



## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

### Classes and Clashes

1. Business men say that because everybody is selfish business must necessarily be based on selfishness.
2. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish.
3. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish, you have classes and clashes.
4. Business men create problems; they do not solve them.

### Share Your Wealth

1. God wants us to be our brother's keeper.
2. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to instruct the ignorant, at a personal sacrifice, is what God wants us to do.
3. What we give to the poor for Christ's sake is what we carry with us when we die.
3. As Jean-Jacques Rousseau says:  
"When a man dies he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away."

### Social Workers and Workers

1. The training of social workers enables them to help people to adjust themselves to the existing environment.
2. The training of social workers does not enable them to help people to change the environment.
3. Social workers must become social-minded before they can be critics of the existing environment and free creative agents of the new environment.
4. In the Houses of Hospitality  
(Continued on page 2)

## PIUS XII

"Meanwhile, no effort must be spared to convince the world, and those especially who are involved in the disasters of war, that Christian charity, the cardinal virtue of Christ's kingdom, is not an empty word, but a living truth. These times will give unlimited scope for the enterprises which it dictates, and we are full of confidence that all our children, those especially who are spared the hardships of war, will imitate the example of the Good Samaritan, and provide to the best of their power for those who are involved in war, and thus have a special claim not only upon our pity but upon our assistance."



## Land Ownership MacArthur's Plan

Land for the masses, a sweeping program of action that has been the incentive for many a struggle in the past, is General Douglas MacArthur's peacetime program for Japan, according to a story released by the Associated Press, December 10.

"It is indeed wonderful, if true," our Fr. Duffy said. "A program that is still no more than a recommendation," the Daily Worker commented, and added critically. "Instead of dividing the land outright, the  
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## GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL



## We Are Citizens Of God's Kingdom

(The following is the commentary of St. Hilary on the much-quoted text: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's." In other words, our bodies do not belong to the state to be conscripted.)

If nothing at all of Caesar's remains with us, we shall not be bound to render him what is his.

But if, on the other hand, we retain possession of things under his control, if we avail ourselves of his authority, and surrender ourselves as hirelings to obtain an inheritance among strangers, we are bound in justice to render unto Caesar the things of Caesar, and to God what is His own, that is to say our bodies, our souls, our wills. For God is their Author and Maker, and hence it is fitting we should yield them wholly to Him, to whom we owe both their origin and development.

## PIUS XII

"Of this justice, which alone can create and preserve peace, we and with us all those who hear our voice, know where to find the supreme model, the inner principle, and the sure promise. 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and let us see.' There we shall find lying in the cradle Him who is born 'the Sun of Justice, Christ our God,' and at His side the Virgin Mother who is 'Mirror of Justice' and 'Queen of Peace,' with the holy Protector, St. Joseph, 'the just man.' Jesus is the Expected of Nations. . . . 'His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace'."



## Thanksgiving Day At 115 Mott Street

By JACK ENGLISH

Thanksgiving day I slept later, for I figured for some unknown reason I was entitled to some sort of half holiday. When I hurried through the hall on my way to the 9 o'clock Mass, Chu, who never makes a comment about anything, stopped me. I knew that something awful had happened. I waited, and then I heard it.

"Turkey is gone!"

Mrs. Davis is one of our New York friends, and each Thanksgiving she sends us a turkey. Usually several turkeys turn up  
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## WE FEAST— THEY STARVE

By DORIS ANN DORAN

Only a few more shopping days to Christmas! Toylands are jammed with happy young children, eager to see Santa Claus. Everywhere Christmas is in the air. Shops and stores are crowded with merry shoppers. There are glamour gifts for pin-up girls; sun-fashion gifts for southern climate vacationists; warm cozy gifts for mothers, favorite books for fathers and everyone else in the family—but my heart aches amidst all this glitter and holiday joy. It aches for the children all over the world in war areas, to whom Christmas is just another day. Another day when the only ration of food is one piece of hard black bread, or even a crust of it.

### No Welcome

Europe's children are naked and hungry; hundreds of thousands of them, abandoned, homeless, orphaned, living in the streets, in dug-outs in the ground, in forests. Committing all kinds of crime, murder, sexual abuses. They are hungry, starving for our food, and our clothes, and our spiritual love. They are other little Christs, for whom there is no welcome on this Christmas Day.

Italy, Sicily, France, Belgium, Greece, Germany, Poland, and the other war devastated countries cannot care for these innocent victims of war. They are totally dependent upon our individual, personal support for the most elementary necessities of life. But the majority of us figure, or do not even bother to figure, that this is the job of world-wide relief organizations. It is our duty and sacred privilege to send aid and be constant about it. It is giving directly to Christ, who suffers agonies in His Mystical Body, in these, His Children of all nations.

From a very personal, authentic source I have information  
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## Houses of Hospitality

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

(A letter sent to a priest who wrote asking for further details of Houses of Hospitality mentioned in a letter published in the November issue).

Dear Rev. Father:

Thank you for your letter referring to the article "Schools for Heroes."

Although I mentioned Houses of Hospitality specifically, I had in mind something more comprehensive than hospices where the needy could be fed and clothed. I spoke of Christian Centers, the very heart of which would be the parish church from which and around which these centers would grow, become strong and active. What the activities in them would be would depend upon the needs of the people of each parish. In some they might take the form of maternity guilds, credit unions, employment agencies, recreational and educational groups, co-operative associations of various kinds ac-

cording to the needs and occupations of the people.

In every parish, however, I think there is or will be a common need for people who will devote all or some of their time to the practice of the corporal and the spiritual works of mercy. Furthermore, I am sure that this must be the beginning or foundation of all other activities and that without it none of the others will succeed even if they are started.

### St. Vincent de Paul Society

In some parishes the Society of St. Vincent de Paul without any special house or equipment would be sufficient to meet the demands of those who need help. In others a House of Hospitality would be a necessity. It could and should be operated under the auspices of the parish Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The first thing, therefore (after the parish church), that is necessary in  
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## Mary in the Bronx

By Julia Porcelli

LAST month after a Curia meeting of the Legion of Mary, I heard Gertrude Berry mentioning that some of the members were going up to the Bronx to the place where apparitions of the Blessed Mother were taking place. "Do you mean the Church which has the Lourdes Grotto?" I questioned, thinking I had heard incorrectly. "Oh, no; haven't you heard about the little nine-year-old boy who claims to see the Blessed Mother?" Gertrude countered. This was the first time I had heard about it and so she gave me all the details.

His name is Joseph Vitolo, and while playing one day in a dirty old lot (of which New York has hundreds) he saw the Blessed Mother standing by the highest rocks, and so did his playmates, who were so frightened they ran away. Others told me later only he saw her, not his playmates, and still a third story is that they all heard her speak but only Joseph saw her.

This little boy claimed the Blessed Mother ordered him to come back for sixteen nights. Soon all the neighborhood and

all the city, via the newspapers and radio, were aware of what was going on in an ordinary lot in the Bronx. Thousands came nightly, some as early as 4 p.m., to get a good place to stand. Hundreds carried pictures of Joseph, of the shrine which was rudely constructed, and of the crowds, and everywhere you went people talked about it. The police had to keep order and to protect the boy from souvenir hunters.

So many of the facts about the  
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# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)  
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115 Mott St., New York City-13  
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

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## Room For Christ

It is no use to say that we are born two thousand years too late to give room to Christ. Nor will those who live at the end of the world have been born too late. Christ is always with us, always asking for room in our hearts.

But now it is with the voice of our contemporaries that he speaks, with the eyes of store clerks, factory workers and children that he gazes; with the hands of office workers, slum dwellers and suburban housewives that he gives. It is with the feet of soldiers and tramps that he walks, and with the heart of anyone in need that he longs for shelter. And giving shelter or food to anyone who asks for it, or needs it, is giving it to Christ.

We can do now what those who knew Him in the days of His flesh did. I am sure that the shepherds did not adore and then go away to leave Mary and her Child in the stable, but somehow found them room, even though what they had to offer might have been primitive enough. All that the friends of Christ did in His life-time for Him we can do. Peter's mother-in-law hastened to cook a meal for Him, and if anything in the Gospels can be inferred, it surely is that she gave the very best she had, with no thought of extravagance. Matthew made a feast for Him and invited the whole town, so that the house was in an uproar of enjoyment, and the straight-laced Pharisees—the good people—were scandalized. So did Zachaeus, only this time Christ invited Himself and sent Zachaeus home to get things ready. The people of Samaria, despised and isolated, were overjoyed to give Him hospitality, and for days He walked and ate and slept among them. And the loveliest of all relationships in Christ's life, after His relationship with His Mother, is His friendship with Martha, Mary and Lazarus and the continual hospitality He found with them—for there was always a bed for Him there, always a welcome, always a meal. It is a staggering thought that there were once two sisters and a brother whom Jesus looked on almost as His family and where He found a second home, where Martha got on with her work, bustling round in her house-proud way, and Mary simply sat in silence with Him.

IF WE hadn't got Christ's own words for it, it would seem raving lunacy to believe that if I offer a bed and food and hospitality for Christmas—or any time, for that matter—to some man or woman or child, I am replaying the part of Lazarus or Martha or Mary and that my guest is Christ. There is nothing to show it, perhaps. There are no haloes already glowing round their heads—at least none that human eyes can see. It is not likely that I shall be vouchsafed the vision of Elizabeth of Hungary, who put the leper in her bed and later, going to tend him, saw no longer the leper's stricken face, but the face of Christ. The part of a Peter Claver, who gave a stricken Negro his bed and slept on the floor at his side, is more likely to be ours. For Peter Claver never saw anything with his bodily eyes except the exhausted black faces of the Negroes; he had only faith in Christ's own words that these people were Christ. And when the Negroes he had induced to help him once ran from the room, panicstricken before the disgust-

ing sight of some sickness, he was astonished. "You mustn't go," he said, and you can still hear his surprise that anyone could forget such a truth; "you mustn't leave him—it is Christ."

Some time ago I saw the death notice of a sergeant-pilot, who had been killed on active service. After the usual information, a message was added which, I imagine, is likely to be imitated. It said that anyone who had ever known the dead boy would always be sure of a welcome at his parents' home. So, even now that the war is over, the father and mother will go on taking in strangers for the simple reason that they will be reminded of their dead son by the friends he made.

That is rather like the custom that existed among the first generations of Christians, when faith was a bright fire that warmed more than those who kept it burning. In every house then a room was kept ready for any stranger who might ask for shelter; it was even called "the stranger's room"; and this not because these people, like the parents of the dead airman, thought they could trace something of someone they loved in the stranger who used it, not because the man or woman to whom they gave shelter reminded them of Christ, but because—plain and simple and stupendous fact—he was Christ.

IT WOULD be foolish to pretend that it is easy always to remember this. If everyone were holy and handsome, with "alter Christus" shining in neon lighting from them, it would be easy to see Christ in everyone. If Mary had appeared in Bethlehem clothed, as St. John says, with the sun, a crown of twelve stars on her head and the moon under her feet, then people would have fought to make room for her. But that was not God's way for her nor is it Christ's way for Himself now when He is disguised under every type of humanity that treads the earth.

To see how far one realizes this, it is a good thing to ask honestly what you would do, or have done, when a beggar asked at your house for food. Would you—or did you—give it on an old cracked plate, thinking that was good enough? Do you think that Martha and Mary thought that the old and chipped dish was good for their guest?

In Christ's human life there were always a few who made up for the neglect of the crowd. The shepherds did it, their hurrying to the crib atoned for the people who would flee from Christ. The wise men did it; their journey across the world made up for those who refused to stir one

hand's breadth from the routine of their lives to go to Christ. Even the gifts the wise men brought have in themselves an obscure recompense and atonement for what would follow later in this Child's life. For they brought gold, the king's emblem, to make up for the crown of thorns that He would wear; they offered incense, the symbol of praise, to make up for the mockery and the spitting; they gave Him myrrh, to heal and soothe, and He was wounded from head to foot and no one bathed His wounds. The women at the foot of the cross did it too, making up for the crowd who stood by and sneered.

We can do it too, exactly as they did. We are not born too late. We do it by seeing Christ and serving Christ in friends and strangers, in everyone we come in contact with. While almost no one is unable to give some hospitality or help to others, those for whom it is really impossible are not debarred from giving room to Christ, because, to take the simplest of examples, in those they live with or work with



ADE BETHUNE

is Christ disguised. All our life is bound up with other people; for almost all of us happiness and unhappiness are conditioned by our relationship with other people. What a simplification of life it would be if we forced ourselves to see that everywhere we go is Christ, wearing out socks we have to darn, eating the food we have to cook, laughing with us, walking with us, silent with us, sleeping with us.

ALL this can be proved, if a proof is needed, by the doctrines of the Church. We can talk about Christ's Mystical Body, about the vine and the branches, about the Communion of Saints. But Christ Himself has proved it for us, and no one has to go further than that. For He said that a glass of water given to a beggar was given to Him. He made heaven hinge on the way we act towards Him in his disguise of commonplace, frail and ordinary human beings.

Did you give me clothes when I was hungry?

Did you give me something to drink when I was thirsty?

Did you take me in when I was homeless and a stranger?

Did you give me clothes when my own were all rags?

Did you come and see me when I was sick or in prison or in trouble?

And to those who say, aghast, that they never had a chance to do such a thing, that they lived two thousand years too late, he

## Mary in the Bronx

(Continued from page 1)

story seemed like the story of St. Bernadette. I do not know if the visions were truly seen by this boy, but I thought if I had been in Lourdes when Bernadette was a little girl how badly I would have felt if I hadn't gone to the grotto, so I decided to go. I decided to make it a pilgrimage to Mary, and, together with two friends, took the subway to the Bronx, got off at Moshulu Parkway and looked for crowds of people. Sure enough we soon found the corner lot filled with men, women and children.

### Joseph's Shrine

Way off at the end of the lot, like a stage, was a hill of rock. At the top on a little ledge were an array of vigil lights of various sizes and colors, and flowers. It seemed impossible to see the boy at first, but then we noticed his thin figure kneeling at one end of the shrine. Nearby a woman and two boys were saying the Rosary, and afar off others too, so we joined in. The crowd was very silent for over an hour that we were there. Some seemed annoyed at the flash bulbs of the photographers, but it was a calm, awed crowd. If God is where two or three are gathered together in His Name, certainly Mary is too, and I know that most of the thousands came there to honor Mary, so she must have been there among us. Whether the boy saw her I do not know; that is for the Church to decide.

Then someone started a hymn to Mary and many joined in, and from where I stood the boy seemed quite motionless. Once a woman from the crowd went over and spoke to him. Then another time a man handed him a box which contained rosaries (so a woman near me said). Then suddenly Joseph climbed over the ledge to the spot where the Blessed Mother was supposed to have stood; then he returned to where he had knelt and climbed onto a tall man's shoulders and was carried away. The crowd started breaking up very slowly and I noticed a priest and a Christian Brother.

### The Lame and the Halt

A long line formed quickly to go up to the shrine, many of the people crippled. A man gathered earth from the spot where Mary is supposed to have appeared and put it in bags, for whom I do not know. Some of the pilgrims were given this upon request to bring it home to sick ones.

On the next corner to the lot there was a crowd, too, with

will say again what they had the chance of knowing all their lives, that if these things were done for the very least of His brethren they were done for Him.

For a total Christian the goad of duty is not needed—always prodding him to perform this or that good deed. It is not a duty to help Christ, it is a privilege. Is it likely that Martha and Mary sat back and considered that they had done all that was expected of them—is it likely that Peter's mother-in-law grudgingly served the chicken she had meant to keep till Sunday because she thought it was "her duty"? She did it gladly; she would have served ten chickens if she had had them.

If that is the way they gave hospitality to Christ it is certain that that is the way it should still be given. Not for the sake of humanity. Not because it might be Christ who stays with us, comes to see us, takes up our time. Not because these people remind us of Christ, as those soldiers and airmen remind the parents of their son, but because they are Christ, asking us to find room for Him exactly as He did at the first Christmas.

many policemen yelling out, "Go on home now, it's all over." But many desired to see Joseph or visit him, and right before his house were some cripples. I asked the policeman to point out his house, but he snapped back, "Lady, I am tired. Go home." It took just as much energy to tell me as to answer so.

Someone asked a policeman if he wasn't happy because he was stationed up there, thinking he looked Catholic and was as thrilled as she at the possibility of being near the Blessed Mother, but his answer was, "Hell, no! We work eight hours a day and then come up here on extra duty without no extra pay."

My friends and I walked to St. Philip Neri's Church, which is Joseph's parish church. I recalled one story: that Mary is supposed to have told Joseph to go to Confession, for he had too many sins on his soul, which he did, then the next night she blessed him. There were many in the Church but not as many as in the lot four blocks away. We prayed for all those who visited the shrine that they would get to love God with all their heart. It seemed strange that the probable presence of Mary should fill a block and the REAL PRESENCE of Christ should not fill our Catholic Churches! As we repassed the shrine people were still patiently waiting their turn.

### Conflicting Stories

There have been rumors of cures, but as far as I know all have proved false. Some say little Joseph did not see "Song of Bernadette," others say he did. But Agnes Bird, who spoke to Joseph's father, was told that another one of his sons also saw the Blessed Mother and then he died. So even if Joseph did not know of Bernadette, he certainly knew of his brother's visions. Although I guess there is no rule about two persons in the same family having visions!

Thirty thousand people were reported to have stood in the rain hoping to see a miracle the last night of the visions, but were disappointed. Joseph is quoted as saying that Mary said a spring would emerge from the rock on the last night. And now perhaps people still go to the shrine and light their candles. Joseph refused to see the press any longer, saying he had nothing more to say and the Blessed Mother did not want him to have his picture taken any more.

One of the wonderful things about the whole story is that thousands left their homes, their movies, their parties, to stand for hours in all kinds of weather because a little boy claimed to see the Blessed Mother. People can make sacrifices if they are interested. Of course, some came out of curiosity, but the majority came for spiritual motives. If only those in charge of souls would make people realize what the Mass is, if they explained it effectively, they, too, would fill the churches every day, not only on Sunday. We are so accustomed to the great gift of CHRIST'S PRESENCE in every tabernacle in every Catholic Church that we are spoiled. Will we need to have our churches taken away as in so many countries, or to have them bombed before we appreciate them? I hope not.

## Peter Maurin

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social workers can acquire that art of human contacts and that social-mindedness or understanding of social forces which will make them critical of the existing environment and free creative agents of a new environment.



## Hospitality

(Continued from page 1)

every parish is a Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Later, if and where necessary, can come the House of Hospitality, or parish house or center.

### The Rules

How should it be operated? According to the rules made by the parish society. These rules should be a reflection of the great rule or law of Christianity—love of God and the neighbor, respect for the laws of God and respect for the rights of others. As well as providing for and feeding the hungry, clothing the naked and harboring the harborless, assisting the needy spiritually and physically, they should also aim at helping people to help themselves. They should discourage indulgences in human weaknesses, in pride, covetousness, lust, gluttony, envy, anger and sloth, and encourage men and women to face and fight the world and its trials and temptations, and to face and fight and overcome themselves, with the help of God.

### The Motive

Anyone should be free to come to such a place for help and feel sure that he or she will receive it. The inspiration and motive of the people in charge of such a house should be: "As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for Me." As Bishop Francis J. Haas says in a little brochure recently published: "There is no use cavilling over what 'the least of my brethren' means. The 'least' include not only those in need of food or clothing, but those in need of anything whatsoever—even if it is only a pleasant 'good morning.' Doing for others means doing for Christ, who made God Himself the beneficiary of man's beneficence to man." It is in this sense that we can see Christ in our fellowmen at all times irrespective of who or what they are. In doing things for others we are really doing them for Christ, who assures us that He will take as done to Him what we do for others.

### Right Hand of the Parish Priest

As you say in your letter, "a parish House of Hospitality could be the answer, a place where lonely women could live together in community and devote their time to all the works of mercy, and not only that but become the right hand of the parish priest and help him in every phase of his parish work and activities." I am sure that there is a need for such a house and for such right hands of the parish priest in many parishes. I am sure that there is need and room for young men, too, who can give all or part of their time to the promotion of the love of God and their neighbor in their respective parishes. I am certain that if the parish priests of the United States call for men and women to undertake this great Christian work they will get a surprising response to their call not only from young men and women anxious to become modern Apostles, "to leave all things and follow Christ," but from many others eager and willing to help in other ways.

### What Is Needed

All that is needed today is the call, a call from parish priests in their respective parishes for Christian heroes, both men and women, to aid them "to restore all things in Christ." I know many young men and women who are only waiting for that call and for the Christian leadership that will go with it. I am sure it will come from each parish priest in God's own good time and when each parish is fully ready for and in need of it.

In the meantime you could come down here any time convenient for you and see what we are doing at the Catholic Worker. We are not equipped for all the things we would like to do or that are envisaged in this letter, but we do the best we can in the circumstances in which we are.

## Children in Palermo

(Continued from page 1)

about Palermo, Sicily, which is almost unbelievable. As a direct result of war, thousands of abandoned children roam through Palermo, living like packs of little wolves.

### Little Corpses

These children have lost their parents, are separated from them—their souls and bodies broken by starvation, cold, and association with vice. They live in the bombed streets, sleep in gutters, beg, steal or buy (with stolen money, and money earned through prostitution) black bread, which is as hard as a rock, and tastes like glue and fish. This bread is not even made from wheat, but from the seeds of flax, ground into meal.

Their bony bodies turn blue from exposure, their only garment is a loin rag (a rag in the most strict sense of the word—burlap bags are luxuries.) Their hands are infected with sores, and their little bodies covered in vermin. An example that is characteristic of their tragic

have no clothing for these sick children, no hospital gowns, and they are put to bed without clothing. The Chief of Surgery of this Hospital, Dr. Pietro Leone, spends hours in the day and night working on these very ill children. But the hospital has a crying need for medicines, supplies, food, because of this terrific Black Market. Aspirin is \$10.00 per bottle, nursing bottle nipples \$2.65 each, calcium for one dose \$2.50. Soap \$1.50, \$3.00 per bar.

It was not possible for Dr. Leone to operate on these critically ill children until he had received hospital supplies we had shipped to him in June, in answer to his appeal. (His surgical gloves had worn out, and it was not possible to buy any in Palermo.) At present the daily ration of food at the Hospital for each sick child is one dish of soup, 200 grams of bread (1 ounce equals 28.35 grams). The Superior of this hospital, Sister Vincenza, has tried desperately to get more food for her little ones. The American Naval Base was most generous in allotting

of souls—an agony great enough to have caused Christ's suffering in His Agony at Gethsemane.

### Personalism Again

Dr. Leone's wife, Mrs. Pietro Leone, together with a group of good Christian women, has organized an association, "Siamo Con Voi" (We are With You) for the purpose of helping the abandoned children of Palermo. They actually pick up the children from the streets, bring them to the orphanages and place them under the care of the nuns. But the nuns cannot take these children unless they are assured of sufficient clothing and food for each child's support. Children forget very easily, and, removed from a life of hunger and vice, they are soon restored to spiritual grace and happy childhood. The association has begged for assistance in this great undertaking. It is a definite apostolate, and we can actually share in this work by sharing our food and used clothing with them. Oftentimes the nuns give their own food to the children, and their grief is great when they have to turn the children away because they cannot clothe and feed them.

The nuns of the orphanages, the Good Shepherd nuns, the Franciscan nuns (Clarisse order) of Ospedale Dei Bambini, Dr. and Mrs. Leone plead for our cooperation. Where approximately 80 out of every 100 children are destitute and homeless in Palermo, spiritual and material rehabilitation can be accomplished only through our Christ-like sharing and giving. Bishop Joachim Di Leo, of Palermo, has given his blessing to this most urgent relief work for the children. Father Doca and Mrs. Leone have already opened up recreational centers, and organized classes in embroidery and sewing for the girls, trades for the boys—to keep them off the streets. But they have very little material for these centers and rehabilitation groups.

What can we actually do to help? Ask Christ and Mary for the grace to be constant in the coming New Year, and send one box per month at least, for the abandoned children and nuns. U. S. Government regulations for the shipping of gift boxes of food and clothing to open overseas war areas are as follows: Each person may send one box per month, 11 pounds or less in weight. Regulation overseas boxes are excellent, but larger ones may be used up to 72 inches in length and girth combined. Custom tag forms obtainable at post offices must be made out and attached to each box. Seal box, wrap in heavy paper and string. Address, seal ends with sticking tape. Attach custom forms. Label each box on wrapping paper "General License—G. Post." Postage charge 14c per pound. Contents of box not to exceed \$25.00.

### Adopt A Child

What to send? Used clothing of any kind for babies, children, adults; shoes (used). Cloth for dresses, underwear; thread, needles, scissors, soap, scrub brushes, combs. Supplies for hospital, used sheets, pillow cases, towels. Medicines (samples very welcome) vitamins, hot water bottles, surgical goods, soap. Adhesive, gauze, absorbent cotton, etc. Canned and dehydrated foods, packaged foods such as cereals, dried peas, beans. Powdered, canned milk. Baby foods. Any foods that contain nourishment. Malted milk, cocoa in cans. Candles. Candy for sugar content.

Secondly, it is possible to contribute towards the financial support of a child in an orphanage each month, whereby the child becomes your ward during this time. How the nuns manage is one of God's miracles. Ad-

## Land in Japan

(Continued from page 1)

American military government proposes that new farmers and tenants should compensate feudal owners. The Japanese Government is instructed to provide long-term credits for such compensations." The Daily Worker claims that within six months after Germany's defeat, the Soviet authorities have actually divided about four million acres in Eastern Germany belonging to the Junkers.

The pernicious ills affecting Japan's farmers are, according to the story:

1. Intense overcrowding of the land. Almost half the farm households in Japan till less than 1½ acres each.
2. More than three-fourths of the farmers in Japan are tenants, paying rentals amounting to half or more of their annual crops.
3. Less than half the total population is able to support itself on agricultural income.
4. Government discrimination against the farmer.
5. Authoritative control by the government over the farmer; arbitrary quotas often restrict farmers.

The emancipation of the farms cannot begin, General MacArthur said, "unless such basic farm evils are uprooted and destroyed."

Our Catholic Worker group recommends that General MacArthur come home and start working on our own tenant farmer situation, especially in the South.

dresses in Palermo to which supplies can be sent directly are:

- Superior  
Suor Del Buon Pastore  
Via Dei Benedettini  
Palermo, Sicily  
(Address of Good Shepherd Convent badly bombed.)
- Superior  
Suor Del Buon Pastore  
Corso Calatafimi 997  
Palermo, Sicily  
(Address of the larger Good Shepherd Convent.)
- Dr. and Mrs. Pietro Leone  
Via Libertà 26  
Palermo, Sicily. (Will distribute boxes to Siamo Con Voi to many orphanages and hospitals.)
- Sister Superior Vincenza  
Ospedale dei Bambini  
Porta Montalto  
G. Di Cristina  
Palermo, Sicily  
(Dr. Leone may be also addressed here.)

For Poland, where conditions are acute, and there are one million homeless children, it is estimated that one out of each nine children under 14 years of age has lost both parents in the war. Children may be directly reached by sending boxes to the convents of the Sacred Heart nuns:

- Rev. Mother Superior  
Forbach Bei Pudewitz  
Polska, Weis  
Poland,  
and to:
- Rev. Mother Superior  
Plac Nowomiejski 1.a  
Posen, Poland.

The souls and bodies of all these children in hungry Europe can be saved only through our direct, personal giving and sacrifice. Collecting used clothing, buying food, packing boxes, filling out custom forms, all are tiny inconveniences compared with the unknown agonies endured by these children. If each child could be assured of partial support monthly by a particular family in the United States, not only would these children be raised up from despair and returned to Christ, but we would begin this Christmas to win the peace. The peace that Christ plans for this sick, war-weary world, would we but take the means to secure it. *Mary, Queen of Peace, pray for the abandoned children all over the world!*



ADE BETHUNE

way of life is their habit of exhibiting sick children, nude, in the streets. One day they found a tiny child with his back broken, lacerations on his body had turned into gangrene. They put him in a little cart, and dragged him around the streets, begging for food.

### Black Market

Juvenile delinquency is rampant. Girls of eleven, twelve become prostitutes in order to buy food. Starvation has set in to such a degree that young babies are found starved by the roadsides. They have the drawn faces of little old men, and when taken to the hospital, do not respond to care and treatment.

In the eyes of a child there is always a little bit of heaven. But in Palermo, these piercing dark little eyes mirror the acute agony of physical hunger and spiritual desperation. A desperate hunger that urges them, and compels them to sell their precious souls and bodies for food.

These conditions are heart-breaking to us when we know them. They are torture to the darling nuns, the Christ-like priests, and the wonderful Catholic men and women in Palermo, struggling to help the abandoned children. They are completely helpless through the existence and functioning of the Black Market. Black Market purchasing is their only source of local supply and completely dominates the food and clothing market—even though they are starved, the prices are prohibitive. With this tragic set-up, their hands are literally tied in relief work, but they can reclaim these children and care for them, through our personal cooperation with Christ, functioning through them, by our sending supplies regularly each month.

### Other Marys

The Franciscan nuns of Ospedale dei Bambini (Children's Hospital) take as many of these sick babies and children in for treatment as is possible. They

its leftover foods to the hospital, but this arrangement no longer exists. For children in orphanages, the food ration is even less. They are put to bed early in the afternoon (after a meal of horse beans) so that their little bodies will keep warm.

What we take for granted, heat, light, water, are almost unremembered luxuries in Palermo—are all rationed and black marketed. The very wealthy can purchase these utilities on black market, in fact, anything from string to steak can be bought through this illegal trading. If only the Black Market could be completely rooted out!

### We Are With You

For two years the Franciscan nuns (hospital nurses) were without shoes and stockings, and their habits were in a deplorable condition. The Good Shepherd nuns, with two houses in Palermo (one badly bombed with the loss of life of two nuns, and quite a few girls), are in terrific need of clothing for the hundreds of girls they reclaim from a life of vice. All these convents and orphanages can bring back to Christ, thousands of children, if only they had the material means of support for them. Until the abandoned children can be put into these institutions, they will continue to increase in immorality and loss



E. M. CATCH



## A Father of the Modern Desert

In our October issue Father Hugo introduced two young men, Epicurus and Philosophicus, residents of the great modern metropolis, New Babylon. The two companions visited Theodore Theologus, a priest "who lived a kind of hermit's existence amid the crowds and distractions—what he called 'the wastes and vast solitudes'—of the metropolis." They endeavored to give some advice to poor old Theologus, whose medieval views were, they thought, producing harmful effects in the "enlightened and progressive environment of today."

By FR. JOHN J. HUGO

"WHERE is your friend Philosophicus?" asked Theologus of Epicurus, as the two sat down together in Theologus' study. "I thought he would be with you."

"He is away this week," answered Epicurus, "attending an Inter-Religious Convention at the University of Babel. He will no doubt come to visit you when he gets home, and will have lots more ammunition. Meanwhile there are some things I want to talk to you about."

"Well, it will be a pleasure to help you if I can. However, if you are still trying to convert me, you will find me rather obstinately attached to my 'errors,' I am afraid. But shoot anyway, if you like."

"The other day I picked up a little book that expresses my point of view on the matters we were discussing before. So I just brought it over to show you. Maybe it will convince you. At any rate, I'd like to hear how you would answer these arguments."

"And what are the arguments?" asked Theologus.

Epicurus reached into his pocket and took out a pamphlet with a brightly colored cover. As he turned it over, Theologus saw on the front of it a picture of an attractive couple of about college age performing a dance step. In the background, visible over the shoulders of the dancing couple, was a statue of Our Lady, wearing a benignly smiling countenance, and with her hands raised in blessing. Above the illustration, in words of flame, written in the exaggerated streamlined lettering so beloved of advertisers nowadays, was the title:

"Streamlined Sanctity"

by

Father Joy

"I suppose you have heard of Father Joy," Epicurus explained. "He is the outstanding youth leader in the New Babylon diocese. Boys and girls flock to him in droves. But his methods are quite different from yours. He believes in having a good time—and in showing others how to have one, too. Parties, dances, picnics—all sorts of interesting affairs. Tonight he is inaugurating a series of prize-fights. I'm going, of course; everyone will be there. That's the way he keeps the young people interested."

Why Do They Flock?

"I have heard of Father Joy," said Theologus, "and his methods. And there is no doubt of his popularity. But I wonder if these droves of young people flock to him from a religious

motive or for the entertainment?"

"For the entertainment, of course!" answered Epicurus. "But Father Joy is clever and manages to mix a little religion in."

"I see," said Theologus shortly, as if unwilling to discuss the matter further. "But what is it you wish to show me in the pamphlet?"

"Listen to this," said Epicurus, opening the booklet at a marked passage:

"Christianity is a religion of joy, and if there is one thing more than another that characterizes the saints it is their spirit of joy. St. Francis loved to call himself and his followers the 'Jesters of the Lord.' Gloomy spirituality is false and Jansenistic; let us have nothing to do with it, but rather join in the everlasting laughter of the saints. Remember: joy is one of the twelve fruits of the Holy Ghost."

"Now what do you think of that? According to Father Joy, all that talk of yours about mortification, detachment, hatred of the world, etc., is simply the bunk." Then, catching himself, "I don't think he uses exactly that word, but that is the idea."

"Don't apologize for the word," Theologus said, reassuringly. "I fear that I would have to draw on even stronger phrases to describe your pamphlet."

"Do you mean that you disagree with it?"

Wrong Conclusions

"Not at all: I agree perfectly with what he says, but certainly could not accept the practical conclusions which you—and apparently the author also—draw from that truth."

"What do you mean?"

"I believe, too—in fact, I know—that Christianity is a religion of joy. But I do not believe that Christians manifest their joy in living by the axiom: 'Eat, drink, and make good cheer.'"

"That is putting it too crudely. But at least we ought to enjoy ourselves."

"That is trying to camouflage the crudeness of the pagan maxim of living, by means of a

Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harborless into thy home.

When thou shalt see one naked, cover him and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear, thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am. Isaiah.

scanty phrase. As a matter of fact, we must get rid of the paganism altogether. If Jesus promised us a joy that men cannot take from us, He also said, 'Woe to you who now laugh,' and 'Blessed are they that mourn.'

"What do you mean? That we should not enjoy ourselves?"

True Christian Joy

"The author of the pamphlet gives the clue to the correct answer, although he apparently does not understand it himself, when he says that joy is a gift of the Holy Spirit. It is. This means that it is a supernatural gift infused by God into the soul. In other words, it is altogether different from the joy which pagans seek and treasure, the joy which comes from creatures, from the good things of this world. According to St. Thomas, Christian joy is the effect of charity: that is, it is produced in our soul by the love of God, not by the pleasures of the



I AM THE  
IMMACULATE  
CONCEPTION

AIDE BETHUNE

earth, and it is greatest where that love is greatest. Such joy as is given to Christians is not the kind that you are so anxious for, Epicurus, nor the kind that your author is trying to keep for you."

"What about St. Francis?"

"Do we not date his conversion from the very time that he renounced the luxuries of a wealthy home, his attachments for good food, expensive clothes, gay friends, and worldly reputation?"

"But he was joyful!"

Happiness in Rags

"Certainly. He is a perfect illustration of Father Faber's remark that, if the lives of the saints are filled with sunshine, the sunshine comes from another world. If you look at the exterior of St. Francis' life, it is gloomy enough, by worldly standards. Clothed in rags, going barefoot, sitting and sleeping on the cold ground, eating whatever he could beg—this in a man who had been reared so exquisitely!"

"All right, then, but listen to this," said Epicurus—with the air of a general who is reluctantly forced to retreat without  
(Continued on page 6)

# CULT :: CULTIV

## BROTHERS

By JOAN QUILTY

THE hut sat under the drooping fronds of a pepper tree. The swish of the fronds was the only sound in the before-the-storm quiet and darkness bending over the tiny truck farm. Three backs were bent over the vegetable rows. A two-year-old baby tumbled near the hut wall; in complete silence he watched the small figures weeding onions. The baby's features were Oriental, his eyes large and dark; he played quietly.

As night crept forward the black sky was dark with clouds below which the sun was setting in red streaks. The three laborers came slowly to the hut. The blackness, hot, and thick as wet felt, seemed to press down on the lonely farm.

The frail-boned girl sat down on the ground leaning against the tree and the baby boy curled himself into his mother's lap. The old couple rested on the house bench.

"It's queer to be farmers instead of fishermen, isn't it, father-in-law?" the girl said. She stretched her arms stiffly above her head, then brought them down in a quick playful spank. The baby laughed.

The little man said broodingly. "We lost all our fishing boats and nets when we were moved from Terminal Island to the camps. But we may lose our lives here."

The old woman gasped. Then she snapped, "Sheeyo! A few crazy Irishers yelled at you yesterday in the village and you've been frantic ever since."

The old man cried, "One stuck his face against me and said, 'You Japs get out or we'll kill you, see! This twenty-four notice, see! We don't want no Japs from no evacuation camp, see!'"

The girl said quietly, reasonably, "You said he was drunk, father-in-law."

"Sheeyo, that's only a nightmare you had!" Waving her wrinkled hand to where against the window pane two stars gleamed on a service flag, the old woman said, "What scares me is, if Ben and Bill are going to be willing to come back, be farmers. After being fishermen just outside the big city."

The man's head sank on his chest. The woman put her arm comfortingly around his thin shoulders.

The night was thick with the black storm pressing down on them, the sky was turgid with rolling black masses. After a bit the old woman gave a shiver.

"They were closing the camp. We had to leave. The authorities settled us here. We are Americans. The sheriff, police, will protect us. We just have to pick up the phone."

They followed her inside. Oppressed by the atmosphere of fear, the baby clutched so at his little mother she carried him in.

The only light was a red vigil fluttering before a picture of the Sacred Heart. They seemed reluctant to light more.

The old man creaked to his knees before the Sacred Heart. The two women knelt beside him, the baby still in his mother's arms.

The atmosphere of fear and tenseness drifted away. The baby relaxed in sleep against his mother's breast.

The hut was quiet with sleep, when the first car's headlights came streaming down the black road. When the hut came in sight the cars cut their lights. They crept up quietly, half circled the hut. The cars crouched in front of the shack like black cats tensed to pounce.

At the telephone pole a figure clawed its way upward. A strand of wire sloped to the ground.

Men leaped from the cars. With cans they ran around the house, the tool-shed—liquid slashed from the cans against the frame walls. Flame leaped on all four sides.

The men fled back to the cars. The motors roared.

Suddenly the old man's screams could be heard inside. The two-year-old baby came hurtling through the small window as if thrown into the dirt. The flames roared upward. The old couple and the girl could be heard struggling to open the door.

The pepper tree caught and went up in a shriek like a gigantic match.

The cars raced down the roads. Voices screamed back, "That'll learn you Japs! We don't want none of you around here!"

The cars sped away. Shaking as with ague, the two women stood in the field, watching the flames devour their small furnishings.

The baby spread across the young women's breast was screaming wildly. The little mother buried her face in the baby's neck and sobbed convulsively.

But the old man knelt.

### Catholic Worker Program of Action

To Promote the Green Revolution Through  
Personalist and Communitarian Techniques

- I. Retreats.
- II. Correlating the Spiritual and Material through:
  1. The Catholic Worker; Pamphlets, Leaflets.
  2. Round Table Discussions.
- III. Immediate Relief through:
  1. The Individual Practice of Voluntary Poverty.
  2. The Individual Practice of the Works of Mercy.
  3. Houses of Hospitality.
- IV. Long-Range Action:
 

Through Farming Communes providing people with work, but no wages, and exemplifying production for use rather than for profits.

#### ALLIED MOVEMENTS

1. Cooperatives and Credit Unions.
2. Workers' Associations (Unions).
3. Maternity Guilds.
4. Legislation for the Common Good.





# CULTURE VATION ::

## Litany of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, Conf.

The Pilgrim-Beggar Saint of Loretto and Rome

**L**ORD, have mercy on us.  
Christ, have mercy on us.  
Lord, have mercy on us.  
God the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us.  
God the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy on us.  
God, the Holy Ghost, have mercy on us.  
Holy Mary, Virgin Mother of God, pray for us.  
Holy Mary, Glory of Loretto, pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Beggar for Christ,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Despised by the world,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Renouncing earthly ties,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Spiritual pilgrim,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Mocked by the crowds,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Reproaching our pride,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Tender to the outcast,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Ministering in charity hospitals,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Worker of mercy,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Sainly brother of the road,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Self-effacing unto death,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Example of humility,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Armor of chastity,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Zealous for souls,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Clean of heart,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Strength of the poor,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Christ's admonition,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Mantle of holy poverty,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Childlike before God,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Holy wayfarer,  
Pray for us.  
St. Benedict Joseph, Leading us to Christ,  
Pray for us.  
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
Spare us, O Lord.  
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
Graciously hear us, O Lord.  
Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world,  
Have mercy on us.  
Let us pray:

O Saint Benedict Joseph, beloved of God, lead us, poor travellers on this Earth, along thy Pilgrim Way to God, shield us from all occasions of lust and pride, that we may wear the garment of humility in the sight of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, that we may be received into His everlasting Kingdom.

Merciful God, who didst, by the life of Thy servant Benedict Joseph, show Thy love for the very least of this World, grant to us, we beseech Thee, those requests which Thy Holy Mendicant asks in our behalf, knowing that he desires to obtain for us only those things that would lead us to Thee; through Thy Holy Poverty on Earth and Thy Divine Labors.—Amen.

[Imprimatur granted for private devotional use only.]

(This Litany was composed by John Francis Putnam)

When thou shalt pour out thy soul to the hungry and shalt satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise up in darkness, and thy darkness shall be as the noonday.

And the Lord will give thee rest continually, and will fill thy soul with brightness and deliver thy bones, and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a fountain of water whose waters shall not fail. *Isaiah.*

## BOOK REVIEW

Father Tim, by Harold J. McAuliffe, S. J. The Bruce Publishing Co. 162 p.p.

This little book makes no bid for literary awards. It is the simple account of the life and works of the Rt. Rev. Timothy Dempsey, an Irish priest who labored in the Archdiocese of St. Louis, Missouri, from 1891 to 1936.

When "Father Tim," as he was always called, became pastor of old St. Patrick's, St. Louis, in



ADE BETHUNE

1898, he found a parish once thronged by 20,000 Irish, whose register had shrunk to a few thousand non-English speaking Slavs, Hungarians and Italians. It was, the author tells us, "the sort of place that refined ladies would visit when they wanted to go slumming for a thrill"—a district, like our own Bowery, abounding in brothels, dives and "flophouses." Having restored order to parochial affairs and having opened a free school, Father Tim turned his energetic attention to other matters. The mere list of his activities is formidable. In a period of thirty years he inaugurated and sustained the following: A hotel for working men, a monthly magazine, a free labor and employment agency, a huge burial plot for destitute men in Calvary Cemetery called "The Exiles' Rest," a day nursery and emergency children's Shelter, a hotel for working women, a convalescent home for women, a home for Colored; and, fruit of the depression, a free lunch-room.

While he was achieving all this Father Tim found time to help prisoners, sponsor those on parole, comfort condemned men, promote devotion to St. Dismas, the "Good Thief"; advance the cause of labor, arbitrate strikes, intervene in gang warfare and crusade against tuberculosis. Father Tim's deeds command

## Condition: Terminal

CARMINE P—, dead of tuberculosis in Bellevue Hospital, February, 1944. *Et lux perpetua luceat eis*

His last poor breathing, caught in fetid air,  
Clouds the mirror of his soul. He now remains  
With death's old, lingering indignities, remains  
Impersonal to us, except in reminiscence.  
In the closing room, stilled for his utterance,  
We hear his Christcall, Marycall, and  
His beseeching in extremis.  
Oil sweet and Bread ransomed, this poor  
Bone-thin boy from Little Italy  
Is burden for a Seraphim: sweet be his rest in Christ.  
For our accepted gravity is never quite enough,  
So we must leave him with his ceiling stare,  
His mouth's slack eloquence,  
His lyric sprawl,  
For an exhibited repose somewhere downtown  
On Sullivan Street.  
There, readied with uncritical, sure artifice  
For the levee of folding chairs and rented cutaways,  
The swollen faces under mourning veils,  
The faces unexperienced in grief.

JOHN FRANCIS PUTNAM.

our admiration, but his character wins our affection. The burly six-foot-four-two-hundred-forty-pound Irishman, with the benign spectacled face, had the traditional "heart as big as his body." The keynote of his personality was love—love for God, whom he served in "the least"; love for Mary, whose Rosary was his delight, whose feasts he kept with all possible ceremony, for whose dear sake he revered all women; love for the children, for the poor, the wretched, the sick, the sinful; love for the rich upon whose wealth he drew constantly for support of his work. Everyone was a friend and, at times, the walls of the old rectory fairly bulged. People, to Father Tim, were individuals to be known and helped, not "cases" to be analyzed and pigeonholed. Father Tim was, remarks Father McAuliffe, no "sanctuary priest," choked with complacency. The day was too short for his zeal. While tolerant of amusements for others, he never as much as attended a baseball game or a movie. To the end, Father Tim kept his brogue and his humor. Explaining why he chose to bury his "b'ys" in one plot, he said "I'll put them all together so they will all get up in a bunch, and maybe say a good word for me when the trumpet blows."

There was to Father Tim no "color problem." Pigmentation meant nothing to one who sought in a creature only the image of the Creator.

Death summoned Father Tim in 1936. The weeping thousands, embracing all races, creeds and conditions of men, who followed his body to burial in "The Exiles' Rest," attested his hold on the hearts of his fellow-citizens. The reader must be grateful to Father McAuliffe for acquainting us of another time and place with a priest who realized fully his glorious right to strive to become an "Alter Christus." God grant this book a wide circulation that it may inflame other generous hearts with charity's divine fire.

EDITH CLARKE HEINLEIN.

## Back Issues Needed

If you have back issues of the Catholic Worker lying around we can use some of them for our files and to fill orders which are coming in every day. Right now we need copies of these issues:

November, 1944  
July-August, 1945  
March, 1945

## Pius XI Said:

"For people are instructed in the truths of faith and brought to appreciate the inner joys of religion far more effectually by the annual celebration of our sacred mysteries than by any official pronouncement of the teaching of the Church. Such pronouncements usually reach only a few and the more learned among the faithful; feasts reach them all. The Church's teaching affects the mind primarily; her feasts affect both mind and heart and have a salutary effect upon the whole of man's nature."

—Encyclical "Tuas Primas," on the Feast of Christ the King.



therefore—

THE GRAIL is publishing a series of bulletins on the celebration of the feasts of the Church, giving practical suggestions which can be carried out in families, lay apostolic groups, schools and parishes. The latest booklet, on the celebration of Epiphany, will be out as this issue reaches you. The pamphlet includes explanatory material collected from the best sources on the feast, a list of carefully described practical suggestions, songs and reading references. It also contains the Epiphany blessing of the home and the vigil ceremony of the blessing of Epiphany water, fully worked out and translated into English. Copies of the Epiphany booklet can be obtained by writing to Grailville, Loveland, Ohio. The price is 25c. per copy.





## A Father of the Modern Desert

(Continued from page 4)

giving up the hope of retrieving his position later. Then he read:

"It is not necessary to give up all your pleasures and recreations in order to be a saint. You can swim, play tennis, enjoy a good game of golf, and still be a saint."

"Yes, we will go so far as to say—and this should be a great incentive to young people today—that you can dance and be a saint. St. Francis de Sales even has a chapter showing how this is to be done, and he cites St. Elizabeth of Hungary, who was frequently seen on the dance floor."

"I think I see the drift of things now," said Theologus, suddenly smiling. "And no doubt you would like me to enlighten Pia Jucunda on these matters, so that you can have your old dancing partner back! But why do you not call on the young lady yourself, armed with this potent authority?"

### Confession of Defeat

"I did," confessed Epicurus, and his joyless countenance (alas for the principles of his philosophy!) showed the barren results of the interview. "You are the only one who can set her straight now. And I think you ought to. You are really responsible, as you know. And it's all so unnecessary, as Father Joy so well shows. I guess if St. Elizabeth of Hungary could do it, we can also. And she's a good example for us. Most of these saints were priests or religious. But St. Elizabeth lived in the world. It's different with us."

"I recall that chapter in St. Francis de Sales on dancing," Theologus admitted. "It is in the 'Introduction to the Devout Life.' And he does mention how St. Elizabeth of Hungary played and danced 'without any prejudice to her devotion.' But he adds a remark in comment on this that I think is very significant."

"What is that?"

"He says that 'Great fires increase by the wind; but little ones are soon blown out, if we carry them uncovered.'"

### A Delicate Operation

"That doesn't seem to be very relevant to me," the young man replied, puzzled. "What does he mean?"

"I can explain that best by an example. Suppose that you were to have the opportunity of watching a skilled surgeon perform a delicate operation. Suppose—to take a concrete case—that you were to watch him remove a cataract from a patient's eye. You observe him with great attention. Afterwards he allows you to take some of his instruments as souvenirs, and even shows you how to use them. Then suppose that a cataract appears in the eye of your brother, and you, filled with this new knowledge, offer to remove it. Do you think your brother would accept the offer—or that you would even make it, if you were in your right mind?"

"Of course not," said Epicurus.

"Still that surgeon has done it, and he has shown you how. Wouldn't it be kind for you to save your brother the expense of going to a surgeon?"

Epicurus felt that he was being drawn into a trap, but politeness, at any rate, required a reply. "Because the surgeon has done it," he answered, "doesn't mean that I can do it. And because I have watched him, it doesn't follow that I have the necessary skill. But what's the point of all this?"

"Still, you say that what St. Elizabeth of Hungary did, you and Pia can also do. A saint is a genius in action, and his genius is much more difficult to imitate than that of a surgeon. But you wish to do at once what

the saints have done—without paying any attention to their previous training and discipline or to the inward dispositions which prompt their actions."

"What have inward dispositions to do with it? What is lawful for one person is lawful for another."

### Detachment Immunizes

"Inward dispositions have much to do with it," Theologus replied. "What made it possible for St. Elizabeth of Hungary to play and dance without injury to her devotion was that she was completely detached from the pleasures of the world. Thus she could use them as befitted a person of her station and circumstances without injury to her love for God and her devo-



Who shall separate us now from the love of CHRIST?

ADE BETHUNE

tion to spiritual things. Her affections were all centered in God and were not involved in her recreations and play. In a word, she was immunized against the influence of the world: that is what detachment does for the soul—just as one is immunized against disease."

"But ordinary people are not to dance and play?" queried Epicurus sarcastically.

"I did not say that," Theologus continued, undisturbed. "But ordinary people would do well to imitate the interior dispositions of the saints rather than their external actions. And, in fact, as in the present case, to imitate their actions with no attention to their dispositions is dangerous and misleading. We ought not to imitate the liberty of the saints unless we imitate their detachment."

### Fatal Seduction

"And what do you mean by that?"

"After all, a very great number of our daily actions, perhaps the greatest number, are in themselves indifferent. The moral value of such actions depends, not on any intrinsic elements—as is the case with actions intrinsically good or intrinsically evil, like almsgiving or murder—but on the dispositions and motives that inspire and animate them. Really, your author, in saying that one can dance and be a saint, is saying nothing very startling, contrary to what you think. He is saying nothing more startling—or profound—than if he were to remark that you can eat and drink, and still be a saint. Of course you can! But you can also eat and drink and go to hell: you can even go to hell by eating and drinking. Yet eating and drinking are not evil; they are indifferent, or, if you consider God's providential purpose in these activities, they are positively good. So that whether or not such activities help a man become a saint or devil, depends chiefly on what is inside him, in his heart. If he allows him-



ADE BETHUNE

self to be carried away by fondness for eating and drinking—or for dancing—he will drift into many imperfections, venial sins, finally mortal sins. For that is the way sins are committed: men are seduced from the love of God by the love of creatures."

"But then you mean to say that these activities, and, I suppose, all creatures, are evil? That certainly is heresy!"

### Mortification Comes First

"I mean to say nothing of the sort," rejoined Theologus, with a touch of impatience. "I have, not a minute since, said just the opposite. The evil is not in the creatures but in our wayward hearts, which tend to fasten themselves to creatures, thus depriving the Creator of love that rightly belongs to Him. Hence it is that, in order to use creatures rightly, that is, for God, we must first become detached from them. This is done by mortification, and that is the reason that mortification is so necessary at the beginning of one's spiritual course. You see, then, it is just the reverse of the truth to say that we should wait until we become saints in order to mortify ourselves. It is by mortification, especially in the beginning, that one becomes detached from creatures, and is thereby enabled to use them truly for the glory of God rather than for one's own sensual enjoyment. Afterwards, when detachment has been acquired and has become habitual, one may enjoy a certain liberty in the use of creatures."

"Is that what you mean when you say St. Elizabeth of Hungary could dance?"

### "One Man's Pleasure—"

"Exactly; although in a less perfect soul, such liberty would be dangerous. And that is what St. Francis de Sales meant when he said that small fires are blown out by the wind. In holy souls such actions are really virtuous because they are done out of a sense of duty, and perhaps reluctantly, against their inclinations; so that what is a pleasure for others is a mortification for them—since it separates them from the One whom they love; just as lovers wish to be alone together, and are impatient of all the restraints that keep them apart. That is what the saint means when he says that great fires are fanned by the wind."

"And therefore," Theologus concluded, as Epicurus, browbeaten but undefeated, got up to leave, "and therefore, I think that you should be careful about what you read. Avoid, particularly these pseudo-spiritual writings, of which there are too many today, that dwell so happily on the imperfections of the saints, as though Christian perfection were to be obtained by looking for and imitating such imperfections; or that insist on the very human activities of the saints while ignoring the dispositions that make them compatible with sanctity. There are better sources of spirituality—with a gesture towards the shelves, filled with works of Fathers and Doctors,—"than 'Streamlined Sanctity.'"

(To be continued)

## An Economic Creed

From "The Church and the Land"

By FR. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

1. I believe that human life, being a divine gift, is not adequately paid by any human dividend, but only by a divine wage.
2. I believe that "the desire of money is the root of all evil" in our economic world.
3. I believe that a life organized for money-making is the error of taking "gain to be godliness."
4. I believe that money values are false values: as money weights are false weights.
5. I believe that mass production on the land is not for the sake of the land, but for the sake of money.
6. I believe that what is called money-making is not wealth-making, but money-getting.
7. I believe that the growing of one commodity, such as fruit or flowers, finally impoverishes the country by making it the servant of the town; whereas the town should be the servant of the country.
8. I believe that the salvation of our over-industrialized England must come from the land, but it cannot come from industrializing the land.
9. I believe that the business methods which have brought our towns to bankruptcy would bring our country to bankruptcy.
10. Finally, I believe that organizing our land-work for a market, and not for home and homestead consumption, inevitably puts the land worker at the mercy of the market and the transport service which carries to the market.
11. I believe in God, the pattern on the Mount, who has challenged us by a life and death given to the service of mankind.
12. I believe that to serve God by serving man is not to be a slave, but a king. *Servire Deo Regnare Est.* God's Service is Kingship!

## More About Dead Storage

The Starry Cross of Great Barrington, Mass., lists about twenty groups or organizations interested in and working for "more humane institutional care, especially in State hospitals." With one or two exceptions, all of them approach the subject of insanity, think of it, and discuss it from purely natural standpoints. They are well-meaning humanitarians who are trying to do something for their suffering fellow beings for purely natural reasons and motives.

But irrespective of their reasons and motives (which are good as far as they go) they are trying to do something, and that is more than can be said for

And while they are talking and doing nothing for "the least of the brethren"—denying or ignoring the very foundation of practical Christianity—others who do not even profess to be Christians, or to be acting from Christian motives, are doing or trying to do from natural motives what Christ commanded His followers to do for love of Him.

All honor to the people who are trying to help "the 600,000 in the United States who cannot speak for themselves." They are doing a good job, a much better one than we Catholics are doing or are even thinking of doing. We are, in fact, doing nothing except to deploring the state to the world is coming. And it is coming to that state precisely because of our lack of true charity. Iniquity indeed abounds "because the charity of many has grown cold."

(REV.) CLARENCE DUFFY.

### The Eleventh Hour

LORD, today I saw  
The sand of my life  
Nearly run out.

O God, the shock of it!  
The crushing weight of it!  
The uselessness of this strife;  
With emptiness so rife!  
The span drawn out  
The void about.

This nothing wasted  
Store of costly grace.  
The Judge is Maker!  
The Judge is Redeemer!  
The Judge is Donor!  
The Judge is Sufferer!  
The Judge is Brother!  
The Judge is Lover!  
But, O joy!  
The Judge is Father!

Father, I fly into Thy arms!  
Father, a little sand still remains!  
Father, Omnipotent,  
Transform it into pure love  
Directed to Thee above;  
Wash it in the Lamb's Blood;  
Change it to a love flood.

Sister MARY NORBERT,  
R.S.M.



no room in the inn

many, many people who profess to believe in the Mystical Body of Christ and supernatural destiny of each human being, in Christian charity which is motivated by love of God and which sees in all men and women children of God, and which helps people who need it because of the helpers' love of God.

To judge by the callousness and apathy of Catholics generally toward the inmates of mental hospitals and toward the unfortunate and mentally ill everywhere, one would conclude that they never heard of Christian charity, the distinguishing mark of Christianity. They are content to leave the mentally afflicted to the care of the State, forget about them, look the other way and talk about the menace of communism, Catholic Action, etc.



## From England

### Back to the Land

Fr. Conrad Pepler, O.P., at a recent meeting at St. Joseph's House advised us to cultivate a special devotion to Divine Providence.

We helpers of St. Joseph's House have been experiencing lately what a tremendous privilege it is to rely for all one's need on Divine Providence from day to day. We often get startling proof of God's tender care for us even to the smallest details: we have no more potatoes nor money to buy them, when a friend drops in with a basket full of vegetables from his allotment; unexpected guests arrive and bread is short, someone leaves a bag of buns at the door; and when we have meetings it is almost a case of miraculous multiplication of loaves—thanks to generous Parishioners. Two or three times lately, on the very day a bill had to be paid, very nearly the exact amount came as a gift by Postal Order. It makes us feel very ashamed, because so unworthy, but also confident, and in this confidence we have dared to launch out on a new venture—a farm.

We are renting a house with large grounds at Boxmoor, Hertfordshire, about 1½ hours from London (4/8 return ticket). We are going to use it as a farm attached to St. Joseph's House, and as a holiday retreat and convalescent home. Any of our friends who would like a homely rest will be very welcome.

We shall, please God, have daily Mass, as there is a chapel in the house and a retired priest within walking distance.

We shall have our own vegetables, fruit and eggs! Also there are all modern conveniences: two baths, central heating and hot water (constant when the boiler is lit).

It will, however, be rather a venture financially, and we shall have to ask 30/- a week from anyone who can afford it, and must rely on our generous friends to help us with those who cannot. Please tell your friends of this. All enquiries to be addressed to the Secretary, St. Joseph's House, 129 Malden Road, N.W. 5.

We are, D.V., taking possession on Saturday, September 22nd, and our first guest will be an old-age Pensioner, who will come to stay there. An old friend of ours, Mrs. Bailey, who has had no holiday for twenty years is coming for a fortnight, as also a mother with three children. A blind man will follow later on.

We are preparing a Bazaar for mid-November to raise a "Poor Guest Fund." Will anyone who has any "White Elephants," etc., to spare please send them to us? Anything will be gratefully received.

And a Chicken Fund—who would like to join that? The regular subscribers will have first offer of new-laid eggs and fatted cockerels!

But more than anything we beg for prayers that this may be a spiritual success. We want to call the place "St. Vincent's Farm," under the patronage of St. Vincent Ferrer, and in honor of Fr. Vincent McNabb, who had "back to the land" so much at heart.

May God reward all kind helpers and friends.

—From "The Vine and the Branches" (October supplement), published by St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, 129 Malden Rd., N.W.5., London.

## EDUCATION FOR THE COUNTRYSIDE

CLOSELY allied to the work of religion is the work of education. Better rural schools and better trained rural teachers are very much needed. The Conference deplores the fact that parents have allowed their rural homes and schools to become the recruiting stations for cities and city jobs. Too many textbooks used in rural schools are written from the urban point of view. There are too many urban-minded teachers in rural schools, who lack the understanding and appreciation of rural living which is necessary to render a proper service to the rural home and the rural community. No teacher should attempt to teach rural children unless that teacher has a social point of view and a social philosophy that includes a sympathetic understanding of rural living.

The rural schools should, by proper choice of subjects and methods, develop, enlarge and perfect those creative abilities of boys and girls which come to fruition in the making of good rural homes, and in the building of a better rural community. In life, and therefore in education, homes and communities are primary things. Homes and communities are built with hands as well as with heads. In rural schools there must be courses which train the hands as well as the intellect for the building of better homes and better communities.

**Rural Life in a Peaceful World.**  
National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

## Look to the Land

The material basis of family culture is *ownership*. It must, therefore, be the aim of human society to give its support to all measures, legislative and otherwise, that seek to promote the family-type farm. Our tenancy system is probably the worst among civilized nations. It has developed a policy of commercialized farming that is destructive of family life and home culture.

L. B. KUCERA

No other human occupation opens so wide a field for the profitable and agreeable combination of labor with cultivated thought as agriculture.

The greatest fine art of the future will be the making of a comfortable living from a small piece of land.

A. LINCOLN

The farmer's calling is a sacred calling, because he is a collaborator with God in continuing the work of His creation.

A. J. MUENCH

The Cure of Ars gained the good will of a careless people by his ability to discuss intelligently with them their farming enterprises.

E. V. O'HARA

The impelling reason for the concern of the Catholic Church with rural problems is to be found in the special adaptability of the farm home to the production of strong, wholesome, Christian family life.

E. V. O'HARA

Then the air of the city, with the stir of the multitude and the whirl of business and pleas-

## SAINT NICHOLAS



ADE BETHUNE

ure, intoxicates, and men are drawn into the vortex by the craving for excitement, which is often so great that honor and all that is most precious are sacrificed to the indulgence of a fatal appetite.

BISHOP SPALDING

Happy the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air  
In his own ground.

A. POPE

## Human to Man

1. To give and not to take, that is what makes man human to man.
2. To serve and not to rule, that is what makes man human to man.
3. To help and not to crush, that is what makes man human to man.
4. To nourish and not to devour, that is what makes man human to man.
5. And if need be to die and not to live, that is what makes man human to man.
6. Ideals and not deals, that is what makes man human to man.
7. Creed and not greed, that is what makes man human to man.



ADE BETHUNE

## Notes By The Way

IF you leave New York at 9:00 A. M. you can reach Rochester in the afternoon.

Wilma Higgs and Joe Czarnieki at the Rochester house were the first I saw on the first lap of my trip, and I got to St. Joseph's house in time to help with the breadline. Wilma helped in the serving and I washed dishes. The Rochester house is owned by the group and is a fine spacious place, three stories high, with two great dormitories, a long room for eating, a waiting room, and above it a chapel which Joe finished before he began his jail sentence at Danbury, as a conscientious objector. The girls take turns in coming down and serving the ambassadors of God, as Peter Maurin calls the men who come in on the breadline. The line has gone on all during the war—probably about seventy-five in for a meal. The house of hospitality has also housed fifty Jamaicans who had come up to work in the hospitals.

There was a good meeting that night of the group and the readers of the paper. I spent the night at Mother Weider's and

then after a dialogue Mass at the House (they have met together every Saturday for years) spent the rest of the day at the Farron's. There is quite a little community there, what with Margaret and her husband staying with Mary for the time, and the upstairs rented to the Finnegan sisters. In the afternoon I left for London, Ontario. The speaking engagement I had there at the Christian Culture Forum was the initial reason for my trip, and I was taking advantage of it to visit some of the Houses of Hospitality along the way.

London

ONE feels far away in Canada. Transferring at St. Thomas to a little train with oil stoves in each car for warmth, we went north to London, where I stayed at the Sisters of St. Joseph convent for the next two nights.

The Forum was well attended in spite of an icy snowfall, and I was glad of the opportunity to talk, of the Catholic Worker, and Peter Maurin's program of action, the spiritual weapons such as voluntary poverty, pacifism, the works of mercy, personalism and communitarianism, etc. Peter had spoken in London some years before, and

(Continued on page 8)

## Thanksgiving Day

(Continued from page 1)

at this time of the year.

Slim, who gets breakfast for the line in the morning, explained. It seems that early in the morning he had to step out of the kitchen for a few minutes. Since one of the regulars on the line, an old man Slim has known for years, had put in an early appearance, he left on the errand, trustfully leaving the old man to watch the place. When he returned his friend had left. And so had Mrs. Davis' turkey.

"Where's Shorty?" This was a natural question, because if you want to know anything about the kitchen or the fellows on the line you ask Shorty, who has been around the kitchen for seven or eight years.

"He's up on the Bowery looking for the old guy. Wants to give him the cranberries and the celery!"

If this had only been our attitude! Instead we were indignant. It wouldn't have been so bad if he had taken a leg, but the whole turkey! Shorty came in. We told him about the turkey. I asked him what we should do.

"Buy another one, and quit talking about this one. Maybe the old guy needed it. You can never tell."

I took off for church with thoughts of the turkey still on my mind. Then, too, Gerry and Tom were making the retreat out on the Farm, Dorothy wasn't in town and there really weren't enough people to help around the house. We were trying to get out a good meal for the fellows, ham, sweet potatoes, peas, fruit and coffee. There was a lot of work to do and it had to be done pretty quick, because we were going to eat a couple of hours earlier than usual.

The epistle for the day helped, for it told us how we were to praise the Lord. We were to praise Him with thanksgiving. Father Mancini's sermon helped, for he reminded us that we had much to be grateful for. The war was ended and each of us could remember a lot of spiritual comforts if we only tried. I was beginning to get back into the spirit of the day.

When I got back to the house I learned that Emma Greiner had called. She would be down in a couple of hours with Father Betowski from Dunwoodie. Then Father Fiorentino, pastor of St.

Dominic's Church in the Bronx, phoned and said he was on his way down to give us a hand. A few minutes later Miss Brady called to ask if she and Angela could come over and help wash dishes.

Things were beginning to work out.

The whole gang pitched in. Father Betowski cut bread, and until you have cut enough pieces of Italian bread for three hundred dinners you have never cut bread. Father had brought down a huge basket of apples and oranges from the seminary, thinking that we might be able to use them. He thought right.

The two priests served the entire line. Emma helped Chu and Shorty dish out the food and Miss Brady and Angela washed dishes all afternoon. Someone said that it was the first time they had ever seen priests waiting on table. It had never happened here before but it sure looked good.

When Father Fiorentino was leaving someone tried to thank him for coming down. Father said that he was the one to be thankful. He said that this was the first Thanksgiving Day that he had ever done anything for anyone else.

I nearly forgot. We did have a turkey. Patsy, our butcher, heard about the bad luck and dug one out of the icebox for us. So, Mrs. Davis, if you read this, please don't be confused. When Arthur spoke to you and assured you that the turkey was delicious he didn't know that he was speaking of turkey No. 2.

## The Social Question

WE PASS to another and most important matter, namely, the social question; for a long time past, failure to solve it has gravely troubled the life of states, sowing strife and ill-will between class and class. Its position among yourselves, the difficulties attending it and the passions it engenders, are too familiar to need enlargement. The chief principle here involved is that the good things created by God for the benefit of all mankind should be forthcoming for all impartially; justice must lead the way, and charity never fall behind.

—PIUS XII, *Sertum Laetitiae* (1939).

[To the American Hierarchy]

## Works of Mercy

1. The order of the day in Catholic circles is to fight Communism.
2. To denounce Communism in Catholic halls is not an efficient way to fight Communism.
3. The daily practice of the Works of Mercy is a more efficient way to fight Communism.
4. The daily practice of the Works of Mercy by the first Christians made the pagans say about the Christians, "See how they love each other."



## Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 7)  
they were glad to hear more of him.

### Detroit

Monday morning I set out for Detroit. It had been snowing as I passed through Buffalo. I understand it is always snowing in Buffalo and Rochester. But though I read of terrible snow storms in the east, I escaped them as I reached Detroit.

I stayed there at the Martha House which is headed by Justine L'Esperance. The house was full of mothers and babies, and the best babies one ever saw. We had supper that night, most of the Martha House as well, at the St. Francis House. Louis Murphy has the responsible of all the works, the two houses and the farm thirty miles out of Detroit, and the job is a large one. Right now he has some help from Bob Neal, who is staying for a time, participating in the lay apostolate. The house is full, and as usual beds have to be brought up from the basement and the bedding rolls spread out through the two large dining rooms on the first floor. Jim Collins still has charge of the kitchen, and it is good to see other familiar faces, Blackie, Frenchy, John Cochran and others who are helping to keep the work going. The men have set up a good laundry and shower in the basement and shirts are mended and collars turned, and the usual heroic effort made to keep clean and presentable under most difficult circumstances. The house on Bagley street is bigger than one thinks from the outside, but still nowhere near large enough for the work that is done there. It makes for intimacy and family feeling, but how wonderful it would be to have a place large enough for work rooms and study rooms, a little chapel, a library, in addition to adequate kitchen space and bed space for all. So far the only diocesan hospice I know of is Bishop Boyle's, St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, which was formerly an orphanage on Tannehill Street in Pittsburgh. Surely in other cities there are diocesan buildings that can be used for homeless, convalescent, dispossessed people. Many a time the Martha House has been packed with families, white and colored, who could not find a house or apartment in Detroit. Whenever other agencies do not know where to turn, they turn to Louis Murphy in Detroit, who has a genius for doing the impossible, and a high good humor in the doing of it.

### A Good Farm

WE visited the farm before I left Detroit. They have three horses, nine cows, three of them milkers, and they get seven gallons of milk a day. They also have two sheep, five sows, two of them to butcher. Four men live there during the winter and keep the 60 acre place going. The farm was the gift of the Hessler family, and the whole group are anxiously awaiting the return of Fr. Donald Hessler, whose letter was printed in the October issue of the Catholic Worker. They want to show him their beautiful chapel at the farm, which is a little shrine to the workers. The farm is dedicated to St. Benedict, and on one side of the altar is the great St. Benedict, and on the other is St. Benedict Joseph Labre, the tramp saint who walked all over Europe and died in a gutter in Rome. In back of the altar is a mural of workers, bearing gifts, one wheat and grapes, one a heifer; a Negro worker, a chicken. "I will go into the altar of God" is lettered above the altar.

Fr. Kern and Fr. Carolan help the work in Detroit, just as Father Ehmann and Fr. Vogt do in Rochester. How fortunate the groups are to have these generous and brilliant priests to give their time and their spiritual and material help to the work.

### An Interesting School

Fr. Kern is the administrator of

Holy Trinity parish, and he sent me over to Sister Josine at the parish school to see what she was building there from the ground up. With a school made up of one-third Mexican, one-third Maltese and one-third mixed, all nationalities, Sister Josine is trying to teach a philosophy of work. In spite of a lack of tools she has put the boys to repairing and painting chairs as presents for their mothers. After school they are helping make over part of the school so that Sister can start her day nursery for the neighborhood. Already she has a big kindergarten where the children are kept all day and put in the afternoon on camp cots in an empty schoolroom. One of the little colored children from Martha House is going to the kindergarten and Sister is looking for more colored children from the neighborhood to come in. Her classes demonstrate the universality of the Church. The girls are taught sewing, and now this next term they are going to start breadmaking, and so begin to be home-makers.

Fr. Kern is greatly interested in the labor problems of the Mexicans and has promised that we will have an article on the subject of the beet workers. As I go around from house to house of hospitality and see all that is being done, and has been done in the past year, I wish there were more scribes among them, to write an account of some of the problems that are encountered, and what has been done in the immediate alleviation of them. Justine has promised to be more faithful as a scribe.

### Friends at Ann Arbor

WHEN I left Detroit and St. Benedict's farm on my pilgrimage, my next stop was the Gray's at Ann Arbor, where Mr. Gray showed us moving pictures of his farm and its twenty families who are working together cooperatively at Salina. As he talked, he reminded me very much of Leon Harmel, the great French industrialist, who dwelt among his workers. Mr. Gray is trying to build up cooperatives and the communitarian spirit. From the pictures one would consider that here's one of the little oases which Arthur Koestler talks about in one of the essays in *The Yogi and the Commissar*. Peter would say that there was too much stress, however, on cultivation, and not enough on cult and culture and clarification of thought in the effort to make a self-sustaining community.

But we did not have time to go into that and find out what was being done, nor to ask either if Mr. Gray knew and used biodynamic farming methods. Not only Lord Howard in his *Agricultural Testament*, but Alexis Carrel in his *Man the Unknown*, has stressed the evils of spraying and fertilizing with artificial manures and chemicals. The trouble with a trip of this sort is that you can only touch the surface, and must leave to others to find out more, if they are interested.

### Sienna Heights College

The next morning after an early Mass we were off to Adrian, Lou, Justine, Bob and I, to visit Sister Helene and her top floor studios at Sienna Heights College. At the door as you go in are these words, the only known words of Fra Angelico:

*Art demands tranquillity of spirit, and to paint the things of Christ the artist must live with Christ.*

Here the girls try to learn "all the forms of making." There is spinning and weaving, lettering, ceramics, wood carving, stone cutting, drawing and painting, silver casting and probably many more things besides. Sister Helene gave me the names of some of the little shops around the country which are interested only in religious articles made by Catholics. We had a good visit, talking of Egyptian card weaving; the raising of angora rabbits as a

home craft (one can get eleven dollars a pound for the wool); of the appreciation of the Japanese for meditation and the arrangements in their homes as greetings for guests, before which they meditate for an hour before they greet their host; of the movie they had seen on spinning, rented out by a Chicago house at a dollar a reel to schools; of spinning wheels which date back to the fifteenth century; (before that spindles were used, I suppose); of the spindles her students were making; of the pattern makers she knows in Detroit, to whose shop one can send for cabinet work; of looms and where to buy them; of different kinds of type, Eve, Libra, Legend, Garamond; Perpetua, Bodoni, Century, Cheltenham, Canterbury, etc. (I shall investigate all the type at our printers when I go back); of lettering and tanning of parchment (Graham Carey know how to do it, she said); and of various other things. We had lunch at the convent, and were waited on by some of the pupils who are going to get out leaflets to circulate as propaganda signing them — The *Agrarianes*. We are looking forward to getting them.

### Assumption, Ohio

BUT pilgrims are restless souls, and after lunch we were on our way to Assumption, Ohio, a town so small that it is not on the map, and can only be described by saying that it is seven miles north of Swanton on Route 20. When the buses are not on strike they go from Toledo straight west and past Assumption.

There we visited Sister Colombiere (Fr. Fromherz, the pastor, was away) and we learned from her all about the credit union of the parish into which every baby is enrolled, of the freezer which the farmers have built cooperatively; and we talked, too, about farm work, and the importation of Jamaicans and Mexicans for the picking of tomatoes and the work among sugar beets. Most of the farms of the district are self-sustaining, but there is also the cash crop for which they need extra help. One hundred and twenty boys from the neighboring farms have been drafted and taken away from their farm work.

We left Sister Colombiere at nightfall with a big lunch of fried chicken, home-made buttered bread and fruit in a box to eat along the way. From Assumption we drove into Toledo, where I took a train for Cleveland.

Again one feels the need of a scribe in Cleveland to tell the story of the Martin de Porres house on Franklin Avenue and how it has kept going during the war. Rumors lately have spread that the house is closed, but I assure you that Mr. Russman is still in charge, under William Gauchat, and that meals are still served and men housed. While I was visiting there the Sisters of St. Joseph sent down a carful of blankets, and the man in the kitchen, a Welshman and a former miner, told me of the chickens and turkeys they had contributed for Thanksgiving.

### Convent Nursery Rooms

There is a Cana group in Cleveland too, Mother Margaret Mary told me, made up of married couples who meet together for days of recollection and for retreats. We discussed, Mother and I, the feasibility of convents starting a nursery

## A NEW BREAD RECIPE

When Dorothy gave me the rather revolutionary whole-wheat bread recipe from Doris Grant's book, "Your Daily Bread," she added the warning, "Don't let Hans see you try it; he won't like it." The industrious Norwegian cook of Maryfarm cannot abide ideas which, or people who seem, in any way, to shirk the common responsibility of work, and this recipe could easily be placed in that category. Just read:

- 1) Warm flour and baking tins
- 2) Froth yeast separately
- 3) Make dough wet enough to be slippery
- 4) Remember, that whole wheat dough must not be kneaded and only requires a few minutes to mix.

### The Recipe:

- 3½ lbs. whole wheat flour  
2 pts. 4 oz. water at blood heat  
1 oz. salt  
1 oz. sugar  
1 oz. yeast

Mix salt with flour and warm it on top of oven so yeast will work quicker. Dissolve yeast and sugar; let stand 10 minutes. Pour into warm flour, add rest of water. Stir with wooden spoon until flour is evenly wetted. (Most bread is too dry.) Grease three 2-pt. tins and warm them well. Spoon dough into tins. Put to rise for 20 minutes, to rise by 1/3. Bake in moderate oven, 400 degrees, 45 minutes to 1 hour.

What finally happened was that I waited until I went home, and in the secrecy of my mother's kitchen, tried the new recipe there! The result: At first I did not like it, for it seemed underdone. At the next meal, however, I began to see that this bread had a richer flavor, and that the criterion of the satisfied stomach somehow approved more heartily of this bread than of its more closely grained and

\*Published by Faber, England

well-kneaded sister. I should imagine that to eat this bread for three months, and then to return to the thrice risen and kneaded variety, would parallel (with less intensity, however) the return to white bread after having adopted brown bread. Doris Grant's theory that something is lost when whole wheat is kneaded seems to me highly probable.

On the cook's side, a few remarks should be made. For those who have no scale, this translation of the recipe may help:

- 14 cups whole wheat flour  
4¼ cups lukewarm water  
1 tablespoon salt  
1 tablespoon sugar (brown, of course)  
1 cake yeast

You will most likely be very disappointed with this recipe if you do not keep in mind your principles along with reading the directions. (Mrs. Borsodi always insists on the need to cook more by the principles of cookery than by blindly following recipes from a book.) You should take into consideration that flour can vary, the differences being amazing. The flour I have at the moment is coarse and requires a small amount of liquid to be moistened well, whereas recently I used a flour ground very fine like Mr. Harries' flour from Hales Corners, Wisconsin, a flour which required much water in the mixing and which produced a loaf much the shade of the usual rye bread. Remember the qualities of your flour, and then go ahead, using the recipe, and making adjustments if necessary. Many of your "samplers" will demand a sweeter bread, but I leave the resolution of that problem to you! As for baking, I prefer to have a temperature of 375 degrees for 1¼ hours.

May you try it, and peace and health to you and yours—peace from better praise of the Lord, through that increase of bodily strength which comes from a bread that is whole, as the Living Bread was given us, whole and entire, without stint of love or generosity. J. O'D.

room, so that mothers of young children could come and leave their babies with the nuns while they enjoyed days of recollection once a month, and Mother Margaret Mary thinks she will start one.

I was in Cleveland long enough to have a good visit at Our Lady of the Wayside farm, to visit the house, to go to the wedding of Mary Elizabeth Smith to Mr. Haas (they are also going to live on the land), to visit Martin Ribar, who is co-trustee of the farm with Bill Gauchat, to talk to the St. Joseph nuns and then take the night train for Cincinnati.

### Cincinnati

I WAS met by one of the Grail family at the station in Cincinnati, and we drove out to Loveland, arriving in time for the Mass of the first Sunday in Advent. I had not wanted to miss that Sunday sung Mass. It was good to meditate those next few days on the meaning of Advent, the joyfulness of Christmas and the crowning feast of Epiphany when our Lord manifested Himself to the whole world. I had never before thought of the feast of Epiphany in that light, that it was the peak of the season—that Christmas began the feast, the rejoicing, but that Epiphany crowned the new-born Saviour Christ the King. It is good to be living even for a few short days with a large group who are working in silence, and who use every moment of the day in most vigorous work, study and prayer. There was baking and cooking, washing and ironing, the storing away of corn in the big barns, the plastering and painting of another large dormitory, spin-

ning and weaving, the making of a cobblestone walk, and work with the cows, goats and chickens. And there were good meditations and conferences, and an early going to bed, most welcome to me after my journey.

### Pittsburgh

The last three days of the week I spent in Pittsburgh, visiting friends and St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Tannehill street, and the House of Mary on Webster avenue around the corner, where Sister Cyril, Sister Angelica and Sister Hugh, with the help of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, have made a little oasis of beauty and joy in the Hill district. They have a Christ room in the house and right now an old lady of 80 is occupying it. She is a very beautiful old lady with her brown face and white hair, and not at all helpless, either. There are classes three nights a week at the House of Mary and clinic several afternoons a week. Food and clothing are stored in the cellar right now, piling up for Christmas baskets.

There was not near enough time to see all the friends I wanted to see in the Pittsburgh area, and I shall just have to go back and make another visit. I wanted to get back to New York in time for the coming out of the paper, and to help arrange for the Christmas retreat, which will begin on December 27 and end on January 1 in the evening. We beg everyone to bring an extra blanket to that retreat, and good warm heavy clothes. To suffer from the cold is a distraction, so put on as many layers as possible and come prepared for a bracing and rejoicing week.

DOROTHY DAY.



E. M. CATICH