces simply decided to stay on permanently in charge of the areas?

"The bases in Brazil are on territory settled by, lived in, and fought for by Brazilians for more than 400 years. Cities like Natal and Recife, which at one time or another have fought off invasions by most European powers, are the birthplace of Brazil as a nation. That their post-war status should even be open to discussion is unthinkable to the average Brazilian."

And yet the average Brazilian, the professor points out, watches with growing distrust as "many public figures in the United States have aired their opinions in Congress, in the press and on the radio. In his speech in the New York Town Hall last May, Sum-

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Spreading the Good News

Peter Maurin, founder of the Catholic Worker movement has often said that there are four steps to the loss of faith and we have often pondered on his words.

If we were to describe vividly these steps, it would be something like this,

Faith

Cynicism

Pessimism

Despair.

He has often said that cynicism is the particular sin of newspapermen for they so often see the truth but haven't the courage to write about it. Which makes us think of that Biblical phrase that used to leap out at us from our college text book on Religion, with desolation is the land made desolate because there is no one who thinketh in his heart.

Cynicism comes from knowing the truth and not stating it or living up to it. We think the stating of it is the utmost importance. It is of no use merely to keep it in the mind. A belief is rarely ever a true belief until we enunciate it, give witness to it. Faith comes by hearing but if so, some one must have expressed it. That long line of passage of faith from lip to ear to lip to ear is what we know as tradition, the handing down of truth.

In Full Flower

But when we keep truths to ourselves and fail by omission to reveal them, a mental twist comes which soon becomes a frustration. The very grace that would have given us the courage to say the truth has now poisoned us. We begin to say, no one tells the truth, everyone is a liar, everyone is a crook. Cynicism is in full flower.

We need scarcely mention the next step except to describe it as the venial sin of despair.

Now we know that faith is a gratuitous gift, unearned on our part, consequently we cannot give it to others although by our speaking its truths we act as the channels through which the grace of the Holy Spirit travels.

We have often thought of those four steps, and with increasing frequency these days when people are vainly trying to puzzle out the meaning of events.

A Catholic Paper's Purpose

If a Catholic paper has any reason for existence it is this, namely to help to keep alive the spirit of faith, to show evidences of that faith, to enunciate the great truths of our religion and to give instances which show the gifts of the Holy Spirit in action.

That is why in this paper, we have written so much about the works of mercy, have gone to the early Fathers for Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel and Knowledge and have shown how Fortitude flows as it were from Piety and Piety in practice is listening to the voice of Christ on earth, the Holy Father and thinking with the Church.

If we were the Devil, we wouldn't be interested in detailing evidences of the gifts of the Holy Spirit. We would be writing everything about our devilish victories and everything would come under the headings of Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy and Sloth, the seven banners of Hell.

A Patent Fact

Now it is one of the patent facts of our day that secular newspapers write chiefly of the pride and pomp of politicians, the covetousness of business, the lust of divorce and war, anger against people and cater to gluttony, envy and sloth by upholding a comfort philosophy.

All of which reminds us of the wise remark of an old Menonite who said, an intelligent man should spend no more than three minutes a day reading a secular newspaper.

We have sold the CATHOLIC WORKER on streets, before innumerable churches and meetings and everywhere we found that hunger for light, often more intensely sought at communist rallies and meetings of so-called pinks.

To spread Catholic literature you have to believe in the power of the idea to make its way. You just won't see results most of the time although after long years, you probably will notice some trace of your efforts.

That is why we have asked our readers to spread the paper as much as possible, on subways, at church doors, in libraries or around rest rooms in the place where they work. We

Results of Italian Relief

With complete reports having been received from 85 percent of the participating Archdioceses and Dioceses, it is now estimated that the Clothing Campaign for Italy, conducted by War Relief Services-National Catholic Welfare Conference in cooperation with American Relief for Italy, Inc., amassed approximately 6,000,000 pounds in its two-week intensive drive. It was announced by the Most Reverend Edward Mooney, Archbishop of Detroit and Chairman of the Board of Trustees of War Relief Services-N.C.W.C. Clothing drives for the needy Italian civilians were held in thirty-two Archdioceses and Dioceses during the period from May 28 to June 11, and are continuing in other areas at the present time.

Arrangements for the shipment of the collected clothing to Italy for the relief of the destitute and needy civilians in the liberated areas of the Italian mainland, Sicily and Sardinia have been concluded by representatives of American Relief for Italy, Inc., with the Civil Affairs Branch of the Army. It is expected that the first shipment of 1,000,000 pounds of clothing will be made early next month. Additional shipments of similar amounts will be dispatched regularly thereafter.

Committees have been organized in the liberated areas of Italy by representatives of War Relief Services-N.C.W.C. to assist in the distribution to those in need of the gifts received from the American people.

Three million two hundred thousand pounds of clothing have already been shipped to New York, where it is being processed and baled at the rate of 30,000 pounds per day. The value of the clothing collected by War Relief Services-N.C.W.C. for Italian Relief is estimated at approximately \$7,500,000.

In addition to the collected clothing, the first shipment of materials to Italy for Italian relief will include: powdered milk, vitamin tablets, bolt goods, surgical instruments and supplies, first-aid kits and special foods for infants, the aged and nursing mothers. Both War Relief Services-N.C.W.C. and American Relief for Italy, Inc., are supplying these materials.

Eighty-four thousand volunteer workers in Italian parishes or in parishes including a large proportion of Americans of Italian descent assisted in the Clothing Campaign for Italy. Several hundred parish sewing and knitting groups have been organized to produce new clothing, particularly for children, and will continue their activities for the duration of the need.

Have you renewed your subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORKER?

could tell of wonderful conversions that have come about through chance copies of the paper left about by persons who wished to spread the good word.

A Serious Matter

This business of helping to build people's faith is a serious business. Sociology starts with the suicide, for if it cannot solve the problem of the suicide, it had better fold its tents and quietly steal away, ashamed. Catholic papers, pamphlets, houses of hospitality, works of mercy all help to build up people's faith in each other.

When we started to sell the CATHOLIC WORKER on the streets of Boston in front of the Hotel Touraine a few minutes before we had sold our first copy, a woman jumped from a fifth story window of the hotel to the street before a crowd that groaned in agony at this vision of a woman destroying herself because she despaired. That first copy of the paper sold at that corner will always be high-lighted for us with that awful bit of drama of a woman losing faith in God, in other people and lastly in herself. And all perhaps because at some time, someone failed to pass on to her the good word that would have been the channel of faith to her.

GHOSTS

They sit in smoke before a table long
And dark and polished like a minister
Deep pool, the men of dour prestige and pride
Engaged in conference. Despite the gloss
Of modern tubes and wires the filtered air
Is heavy with infected dust of hates
Decayed, rank, musty words that urge the dire
Dilemma of revenge. Oh, men enmeshed
By fate—is there no magic ray from God
To show the doomful presence of old sins
That stalk the living mind and seek to weave
Compulsive patterns on a loom of power?

MRS. RICHMOND WHEELER,
24 Colorado Ave.
Berkeley 7, Calif.

Yanqui Imperialism

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ner Welles pointed out this trend in U. S. public opinion:

"We should all be blind if we were to fail to recognize the evidence of a trend towards imperialism within many sectors of our own public opinion. . . . Nor can we disregard similar demands that we must secure, permanently, bases and other facilities which some of our neighbors of the Western Hemisphere have willingly lent us for our use during the war period as one of the contributions they could make to our common war effort."

"After conversation with hundreds of my countrymen," the author explains, following a visit to Brazil after two years spent in North America, "I was forced to accept the shocking truth that anti-U. S. feeling is growing in Brazil. Meanwhile the U. S. public, which is paying handsomely for the works of the Good Neighbor Policy, has remained unaware of the way Brazilians and Spanish Americans feel regarding a question which can wreck the very foundations of Pan American unity."

Imperialistic Rampage

There has been serious talk, too, of the United States occupying Dakar in West Africa after the war, and of taking over other strategic points in various parts of the world. All this grabbing will be done, or at least attempted, under the pretext of United States security, and the prevention of future wars, although it is this very grabbing, interference in and domination of the lives and territories of others that cause wars. This one, we are told, is being fought to establish freedom and democracy all over the earth. In view of facts, this is nothing more or less than sheer hypocrisy, or the mouthings of men who do not know what they are talking about. Freedom and democracy are not established by taking the territories of other peoples, by coercing them as has been done or attempted by the United States, by smearing them when they do not see eye to eye with the latter in its rising imperialistic rampage, or by attempting, for selfish trade interests, to interfere with and disrupt their economic life.

Hitlerism and Fascism were

and are obnoxious, but it looks as if the desire to destroy them is inspired more by an itch to take their place in the race for world domination than by any love of freedom and democracy. Russian, British and United States Imperialism are equally obnoxious. The latter is a newcomer in the Imperialistic Stakes but it is definitely in the race despite any fact-believing protestations to the contrary. The United States has gone, or is going, the way of all flesh" thus proving what any one with a little knowledge of human nature knows, that people here are no different from people elsewhere; that pride and covetousness are as much a part of fallen human nature in the United States as in any other part of the world.

Pride and covetousness of the national as well as of the individual variety can be controlled and checked. It is up to those people in the United States who abhor Imperialism and injustice of every kind to exercise the control in this instance. If they do not do so there will be a lot of anti-U. S. feeling not only in Brazil but in many other parts of the world when the latter is being made over to suit the interests of Imperialists, grabbers of varying hues.

The Test of Courage

The eminent psychiatrist, C. G. Jung, speaking from the experience of a busy professional life says: "During the past thirty years, people from all the civilized countries of the earth have consulted me. I have treated many hundreds of patients, the larger number being Protestants, a smaller number Jews, and not more than five or six believing Catholics. Among all my patients in the second half of life—that is to say, over thirty-five—there has not been one whose problem in the last resort was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that every one of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers, and none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook."

Quoted by Fr. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., in The Test of Courage.

Prayers For Russia

Recalling that Our Lord once said He would rather have us hot or cold, and that the lukewarm he would vomit from His mouth, it begins to become noticeable that this dictum is now applicable to Russia. The recent attacks upon the Catholic Church from that nation indicate that something is boiling there. Things are certainly not lukewarm. For all Catholics this is a time for prayer. It is timely to renew the intention for which the prayers after Low Mass are recited—for Russia. Following the solution of the Vatican question in 1925, the Holy Father directed that these prayers after Low Mass be said for Russia. It is well to recall this intention frequently, and to say these prayers with more fervor.—Columbus Register.

+ From The Mail Bag +

OUR FRIEND JOE

Dear Friends:

For some reason or other I always manage to wind up in the city of Pittsburgh, despite the fact that I think it one of the most hideous cities in the country. I have often figured that this town lies here only because it is the one ugly spot that can be an excellent argument for the cause of decentralization of industry. Everything here seems so worn, and the whole smudgy atmosphere of industry is again reflected in the large slum areas, especially in the "Hill District," with all its steep, hilly streets and poor housing. In this section one finds a typical example of the "short end" that is the Negro's fare in American life.

I visited the House of Hospitality on Tannehill street during my four-day stay here. I was quite moved to see the predominance of older men at the house. Of course, this is caused by the increased employment furnished by the many war industries here. I also visited the little house on Carson, run by Brother Matthew, but didn't meet him. Seems he worked all night and was sleeping that day. One of the men wanted to wake him, and I told him not to. This little House is so much like the other Houses of Hospitality, with its store front. I shared a meal with a few men, and went on my way. There is a real air of poverty at St. Francis, but it seemed comforting to me. The men were contented, and they were busy. From the front door one can see a branch of one of the steel companies, and in any direction one looks it is hills, hills and more hills.

Old Friends

I looked up some old CATHOLIC WORKER friends while here, and spent much of my time with two of them who now work on newspapers. One of them is quite prolific and contributes many pieces to Catholic magazines. While his guest I enjoyed the atmosphere of a real Catholic home. I played with the kids and had a feast on many good books and other Catholic literature. Grace was said before all meals, and the whole atmosphere was a good testimony to the Catholic outlook on the family life. My other friend took me all through the pressrooms of his newspapers and took me to a meeting of the Alcohol Anonymous. A priest was a guest at this meeting, and he was well received by the members, who represented different religious denominations. The AA seems to stress the potentialities of the use of the will, but not without the aid of a supernatural power. I listened to the testimonies of many members, and praised their heroism and their concern for others. They run some kind of service whereby members go to the aid of those in the dumps of alcoholism, and stand ready to come and help at any time of the day or night.

Then there was the police beat. I covered that for a couple of hours with a reporter friend, and saw the efficient system for sending out and receiving alarms. I passed cells that harbored all kinds of offenders, and witnessed the frailty of the human being, especially in the loud and profane conversation of the drunks. Since I have slept in many jails throughout the country, I am a first-hand witness to the wide scale crime and decadence that, to me, is largely attributed to the fast but insecure pace of the industrial set-up. From where the teletype machines were I could look down into the river (the Monongohela, I think) and see an ex-night club boat half sunk in the water. The waters looked

muddy and polluted, and I suppose they took the waste of many industrial plants.

The hills here nearly drove me crazy. I doubt if there is a house in all Pittsburgh that is built on a level spot. And the numbering system confused me terribly. My host received me after I had walked an hour up and down hills trying to find his house. He told me not to mind the numberings because most people brought the numbers of their previous residence with them and tacked them up on the door. I suspect he was kidding me but I almost believed him.

Rescue Mission

One afternoon I spent a couple of hours at a rescue mission. I went in to dodge the rain and talked with some of the men in the smoke-filled sitting room. This mission has been in existence a long time and one of the requirements for receiving lodging for a night is the chopping of some wood. Here, too, I noticed the predominance of old men. What a terrible way to spend a lonely old age. The men I talked with were mostly Catholics and the literature furnished them was a mixture between modern, slick paper magazines and Protestant tracts. Old men in these places seem to have such a listless, far-away look. I suppose there always has and always will be a class like this, but I am sure there will be more and more lonely old men as the years go by and the present attitude on birth control is upheld.

I made the St. Teresa Novena a couple of evenings. I went once by myself and once when the public Novena was held. I was surprised at the tremendous crowds and I have since heard that many that attend this Novena are non-Catholics. The Carmelite Father who preached was very inspiring and I was grateful that many non-Catholics were given the lessons that derive from the life of St. Teresa.

Soon after leaving Pittsburgh I was arrested and then let go. I boarded a freight train and was heading down toward the Southern border of Ohio. During the night the train stopped on a narrow, one-track bridge and the railroad detectives searched the train and found me. My answers didn't make much sense to them and they adjudged me as harmless and walked me to the end of the bridge and bade me a profane farewell. For the rest of that night I stayed in a woods and kept warm over a fire I felt certain would draw police. In the morning I started hitch-hiking on the highway and a truck driver roared laughing when I told him I didn't know where I was going. I stayed with him till we reached Wheeling, W. Va., and as we progressed we became friendly and our conversation became deep and serious. He was ahead of his schedule and we lingered in a Wheeling restaurant and talked some more. He gave me enough money for a couple of more meals and urged me to write him a list of the literature I quoted. Fortunately I had some stuff with me including the last issue of the C. W. and gave it to him.

Remember me in your prayers as I will you.

Your friend, Joe.

Dear Editor:

Don Luigi Sturzo wishes us to convey his deep gratitude to the readers of this periodical who have so kindly responded to our drive for funds to enable him to carry on his work for Christian Democracy in Italy.

Sincerely,

ANTHONY P. ULLO.

From California

April 26.

Dear Editor:

In the April issue of THE CATHOLIC WORKER you have a call for contacts in S. California, please count me in as such.

My activity in the work has been in a mild form, and confined to assisting a bit at the old house on Tupper street, in Buffalo, N. Y.

Marjorie and Joe Hughes were there at that time; Mrs. Hastings and Dorothy Butler too. Meeting Dorothy Day and Peter at the house were large moments for me in providing inspiration.

A trip to the Rochester farm project and a visit with the boys at the Alquin Community are other high spots I like to recall.

When this war swollen area feels the letdown after the rush is over the Catholic Workers will have plenty to do. There is work to be done now, but folks are too busy making money to devote their efforts to the program of peace, and farming that we believe in. The way the farming is conducted here is not in line with any of our beliefs on the subject. Water rights and high

I DO BELIEVE, LORD
= HELP MY
UNBELIEF



Ado Bethune

prices keep the family size ranch out of existence. The Japs are blamed for all ills, imaginary or real, if there are any wrongs not covered by that, the Okies, Arkies, etc., get the balance of remaining invectives.

This doesn't give you much to work on in your quest contacts, but give it your Sunday punch and I'll try my level best to fill the bill in my small corner.

It's your lead now. Good-bye, and God bless your efforts.

Sincerely,

John D. Rose.

1037 E. Flower Ave., Bellflower, Calif.

Farm Opportunity

May 27, 1944.

Editors, CATHOLIC WORKER.

Dear Sirs:

The thought came to us that perhaps you may know of someone who would be glad to have a position on a farm. We are anxious to get someone who understands gardening and care of lawn. We have a mission farm and need a good supply of vegetables to feed our Indian children during the school year. We can pay \$3 a day and board and room. If the man should have a wife and family we have a

PSALM

"Judge not the Lord,
Nor ask Him for a sign;
Trust in the Lord,
And enter His silence."

Let the storm clouds clap—
The thunder of their hands;
Let great lightning strike behind—
The Night's dark-curtained look leap
Brightly straight descent to ground
And open wide thick air for rain
To cool the fever's siege: my eyes
Shall drink the falling flow;
And let the sun shine, and caper winds fly
Down the corridors of sky, stars fling
Their far divinity of hope, living
Their timeless Beauty, steeply
Sing gladness, let happiness lie
Deep in the runs of our hearts.
And loudly sound rejoicing—
Oh, proudly!—for blessed joys
God-given we have shared.
Humbly for grace that bows the head,
Thanks God for His bestowals.
Men, as ever, who have heard
Heaven's hymn, will stand all awed:
O sing my new song to the Lord.

R. J. SCHOECK,
106th Signal Co.
A.P.O. 443,
Camp Atterbury, Ind.

WORK OF WAR OBJECTORS IN MENTAL HOSPITALS PRAISED

"The Mental Hygiene Program of Civilian Public Service can be an invaluable aid in meeting this emergency, but promises even greater benefits through the fact that hundreds of men after the war will through first-hand experience be acquainted with the problem and the needs. The conscientious objector is bound at the present time to suffer from the attitude accompanying a united forceful effort to win the war. I think of this group of a few thousand men as an army of vigilantes who in this society of ours carry the function of preserving and securing peace. The loss of a few thousand men from our armed forces is a small price for a country to pay to have within it an intelligent group directed year in and year out toward those elements that tend to preserve international good-will and directed against those elements that would destroy it. If we can add to this value that it is potentially a nucleus of informed citizenry directed against violence in the handling of the mentally ill and aimed at the reduction of conflict in the minds of the mentally disturbed, the price paid will be even more justified."

Dr. Stevenson, medical director,
National Committee for Mental Hygiene
From THE ATTENDANT, C.P.S. magazine.

C.O.S. Act As "Guinea Pigs" in a Typical Pneumonia Experiments at Pinehurst, North Carolina

"Arrived here after a sleepless night on buses on June 1, and found about 25 guinea pigs all on location. On June 3... the experiment got underway with the men being individually isolated, one man to a room. Although I understand that this form of isolation is not 'strict isolation,' it is a great contrast to the isolation involved in our past experience at Gatlinburg... Thus far, morale in the unit is excellent; the boys can communicate with one another by telephone, there being a 'phone in each room, and some conversations last for several hours, especially when they are playing chess... there is arising some interest and demand for a daily newspaper, and we have obtained a mimeograph and some stencils, etc., preparatory to satisfying this desire..."

"The local U.S.O. has volunteered the use of its library... The other night, a couple of waitresses at the hotel ganged up and had some ice cream sent up to the boys from a local restaurant, the owner of which quite entered into the spirit of the thing and sent along a number of hamburgers on the house..."

Quoted in INFORMATION,
Friends' C.P.S. Bulletin.

From Montreal

Montreal, July 28, 1944.

Dear Editor:

Very grateful for your note and acceptance to review "Blessed Are the Peacemakers." As for the price, the booklet is not sold. The first edition (2,100) is paid for, and a second one would be very cheap (perhaps 5 cents a copy) since the printers are

little cottage they could have free of rent. Surely in your big city there must be someone who would be anxious for such work. Here in the West most men are in the war or in defense work. Would you kindly let us know if you know of anyone who might come out this far?

Sincerely yours,

Ursuline Nuns,
Mother Magdalen, Superior.
Ursuline Convent, St. Ignatius,
Montana.

holding the printing matter, at least for some time.

It would be greatly appreciated if "The Catholic Worker" and "The Catholic C. O." accepted to be distributors for the U. S. Close to 1,000 copies could be supplied. Any spontaneous offers you might receive for pamphlets could go to "The Catholic C. O." as far as we are concerned; we would be very glad to help in that way. But the booklet is intended as a Peace Propaganda.

It would be a great help if you could take it upon yourself to send copies to "Blackfriars," "The Catholic Herald," London, and "The Catholic Worker," Manchester.

The Lord bless your work and give you His Peace.

A Brother in Christ,
FRANCIS GERALD.
Catholic Pacifist Association, 2115
Dorchester St., West, Montreal,
P. Q.

CULT

CULT

Church and Social Work

Peggy Stern

In the teachings of Christ, love of neighbor is the condition and consequence of the love of God. "A new commandment I give unto you, that you love one another as I have loved you," summarizes the essence of the Christian dispensation. All races and nationalities—the Jew and also the Greek—through baptism become members of the Mystical Body of Christ which is the Church and therefore members one of another... sons of God and heirs of heaven through grace.

In the Ages of Faith all of existence had a supernatural orientation because Christians thought of themselves as "strangers and pilgrims" merely sojourning on the earth as in an alien land. The Archetype whom they followed was Christ who had been born in poverty, lived the life of a carpenter and died the death of a criminal. Thus worldly success was not in fashion.

Terms of Eternity

Since the true meaning of human existence was in terms of eternity, the medieval view of the universe, the earth and the state was sacramental, conceiving of the material as an expression of spiritual reality. The state was a stable compound of unequal classes with varying functions, ordered to one another for the common good and mutual salvation of lord and vassal, villein and serf. The care of the poor grew quite naturally out of this relationship, for the needy individual had both a natural and a supernatural bond with the community, and Christ had made the sacramentalism of almsgiving explicit: "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

There was not the problem of destitution as it exists in an industrial civilization where the small wage-earner struggles on rootless and insecure, where sickness, unemployment and countless other unforeseeable misfortunes can so effortlessly sweep him into the ranks of the dispossessed. For however humble his position, the serf had his place, he stood rooted in the soil, his painful toil supplying the broad base on which the hierarchy of the manor was erected. And in the towns, the guilds helped to protect their members against the hazards of life.

Property

The corollary of the rights of property, of the blessings of the rich bestowed by God, was the duty of providing for those not so blessed. St. Thomas Aquinas makes the distinction between private property and common use: "Two offices pertain to men with regard to exterior things. The first is the power of procuring and dispensing, and in respect to this, it is lawful for man to hold things as his own... The other office which is man's concerning exterior things is the use of them; and with regard to this a man ought not to hold exterior things as his own but as common to all, that he may portion them out to others readily in time of need."

This is the basis for the formulation of a precept: "There is a time when to withhold alms is to commit mortal sin. Namely when on the part of the receiver there is evident and urgent necessity and he does not seem likely to be provided for otherwise and when on the part of the giver he has superfluities of which he has not any probable immediate need. Nor should the

future be in question, for this would be looking to the morrow which the Master has forbidden." And so we find Gregory the Great doing penance when he learned that a man in his diocese had died of starvation, for the words of St. Ambrose were ringing in his ears: "Feed them that are dying of starvation, else shall you be held their murderer."

Charity

There was not talk of pauperization since the poor could make return in the incalculable coin of prayer. Thus St. Lawrence refers to them as the "treasures" of the Church, and contemporary legend records that the blessing of St. Antonius, written on a scrap of paper and placed on a pair of scales, far outweighed a dish of fruit he had received as a gift.

The spirit of the Beatitudes which inculcated detachment from material goods is the cornerstone of the whole edifice of Christian charity. The vow of poverty taken by the hermits, anchorites and later the various religious orders, involving as it did a complete renunciation of personal possessions, served to keep the average layman at least partially severed from temporal goods.

The History of Provision for the Destitute in the Church

The *Acts of the Apostles* records the life of the early church: "And all they that believed were together and had all things in common. Their possessions and goods they sold and divided them to all, according as everyone had need. And continuing daily with one accord in the temple and breaking bread from house to house, they took their meat with gladness and simplicity of heart."

The early Christians apparently spent a large part of their lives in charitable works, care for the sick, of widows and orphans and the visiting of prisoners in their place of confinement were regularly practiced. A rudimentary form of organization is recorded: Seven deacons or deaconesses were appointed to supervise the work. It is interesting to note that the special ability of women to deal with the sick and the disconsolate was recognized early in the history of the Church, and women, who either singly or in groups, devoted their lives to charitable activities were a feature of Christian charity from its inception.

In this early period, those persecuted and forced to make sacrifices for their faith comprised the bulk of those in need of assistance. The communities were small and the extent of need could be definitely ascertained, while poverty was individual and not widespread and so was easily within the capacity of the local unit to control. After the conversion of Constantine, however, when Christianity became the accepted religion of the Empire, the membership of the Church swelled to much greater proportions.

Houses of Hospitality

Special *xenodochia* or hospitals were established to meet the various types of need. In the tenth and eleventh centuries, these became more specialized and many kinds of destitution were separately provided for. There were the great storehouses near the churches where the poor enjoyed their meals in common, the *hospes* for pilgrims and transients, shelters for the sick and the aged as well as

(Continued on page 7)



The Judgment

In the Judgment there are to be two classes of the elect, the first class being those who judge with the Lord, whom He mentions as those who have left all things and followed Him. The other class, those to be judged by the Lord, are they who, not having left all their possessions, use those goods to care for Christ's poor; whence they shall hear in the judgment: "Come ye blessed of my Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the founding of the world, for I was hungry and you gave me to eat, I thirsted and you gave me to drink."

And likewise, according to the Lord's words, there are two classes of the reprobate, the first comprising those who, once initiated in the mysteries of the faith scorn to practice the works of faith, upon whom will be pronounced the judgment: "Depart from me, ye accursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels, for I was hungry and you did not give me to eat." Those of the other class are they who either have not received the faith and the sacraments of Christ, or having received them have abandoned them; of whom the Lord says: "He is already judged who does not believe in the only-begotten Son of God."

But having noted this with due fear and trembling, let us turn our attention to our Lord and Saviour's most joyful promises; let us see the wonderful gifts of his paternal love which He has promised to his followers, rewards of the eternal life and favors of the present life. "And everyone who shall leave home or brothers or sisters or father or mother or fields for my name's sake shall possess eternal life." Whoever, then, shall renounce earthly affections or possessions to become a disciple of Christ shall find within his soul treasures from the wealth of God, and more and more of these shall he find the further he advances in God's love.

Sermon of Venerable Bede for the Feast of St. Bernard.

A View Of P

ARTHUR T.

I

A personalist is one who leads or goes ahead. A personalist goes ahead because he follows a vision. He sees what the world should be like and he follows that vision. Without visionaries the people perish.

II

A dictator tells other people to go ahead. He doesn't lead. He merely commands others to go ahead. In no true sense of the word is a dictator a leader, for a leader must be out in front.

III

There is in everyone of us a sort of Jekyll and Hyde dualism. Our better self tries to be personalist, while our other side is continually tempted toward domination. We are torn between the two poles.

IV

The personalist, because he is a personalist, realizes that he may give away his wealth, his food, his clothing, even his life itself, but he recognizes likewise that there is something that he cannot give away; he cannot give away that thing which makes him different from other persons, his person.

V

He recognizes the fact that he possesses a mind and a will and he has respect for the fact. He does even more than this: he realizes that his neighbor possesses these things too. He doesn't try to control another's mind and will for that would be domineering, and domineering is a form of selfishness and consequently is repugnant to a personalist.

VI

If he believes that he has better ideas than some of his fellowmen, he explains these ideas and leaves to his neighbor the freedom of choosing or rejecting them. He uses neither moral nor physical force to get his ideas across for that is the way of the dictator and the personalist has too much intelligence for that.

VII

The personalist realizes that no one person on earth can possess all truth. Consequently, he is courteous of the other person's views, for if he humbly listens to them he knows that he may acquire some more truth. Humility is the beginning of wisdom.

VIII

The personalist goes out humbly to learn, to learn in order to teach, for he is a missionary who believes in telling the truth to other people. As he hears other views he is constantly weighing them against his own knowledge and principles. Like a judge, he continually sits in judgment of ideas, of ideas but never of people.

IX

He ponders, which means to weigh, which means to think deeply, which means to meditate. He ponders and he wonders for truth as it is pieced together in his mind, jig-saw fashion, fills him with awe. As the clouds of prejudice roll by, he sees emerging in the mind a design. And if a design, reason demands a designer. "Designer Infinite—"

X

The dictator domineers, and by domineering he scares his fellowmen. He cannot attain wisdom, because his fellowmen, seeing his domination, refuse to open their minds and hearts to him and consequently, he is so much the loser in wisdom and knowledge.

XI

The kings of old had jesters. The kings of old knew something the dictators of today know nothing about; they knew that out of the mouths of infants mentally comes wisdom. They were wise enough to let themselves be laughed at, for in that ridicule they recognized truths told them. Humiliated, they learned. Ridicule accepted can be the beginning of wisdom.

URE

CULTIVATION

Personalism

SHEEHAN

XII

The personalist never makes the unintelligent mistake of confusing the person and the person's ideas. He loves the person but this doesn't at all mean that he likes the other person's ideas. The personalist even listens to the dictators to learn the wisdom which they possess, for they do possess some.

XIII

All that has been said here can be accepted by those persons who call themselves materialists. Otherwise, they would have to deny the evidence of their everyday life.

XIV

For the spiritualist who recognizes the existence of his own person and the other individual's person, a further truth evolves. He realizes that the Designer Infinite must likewise be a person, for it wouldn't be possible for the greater not to possess a good which the lesser possessed.

XV

For the Christian, who recognizes with the help of revelation the fact that there are three persons in God, namely, God, the Father, God, the Son, and God, the Holy Ghost, and who knows by faith that God, the Holy Ghost, directs the hearts and minds of all, a still more brilliant truth emerges. The personalist realizes with St. Ambrose that which St. Thomas Aquinas was wont to repeat, namely, that all truth, whoever said it, comes from the Holy Ghost.

XVI

For the Catholic, who knows by his faith, the place of Mary in the Divine plan, the truth of the personalist principle becomes luminous in the light of the Annunciation. Mary was absolutely free to choose or reject the honor of being the Mother of God. One personalist, the Holy Ghost had to respect the other personalist, Mary. God, the Father, had given Mary a free will. He had given His greatest gift. It is because of that gift that we can say that Mary, like all of us, was made in the image and likeness of God.

XVII

God, the Holy Ghost, cannot contradict God, the Father. Consequently, God, the Holy Ghost, Incarnate Wisdom, left to Mary, the freedom of accepting or rejecting.

XVIII

Mary accepted and because of that, She became the spouse of the Incarnate Wisdom and Christ and His Mystical Body was born.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord."

SPECIFICALLY

I

If you see that a thing must be done and you know that you can do it, why not do it?

II

If you can respond and do, you are truly following a call or a calling or a vocation.

III

When we follow that inner voice which shows us what must be done and when we realize that we can do it, we really have a vocation for that work.

IV

The Christian recognizes that the voice which calls is the voice of God. He sent us out, and now as a missionary he calls us back. We come back to him by accepting each calling as it comes, when we have the ability to respond to the calling. This way lies happiness.

V

We have entered on the adventure of the spirit. It is far more real than adventure in fields material. It is soul satisfying.

VI

When we follow a true cause, that is, one which we know in our heart and soul is true, we are on the right road. For secondary causes will lead us to the first cause, and the first cause is the Supreme Good which we have shorted to God.



Use Of Force

"That they may now understand that this is a new kind of warfare and an extraordinary way of fighting when He sends them forth empty with only one garment, without shoes, without a walking staff, or walking clothes, without baggage; and when He commands them to receive hospitality from everyone He does not stop speaking at this point, but bringing before them His ineffable power, He commands them to go out in such a way that they show forth the meekness of lambs although they are to go to wolves, and not simply to go to wolves, but even to go in the midst of wolves; in this way He especially shows forth His power for when the wolves are overcome by the lambs, although these lambs are in the midst of wolves and are torn by countless wounds, they are in no way eaten up, but they even gradually change the wolves into their own nature.

"For certainly it is a greater work and much more marvelous to change the minds of opponents and to bring about a change of soul than to kill them. Especially when they were only 12 lambs and the whole world was full of wolves. We ought to be ashamed, therefore, who act far differently when as wolves we rush upon our adversaries. For as long as we are lambs we conquer; even if a thousand wolves stand about, we overcome and we are victors. But if we act like wolves we are conquered, for then the aid of Good Shepherd departs from us, for He does not feed wolves, but sheep."

—Homily of St. John Chrysostom.

Asking Prayers

We ask our readers to remember Cletus Althoff, of the Boston Catholic Worker group, in their prayers. Mr. Althoff, who did much to make the Boston house the attractive place it is, was taken down with illness while on a bus trip to visit his ailing mother and died shortly afterwards. May he rest in peace.

Popes and Peace

Liam Brophy, B.PH. (Louvain)

The untiring efforts of the present Holy Father to reestablish harmony between the warring nations have drawn the attention of the world as never before to the manifold endeavours which the Supreme Pontiffs have made in the past to banish the terrible shadow of war from the earth. Never have they forgotten the sublime significance of the word "Pontiff," which means "bridge-builder" for they have labored unceasingly to bridge the chasms which sudden earthquakes of violence and hatred have opened between nations. The publication of a book entitled "Principles of Peace" has helped to heighten public interest still more in the Pope's role as peace-maker. It is a volume prepared under the direction of the American Bishops' Committee setting forth the peace pronouncements of Popes Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI and Pius XII. It aims, says Fr. Koenig in the introduction "in revealing to all men the incalculable help the Popes can offer in the making of a lasting peace."

Mediation

Twenty years before hostilities broke out Pope Leo XIII had seen the horrible shape of things to come. In his Encyclical "Ad Principes Populosque Universos," dated June 20, 1894, he said: "This armed peace which now prevails cannot last much longer. Can this be the normal condition of human society?" He appealed for peaceful means of arbitration between those states which felt themselves aggrieved, a council of states which could settle their differences without recourse to that "last argument of kings"—war. When the first Hague peace conference was held in 1899 at the instance of the Czar he went with practical directness to the root of the matter when he wrote on that occasion: "What is lacking in the international Consortium of States is a system of legal and moral means designed to safeguard the rights of each. In consequence, the immediate recourse to force is the only means that remains. . . . The Holy See expresses the most ardent wish that . . . the principle of mediation and arbitration may be accepted and applied in the fullest possible manner." It is one of history's ironies that the Papacy was excluded from this, as well as from the Second Hague Conference in 1907.

Proposals of Benedict XV

The saintly Pius X died of a broken heart at the failure of his efforts to avert the last World War. In a book entitled "In Honour of France," written by the Pope's own secret chamberlain, it is related that on August 13, 1914 His Holiness sent a final and most earnest appeal to the Austrian Emperor, Franz Joseph. The Pope appealed to the Emperor "not through the medium of Chancelleries, not with the studied pomp of Embassies." "My heart goes direct to your heart," he wrote, "and your father, he who represents Christ on earth, prostrates himself before you." That letter never reached the Emperor. Where it was intercepted has never been disclosed. A week later the Pope was dead.

The storm of the last World War was gathering momentum when Pope Benedict XV ascended the Chair of Peter. His efforts to restore and maintain

peace and concord among nations entitled him to the appellation of the "Pope of Peace." In gratitude for these efforts, indeed, he was honored by having a statue set up—in Turkey. His attitude in a war-distracted world was defined in January, 1915, when he declared that "The Roman Pontiff must embrace all the combatants in one sentiment of charity; and as Father of all Catholics he has among the belligerents large numbers of children for whose salvation he must be equally and without distinction solicitous." Under his Pontificate the "White Cross Societies" were organized in France and Germany among Catholics for the promotion of peace. The essence of this Pontiff's peace propositions is contained in his Note, *Des le Debut*, which was addressed to all the belligerents on August 1, 1917. He invited the various governments to come to agreement on the points which he put forward. His proposals were: (a) the moral force of right to be substituted for the material force of arms, and the consequent simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments; (b) arbitration to be instituted as a substitute for arms; (c) sanctions to be used against those states which refused to submit international problems for arbitration or abide by its decisions. Herein the Pope erected the framework of the League of Nations which was to exclude him so rigorously.

Five Peace Points

During every Christmas of his Pontificate, when the Christian world celebrated the birth of the Prince of Peace, the present Holy Father has appealed to the belligerents to cease hostilities and come to agreement on enduring conditions for a just and honorable peace. His conditions are in marked contrast to the platitudes of the politicians. His allocution delivered to the College of Cardinals on Christmas Eve, 1939, contains five conditions for that much-desired peace. In these Five Peace Points is contained the basis of an international order which, if adopted, would rid the world forever of the fearsome threat of war. They may be summarized as follows:

(a) Equality of rights to life and independence for all the small nations.

(b) General disarmament.

(c) An international juridical institution to be set up to guarantee and revise peace settlements.

(d) Adequate attention to the demands of nations and populations and racial minorities.

(e) Those who govern to submit to the influence of that Spirit which alone can give life and authority and binding force to the dead letter of international agreements.

The Bridge Builder

It may not be too much to hope that a world which rejected the wise plans and proposals of Pope Benedict XV will have learnt wisdom from the hideous consequences of its blindness, and accept these Peace Points when it comes to build anew on the ashes of the old. In the post-war world that will be filled with such feverish haste of reconstruction there will be but one great Bridge Builder to link those nations sundered by so much abysmal hatred, he who bears the sublime and significant title of Pontifex Maximus.

Going My Way

(Continued from page 1)
more true than the old libels and caricatures.

Scarcely Religious

The reviewer in the "Time" magazine unconsciously revealed the defect of "Going My Way" when, comparing it with other current movies that have a religious theme, he remarked that, although dealing with priests, this movie is scarcely religious. Remarkable indeed! One wonders how a story that deals with priests—portrays their lives, reports their conversation, and even reveals their thoughts—can possibly avoid being religious. No doubt it is true that priests should be "all things to all men," and therefore able to turn all sorts of situations to God's account. But it is also true that "out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh" and hence, since priests are presumably men of prayer and inwardly separated from the world, in whatever conditions of life they may live, their words and actions should always proceed from a fervent love of God and zeal for souls.

This being so—and I suppose this truth holds even in America, in 1944—how can it be possible to spend two or three hours watching an intimate story of three priests which is not definitely and deeply religious? Can you imagine a story concerning the lives of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. John Vianney, or St. John Bosco being "scarcely religious?" Can you imagine it being other than religious? If you can, then perhaps no fault is to be found with "Going My Way." But if you cannot, then assuredly there is something wrong with the conception of the priesthood manifested in this movie.

Since the saints mentioned, all of whom were priests and great converters of souls, reveal the true ideal of the Catholic priesthood, how can Catholics accept and praise a conception of the priesthood that represents them as shallow, pleasure-loving, worldly, mercenary, unconscious of spiritual reality, frivolous, and at best merely amiable? Or perhaps are we to say that the saints themselves were unreal and inhuman, like the priests of sugary "devotional" literature?

Trying Everything

The movie's erroneous conception of the priesthood includes the work of priests as well as their character. An English priest once went to Ars and asked St. John Vianney how he obtained his marvelous results with souls. The Englishman himself—so he said—had "tried everything" but without such wonderful success. The saint replied by asking, "Have you really tried everything? Have you fasted? Have you used the discipline? Have you slept on a board?" The anecdote, whether or not literally true, reveals clearly enough the methods of the saints: in making his hundred thousand or so converts, John Vianney did not depend on his "personality" or on the dubious methods of American salesmanship. I recall reading Bishop Ullathorne's account of how he went to Ars to hear the Cure preaching. The Cure was then an old man, quite toothless; and his sermons, which had always been poor (by human standards) were now almost wholly unintelligible. Still the church was crowded; and when that crowd went, others came; and converts continued by the thousands. This was not human wisdom but the power of God.

The character of the Cure d'Ars, and the methods of his work, are quite different from what is suggested by *Going My Way*. In the movie, the culminating achievement of the leading priest

is his paying off the parish debt; his method is to exploit an attractive personality and a talent for popular music. No conversions here, and no fasting. There is rather a double materialism—a materialism of methods and a materialism of ends—which sees the work of the priesthood only as a preoccupation with the material elements of religion and measures the success of priests by their ability to raise money either by business methods or conjuring tricks. That such a conception of the priesthood could be in the least degree acceptable to Catholics, is most unfortunate. And if it is in any measure a true conception of the actual state of the priesthood, then it should lead devout Catholics, not to applause, but to grief and reparation.

Lamentable State

Thus it would appear that, however blameless the intention of the producers, *Going My Way* is in truth a great insult to the Catholic priesthood—much more harmful, because much more subtle, than the old caricature of priests with horns. That anyone could find it acceptable indicates that they have a gross and unworthy notion of the priesthood of Jesus Christ. If it is true, as the reviewer quoted above said, that these are the priests that we have known all our lives, then it is time for American Catholics and their priests to become alarmed at such a lamentable spiritual condition.

We Americans, naively imagining that we represent the very acme of progress and civilization, dream proudly (and wildly) of "Americanizing" the world. Some of our number have even formed plans to Americanize the Christian spiritual life; and apparently we also would like to Americanize the Catholic priesthood. It is well for us to remember that the Church has officially condemned a certain kind of Americanism; and this condemnation includes the sacrilegious design to Americanize the spiritual life by eliminating from it prayer and sacrifice and the other austere elements of traditional Christianity and introducing instead the practices and methods which have been so successful in American business expansion. Obviously it is less comforting to reflect on the condemnation of Americanism than it is to think about the condemnation, say, of Nazism. But it would be scarcely less wholesome for us to do so; it would enable us to see, for example, that movies and stories like *Going My Way* (there are unfortunately a good many of them today) are not free from the taint of that condemned Americanism.

Church or Hollywood

In a word, before becoming too enthusiastic about Hollywood's conception of the priesthood, we ought to compare it with the Church's ideas on that subject. And if there is any difference, then it is Hollywood (and we Americans) that must conform, not the Church. Now the Church's ideal of the priesthood is clearly revealed in official documents, like the Encyclicals of Pope Pius X and Pope Pius XI on the priesthood; it is made concrete and applied by such great Doctors of the Church as St. Alphonsus in his book on the dignity and duties of the priesthood; it is exemplified by the lives of the great priest-saints, such as those mentioned above. Let Catholic reviewers, before praising *Going My Way*, and other stories of the same kind, see if they meet the Church's high and austere requirements. And if these requirements seem harsh and inhuman to us, it could be that the cause is our own effeminacy and our inability to rise to any genuine high religious ideal.

Men and Things

(Continued from page 1)
why those things shouldn't be holy too.

No Other Real Reason

1. There is nothing of necessity very solemn or prim or gloomy or hushed and awestruck about holiness.
2. On the contrary: gaiety is its real art.
3. There is no other real reason for being gay.
4. No one has discovered why the hyena laughs—but I am sure, that if we could dig down into the matter we should find that it is because he has discovered the secret of the universe.

A Hint

1. The morning stars sang together.
2. The mediaeval cathedrals, like the Greek temples were all painted red, white and blue.
3. So were the guns and battleships during the great war.
4. But that was camouflage.
5. How to distinguish the true from the false?
6. A hint.
7. Adam sinned when he fell from contemplation.
8. Then activity ceased to be the fruit of contemplation and they were unable to see the Wood for the Tree.

What Is Holiness?

1. Holiness is not a matter of labels.
2. What is holiness?
3. I cannot tell you; it is not tellable.
4. It can only be described in negations.
5. It is like God—it is not this it is not that.
6. Nevertheless you know it.
7. You know it when you see it.
8. It is man's special gift to know holiness.
9. On this round bag pudding of a world man is the only creature that either does or can know it.

It All Goes Together

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The Only Way Out

Dear Editor:

There is a story told of the great American showman Barnum that, being unable to disperse the crowds which gathered in his famous show, he hit upon the plan of displaying a large placard bearing the words: "This Way to the Egress!" I mention this story, not because I think it true, but because it typifies the many modern Barnums who are engaged in exhibiting similar deceptive notices which, when followed, lead to their dupes finding themselves in much the same position as those who rushed to see the wonderful "Egress."

High Praise

Fr. Duffy's little book, "This Way Out," a copy of which has just reached me in this old Cathedral city of England, deserves a wide circulation, for the problems he deals with are not confined to the American Continent. I should like to place Fr. Duffy's book in the hands of our own Catholics and to hear the substance of many of the articles take sermon form from our pulpits. I should explain, perhaps, that I am a convert and was received into the Church some sixteen years ago; and a convert, when he has made the remarkable discovery that all Catholics are not paragons of virtue, makes the still more remarkable discovery that many of the Faithful know little of the implications of the Faith. It is just because "This Way Out" deals with the application of Catholicism that it is so valuable as a guide.

Take the case of agriculture, which the writer deals with specifically in the chapter on "Land and Ownership," pointing out that the farmer-owner has natural God-given rights which no group nor Government can take from him. I cannot speak of American Catholics, but I know too well that the Catholics of our big towns and even of those urban areas which border on the rural areas do not even now, after five years of war, realize that the land is the basis of all real wealth. I know even more, and that is that with the mechanization of the agricultural "industry" there has grown up a type of worker who is on the soil but not of it. A day or two after Dunkirk I was talking to a Catholic priest who had managed to escape with his life. We spoke upon the prospects of a long war and he said "It may easily last ten years"; then he added—and I caught what I fancied was a pessimistic tone in his voice—"By that time we shall all be in the fields tending cattle!"

Good Controversy

I once suggested that every presbytery should have a library in which there should be a good selection of works dealing with the land, especially such books as approached the subject from

the Catholic position. Here in Fr. Duffy's booklet we have an epitome of the kind of thing needed. If certain passages awaken controversy, so much the better. His justifiable denunciation of Imperialism, for example, while bound to awaken criticism among those whom I will call "sniffy" Catholics, can be met by pointing out that so English a Catholic as Chesterton once said: "I might be shot for England, but not for the British Empire!"

LOUIS A. DESSURNE.

Thanksgiving After Holy Communion According to the Byzantine Rite

Glory to Thee, O God!
Glory to Thee, O God!
Glory to Thee, O God!

I thank thee, O Lord my God, that Thou hast not rejected me, a sinner, but hast permitted me to become a partaker of Thy holy Mysteries. I thank Thee that Thou hast enabled me, though unworthy to receive Thy pure and heavenly Gifts.

But Thou, O Lord, most merciful who didst die for us and didst rise again, and hast bestowed upon us these holy and life-giving Mysteries to the benefit and sanctification of our souls and bodies; grant that they may operate in me to the healing of my soul and body, to the overthrow of every evil thing, to the enlightenment of my heart, to the peace of my soul, to invincible faith, to sincere love, to increase of wisdom, to the keeping of Thy commandments, to growth in grace and to the inheritance of Thy kingdom, that, preserved by them in the holiness that comes from Thee, I may ever call to mind Thy grace, and live, not unto myself, but unto Thee, my Lord and Benefactor.

And thus, when this life shall have passed away in the hope of life eternal, may I attain unto everlasting rest, where the hymn of them that glorify Thee is unceasing, and infinite the sweetness of them that behold the unspeakable goodness of Thy Face.

For Thou art the true desire and inexpressible joy of them that love Thee, O Christ our God, and all creation glorifies Thee to all eternity.

Amen.

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Church and Social Work

(Continued from page 4)

homes for foundlings and orphans.

Side by side with the hospitals there grew up the monasteries which, though primarily for purposes of contemplation, overflowed in charitable works of all kinds. Every monastery had a hospital where those who needed care and shelter were ministered to. Assistance was likewise provided for the able-bodied poor who came to the monastery gate.

The monasteries likewise served as ballast for the community. They were fair landlords, never raising the rent or evicting their tenants; further, "if the price of corn had begun to start up in the markets, they made thereto with wainloads of corn and sold it under market price to the poor people to the end to bring down the price thereof." In the spring they gave seed to be sown and lent oxen to help in the sowing. Even more important, perhaps, was their educational and vocational training of rich and poor alike and the example of generosity and kindness they gave to the community.

The property of the Church was held to be the patrimony of the poor, and toward the end of the fourth century, the custom developed of setting aside one-fourth of all the goods of the Church for poor relief. Wealthy converts from paganism made sumptuous gifts, and penitents built monasteries and churches to help atone for their sins. There were likewise grants made by the state toward the support of the hospitals. These sources were supplemented by the ordinary church collections and by the payment of tithes equal to a tenth of the possessions of the faithful to be devoted to the care of the poor. Tithes had long been a recognized form of thanks-offering to God for the sum of His benefits, but at the Council of Macon in 585, this was explicitly defined as a Christian obligation and had become common practice throughout the Church by the eighth century.

Loosed Bonds

The "loosing of the bonds of society" wrought by the Black Plague (1348-49), with the resultant shortages of food and labor, marks the passing of the Middle Ages. The power of the nobles, shaken by the Plague, weakened by luxurious living and systematically undermined by the king, was destroyed, and the whole close-knit fabric of medieval society disintegrated. The serfs found themselves free but detached from the land and so betook themselves to the market-place to sell their labor. The emphasis shifted from a desire for eternal happiness to "getting and spending" for immediate gain. And still the king continued to consolidate his acquisitions

until finally religion, too, became a department of state.

The lives of the saints exemplify the flexibility of Christian principles both as personified by individuals and as adapted to changing situations and needs. In the field of philanthropy alone there is a galaxy of saints both medieval and modern. The three that I have singled out illustrate significant developments in the social thinking of the Church. The first, St. Francis of Assisi (1182-1226) was closest both chronologically and in method to the public life and ministry of Jesus Christ. The second, St. Antoninus (1389-1459), was born in the same year as Cosimo dei Medici and illustrates an adjustment to the more complex demands of the Renaissance. The third, St. Vincent de Paul (1576-1660) is pre-eminently the apostle of organized charity.

St. Francis of Assisi

St. Francis of Assisi is not concerned with social problems as such. For him life is a joyous harmony, he even addresses the fire with which the physicians are about to sear his eyeballs with that high courtesy that he extended to all God's creation: "Brother Fire," he requests, "you are beautiful above all creatures, be favorable to me in this hour; you know how much I have always loved you." All his actions were carried out on a scale that is inconceivable in the expanding world of today. He was a reformer but his dream was to reform the world. His goal was completely the opposite from that of modern social reformers such as Marx, who seek to change the world. St. Francis, though he possessed nothing, never recommended the abolition of property; no matter how surpassing his vision of happiness, he never attempted to alter the material conditions about him. The revolution he tried to work was in the hearts of men, for it was individuals and not institutions he felt to be responsible for the injustice and hardships of his time. He taught the world acceptance and joy, generosity and love. To be sure, he made provisions for the alleviation of some of the contemporary poverty and suffering and sought to protect the rights of the serf against his feudal lord, but this was the lowest level of his superabundant giving.

He enthroned poverty as his mistress after the manner of the troubadors and throughout his life never ceased to sing her praises. For he perceived how material desires separated men and made them forget their relationships to one another because they were turned from God. Conversely, by setting worldly goods at naught, he hoped to inculcate the love for Christ and the transcendental values which animated his own exuberant existence.

St. Antoninus

St. Antoninus was a Dominican, the Archbishop of Florence and a close friend of Cosimo dei Medici. To alleviate the distress caused by the political feuds that constantly split Florence into factions, he divided the city into six districts and appointed two citizens to watch over each district, to seek out those needing help, and to collect funds to relieve their plight. Every need was to be included: doctor's bills, nursing expenses, dowries for

marriageable daughters, premiums for apprenticeships, the redeeming of pawn tickets, gifts of money, food, clothing, visits to the sick and grief-stricken, as well as prayers and masses to be said for those under care; were all part of the work of the Provveditori dei Poveri Vergognosi as the commission of twelve was called.

St. Antoninus' emphasis begins to be more specifically toward a reform of external conditions. For him, wealth is good if properly ordered and not sought as an end in itself, while poverty is an evil since possessions help protect men from the vicissitudes of fortune. Life is no longer the organic whole it was for St. Francis and St. Thomas a century and a half earlier. We find St. Antoninus in his *Summa Moralis* chiefly concerned with the problems of economics, sociology and administration. "The good of the state," he claims to be "something divine" and the goal he is working towards is collective: "And when the time comes, as come it will, when society as a whole will recognize that big fortunes and starvation are alone intolerable and must be put an end to, God grant it may discover at the same time that the mad rush for wealth is folly and sin and that a life of greater leisure in which to cul-

CHRIST the Workman



Ado Bethune

tivate the higher faculties of our being and the sweeter and finer side of our total experience is infinitely to be preferred to the life of fever and tumult and of base and sordid values that so many of us are living now."

St. Vincent de Paul

St. Vincent de Paul is the patron saint of charitable works, which indicates an increasingly specialized focus. In the nineteenth century there is still further specialization, and we find such saints as John Bosco, whose life work was with delinquent boys, or Blessed Mother Cabrini, whose vocation was to the sick poor. The characteristic notes of St. Vincent's achievements are his emphasis on outdoor relief—he refused to allow his Daughters of Charity to work in the almshouse—and his stress on lay organization—it was never his intention to found a religious order.

"Behold noble but ill-regulated charity," the Saint exclaims when, after a plea for contributions from the pulpit, the faithful of the little town of Chatillon flock to the assistance of a stricken family in the vicinity—"these poor people, provided with too much now... will be again in want as before." Accordingly he set about to remedy the situation. He called together the ladies of the parish and pointed out the waste of random giving. "I suggested to them," he reports, "to club together to do the needful every day, not only for this poor family but for others that might turn up in the future. This was the beginning of the

Little Italy Meets Big Italy

(Continued from page 1)

In Italy, these from the older men and women, and exchanges of names and addresses, with many of the girls. There were some pictures changing hands, too, and I don't doubt that more than one romance will date from that beautiful June Saturday afternoon when the Italian prisoners of war captured Grand Street.

There was a deep emotional tone about this impromptu fiesta, and it brought a lump to my throat which threatened to be permanent. "It's almost like our own boys come back," I heard the mothers and wives and sisters of American soldiers say, and if there was a dry eye in the crowd I couldn't see it.

The trucks rolled away at last, followed by a wave of cheers and good-byes, but the crowd remained, comparing notes and sharing their happiness over the invasion.

So I walked on to our own corner, and there was Kate De Falco, busy as ever at her vegetable stand. Surprised that she hadn't been in on the exciting event, I asked her what had kept her away, and when I explained what had happened she was disconsolate. "Oh, why didn't you come and tell me?" she asked, "I didn't know about it. Oh, how I would have loved to see those boys! I would have bought them bottles of vermouth!"

Kate has one son in service. She echoed the expression I had heard on Grand Street, "That's almost like our own boys come back." And it did seem like a preview of that happy day when the sons and husbands of our neighborhood will be welcomed home.

"Where did they go after they left Grand Street?" Kate asked me, and her face beamed when I told her they were being taken to Coney Island.

Humane Treatment

Kate, like all our neighbors, was happy because the young Italian soldiers were being treated humanely, but we have learned recently that there are others who disagree. They are not reticent in expressing their complaints regarding what they call the "coddling" of prisoners of war. Vehement letters to the newspapers and the civil authorities of Bayonne indicate how widespread and deep-rooted are the weeds of the gospel of hate

in this country. The tenor of some of the published letters and statements in news stories leaves no doubt that the chains and dungeons of barbarism are still favored by many as treatment for prisoners of war. They even ignore the fact that we are no longer actually at war with Italy, and this is a point which calls for our immediate attention. The tendency to perpetuate the hatreds engendered by war is increasingly noticeable. Plans for revenge are proclaimed which lack the slightest indication that their proponents ever heard of the Gospel of Christianity. Mass sterilization of both the German and Japanese peoples was shamelessly proposed in a letter written by a retired colonel, published in one of the conservative New York papers. He stated that by this means "we" could insure the extinction of those two races whose continued existence he regards as inimical to the welfare of all mankind.

That colonel is not alone in his opinion. He has much more company than most of us realize, and it is going to take a vast effort of prayer and teaching to counteract the effects of their gospel of hate so that it may not carry over into the peace that is to come.

Written on Train

This article was begun on the train en route from New York to Pittsburgh, and I am completing it in St. Anthony's Village, Oakmont, where Peter and I have journeyed to make our annual Retreat under Father Farina's direction. It is the last Sunday in July, and the Retreat will begin this evening. So we will be cut off from the world until next Saturday.

Detachment from the world in a time of crisis like this might seem to be difficult for persons who are far from disinterested in what is taking place, but it is actually a blessed relief to know that we will see no newspapers, hear no radios, exchange opinions with no one for a whole week. I realized this fact during our Retreat at Easton in September, 1939, when we were isolated on Maryfarm during that world-shaking weekend that saw the beginning of the war. Perhaps this week may see its end—God grant it. But even if it does, we won't know it until we emerge next Saturday evening. By that time this will be in print.

Blessed de Montfort

Letter of Blessed Louis Marie Grignon de Montfort to his mother. Written from Poitiers on August 18, 1704.

Prepare for death, which is pressing hard upon you by many tribulations. Suffer these in a Christian spirit, as you now do. We must suffer and carry our cross daily; it is necessary. It is infinitely to your advantage, to be so poor as even to be brought next door to the hospital, or poor-house, if this is the will of our great God; to be despised, so as even to be forsaken by all around you, and to die even while still alive.

In the new family to which I belong, I have espoused wisdom and the cross, in which are all my temporal and eternal treasures in heaven and on earth; but so great are these that, were they known, Montfort would be the envy of the richest and most powerful kings of earth.

Montfort,

Priest and unworthy slave of Jesus, living in Mary.

principle that had caused St. Francis to kiss the wounds of the lepers—"Hospes venit, Christus venit!"—"As long as you did it to one of My least brethren, you did it to Me."

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Once Upon a Time

(Continued from page 1)

long after, of the need to deny ones self. "Take up your cross daily, deny yourself and follow me." "He who says he has done enough has already perished." These were his texts. "You who run these houses are in greater danger than others—danger of self-glorification, giving your aims before men, praying publicly by going to daily Mass and communion (and do you correspond to the graces you receive? If not they will be taken from you.) And I don't see much fasting. Those who waste hours in idle talk, smoke, enjoy a beer now and then, recreate themselves by going to the theatre and movies, using cosmetics, reading magazines and newspapers—these are not fasting. They are contributing to the sum total of self-indulgence in the world and the corporations grow rich and think up more and more ways to enslave the proletariat."

Fabiola's Penance

While he talked, Fabiola took another cigarette (yes, she knew all about child labor in Connecticut tobacco fields, and the ruin of the soil in the south) crossed her long slender legs, bare and colored with tan makeup, and leaned back against the wall and sighed. "So much emphasis on petty things—chocolates, cigarettes, cosmetics, modesty in dress. And meanwhile the world was falling apart and women and children were at that moment perhaps running through the streets of a city like flaming torches, or being smothered in air raid shelters, cremated, their screams choked in their throats." She shuddered as she thought of a broadcast she had just listened to, of fighting in Normandy, the sound of the guns which had all but drowned out the sound of the announcer's voice. Every now and then, at such a broadcast, or when she saw a parade, a band, a handsome figure in uniform, she felt a mounting sense of horror and together with it an appreciative sense of her one suffering. "If I were any more sensitive I could not stand it," she often thought. She shuddered as she saw a cockroach crawl down the wall. "Well, I am bearing something of the poverty and dirt and vermin—some little share of the world's sufferings," she thought.

Some of the fellows at the meeting that night kept stealing glances at Fabiola's trim figure. She had a lovely ivory pallor, a sweet turn of the neck, and her dress was low enough to show a slight swell of breast. The sight of the soft forearm, the bend of the elbow, the rounded knee, the curved thigh, outlined so softly and smoothly, all this oppressed the breathing of Minimus.

"Why did God give me these desires? Why did He give me free will? Why did He make me so that I long for the comfort of a woman's arms?"

If anyone mentioned the Pope and his talks on dress to Fabiola (and she had heard many an exhortation from the pulpit) she thought to herself, "How petty of him. These days too! To the pure all things are pure."

The Joy of Life

Minimus had recovered from his drinking, he had gone to confession (there was no talk of restitution as to what he had stolen). Absolution was easy. Every now and then he doubted whether it was possible for God to forgive him over and over again, for these thirty years of his life. He put these doubts far from him, however, because he was a good Catholic, and doubts of God's goodness were a sin against faith.

After one of these storms of temptation and sin, repentance,

absolution and Communion, he was unusually sensitive to the joy and sensuous thrill of life. If he could only always live in this state. He trembled at the beauty, the goodness of life. He had been lifted up out of the depths of hell. He was safe. He was not alone. He had companionship in his sin, in his repentance, in his temptations and weaknesses, joys and sorrows.

"These priests are men just like me," he thought. "They smoke, lots of them. They drink. They enjoy the comforts of life. And yet God miraculously preserves them from sin. I wish He'd do the same for me. If I keep praying hard enough, maybe He will."

Outside in the warm night the children of the slums were dancing in the streets to the tune of a juke box in the corner saloon. "Take care of yourself—you belong to me," the song pierced the night over and over and made the heart ache with longing.

Chinese Charlie was doing a rushing business. Every minute children ran in for penny candy, for ice cream, for pepsi-cola, for toys, for gadgets the other children had. "I want, mama, gimme—I must have—mama, a penny."

Down at the parish church a novena to St. Ann was going on. "I want, I want. Oh, my God, I want—I long for—I am in need of. I want love, a job that will get me good clothes, a good time, a car. I want to escape the penalty of this theft, of this fornication. Oh, God, don't let me be caught. I'll never do it again. Oh, God, don't let this happen to me. Oh, God, take care of me. I promise—" Inside the church, outside in the street, it was the same.

"The mind is darkened and the will is weakened," Father Cross was saying. "All creation travaileth and groaneth even until now. In us reason is always out of line."

Lefty's Leftovers

Lefty gazed with rapt eyes on the round figure of Father Cross. He loved him and was grateful to him. He had led him out of the land of Egypt and out of the house of bondage. At one time he used to drive a truck, sell sandwiches and coffee and doughnuts to the night-shift at the shipyards. That's how he came across the House of Hospitality. Someone told him to dump his left-overs there. Always a breadline. At the house he had met Father Cross with his good news. "Sell all that you have and give to the poor. Dump out the world and fill yourself with Christ. Be ye perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect. Sow abundantly and you will reap abundantly. Whoever gives up house and land and father, mother or wife for My sake shall receive a hundred fold."

Lefty was a literal soul. In spite of the thanks of the House he knew he wasn't giving much. He would have had to dump the stale stuff anyway, wouldn't he? And who wants a hundred fold of sandwiches and doughnuts? His stomach turned over at the thought. He had nothing else to give, so he gave himself and his truck. But no thanks, mind you, or you would be depriving him of his reward in heaven.

Thereafter Lefty slept on an old mattress in the cellar. The rats scrambled around at night and even occasionally played leapfrog over his head. He was put in charge of the clothes room and was reviled and cursed every day by the poor. "He sells the stuff, he does," they whispered to each other. "He sells it for drink. He gives it to his pets. When they were in liquor

they shouted this to the house-tops and once in a while he was belabored by some longshoreman.

Once when he had a fairly decent suit on himself, he took it off and exchanged it for the clothes of a man who said he could get a decent job if he had clothes. The clothes he put on were "walking" and everyone around the house shunned Lefty for some time. "The poor can at least keep clean," some of them murmured. "After all, no use going to extremes. We have to think of the common good." They were just as glad he stayed in the cellar. For a time he was put on the fifth floor, which was crowded with twenty men, black and white, young and old, sick and well.

One night Lefty woke up and thought suddenly, "No one has prayed in this place. They pray in Church, they pray in the dining room, they pray in the office, but no one ever prays here." So he got up out of bed and shook



Ado Bethune

his dormitory mates, one by one. "Get up," he kept saying tensely. "We gotta pray."

His voice was so insistent that most of them tumbled out of bed thinking submarine torpedoes had at last hit New York, or that poison gas was stealing over the city. All but Minimus who had fallen into bed; drunk again, a few hours before. When the others realized that no disaster was impending they ceased their "Hail Mary's" and tumbled back into bed, growling. "Screw-Ball—you had me scared for a minute," and the next day they complained to the head of the house. "If I gotta pray for a flop and a bowl of soup, I'll take to a park bench. Religion is the opium of the people."

Lefty stayed up the rest of the night for the others. And not long after, considering that he had found the pearl of great price, he joined the Trappists.

The Temptations

Father Cross, not many evenings after, had been talking about doing things for the love of God. "How can we show our love of God except by preference? It's not a matter of sense, of emotion, though it is true that the best analogy used in holy scripture is the love of man and wife. Yes, we can show our love

for our fellows, by not only loving them as ourselves (that is the old law) but as Christ loved them. How dearly we love ourselves! From the time we get up in the morning we think of nothing but of making ourselves comfortable. Heat and cold, pampering the senses, eyes, ears, newspapers, radios; the nose with cosmetics and lotions; the taste with cigarettes, candies, delicate foods, 'taste sensations,' a few beers. No sin in it, they all say as they drink the 365th beer that year, or smoke the 3,650th cigarette (that is if they are extremely moderate in their use of cocktails, beer and cigarettes). And as to where imperfection stops and venial sin begins, and 'venial sin stops and mortal sin begins, who can tell? We all intend to stop. But suppose a man wants a thrill (he has gotten a taste for it by jumping out of aeroplanes in this war) and says, I think I'll jump out of the Empire State building and stop at the 22d floor. Do you think he can stop when he wants to?"

Down the street, in a little park, Fabiola was sitting on a bench with a young army man that she was not at all sure she wanted to marry. He had a bold arrogance and a gentle, insistent hand. He pulled her head down on his shoulder and with his lips pressed against her hair, he told her all sorts of things she loved to hear, and his human warmth comforted that universal sense of loneliness we all feel. The sycamore trees stirred in the August night, the city sounds seemed far away—a cat crouched in the grass, a soft, tense shadow, and the street lamps glowed like moons among the trees. And Fabiola, her senses stirring, her heart warmed with pity for the youth who was about to go out and meet a foul death, was in the position of that man who was perched on the top of the Empire State building. She did not know Father Cross was talking about her. It was easier to listen to Father Joy, who talked about how hard life was these modern days! It was mortification just to live. Just stay in the state of grace; just avoid mortal sin; just make the morning offering and it would cover everything. And if you fell, well, God loved sinners. There was always confession. It made her feel comfortable just to think about it.

But before the night was over her soul was as dead as the man at the foot of the Empire State building. And she felt dead too, sad and dead, and she wondered how it had all come about.

Just a Bad Break

Minimus too, was dead, in the same fashion. One of his fellow-workers who had gotten a good paying job, had returned to the House to regale his former companions with his good fortune. He had left Minimus ten dollars to give to the head of the House, and Minimus, well started by the "treats" of his generous friend, had continued on his way. The early part of the evening he had spent with a blonde, in her room, and later, in an argument in a tavern he had gotten into a fight. Someone had insulted the Church. Someone had insulted the Blessed Mother. Minimus had a brawny arm and in the twinkling of an eye, he had laid his adversary flat. Who falling, hit his head on the corner of the bar rail and was killed instantly.

Minimus has come alive again, temporarily, in the state penitentiary and in the interminable hours in his cell, he often wonders how it all came about. Say what they may, innocently as he had been carried along by little and by little, he could not feel like a sinner. He had just had a

"A LOST CITIZEN"

"I am a lost citizen." That is how a man confined to a State hospital in Massachusetts begins a letter addressed to THE CATHOLIC WORKER, in which he pleads for help to secure his release. He entered the institution voluntarily on a "ten-day observation only" application, in order that he might have a diagnosis of his mental trouble. Now he is being detained "longer than the ten days against my will and judgment."

Someone advised him to go to the hospital for treatment—someone with good intentions who did not know, and therefore could not warn this man of the attitude towards and the "treatment" of mental illness which is prevalent in mental hospitals, and especially among those in authority there. This man feels he has lost his rights as a citizen. He went in voluntarily. Now the authorities won't let him out. He has lost his freedom, although he did nothing to warrant what is tantamount to imprisonment and punishment.

He is not the only one in such a predicament in this country, nor is he the only one who writes to THE CATHOLIC WORKER from these institutions which are euphemistically called State Hospitals, and which are a disgrace to any country calling itself a democracy and a reproach to the people in it who call themselves Christians, yet tolerate or close their eyes and ears to the un-Christian conditions and attitudes prevailing in mental hospitals.

At the present time there is much talk about freedom—about freeing Europe and other parts of the world. How about the people who do so much talking about it doing something for those Americans, those lost citizens, thousands of them here at home, who, deprived of rights, forgotten, maltreated and abused, are enduring a very real kind of physical and mental torture in many so-called State Hospitals? And how, too, about the American people themselves demanding that conditions in their State Hospitals be investigated? The people are ultimately responsible for those conditions. They should remember that freedom, like charity, begins at home.

PIUS XI

"Since therefore none are to be considered so poor and naked, none so infirm or hungry or thirsty, as those who are deprived of the knowledge and grace of God, there is no one who does not see that mercy and a divine reward shall not be wanting to him who has shown mercy to the most needy of his fellows."

bad break. He had just happened to be caught.

Of course such a story as this could go on and on. It is the story we are all writing, joyful and sorrowful, comic and tragic. It is the story of how we are all ensnared, in tiny subtle ways, so that we are not free to do what we would and we seem to do nothing to help the world in its agony. We can do so little with ourselves, God help us! Lord, that I may see!

When I write such tales as this, I write from the depths of my own experience. This is me, and this is you. We are all guilty of each others' sins. This is literally true. Living as we do, in Houses of Hospitality, and farms, we know all about each other, and what we don't know we imagine. It does not matter. There is in all of us the grotesque missionary in Tobacco Road and there is also Mary Magdalene. There is Judas and there is Peter. We are of dust, and we are also a little less than the angels.

And there is Christ in us all!