

ST. JOSEPH ZARELLA
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TELL CITY IND

CATHOLIC WORKER



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JERSEY POLICE ARREST CWs

Fatima and Penance

This month of October marks the passage of 30 years since the final apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Fatima. Each month from May until October, 1917, Mary had come to speak to three shepherd children and through them to plead with the world to abandon its waywardness and be led back to God by her motherly hand. Paradoxically, each year since the apparitions has seen the children of men become more and more worldly, engrossed in the works of their own hands, and less and less convinced of the existence of a fatherly God or a motherly Virgin full of concern for their welfare. The hardness and indifference of our hearts is incredible! A heavenly visitor appears to the world in an attempt to save it from its mad plunge into hell; a great miracle is performed, the sun dances in the sky, to prove that the Hand controlling nature is the Author of the message; the messenger herself is not an angel but the Virgin Mother of the Redeemer, and still we turn a deaf ear to the plea that will save us and our brothers of the human race from eternal perdition.

Consider the requests of Our Lady: "Pray, pray much and make sacrifices for sinners. Many souls go to hell because there are none to make sacrifices for them."

"...I come to ask the Consecration of the world to my Immaculate Heart and the Communion of Reparation on the first Saturday of the month."

"Men must correct their faults and ask pardon for their sins in order that they no longer offend
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EASY ESSAY

PROSTITUTION

- I. Prostitution of Marriage**
 1. Birth control is not self-control.
 2. What is not self-control is self-indulgence.
 3. What is self-indulgence is prostitution of functions.
 4. Prostitution in marriage is prostitution of marriage.
 5. Prostitution of marriage is prostitution plus hypocrisy.
- II. Prostitution of Education**
 1. To educate is to elevate.
 2. To elevate is to raise.
 3. To raise wheat on a piece of land is to enable that piece of land to produce wheat instead of weeds.
 4. To raise men from the animal state to the cultural state is to educate men.
 5. The teaching of facts without understanding is a prostitution of education.
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Break Picket Line Protesting Racism; 34 Arrested

Irene Naughton and Jim Clinton, two Catholic Workers from the St. Joseph House of Hospitality were arrested on August 31 for picketing against racial discrimination at the Palisades Amusement Park in Bergen County, N. J. The two members of the New York group were arrested on trumped-up charges of disorderly conduct. Refusing bail they were released after several hours detention and are now awaiting trial October 15. Irene Naughton's account of the picketing and the arrest follows below.

New School

"To wish to draw an exact line of separation between religion and life, between the natural and the supernatural, between the Church and the world, as if they had nothing to do with each other, as if rights of God were valueless in all the manifold realities of daily life, whether human or social, is entirely foreign to Catholic thought and is positively anti-Christian."

So spoke our Holy Father in a recent address. It is a recurring theme of all the modern Popes.

To correct this spirit of secularism, this separation of the material and the spiritual, and to bring about a true ordering of things is the purpose of Catholic Action. Because so many Catholics do not have a very clear idea of what this purpose
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For a second time this summer, taking the opportunity to bear witness to the Church's doctrine on racial discrimination, we picketed a place because it discriminated against Negroes. The Palisades Amusement Park admits Negroes to the Park, but refuses to admit them to its swimming pool on the pretext, as in the Rockaway bath-house incident, that they are not members of the "club". All the "membership" required of white people is, of course, a little hard cash.

About thirty-five people assembled at the 125th St. Ferry, New York side. Sunday morning, August 31, at 10 a.m. Many of the group had been picketing on weekends all summer long. Several had been arrested twice, and were out on bail, awaiting trial. It was the first appearance of the Catholic Worker at the Palisades, and we had gone there at the instance of the Workers' Defense League. Everyone knew from previous occurrences that they faced almost certain arrest, and almost certain brutality.

The two of us from the Catholic Worker left one of our signs with the group who stayed behind to picket at the entrance to the ferry (since the bulk of the patrons of the Park come from New York via the Ferry). Then
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House of Hospitality

JOHN COGLEY

Today the Chicago papers all carried headlines about the heat wave that for a week has been hanging over the city like a guilty conscience. "Heat wave breaks all records; no relief in sight" was the discouraging head in the evening papers, and tomorrow morning, according to the radio know-it-alls, there will be a repetition of the same grim prediction.

Everyone is talking about the weather. The still hot air is clogged with platitudes about the heat, and the whimpered, wordless complaints of people too listless for more than a tired "Whew!"

There has been about the last week something of a movie twice seen. An incredible familiarity. The same dialogue, the same heavy movements, the same weary responses, the same inevitable sweating it out. Older people go through their lines and their complaints with a knowing, querulous patience. They've all been through it before; it is as familiar as an ancient liturgy. Only babies and very young children voice their rebellion with any vigor, ignorant yet of the impotence they'll learn.

For the grown-up, the summer heat wave is familiar enough to recall a mood, to recapture an impression from the past, or to catch again some fleeting insight. Hearing the complaints, reading the headlines, exchanging the platitudes, it is some-

thing like hearing a snatch of some once-popular song. It brings back other times; other years.

I remember the summer of 1942, the first summer we were in the war, when the army's training camps, ubiquitous, were tightly crowded with fresh soldiers like cigarettes in a pack. Across the country that summer the air rang with the bellowing orders of drill masters and basic training instructors. All through the hot months, millions of men every sundown marched in elaborate formations for newly omnipotent colonels.

A handful were dying alone on Guadalcanal, but while the necessarily slow business of basic training held up the millions at home, the brass luxuriated in precision displays and the stylized devotions that were their military due.

Oh, there were some parades in those days at the basic training camps, even bigger and better than those the seasoned veterans put on at the end of the war.

At a place like Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, tens of thousands of green GIs marched every late afternoon, eyes right toward the colonel, haughty and proud in the reviewing stand, while the sun beat down and the ambulances stood waiting on the sidelines to carry away those who collapsed.

And when enough men had died of sun stroke that it was whispered around and four-letter curses called down on the

parades, there was a notice on the bulletin board, brief and military, pointing out that the hot sun beat down on the Pacific islands, too, and on the deserts of Africa and the fields of India. This one, men, it said, is a global war. After all, the sooner the better.

Marching out to their parade grounds and passing in review, the millions were a mass of men, soldiers row on row like poppies on Flanders Field or the white crosses of Arlington: each man swallowed up in the whole, moving, marching, saluting, almost breathing as one impersonal mass.

And if a fly or a mosquito challenged the ideal of military uniformity, then that was a moment of agony, a petty pain of war, to be accepted as such. "Don't move for anything less than a mad dog," the non-com instructors said, "and then only if he's actually biting you!"

The blasted inconvenience of having nerves when the colonel was standing proudly with his four-year-old grandson in the reviewing place of honor!

The idea was to put off manhood for an hour and to melt into the mass like a drop of water into a sea, then move in unified precision as a proud army before a proud colonel.

"Like one man; move like you was one man," the non-coms kept saying. And sometimes it came off beautifully, like the Rockettes on a good day, and there would be reports that the
(Continued on page 7)

ON Pilgrimage

It is September 17 as I start to look back over the month to write this column. Almost time for the equinoctial storms, when, if you are in the country, you begin to think of putting the stoves up, filling up the wood boxes, seeing that the windows are tight and settling down for an earlier evening.

We had one violent storm the other day, blowing the windows in, and there was a wild scurrying to get the wash off the line, the Mother Goose book and the blankets in off the grass, and then there was the exultation over the full cisterns, rain barrels, which meant a big wash would be done next day. Living in the country, the weather means a lot. "Oh, for a bucket of water to throw away," as the farm woman in the yearling says.

A man who came to us recently for hospitality says he has been working these past few years in southern Arabia, so I loaned him my Doughty (Arabian Desert) to read. That is a book which makes you appreciate water—
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ON PILGRIMAGE

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living water. An element so precious that our Lord Himself compares Himself to it. When you are on a farm where all the water must be carried for drinking, for cooking, for washing, then you treat it with respect, with thanksgiving.

Work

There is so much work to do, always on the land. One can understand Peter Maurin's slogan, "There is no unemployment on the land." The gathering of seed from the asparagus beds, the rhubarb, the dill, all the herbs to dry for the winter, beans to shell; getting the last tomatoes before the frost strikes them, and storing all the roots, the onions, beets, carrots, turnips, potatoes; celery to transplant, cabbages to bury in pits. All the work of storing food, gathering food, preparing food, not to speak of eating it reminds one of our dependence on God's Providence as well as the compulsion which is on us all to labor, put upon us by the Fall of man in the garden of Eden. It is all very well to say that man had to work before his fall, that God had put him there in the garden to tend it, to "dress it." Work was a joy then. Since then man has to work with the sweat of his brow, with difficulty, and no machines, no push buttons are ever going to release him from that compulsion.

I thought of these things many times this summer when I was in the city, and I thought to myself that one of the great attractions to man's fallen nature is the opportunity to sit and sit and sit. Store keepers, push cart peddlers, women with their baby carriages, children with their toys—all sitting, all playing—the proletariat these days with their time clocks, the children with their school hours—"and now my time is my own," they seem to say and there is playing and sitting in their ideal picture, and leaving things undone because the required stint has been fulfilled for the wage. Even the housewife gets that way, with her cans, her corner grocery, her bargain counter.

Living in the country, with babies, there is the sewing and knitting, making what you need instead of running to the store; washing, and with the fall weather, the woolens increase, and if you have poverty, it means heating water, and carrying and lifting heavy buckets and lifting and straining and rinsing in cold water with chapped hands.

The work is always behind because there is only one person to do it until the children get bigger and can help. Of course the father helps after his own day's work, but still it is impossible to keep up with clothes, washing, mending, cooking, dishes—and the house.

If you sit down for a minute, the priest comes to call, and then you look around you, and

suddenly see your surroundings with the eyes of another.

Fr. Veales was one of our retreat masters last year and he stressed "human respect" as one of the most bothersome of the "motives" which kept us from doing all things for the love of God. For human respect women become enslaved by the advertisements—dish pan hands! tattle tale grey!—instead of being proud of these evidences of hard work. Instead of reconciling themselves to the fact that clothes do indeed become old and grey and still must be used, they are ashamed of their "failures," their inefficiency, their lack of order, and recklessly throw things out, buy more, consult the advertisements, use all the gadgets (all this, that is, if one has the money, and usually one hasn't, the end is not having money enough to buy food for the family.)

Order, efficiency, cleanliness, these are the American slogans, and human and divine values are sacrificed all too often. Babies are just not orderly. They put oatmeal in their ears, their hair, instead of in their mouths. It takes hours to get through the meals with little ones.

Little Things

All of the above was written sitting out in a grape arbor on a delightful fall day. It is about little things, but these are big ideas. If Peter were still indoctrinating, he could give a wonderful discourse on a philosophy of work, on voluntary poverty, on private property. But Peter is silent these days and we must go back over his articles and his digests to get his thought. He is on the farm at Newburgh where, beginning this month, we will have a chaplain for some months, and daily Mass, and we cordially invite visitors for week ends, because every Sunday we are going to remember what the Holy Father asked for this last month, in his five-point program of action. One of those points was the proper keeping of Sunday. This too was stressed by our Lady of LaSalette. In the Psalms it says of the wicked, "they have done away with the holy days." And certainly in our time, Sunday is not looked upon as Holy and a day consecrated to the Lord. We have not yet begun to use our spiritual weapons, our tremendously powerful spiritual weapons, to avert the tragedy that looms over the world today in the shape of another world war. We look upon our weapons as all too small, but one of them is the keeping of Sunday; another is the penance of work and voluntary poverty.

Doukhobors in Canada

One of the things the Holy Father warned men against recently was isolating themselves. He urged them to go forth among those outside the Faith and the Church and work among them. "In the art of winning men," he said, "learn from the

adversary, or better still from the Christians of the first centuries whose constantly fresh methods of penetration into the pagan world enabled the Church to progress from its lowly beginnings."

Among the readers of the Catholic Worker are some Doukhobors of Canada about whom TIME magazine carried a story last month. These religious people first burned ikons in the Russian Church to protest against the State Church, then they burned firearms to protest against war. Last month they were burning their own homes to protest against greed, and also the homes of those they considered faithless Doukhobors who had gotten rich during the war while professing pacifism.

"Our appeal to the world," writes Helen Demoskoff to our friend Ammon Hennacy, "is that private ownership or love of it is the root or cause of all wars, and if everybody showed or proved their hatred for war they must prove that they own nothing and thus have nothing to defend. We tell the world that we are not afraid of voluntary poverty and would go through all kinds of deprivations but will not join in war directly or indirectly."

Ammon comments on the fact that they too are using violence, in judging the faithless Doukhobors and in burning homes and schools. Christ's teaching was "not to judge," "to turn the other cheek" and on the other hand, when people refused to heed you, to turn from them and shake the dust of their house or city from your feet.

Shakers

During the summer I had a chance to visit a settlement in Massachusetts which exemplified the industrious life on the land, of a group of Shakers whose great houses and barns are more beautiful than any in all New England. There had been a story in the New Yorker about this sect which came to this country from England in 1774. They called themselves the United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing, and rather like the Father Divine followers of today, they believed that Christ had been reincarnated in Mother Ann, the leader of the sect. Since Christ was here again with us, their worship consisted in singing and dancing together in their meeting hall (like David before the Lord), and it was because of this dancing that they came to be called Shakers. Their industry and their disciplined communal living certainly did bring about temporal prosperity. Great houses were erected in what they called Families or villages, and the ones I saw were in Hancock, Massachusetts, and Mt. Lebanon, New York, which is not many miles from the Massachusetts Family.

My visit came about because my young nephew was working for a month in a work camp which was being established in the South Family settlement, bought by a New York lawyer

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Mott Street

This grey Sunday afternoon would be an ideal day to take a ride through the countryside or even go over and become swallowed up in a movie along the Bowery. But instead we have to stick close to the house to greet visitors and attend to the numerous tasks that will pop up around the place. The courtyard is filled with shivering men waiting for their bowl of hot soup and bread. Many of the men have been coming in the office during these chilly days in search of clothes. And we have to turn them away because we don't have anything to give them. We are in hopes and prayers that you dear readers will send in whatever clothes you can spare.

Mite

Father Gerald Vann, O.P., pointed out to us last Sunday in a day of recollection that the greatest act of generosity mentioned in the New Testament was that of the widow's mite. She did not give away huge sums of money, but she did give what she could hardly afford.

Visitors

During this past month we have had numerous visitors and several new workers here at the house and at the farm. Frank Coyle of Detroit and Maurice Foley of Tracy, Minn., are helping out with the work at Newburgh. Bill McAndrew of Boston, and Beatrice McCann of Chicago are helping out with the chores around Mott Street. And Frank Gallivan is back again after spending a summer working upstate.

American Legion

To sort of walk that extra mile with a friend we subways over to Thirty-fourth and Eighth Ave., to watch the American Legion parade. The sidewalks were jammed and we were standing on our feet and on others' feet for over a half hour before we began to observe what was transpiring on the avenue. Finally our heroes came stumbling down the street. Those grey bloated bald headed men of the Warm Up war presented a sad sight as they attempted to recapture the past.

Salt

From their appearance it was surprising that most of them were able to complete the line of march. All of them were in ludicrous apparel and there was a strained display of gaiety about it all. Some had water guns and were attempting to add to the hilarity of the affair by squirting at the spectators along the curbs. The entire celebration was symbolized by a group of legionnaires who trotted down the avenue in diapers. These are the people that the Hearst Journal American Newspaper stated in their editorial are the salt of American Democracy. The only veterans organization that we have been able to detect any salt in is that of the American Veterans Committee.

War's End

A middle aged man walked into our office the other morning looking for help. He had a loaf of bread wrapped up in a brown piece of paper and he was asking for fifteen cents so that he could get over to the docks to get a ship. The ship is sailing to Finland and he expects to be hired as a cook. He was very sad over his recent predicament, having no job nor food nor place to lay his head at night. The last few nights have been spent on park benches and the days in search of food and work. Then he sadly added, "you know I am a German and practically a man without a country. My wife and family have been swallowed up in Germany and thus far I have been unable to locate them. Maybe on this trip overseas I will be able to stop off and resume the search." His eyes watered at the end of his last remark. He started again, "I suppose none of you people in

this country have any use for us Germans now." We replied that the war was over and we suggested that he forget that sort of thing. He broke in on us with the retort that the war was far from being over for anyone on the face of the earth.

Graves

The other night a priest friend of ours paid us a nice long visit. We talked of many aspects of the work and of other subjects. Finally our friend said he would like to know whether or not we would accept two unused graves that were given to him for which he didn't have any use since he would be buried by his order. This is one of the strangest gifts that we have ever received. However we are extremely grateful for such practicality.

Burial

Recently someone was telling us about a group of Christians who have started a league which attempts to persuade Christians to make burial preparations which will be more in conformity with a Christian type of mind. One of the achievements of this group is that of building their own coffins. When one of the members died the body was wrapped in a blanket and brought to the local undertaker who embalmed it there. After the body was embalmed the mortician mentioned caskets to the group but they informed the man that a casket would be unnecessary since the deceased had made his own coffin. Furthermore they personally intended to dig the grave thus eliminating a great deal of the commercialism that is involved in that work of mercy. It is quite appalling to look about and note the number of people engaged in the works of mercy at a nice profit to themselves, in terms of dollars and cents.

Distinction

In the soda fountain next door a drunk sits pouring nickels into

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The Catholic Worker, published monthly Sept.-June, bi-monthly July-Aug., at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1947, State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas Sullivan, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Catholic Worker, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
 Publisher, Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y.
 Editors: John English, Robert Ludlow, Irene Naughton, Thomas Sullivan, same.
 Managing editor: Dorothy Day, same.
 Business manager: Thomas Sullivan, same.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)
 Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)
 None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting. It is given also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

THOMAS SULLIVAN,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2nd day of September, 1947.
 [Seal] Americus C. Stable,
 Notary Public.
 (My commission expires March 30, 1948)

+ From The Mail Bag +

Appeals From Europe—Asia—West Indies

Dear Editor,

A copy of your CATHOLIC WORKER has found its way to this blessed land of St. Francis Xavier and we have been once taken up by its practical outlook and by its articles so earnest and so direct. We like particularly your "escutcheon" (if we may call it so) representing a white lad shaking hands with a colored one and our Blessed Lord embracing them both.

That beautiful figure was an inspiration to me. "Why not write a few lines to the 'Catholic Workers' of America to tell them about our 'Work' here in Goa?" Well, here I am. — We, Salesians of St. John Bosco, too are WORKERS. Salesian Institution of Arts and Crafts, Agricultural Schools etc. are well-known the world over. Here in India we have already a chain of Technical and Agricultural centres from the North in Assam to the South in Vellore. In a land where the nobility of manual work is not yet sufficiently realized and appreciated, ours is an up-hill work. But we are glad to say that the fruits have gone even beyond our hopes.

Last year H.E. The Patriarch of the East Indies has invited us here in Goa in order to take care of its youth who had been rather neglected. I mean especially the poor youth, roaming about the streets without an aim in view... The Patriarch in welcoming us used the following expression:

"I don't know a nobler and more meritorious work than to take charge of a poor or abandoned youth, to gain his heart, to mould his character, to enrich his soul, to open his mind: and then to put into his hands the instruments with which he can learn a trade and earn an honest livelihood.

"Just to do this the Salesians have come to Goa.

"I heartily bless all those who will help them in such an important and urgent work. (+ Joseph, Patriarch of the E. Indies).

We must say that the little Goans have responded wonderfully well to our cares and teachings. Some 800 of them frequent already our Oratories, Schools and Workshops. We have set up the first two departments: Carpentry and Tailoring which shall soon be followed by others, like Mechanics, Printing, Shoe-making etc. At present we are struggling very hard to collect the necessary funds for the construction of a model TECHNICAL SCHOOL here in Nova-Goa, the capital of Portuguese India. We have placed our enterprise under the protection of St. Francis Xavier, whose incorrupt body rests close by. And we feel sure that the great Patron of Goa will bless and reward all those who in any way will come to our aid FOR THE SALVATION OF THE YOUTH OF GOA. Goa is terribly poor and unless some generous soul from across the ocean comes to our assistance our great Schemes will never materialize... May we hope that the "Catholic Workers" of America will stretch out a helping hand to the Catholic Workers of Goa? Everything and anything will be accepted with the feelings of the deepest gratitude: everything will go a long way towards the welfare and "rehabilitation" of the poor and abandoned youth of this glorious Catholic Land!

At the Tomb of St. Francis we shall recommend all our good benefactors and their families during the monthly Votive Mass we celebrate there. With artic-



—Carl Colodna.

HORROR OF HUNGER

To you, kind sir, sweet lady, poor-loving friends:
Now is the time to make some amends
To an all-seeing Father Whose poor are your means
Of attaining that Heaven where holy light gleams
O'er the heads of all persons who on earth took to heart
That Scriptural line which says this, in part:
"He hath dispersed abroad; he hath given to the poor."
Christ, now, my friends, awaits at your door.

Matthew A. McKavitt.

ipated heartfelt thanks and ever in union of prayers
Sincerely Yours in O.L.
(Rev.) A. Ravalico S.C.

Dear Editor:

Just after Christmas I got sick and was laid up in bed for about one month with a bad attack of influenza and some other complications. As the doctor suspected Typhus was going to develop, he confined me to bed for a long time. Now I am well again and have already gone back to my work though I still feel somewhat weak. In this exhausting climate we need food rich in vitamins, but it is so very hard to get anything, especially for us who are out here almost in the jungle. We are lucky enough to get some bread.

I shall feel happy to receive all the old Christmas cards, holy pictures and any other religious article you will save for us. Everything will be acknowledged with much gratitude and especially books for our small library. So interest others in our wishes. Clothes for our orphans and for the many destitute children and also for adults in our mission posts will be welcome. And any food you can send.

Father J. Ferretti, S. C.

INSTITUTE DEI SACRI CUORI
PALERMO, ITALY
Corso Calatafimi 459
August 19, 1947

To The Catholic Worker:

You are here well known for having given great aid by means of your Catholic paper and I, therefore, beg you to once again come in aid this time for us. We would greatly appreciate if you would kindly publish our name as we are in need of financial help.

Our Convent, during the heavy bombardment, was badly damaged and now it totters to its

fall. With what little aid we received locally we have strengthened a little part of it but now another piece more important seems to about collapse.

We, therefore, apply to all the Catholic generous persons to aid us with their generous offer. In return we shall have a special Mass said in favor of all those that generously contribute.

Please, accept our sincere heartfelt thanks for whatever you can do for us and I wish to assure you of our eternal gratitude.

In Union with the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

Sincerely in our Lord,
Sister M. Eucharista,
Mother Superior.

Dear Friends:

I take the liberty to lay before you the following sentences. With the letter of May 31st my close friend, Mrs. Annie Ochbert of Chicago has written you on my behalf to help us in our great need. They allow me now to ask if you are able to help us in any way.

I am asking for clothing of any kind for my husband and three children. My oldest daughter is 15 years old. My oldest boy is 14 years old. My youngest boy is 11 years old.

I have to say this because perhaps you have clothes or linen and underclothing for them. Please don't be angry with me, but the need in Germany is so great that one does all she can for her family.

In Christ,
Mrs. Hedwig Lauer.

Koeln-Klettenberg
Oelberg str. 10 I.r.
22c British Zone
Nord Rhein Provinz
Germany

Dear Editor:

Last Fall the appeal you so kindly published in the Catholic Worker was very generously answered by your readers and parcels were sent to Hungary to the needy and starved in good number.

Hunger, destitution is still rampant in those countries of Central Europe devastated by the war and by the conflicting armies that used them as battlefields. Requests are coming daily for food, and especially for winter clothing. Each Convent and institution is operating soup kitchens, and the breadlines are not getting shorter. The blind, maimed veterans of the War, are helplessly begging on the streets of the larger cities, their families starving.

We beg you in the name of our Dear Lord, to publish our appeal in the Catholic Worker, if possible in the October issue, so that the parcels may come as soon as possible to those unfortunate countries in Central Europe. I have given you the three addresses of the Convents

in the different countries, that will be most grateful for any gift and will give them to the most needy veterans.

Send your parcels to either address:

Sisters of Social Service, XIV. Thokoly ut 69, Budapest, Hungary.

Sisters of Social Service, Str. Grigurescu 39, Cluj, Romania.

Sisters of Social Service, Masarykova av. Kosice 23; Czechoslovakia.

For any information please write:

Sister M. Hedwig, 884 Tiff Street, Buffalo 20, N. Y.

We may be misled in many ways by worldly peace. For instance — some people have all they require for their needs, besides a large sum of money shut up in their safe as well, but as they avoid mortal sin, they think they have done their duty. They enjoy their riches and give an occasional alms, never consider that their property is not their own, but that God has entrusted it to them as his stewards for the good of the poor, and that they will have to render a strict account of the time they kept it shut up in their money-chests, if the poor have suffered from want on account of their hoarding and delay.

—ST. TERESA.

We ask our readers if they want to send packages to Europe for Christmas to please make arrangements now. All Europe is now experiencing the greatest need in history. There have been droughts all over central Europe, wheat and other grain crops have failed. Thousands upon thousands are at this moment starving to death.

There are various ways in which we can help. We can aid personally by making up our own packages, of basic foods, and woolen clothing, and sending them on to addresses we personally know of or we can through CARE, 50 Broad St., New York City, send food parcels to either individuals (you may specify the person to whom the parcel is to be delivered), or you may send a CARE parcel to a person on the CARE list of needy. The National Catholic Welfare Conference is one of the sponsors of CARE which is a non-profit co-operative organization. A CARE parcel costs ten dollars for twenty-two pounds.

Here at Mott Street we have been sending any excess clothing on hand to Europe. The only excess clothing we have had for months has been women's and children's.

With the approach of winter we need men's clothing. In the name of the suffering Christ we ask, we beg you to send on anything you have in your closets.

PAX

SAINTE MARIE DU MONT PELE an Interracial Monastic Foundation

Late in April 1947, we established our Monastery in Martinique. The poor population gave us a warm welcome; they had had no priest for 45 years. On July 9th, we vested our first three postulants, two Negroes and one white.

To make our living, we are planting orange and banana trees, and have bought a share in a fishing boat. Our first crop of sugar canes, however, will not come in till February 1949. Meanwhile we must continue to depend on your charity.

Will you send \$1.00 to tide us over?

Our daily prayer will recommend your intention to God through the Immaculate Heart of His Blessed Mother.

L. CRENIER, O. S. B.
Portsmouth Priory
Portsmouth, R. I.

Faith and the NAM

If in a Catholic classroom or newspaper we were told that we did not have an immortal soul, we would be shocked into automatic protest. The Catholic instinctively tests the findings of reason against his faith in those fields where they overlap. If a point of view is advanced which goes counter to his faith he knows that there is something wrong. And he knows that it is not his faith that is wrong, but rather somebody or other's reason.

There cannot be contradictory truths, because the source of all truth is one, God Himself, in Whom there cannot be any contradiction or error. If God clearly reveals something to us, there can be no question of its truth.

God gives us another path to truth through reason. We know from unhappy experience, however, that reason can err. When reason, then, comes to a conclusion that clearly contradicts something God tells us through Revelation we know that reason has gone off the track somewhere.

This is only the familiar Catholic teaching on the relation of reason to faith, but like so many of these distinctions we often limit its rigorous application to somewhere around the thirteenth century.

This is notoriously true in the realm of economics. How many Catholics realize that when they give their support to the laissez-faire brand of Capitalism blessed by the NAM they are supporting a doctrine which is in flat contradiction to their faith?

The whole modern science of Political Economy, from men like Adam Smith and Ricardo, through men like Bentham, James Mill and John Stuart Mill, rests in its origins on a philosophy, a psychology and an ethical doctrine which explains man and his relation to the universe on the assumption that he does not possess reason—nor consequently free-will—and is in the same condition essentially as the rest of the animals.

In the name of this "science" many economists and businessmen insist today on the complete subordination of the political and social orders to the order of economics. A couple of weeks ago, Dr. Ruth Alexander, for example, a columnist for the Hearst newspapers, maintained that morals have no more to do with economics than they have with arithmetic.

Explain man's activities in terms of the relative strengths of his greeds and the stimuli offered to satisfy them, and a certain calculable pattern does become apparent. The completely selfish man is an open book. He can be depended upon. There are politicians today in Congress whose stand on any issue can be predicted almost infallibly. The test is simple. Determine what is the most selfish stand to take and you have the answer. Some of the anger of politicians against the "do-gooders" and "planners" is that these men, by exercising their wills and using their reasoning power, are introducing an element of uncertainty into the scheme of things—a thing unforfeivable to a man whose aim in life is stability and security.

If man cannot act except in terms of his own greeds and instincts then of course there is no more point in trying deliberately to order society than there would be in trying to order the life of the jungle. Hence the relegation of the state by so many economists to the role of traffic cop for the businessman. The state should no more try to interfere with something like the Law of Supply and Demand than with the Law of Gravity. They are of the same character, and equally inviolable.

We are not trying here to find the answer to any of these ques-

tions—how outrageous would it be, for example, to suggest that prayer could affect the economic order—but simply to point out some curious contradictions for the Catholic. A man in his private life may be a model of virtue and integrity, yet in his business or political life he takes bribery, lying, ruthlessness as things inevitable as the weather, and of about the same moral significance. A student will learn that the philosophical works of Locke and Hume are on the Index of Forbidden Books, but in the next hour in the next classroom he will be given as Gospel the political economy founded on the doctrines of these men. He will learn in his religion classes that no lie is ever justifiable, and a little later he will learn the reasons justifying mass-lying under the name of advertising.

Is the social and business order a human or an animal order? If it is an animal order then Smith and Mill and the NAM are right. If it is a human order then it is a moral order, and, regardless of what the economist says, the Catholic has to start asking himself about applying the laws of justice and charity in the fields of business and politics.

THE WEST ASLEEP

As all must know at this late date the future of the Faith and of Civilization (the two can never be separated as the West has tried to do) is in the Far East. Western suicide is everywhere evident. How wonderfully God is preparing the East for its new role and universal responsibility. Its first bishop was consecrated in 1925, its first cardinal created in 1946, the latest joyful news is that we now have for the first time in history a Chinese Prioress of a Carmelite Monastery.

The following quotation is from a letter just received from the Carmelite Monastery of Hong Kong, South China: "While we rejoice that God is finally having His way, we must strike our breast that we of the West have not for several hundred years listened to Him speaking through the Church."

"As far back as 1659 the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, writing to the bishops and missionaries, emphasized in strong language the need of the Church to be utterly native.

"Seek not for any reason whatsoever to persuade people to abandon their native customs provided the same are not manifestly opposed to religion and morality. In truth, what could be more absurd than to try to transplant to China, France, Spain, Italy or any other part of Europe? You should impose not these but the Faith which does not reject or condemn the usages or customs of any people so long as they are not dishonorable; but rather on the contrary desires them to be preserved and treated with every token of respect."

Yet Archbishop Paul Yupin (quoted from Field Afar of Maryknoll, June, 1947) speaking for his people of the past few centuries says that "in the minds of the Chinese the Church was associated with a political and imperialistic invasion... the ordinary Chinese got the impression that missionaries were the advance guard of their respective nations and behind the figure of every missionary there always loomed the fighting bulk of a battleship. We became imperialist-baiters. We saw empire builders in all the missionaries who set foot on our land. Catholicism became for us a form of imperialism and we looked on the Church as the political invader of China. But a new era has dawned. The misunderstandings of centuries have been cleared away.

We congratulate Mother Mary Ceclia, Chinese Prioress of the Carmelites. China must be saved by the Chinese.

—Dan Sullivan

Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow

tomorrow is an anachronism there is nothing of the revolution that regards tomorrow

if there is social justice
if there is redemption
if there is the fulfillment of hope

it will not come tomorrow
tomorrow
there will be no redemption
no hope
no happiness
no love
tomorrow is nameless
desireless
empty
tomorrow is cessation of life
mortality
division
disintegration

there is no hope
but that it lives today
there is no revolution
but that it is pursued now
there is no redemption
but what is already accomplished
if there is love
we are in the presence of it
if there is joy
we are in its possession
tomorrow? well tomorrow is in the mind of man
today God permeates all things

robert c. ludlow



Water and Wine

Why, with our marvelous system of education extending from nursery school through university, have we produced so little genuine lay Catholic leadership in this country?

How is that, with some notable and impressive exceptions, the lay apostolates and Catholic Action sponsored diligently by the schools are rarely carried over to adult, post-school days? Are listening to the Popes' pleas, re-making society, bringing Catholic principles and the Christian spirit to a cynical and tired world—are these things just something for whiling away time in school, on a level with basketball games and Chemistry clubs; fit objects for the sophomore's native idealism, and nothing more?

How is it that a handful of leftists and fellow-travellers wield an influence all out of proportion to their numbers and we, millions strong, are defensively protecting Catholic thought instead of leading a vigorous revolution of the spirit?

The man whose field is local politics might come up with another variation: How does it happen that in large American cities strongly Catholic there is so much political corruption, so little creative political thought, so few Catholic politicians not requiring shamefaced apologies?

In every field—labor, politics, business, journalism, medicine, theatre and radio—the same questions arise. Our Catholic graduates know all about fighting communism, boycotting C movies, crusading against inde-

cent literature and deluging off-color radio.

And here we come to the reason for Catholic graduates, not being the influences they should be. Too many of them two-time. They try to play ball with the un-Christian forces in the world. Out of school, they bushel their light because they think it might blind their friends.

There you have the big reason for our apostolic failures. Catholicism is absolute. It is weakened by compromise to the point where it loses all its appeal. No man mistakes water for wine; and the world will never get drunk on the wine of the Christian spirit if it's over-diluted with the water of compromise.

If the schools are to be successful in raising up Catholic leaders, they must show them the fatuousness of compromising with Catholic principle. The school closed to Negro students obviously cannot do that with grace or effect. Nor the school which under-pays its own employees. Nor the school where distinction is made between the rich and the poor. Nor the school where the full radical social teaching of the Church is ignored, played-down or under-emphasized.

There are a thousand wily forms of compromise with the teachings of the Church. Until we produce students trained to recognize them and inspired with the spirit to cast them aside habitually, the appeals for Catholic leadership will still go unanswered.

—From TODAY

CULT :: CULT

Activity For the Laity

(The following are excerpts from an article of Raymond de Becker, who was one of the editors of Esprit, the French monthly, translated and arranged by Peter Maurin.)

I. The Breath of Liberty

1. The commandment of love coincides in the Epistles and Gospels with a constant call to liberty.
2. A great breath of liberty blows through the whole New Testament.
3. "The truth will make you free" "Liberty dwells where dwells the Spirit of the Lord." "You have been called to freedom." "Speak and act as having to be judged by the law of liberty." "Act as free men."

II. Two Principles

1. This writing of the two principles of love and liberty will give birth to the Christian communitarian idea.
2. Bringing to it the characteristics that will distinguish it from the collective ideal already present in paganism.
3. This communitarian spirit was reinforced by the theology of the Mystical Body, which the Apostles John and Paul developed in different forms but in identical spirit.

III. For Saint John

1. For Saint John the Christian can do nothing unless united to Christ.
2. It is from Him that he receives strength and grace.
3. It is only by Him that he can reach God.
4. "I am the vine and you are the branches," says Christ in the fourth Gospel.
5. An intimate bond unites all Christians in Christ, if they obey the Law and the Law is love.

IV. For Saint Paul

1. For Saint Paul all Christians are members of Christ.
2. The Church is a living body which is identical with the Mystical Christ.
3. The Historic Christ is the Head and the faithful are the Body.
4. "So we being men are one body in Christ and we are members one of another."

V. Modern Times

1. Never before was the close solidarity of mankind so categorically expressed and, incidentally, their mutual equality.
2. Already in the Middle Ages the mystical conception of the Church was sometimes relegated to the background.
3. Liberty and Love, which are the foundation of the Christian Community often had to give place to authoritarian ecclesiasticism.
4. Modern times have seen a practical eclipse of the idea of the Mystical Body.
5. The Christian Community has had to give way to a collectivized society where the element of hierarchical authority is exercised in a manner detrimental to the liberty of the laity.

VI. The Task of the Laity

1. A profound movement is now in process among the Christian laity.
2. New forms of religious life seem now necessary.
3. What characterizes the thirteenth century is the essential distinction between the active and the contemplative life.
4. Some of us today are beginning to realize that there is a distinction between the religious apostolate and social action inspired by religion.
5. The influence on society, that is to say, the rechristianization of culture from the inside, becomes more and more the task of the laity.
6. This task of the laity is the social explanation of the words of Saint Peter addressed to all Christians—"You are a royal priesthood."

CULTURE /ATION ::

Hierarchy Takes Action

About five hundred St. Louis Catholics stood under solemn warning of excommunication Sunday, Sept. 21. The threat of excommunication, most solemn and terrible to a Catholic, was contained in a pastoral letter from Archbishop Ritter, read in every Roman Catholic Church in the diocese of St. Louis that Sunday morning.

The events leading up to this action are these: In a recent order Archbishop Ritter ordered that Negro children be admitted to parochial schools. Since 1937 a few Negro children have been attending white parochial schools but under this order the number abruptly arose to 100. Thereupon, between 500 and 700 white Catholic parents banded together in a protest meeting, in which they resolved to go to law against the Bishop.

At this point, the Archbishop wrote his letter, making the situation plain to all the Catholics in St. Louis. In it he pointed out that the "serious penalty of excommunication" would be incurred automatically, should an individual or group "presume to interfere in the administrative office of their Bishop by having recourse to any authority outside the Church."

At a session following the letter, the protesting group decided to drop the plans for legal action. It then passed a resolution calling on the Most Rev. Amelto Ciccognani, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, to intercede in the conflict "either for or against us." John P. Barrett, chairman of the group, said just before the meeting, "I can't say whether I will drop active participation in the group after the meeting. I personally will not take any action that will jeopardize my religion or that of any one else."

Archbishop Ritter also warned that the "The Equality of Every Soul Before Almighty God" is a "Fundamental of the Catholic Faith," and declared that the policy of admitting Negro children to Catholic schools, regardless of race or nationality, is one "which we consider our right and duty as chief pastor of this diocese."

Negroes attend separate schools under the Missouri public school system. This is the usual solution, one might term it the "Segregation" solution, wherever the Negroes live. Those who believe it say that they believe the Negroes are our equals, and should have equal rights, but only keep them separate—separate schools, separate houses, above all, separate social life. It is the sort of mentality that builds ghettos, that measures people in terms of Aryan and non-Aryan, that believes in voting for, or marrying "one of our own kind."

The New York public schools are open to white and Negro alike, and are ahead of many of the Catholic schools, which under some pretext or other, keep out Negroes. But Segregation automatically results in most schools because of Segregation in housing. The most notorious example at present is the Metropolitan Life Insurance housing project, Cooper Village. Metropolitan Life went on record that they would not admit Negroes,

lest they should "jeopardize their investment."

What ugly, foul and evil things are hidden under high-sounding legal terms, economic phraseology!

Even if Segregation meant equal or even better facilities for Negroes, Segregation is evil and Unchristian. For the whole idea of Segregation is founded on a false scale of values as regards human personality. It admits of a mind that has lost contact with Reality. This is the fact of the Real World, that "the equality of every soul before Almighty God" is a "fundamental of the Catholic Faith," and Catholics would do well to turn from the Unreal World of accidental and contingent values that is the dwelling place of many of them. It is in this Unreal World that this group of five hundred Catholics in St. Louis is living. One detects a note of naive surprise in their reaction to the Bishop's letter, as though for the first time in their lives they realized that there was something "wrong" about Segregation. It is to their credit that they backed down when they were corrected, acknowledging the authority of their Bishop, and it is to be hoped that many other Catholics will develop somewhat surprised, guilty consciences when they hear of this or from their own Bishops. Archbishop Ritter's action has certainly been inspiring to all of us.

To a Concrete Mixer

Out of the pale light;
Into the wan light of noon;
Under the grey, lowering sky
Through which day tapers into dusk
Are men,
Moving,
Mechanically,
In pairs,
Filling the maw
Of an insatiable monster
With sand—cement—gravel;
Tilting into its iron-lipped
mouth

This strange, impossible diet
Of sand—cement—gravel.
Dust rises
As the men,
Robotishly,
Enchanted by their monster-
master,
Shovel and fill
Their ever-empty boxes;
Their shovels
Scraping the ground;
Cutting through sand and stone
Screechingly,
Making one's blood crawl.
Perpetually,
They fill those boxes,
And empty them
Into the grumbling mouth
Of that monster insatiable.
Chug! Chug! Chug! it coughs;
And sends a shudder
Rattling through its whole
frame

Down to its wheel-feet.
Yet, it never stops
But chugs away
Perpetually,
Coughing, coughing, coughing
Like a consumptive that will not,
WILL NOT die!

From the anaemic light of dawn;
Across the bleak light of noon;
Into the dull, darkening dusk,
Chewing with its swivel-teeth
Its strange, impossible diet
Of sand—cement—gravel,
Yet, never digesting it,
(Or digesting it in the way
Peccoliar to monsters),
Vomits (or defecates)
Pillars, walls,
Deep in the earth foundations,
Courts, jails, Taj Mahals.
Barnabas J. Ramon-Fortune.



HIC EST
SANGUIS
+ MEUS +

Three Frenchmen

Around the house this month we have been doing a great deal of reading, and strangely enough the books have been mostly by Frenchmen. Mauriac, Ralssa Maritain and Bernanos. These are this month's Big Three.

Ralssa Maritain in the *Pilgrim of the Absolute* has taken vital selections from Leon Bloy and arranged them in such a fashion that they make fit subjects for meditation and action. Bloy led a life of absolute poverty and self abnegation, and was absolutely convinced that he had been specially chosen by Divine Providence to blast the bourgeois mediocrity of his times. It was his firm belief that the Evil One today is incarnate in the form of the Bourgeoisie.

Francois Mauriac too has taken a Frenchman, and arranged some of his ideas in a readable and stimulating form. His *Living Thoughts of Pascal* serve as an admirable introduction to that French master of the spiritual life. Much of Pascal is on the index, but this arrangement of the important aspects of his

thought coupled with Mauriac's appreciation of his life and his work offers a sure basis for meditation on the work of a man who lost his faith and then regained it.

"Hell is not to love," says the priest in the *Diary of the Country Priest*. The whole muscular tone of Bernanos books is one of love. Love not only in the abstract but love in the concrete, love not meditated upon but also lived. Bernanos has the happy faculty of getting inside of his characters. He doesn't spare them however. And as a result the book while pretending to be an account of the activities of a country priest in France is a criticism of the religion practised not only in France but generally throughout the contemporary world.

Saint Augustine's Journey of the Soul to God

"Suddenly all the vanity I had hoped in I saw as worthless, and with an incredible intensity of desire I longed after immortal wisdom. I had begun that journey upwards by which I was to return to You."—*Confessions*, III, iv.

Few philosophers have the appeal to "everyman" that Augustine exerts. Is it because, as he taught us, "the true philosopher is the lover of God," and because few philosophers have loved God so wholeheartedly? Yet this eminently human and lovable saint was profoundly intellectual, and his quest of God is a quest by intelligence as well as love; for him, wisdom and happiness are one.

It is strange to observe that there are comparatively few books in English about the man who ranks with Saint Thomas as the great teacher of Christian wisdom, the man who has been called the greatest Doctor after the Apostles themselves. Besides translations of Augustine's own writings (and no edition had been published under Catholic auspices, until the recently begun projects, "The Fathers of the Church" and the "Ancient Christian Writers" series), one thinks of *The Monument to Saint Augustine*, Maritain's excellent study on Augustinian wisdom in the *Degrees of Knowledge*, and the books of Pope and Vega.

For General Reader

Augustine's Quest of Wisdom, by Dr. Vernon J. Bourke of Saint Louis University (Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, \$3.00), supplies a long-felt need in Augustinian literature. The work is designed as an introduction to the life and philosophy of the Bishop of Hippo for the general reader. In accordance with this aim, the author takes up, in fourteen chapters, the salient periods of Augustine's life—the development of Augustine the rhetorician, 354-384; Augustine the Christian philosopher, 384-390; the work of Augustine the Bishop, 391-426, and the Mature Mind of Augustine, 400-430. In this last section three great works of Augustine's maturity are discussed, the *Commentary on Genesis*, *On the Trinity*, and the *City of God*, but the doctrines of Augustine are interwoven throughout the book as the story unfolds. The theory of divine illumination, for example, is not formally treated in one section but is discussed in connection with several of Augustine's treatises.

The distinctive feature of the book is the account of the intellectual growth and development of this many-sided and truly catholic man, who became, in the midst of a life filled with cares and duties, a profound and personal thinker, a passionate and imaginative writer, an acute and subtle dialectician, a penetrating and warmly human psychologist, an eloquent preacher, a formidable controversialist, a fatherly bishop, and the Doctor of Grace for future ages.

Christian Sage

Although he was endowed with philosophical genius in

abundance, Saint Augustine was not so much the technical philosopher, as he was the Christian sage who made use of philosophy and all the human knowledges at his command in his search for wisdom and happiness. Shortly after his conversion, Saint Augustine asked himself, in his *Soliloquies*, "What do you desire to know?" and replied, "God and my soul." "Nothing more?" "Absolutely nothing." All his life Augustine was seeking to know himself and to know God, and when he had come to know God's mercy and goodness, he desired nothing more than to spend all his time in the contemplation of God. He desired to "love, seek, win, hold, embrace, not this or that philosophical school, but Wisdom itself." The duty of loving God by loving his neighbor led Augustine to do many other things but his life exemplifies the truth that "when a man is called from the contemplative life to the active life, his vocation does not come by way of subtraction but by way of addition" (Maritain, *Prayer and Intelligence*). As Augustine himself says, "The love of the truth seeks a holy repose, the necessity which love imposes accepts justified toll."

Labor of Love

The life story of Saint Augustine, then, is a journey of the mind to God, to adopt the title of the famous work of Saint Bonaventure, the contemporary of Saint Thomas, who was so deeply imbued with Augustinian thought. Dr. Bourke's book describes that journey with insight and sympathy that comes of living with his subject. He has given us a scholarly and interesting piece of work, and reading it, one feels confident of its reliability and rewarded by its content. It is a labor of love, which arouses a desire to read the great teacher who "instructs in love" a desire to know better the Doctor of Charity whose spirit is so well captured in the unforgettable opening lines of the *Confessions*, which Pius XI in his Encyclical on Saint Augustine called an epitome of Christian wisdom, and whose full significance has not yet been exhausted—"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee." Augustine's greatest lesson for us is summed up by Dr. Bourke: Augustine has been able to point the way to the ultimate satisfaction of all the higher aspirations of the human soul. Augustinism is in no sense a system either of philosophy or of theology. Nor is it merely a method. It is a spirit which stems from the intuitive wisdom of a great personality. The love of God, charity, is the ultimate source of this Augustinian spirit. Its proximate origin is the love of the things of the soul. All of the thinking of Augustine begins with his soul and ends with God. In it humanism finds its climax in the love of Him who not only made man for Himself but who became Man.

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

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AVON, OHIO } 25 Cards for \$1.50

Arrest at Palisades

(Continued from page 1)

we took our other two signs and joined the group of five who were assigned to picket the Cliffside entrance to the Park.

As we began to approach this entrance, we noticed an immediate stir among the Park guards and several policemen. We approached in orderly and silent fashion, making no reply to the remarks to move away that were immediately addressed to us by police and Park guards. The street was completely deserted, save that a few people came to the doors of the stores across the way to observe us. We are all aware of how in affairs of great moment the most inconsequential details are fixed in our memory, humorous incidents in the midst of sorrow.

So it is that I remember the gleeful expression of a woman across the way at the entrance to a beef garden, and my reflection on how the human heart has a certain depraved tendency to feed on excitement, whether it be the murders in the tabloids, or pickets being beaten up by the police. I remember her gleeful expression, and her remark that told me that the police car was bearing down on us. "Here they come; here they go," she sort of sang, and the humor of it struck me even then, and a certain unconscious appreciation of the poetic accuracy of the common man's speech. Here the police did come, and here the pickets did go, signs torn from their necks, or grabbed roughly from their hands, never to be returned, to the Cliffside Police Dep't and Police Chief Borrell, who owns a concession in the Park. We had only had time to take about two or three turps in front of the entrance.

Twenty others had gone to the main entrance to the Park with the intention of applying at the Pool for admission, and then, if they were refused, of picketing there and of trying to get others to sympathize with their cause, and to withdraw their patronage from the pool. For many people patronize places that practice discrimination unknowingly or unthinkingly. The purpose of picketing is to reach these, and indeed the at least equal number whether they know or not who don't care. So far has the human heart wandered from the sense of the solidarity of the human race, from the tenderness of brotherhood.

All of these twenty were refused even entrance to the Park, and were forced onto a bus returning to the Ferry. They took a bus back to the Park, and began distributing leaflets, when they too were arrested, and, about an hour after our arrest, joined us where we were cooling our heels before the police desk at the Cliffside jail. As a matter of fact, we had entered into a lively discussion among ourselves, drawing in the police now and then. I remember particularly one remark of the desk sergeant: "Don't bring religion into it."

One of this second group of twenty, Jim Peck, had been hit by a Park guard a vicious blow near the mouth, and only regained consciousness in the squad car. As he came into the police station I noted his pallor and the blood on his face. I met him in the subway recently, a week and a half after the assault, and he told me that only now is he beginning to be able to chew. He had been beaten up by the same crew several weeks before at Palisades. They had ganged up on him because of his persistent reappearance on the picket line.

When the Park guards and police were roughing up this group, and Jim was hit by them, one of our group, goaded beyond en-

durance by the injustice of the whole thing, by the sudden memory perhaps of countless injustices and humiliations from "the white man boss," turned and struck Rosenthal, manager of the Park. The proceedings, completely illegal through the whole affair, suddenly perceived a leg to stand on, and with righteous indignation, arrested him for assault and battery. Did anybody arrest that Park guard for assault and battery who struck Jim Peck? Everybody even has conveniently forgotten who he was. So it is that people's helplessness, their poverty, their ignorance of the law, their necessity to be on the job Monday morning, are exploited by the powers that be, with wealth and time to maneuver the law.

All of us were charged with disorderly conduct, except this one man, who was charged with assault and battery. This, the disorderly charge, was a ruse to conceal the illegality of the police action, since the right to picket and distribute leaflets is legal throughout the United States. Twenty went out on \$10 bail each. (God help the poor every place, and the Negroes in the South who have no Workers' Defense League to back them up, who would have had to go to jail, and in all probability lose their jobs for not reporting Monday morning, or for participating in "questionable" activities.) Four of us refused bail, to the great apparent discomfiture of the police, who let us out on parole an hour later, with the remark that they weren't going to give us any publicity. True it is that such activities cannot bear the light.

The nine picketing on the New York side were also arrested on a charge of obstructing the traffic, paroled in Night Court, and the case has not yet been tried. The group which included the two Catholic Workers, comes up for trial October 15 at Cliffside Park Borough Hall, Bergen County, N. J.

Everywhere through the whole affair we are met with questions as to our orthodoxy from obviously Catholic people, with a puzzled and somewhat uneasy concern as to what Catholics are doing with these "leftists," disturbing the peace." Away with such false peace, built on injustice, on violence, on materialism. Christianity of its nature is a scandal, and not respectable, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness." Leftism is in large part the righteous struggle of labor against exploiting capitalists, the struggle of the Negro against vested interests, economic, religious, political, and psychological, and so it is that the Church must go to the left, and the left must go to the Church.

Segregation in a swimming pool was not the real issue at stake. The real doctrine being dramatized on the picket line was the brotherhood of man, for the Christian, the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. Through the picketing both at Rockaway and Jersey, we were very much aware that we were playing in a great and tragic drama. Sun and wind and the vast, beautiful ocean, and the high, tree-clad cliffs of Jersey overlooking the incomparable Hudson, and through it all, the theme of the sorrow of a race, who seem, more than is the common lot, born to suffer. "Weeping, she hath wept in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks. Among all her friends and lovers, there is none to comfort her."

We live in an age where injustice and destitution abound. The problem of the machine, the problem of the land, the problem of the propertyless, of decentralization, of the Saint-Revolutionary, these are everybody's problems. But for the Negro, misfor-

ATTENTION NEW YORKERS

There will be a meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, Broadway and 56th Street, 8 P.M., October 3rd, to protest discrimination on the part of Metropolitan Life and the United Nations in the Peter Cooper Village.

Mott Street

(Continued from page 1)

a juke box, playing a record, "If I Had My Life to Live Over." While he sits there sorrowfully peering down the dark alleys of the past we couldn't help but wish that the heads of the liquor firms would come down here and view the Men of Distinction that they have conveniently ignored in their warm glowing ads.

Worthy

Some of our visitors are frequently wont to ask whether or not we are simply taking care of a bunch of drunks. First we point out that quite a few of our people in need are not drunks. And secondly we point out that alcoholism is a disease as is diabetes, one person being allergic to sugar and the other allergic to alcohol. Furthermore the corporal and spiritual works of mercy need to be performed for all in need regardless of whether they are considered worthy or not.

Compline

Last night while we were saying Compline in the front office, a slightly intoxicated man hammered on the office door requesting admittance. We opened the door and asked him to wait a few minutes since we were in the middle of Compline. He inquired as to what was Compline. We gave him a thumbnail description to which he replied: "I am a Catholic and I say my prayers too. And I can't see any reason why I can't join you in prayer."

Dirty Flaying

One of these days, soon, we hope to see one of our leading Catholic syndicated writers make an analysis of American newspapers and writers, as the Hearst publications and Colonel McCormick's daily, plus Patterson's N. Y. Daily News. This project has been on our minds for some time now and it was brought into focus again when we read Westbrook Pegler's vicious mudslinging attack on Frank Sinatra. Not that there is any comparison between the past of Sinatra and Mary Magdalen but we were just wondering what Pegler would have written about Mary when she began to follow Christ.

Leon Bloy

We have been reading "Pilgrim of the Absolute" a book dealing with the writings of Leon Bloy. We have found it to be quite an antidote to any self-satisfaction that we may have and we also find it to be an antidote to any dissatisfaction we may have because no matter how low we feel before picking up the book we feel as though we are experiencing perfect joy in comparison to Leon Bloy.

John Curran

One Sunday afternoon we sped over to the Naval Hospital at St. Alban's to see John Curran. John has been with the Catholic Worker for many years and one of our most faithful workers. Up till his entry into the hospital John had been selling the Catholic Worker on Thirty-fourth and Broadway. We pray and hope John recovers soon.

TOM SULLIVAN

tune is intensified. As my father said to me, years ago, the Negro is born with two strikes against him. At least one and a half of those strikes lies squarely at the door of Christianity, as we live it, or rather as we fail to live it. For the Jersey police and their ilk would be powerless if the Catholic public were with us.

Fatima and Penance

(Continued from page 1)

Our Lord, who is already too much offended."

"Luxurious living must be avoided; people must do penance and repent of their sins. Great penance is indispensably necessary."

"Sacrifice yourself for sinners."

Every single apparition included the request for the daily recitation of the rosary. "I am the Lady of the Rosary," proclaimed the vision. "Recite the Rosary with the intention of obtaining the end of the war. The intercession of the Blessed Virgin alone can obtain this grace for men."

How did the children of Fatima respond to Our Lady's appeal? Their lives became one long reparation for sinners; prayer and sacrifice were the keynote of their daily existence. Many times hours were consumed in prayer, the youngsters oblivious of time and place. Their desire for penance seemed insatiable. From the time of the apparitions until the death of the two younger children, all three performed penances worthy of some great ascetic, as disclosed recently by the only survivor, Sister Lucy of the Dolors, at the command of her bishop.

Prompted by Divine inspiration the children sought the penances most repugnant to nature, thereby offering reparation and restoring the balance in God's order, which is so sadly distorted by the idolatry of the flesh in our generation. One of their corporal chastisements consisted in wearing a heavy rough rope tightly twisted about their waists. In the documents of Sister Lucy we learn that the two younger children committed these bloodstained instruments of their torture to her during their last illness.

Consider this penance of children who were little more than infants! We stand aghast and opposed to their cruelty. Surely they did wrong in so afflicting themselves! They would injure their health! Yet the loving Mother of God assured them that this penance was pleasing to God. The children saw sin in its true light and the awful necessity of reparation if the souls of sinners were to be touched by grace and repentance. It is our point of view which is at fault. We do not see ourselves "plunged in God" as these youngsters did. We do not see matters in their proper relationship. In the eyes of the world the children were "fanatics" in their penance, but the world with its finite wisdom and prudence is passing. If the wisdom of this world is folly with God, the reverse is also true.

Do we obey the request of Our Lady by offering penance for our own sins as well as those of others in this guilt-oppressed world? We may be incapable of heroic deeds, but there are countless penances inherent in our daily lives if we were to accept them humbly. Why not accept at least the privation of certain goods, perhaps forced upon us by circumstance, and the voluntary deprivation of creature comforts? We are too easy with ourselves—too willing to set the standard of our necessities high and too frequently disposed to offer God the "sacrifice" of things we really do not want anyway. Self-denial is salutary only when it costs us something. Penance is not a cloak to be worn during Lent and Advent alone. The practices of the children were limited to no particular day or season, but were as continuous as the sins of the world that offend Almighty God by day and night.

The denial of food and drink was another chastisement undertaken by these innocents, for whom fast days were a common occurrence. Think of children

of 10 years and under fasting! Those of us who are obliged to keep the ember day and lenten fasts consider it a great hardship and think ourselves worthy of commendation if we succeed. Too often, however, we are prone to excuse ourselves from even the fasts of obligation. Our work is laborious of our health is poor (how few of us today can claim otherwise), so we dispense ourselves or seek dispensation, and pass through the liturgical year without ever understanding or experiencing the denial of self that should be an integral part of our lives. No wonder the feasts of the Church have lost their meaning for us! There is no better way to prepare for a feast than by a fast, no other way of attaining the joys of fulfillment than by the path of abnegation. Easter and the glory of Resurrection will never come to one who has sedulously avoided Calvary.

These innocent children certainly were not required to fast—it was a penance voluntarily undertaken for the love of God and the conversion of sinners. How can we say we love God when we adhere merely to the requirements of law? Love should replace law in our lives. Penance should even be joyful!

The words of Heaven's Queen ring harshly in the ear untuned to the Divine Love and the expression of that Love in His Will. "Great penance is indispensably necessary"—we hear but we do not heed. Surely it means my neighbor; there are attending circumstances that necessarily eliminate me. Pope Pius IX in 1877 anticipated Our Lady's plea when he said:

"Many times in my discourses to various assemblies have I repeated that the violation of fast and abstinence is one of the causes for which we are being scourged. People are always armed with an authorization from their physician when they ask to be dispensed, one on account of his head, another for his chest, and so on. We will not do penance, but God makes us do it by chastising us."

Still we ignore the warnings of earth and heaven, and continue in our accustomed way, careful to choose the painless penances, the most convenient ones. No wonder there will be gnashing of teeth on the last bitter day of reckoning when in desperation we realize the folly of our willful blindness and procrastination.

The request for prayer and penance made at Fatima by the Mother of God is not to entertain us or to satisfy our curiosity for knowledge of mystical things or future events. It is a desperately serious request, prompted by the Infinite Love and Wisdom of God, the Creator of all things. If we truly love God we shall obey totally and joyously the least indication of His Will. We have no ultimate destiny but heaven or hell, and the heaven that we presumably choose will be a state of intimate and endless union with the Divine Will. How shall we be happy for an eternity if we find that Will distasteful now?

We have been heedless too long. Let us take the message of Fatima to heart now, 30-years late though we may be, and rejoice that "There is by God's grace an immeasurable distance between late and too late."

Gerry Weakland.



House of Hospitality

(Continued from page 1)

colonel had been pleased. But, oh, the damage those sand flies did, the affronts they offered to West Point dignity!

After the parade was over and the colonel and his grandson went back to their quarters, while the stretchers were carried into the station hospital, the GI's marched back in squadrons to their tents.

Away from the parade ground and out of the colonel's sight, the order "Route Step" was given, and this meant that you could be yourself again, could walk any way you wanted to, and you could talk if you had a mind to. You usually did have a mind to, to call down curses on the army, the war, the parade grounds, tradition, the colonel, and the mosquitoes. And because there were thousands of you, there was always somebody to talk to and to share your curses with.

At the sound of the sergeant's order "Route Step," personality seeped back into the men returning to their quarters, almost like God ordering life into the primeval slime.

The proud army became a group of men, each one an individual person. By a toss of the head, a gesture of the hand, a tone of voice, by these things it was now possible to pick out a friend, to know one man from another.

Now there were all kinds: the soft draws and the slow carriage of Texans, each draw unmistakable, each carriage unique; the hearty cheerfulness and the horseplay of the guys from Brooklyn, each with his own brand of cheerfulness, each with his own style of horseplay. And maybe someone would draw out a *Reader's Digest* from his back pocket and read as he walked, while two more might converse seriously in low tones.

It was possible now to distinguish the guys who were really unhappy in the army, homesick perhaps, from those who could take it with a grin. Happy men, sad men, troubled men, carefree men, serious men, pinheads, roughnecks, scholars, gentlemen and bums; the sanguine, the melancholic, the phlegmatic, the choleric and a thousand variations of each: at the sergeant's bellow each man was himself; and it's a shame the colonel never saw them that way. It's always a shame when men are not seen as individual men but as part of a mass, whether they be soldiers or Displaced Persons, slain German Jews or Bowery drunks.

Bringing people back to life the way the sergeants did, is never as easy as it was in the army. In the world outside the army, it can't be done with the mere shouting of a command.

Outside the army, it's a slow business; and the price of life returned is patience and charity, understanding and sympathy. The price is often hospitality. For four summers before that hot one at the basic training camp, I knew another army that was dehumanized and stood silent and still, motionless in the sun. This was the tragic depression army, the mass that used to be called glibly "the great army of the unemployed."

They stood in the sun, stretching in a long listless line down the alley in back of the Chicago House of Hospitality; standing in line, tormented not by the clean sand flies of an immaculate army post but by the hateful, degrading vermin of unwashed bodies, they waited for a bowl of soup.

There were hundreds of them, but they were a silent, still crowd, with the quiet distraction of men who are missing something precious, call it the spark of ambition, interest in life, or

whatever you want to call it. Anyway, whatever it was, it was gone; and it was something essential.

On the weary walks back and forth to the House of Hospitality for meager meals, on the fruitless searchings for "another chance," a job, a place to sleep, a way to kill a day; during the lonely futility of their day-wanderings and the threatening insecurity of their night-passings, they left behind them a trail of spent life, dripping from them like blood from an open wound.

A listless group of men, these men in the line taken as a whole, discouraged, indifferent, even to each other, shamed, and beaten by life.

How they got that way, what happened, why: there are a thousand different stories. It would be nice maybe if the eager people who want general answers to these questions could be satisfied; but you just can't answer a silly question like How do men get that way?, or, What would you say is the cause of their present condition?

If you could answer, a flat "booze" (which is much more often an effect than it is a cause) or "laziness" or "bad home life" or "an unhappy marriage" or something resounding and satisfying, then the people who demand an easy explanation might be happy. But you can't account for a thousand human tragedies with a single phrase.

The point is that they were men. What was the cause, what happened, how do you explain, isn't it their own fault, don't you think if they had to do this or that or the other thing, etc.,—all these things are beautifully beside the point.

When life is dripping away from men, it is not the time for speculation or self-satisfying theory-applications. This is the time to stop the flow, to heal the wounds, to bathe the sores.

A man is a man, a human person with intelligence and free will, living in a world of men; capable of heights and depths, of human tragedy and all the machinations of the world, the flesh, and the devil. Easy phrases and pet theories are no answer to human wreckage. God will mock us if we treat his great creature Man like a brute specimen in a laboratory.

And so, for whatever reason they found themselves there, the men in the breadline were a silent group; among them personality was as generally stifled as among any group of soldiers on a parade ground. The line was a sorry impersonal mass, and it moved as a single impersonal body, this one not proud but humbled and shamed.

There was room in the House of Hospitality for forty men. As an old man went off to a job or on to some other place, a man in the line took his bed in the House.

Then it was that life came back, slowly, painfully, almost shyly. Men we knew in the breadline for months as dour, wordless, dull people gradually took on a completely new (new to us, that is) character after they were established in the House of Hospitality for awhile.

The security of the House, poor as it was, regular meals, a sure place to sleep, work to be done, the knowledge of being useful to others (such a little thing as slicing bread for the line or serving coffee was enough) and the casual but very real fellowship of the ever-changing household of the place—these things were enough. It was often as if you could see a change taking place before your eyes, like something visible happening—color returning to a face after a faint.

Even the crudest kind of hospitality can work miracles. It is

no wonder the wisdom of the Bible tells us to practice it in season and out of season and adds "without grumbling."

The slow miracle of restoring life to the joyless, of bringing back hope and a sense of belonging to the friendless, is more wonderful—much more wonderful—than the miracle the sergeant's short command brought about on the walks from the parade ground back to the tents.

But it can't be done with a word. What a man needs most is to feel like a man, to be treated like a man, to live in decency with other men.

What man can do for man! Man can raise other men from the dead, can rekindle hope, bring back the zest for living, inspire plans for the future, restore self-respect and pride in manhood—even mirror dimly the infinite charity of God.

This is the ideal of hospitality: being brother to brother, children of the same Father. Not scientific social work—hospitality. Not haughty superior dealing with "problem cases"—hospitality. Not condescending judge dealing with errant accused—hospitality. No, hospitality is derived from the Latin word for guest. It expresses a relationship between equal men: host and guest. It is bound by the rules of courtesy and human companionship, and ruled by the law of charity.

There are always men and women who need hospitality, for one reason or another. There are, in an imperfect world of imperfect men and women, always those who need a calling back to life, a restoration of personality. There are always those lonely people, in all times, in all places, who need the knowledge of being respected as men and women, of living with other men and women with dignity, of sharing their own burdens with others and bearing some of the burdens of others.

Hospitality reminds people that they are brothers, children of God, dependent on others and capable of being depended on by others. It is not a specialized work, requiring scientific training. It is something for everyone to practice according to the measure he is able to do so.

The House of Hospitality is a striking, almost dramatized expression of hospitality. But hospitality can be practiced by everyone, in the home, in the parish, in the club, sodality, school. It has a thousand forms and can be practiced in a thousand different ways.

The charm of hospitality, because it is peculiarly human, appeals to all men. And "the soul is naturally Christian": it is not surprising that often God should use the hospitality men give each other as an instrument of His grace.

In terms of an effective realization or refraction of the Gospel in the socio-temporal sphere, we are still in a prehistoric age!

—JACQUES MARITAIN, True Humanism.



OUR LADY OF MERCY

Pax Column

If Jesus Christ was not God then He was insane and if the pattern of insanity runs through His life it runs through the life of all men we know as good in any ultimate sense of the word. And, since that is true, we must hug this insanity closely to us, it must permeate us, become part of life, form our mentality, govern our actions, carry us on to revolution within ourselves and society so that, cutting away the limitations of mediocrity and natural ethics, we adhere constantly to a liberty that came with the Redemption, a liberty based on profound respect for personality, a respect so treasured by God that, rather than violate it, He permits sin and war and misery. We know that Christ is God, we know that the Christian revelation is the most secure and satisfactory basis on which to proceed.

We have our fads in philosophy. One day it is idealism or realism or existentialism or monism, and we know they do not satisfy beyond giving matter for intellectual enjoyment, they have not the compelling urgency, the significance to us as persons that is found in the concrete example of Christ's life and the application of His merits to us through the channels of the Sacraments and the ordinary ministrations of His Church. In face of the overwhelming tragedy of Calvary and the joy of the Resurrection, philosophy is colorless and academic. And so it is that our pacifism is based on what he taught and the life He led and the life He would want us to lead.

Nothing to Lose

In the Christian sense we have nothing to lose as persons or communities by this pacifism. If we lose private possessions, worldly goods, through failure to defend ourselves, that is all for the best anyway—for our true home is in heaven and "where your treasures are there also is your heart." If we lose honor among men and nations, that too is well for "you are always courting the approval of men, but God sees your heart; what is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in God's sight." (Luke 16-16) Finally if we go into slavery we go into no state that we are not familiar with, for as St. Thomas More points out on this very question, are we not day to day slaves of the devil when we serve him by sin?

Therefore the Catholic pacifist will have a mentality that is out of step with the world, in the sense that Christ and St. Paul spoke of the world. None of the familiar arguments against pacifism will touch him, for he will see beyond utilitarian concepts and expediency and the respect of man. As a Catholic and as a pacifist he will not accept a relative ethics, he will believe in an ethics independent of his personal inclinations and he will believe in an Absolute. For on no other grounds could he see the validity of so tremendous a choice—a choice that separates the pacifist from the great mass of mankind and a choice whose psychological realization in the person might stem from pride, the root sin.

Conform to Christ

The mind of the Catholic pacifist will strive for conformity to the mind of Christ and in proportion as he succeeds in this just so far will he be removed from the bourgeois mentality which is that of the world. "It is for these I pray: I AM NOT PRAYING FOR THE WORLD, but for those whom Thou hast entrusted to Me; they belong to Thee, as all I have is Thine, and all Thou hast is Mine; and in them My glory is achieved" (John 17-9); "they do not belong to the world as I too do not belong to the world" (John 17-16). So that, in final analysis, the pacifist cannot conform, he

cannot adjust, forever he must be an anarchist in the world, a stranger and pilgrim in a society which accepts nothing of the extremism of Christ and which, being lukewarm, will be spewed out of His mouth.

The bourgeois world, and what part of the western world (even the so-called proletarian governments) is not bourgeois?—the bourgeois world has always had a departmental view of man, and economic man has dominated and colored society. Christian ethical standards have been utilized by the modern state only insofar as they served the state and once the disutility of the Christian position became evident they ceased to play any part in societal life. Christians, as a whole, have so far compromised with this that the churches have become the mainstay of mediocrity, they exist side by side with the Association of Manufacturers and the Rotary Club as guarantees of respectability and "solid" virtue. And yet it is evident that conformation to the mind of Christ means complete and final rejection of the standards of the world. Complete rejection of those elements of the left which carry over the materialism and atheism of the conservative parties.

Divinization

Natural ethics, as a branch of philosophy, has its place, but the Catholic can never be contented with it. He could be if Christ had not come and if a better life had not been shown him. So that now there is a duty to go beyond reason and common sense and to utilize the potentialities of the whole man which becomes possible in the acceptance of Christ and the divinization of anyone made one with Christ. Not that we thereby lose our human nature but that we transcend it and elevate it till finally through death we achieve that perfect union with God which is the Beatific Vision. "You are distressed now, but one day I will see you again, and then your hearts will be glad, and your gladness will be one which nobody can take away from you" (John 16-22). "I give them everlasting life, so that to all eternity they can never be lost, no one can tear them away from My hand" (John 10-28). "I am coming to you... because I live on, and you too will have life." (John 14-19). "When you have lifted up the Son of Man, you will recognize that it is Myself you look for" (John 28).

Robert C. Ludlow

To the Editor:

I hope that Ade's drawing of Saint Lawrence on the gridiron in the center of the page of the last issue on which you refer to my article on the Personalist Mission of the Catholic Worker (*Historical Bulletin*, May 1947, St. Louis University), doesn't seem to indicate that I was raking the C. W. over the coals! But, seriously, this can't be so, for you say graciously that you liked the article very much, though some younger members thought I dealt too much with the past. I guess I'm getting old, but I was attempting an historical evaluation, trying to fix the significance the C. W. already has even if nothing else were to happen. It was an attempt at an objective estimate, not a clarion-call to action. It's always difficult to write about a living and dynamic movement almost as though it were already embalmed in history. The healthy reaction of those "younger members" who are now enthusiastically engaged in the work is the surest sign that the C. W. has, as I predicted, a living future. Can anybody predict what precise direction that future will take, especially after the present leaders have passed away?

Donald Gallagher

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

and his wife, with the idea of setting up a camp for boys which would combine play with the work of restoring and keeping the settlement as a museum piece. There are not more than a dozen or so members of the two communities remaining in the section, and they are combining this fall.

This sect has as part of its teaching celibacy (since now that Christ has come again for them there is no marriage or giving in marriage), and so an increase comes about only by conversions. It thrived for almost two hundred years, but the last remaining members are all over 80.

The South Family which I visited (now occupied by the camp) was made up of not only the common living quarters, the men living on one side of the house and the women on the other, but two factory buildings, in one of which the men made chairs (they invented the rocking chair) and in the other the women wove the seats and upholstery for the chairs. There were still spinning wheels for fax and wool and looms and chairs and some chests which were beautiful and durable pieces of furniture, now much sought after by antique shops. There was an infirmary and jars of herbs still on the shelves. At one end of this separate building there was a cell for one member of the community who had lost her or his mind. They could not bear to put them in a state institution so kept them with the community, and provided for confinement when necessary. The barns of the Shakers are magnificent structures. One was a circular barn, another is the largest stone barn in the United States, built in 1850 and as good today as when it was built. It is fifty feet wide and two hundred and ninety six feet long, big enough for a dozen or more loaded hay wagons to get in in case of a sudden summer storm. Many different trades were carried on besides farming and chair making,—weaving, dyeing, tailoring, the making of hats, shoes, brooms, soap; blacksmithing, metal work, carpentry, woodworking, seed-drying and many more. The communities were self sustaining, like the Trappists are, and they supplied many of the needs of the section around them besides.

Ephrata Community

Earlier in the summer, I had visited the remains of another community in Pennsylvania, founded by a group of Dunkerds who called themselves Seventh Day Baptists and who built up what was called Ephrata Cloister, now kept as a museum by the state of Pennsylvania.

The place started with two hermits and as others joined them there were three semi-independent orders, a Brotherhood, a Sisterhood and a congregation of married couples, or householders.

We went through the home of the sisterhood, built in 1740. An amonry, a granary, a bakeshop and other small buildings are still standing, as well as the little four and five room houses occupied by the families. There is also an Academy which was built in 1837 to house the school which the order started.

The chronicles of the brotherhood and sisterhood make it possible to visualize the life, though there are no remaining survivors. The life was of rigid self denial and austerity, planned to oppose the world, the flesh and the devil. The day was divided between manual labor, meditation and worship. The halls in the building are narrow to remind you of the straight and narrow path and the door-

ways are low to teach you to bow your head in humility. The men and women both wore white habits similar in design to the Capuchins. They slept on board benches and had wooden pillows, though cots and featherbeds were used for the sick. Their food was frugal, as they lived on vegetables, milk, butter, cheese and good bread, evidently the same diet as the Trappists. The Sisters sewed, spun, wove, canned and prepared household remedies, made sulphur matchsticks, paper lanterns and artificial flowers for sale. Their worship consisted in much singing, so there are beautiful specimens of hand-lettered parchment books, very much like our own old missals. They did lettering, drawing and writing. They were known by everyone for miles around for the works of mercy they performed in nursing the sick. The men did the farming, but they also did tailoring, shoe making, and cooked their own meals and did their own housekeeping. Their greatest achievement was in opening a series of mills for the use of the surrounding country, a grist mill, saw mill, paper mill, a flaxseed oil mill, a fulling mill and a bark mill. They illuminated manuscripts and published tracts and books, and did much book binding.

It was interesting to visit the old buildings which were only taken over by the Commonwealth in 1941 (the charter for the society was revoked in 1934).

Peter Maurin's Ideas

In the light of Peter Maurin's ideas as to groups of farming families centered around an agronomic university which would meet the challenge of the machine, and provide for the needs of the unemployed, these visits which I made were most interesting.

Peter's writings on the subject which will be reprinted in future issues, were published in a time of depression and unemployment, whereas we live now in a time of war and preparation for war which means employment for all.

But families have to live, and there is room for the family, for private property, for work for all on the land. How these ideas are being worked out at St. Benedict's farm in Upton Massachusetts will be the subject of a future article, if we can get one of the members of the group there to write about it.

D. D.

St. Isaac's Church Petrograd

Bow down my soul in worship, very low,
And in the holy silences be lost;
Bow down before the marble Man of Woe,
Bow down before the singing angel host.
What jewelled glory fills my spirit's eye,
What golden grandeur moves the depths of me,
The soaring arches lift me up on high,
Taking my breath with their rare symmetry!

Bow down my soul and let the wondrous light
Of beauty bathe thee from her lofty throne,
Bow down before the wonder of man's might!
Bow down in worship, humble and alone,
Bow lowly down before the sacred sight
Of man's Divinity alive in stone.
CLAUDE MCKAY.

It has never struck you who deny God and Christ that without Christ everything in the world becomes filth and sin.

—FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY



New School

(Continued from page 1)

is, we need special centers of indoctrination.

A Beginning

With this purpose in view, a group of young men have gathered on an 86-acre farm near the Franciscan monastery at Herman, Pa. Here, in a beautiful hill site home they have established a *Center for Men of Christ the King*.

Those forming the nucleus in this training center for Catholic Action are themselves a cross-section of America. There is Bill Schirra, of Cleveland—a convert, farmer, ex-army medical corps man. John Kelly, another veteran, a worker from Brooklyn. Sylvester Scray is from a family engaged in the cheese-making business in Wisconsin. Carl Bauer, formerly from South Bend and Toledo, has had wide experience in organizational methods and techniques. Bill Cleary, graduate of Notre Dame, an ex-naval officer, is from New Rochelle.

The spirit animating this interesting group of lay apostles was perfectly summed up in a recent pastoral by Bishop Muench. The Bishop said: "The times challenge us to live our Faith. Religion must become more than a matter merely of conviction. Religious convictions must be transformed into deeds; they must not be barren of fruit in everyday living."

Chief Objective

Certainly this is one of the objectives of Catholic Action and it is so recognized as the chief objective at the new *Center for Men of Christ the King*. To carry this out however, men of competence and influence must be formed—strong men who understand what St. Gregory meant when he said, "the whole structure of good works is built on four virtues: Prudence, Justice, Fortitude and Temperance."

Competence is one of the four elements of leadership training which is receiving special attention at the Center. The others are Vision, Unity and Influence. But this does not so much resolve itself around any mere technical efficiency or the "man who gets things done." Though these have their place, it rather resolves itself into a develop-

ment of virtue—a true competence.

True Action

For this, one must have some understanding of the virtues, but especially the desire to cultivate them. Then to conquer one's environment by living them and attracting others to their practice, which is the true meaning of action.

One might say that this formation of the mind and will for action is the basis of the program at the *Center for Men of Christ the King*.

Transformation

Since the formation of the proper attitudes of mind is so essential this is given special attention. One must be clear in conception of ideas, to be able to transform the chaos and confusion so often referred to as the "modern mind."

As man and society are to be the province of operation, just what are they? Who should know best, but the maker of a thing? As this is God, this resolves itself into putting on the mind of God, into seeing the world as God sees it. This is true Vision.

"God sees us all as brothers, sons, as a matter of fact, since Christ, the Son of God is our brother. To establish this brotherhood against the current "every man for himself," the Church has means. Primarily spiritual, they are: sacramental life and the liturgy which give us a unity on the highest plane.

The man of competence is able to exercise a true influence on others. The true is the good. Influence, a love of man and his society is a flowing over of the competence of virtue into the institutions of man.

In this "restoration of all things in Christ" by a virile love, an action of the spiritual in the material we begin to see what Christ meant when he said, "Behold, I make all things new."

Information

Young men particularly who wish to take a part in this *Mighty Resurgence* of the Church's own conquering Life should contact the Center for Men of Christ the King.

Inquiry about future courses can be made by writing to: William F. Cleary, secretary Center for Men of Christ the King, Herman, Pennsylvania.

—Joe Connell

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

III. Prostitution of the Press

1. Modern newspapermen tried to give people what they want.
2. Newspapermen ought to give people what they need.
3. To give people what they want but should not have is to pander.
4. To give people what they need or in other terms to make them want what they ought to want is to foster.
5. To pander to the bad in men is to make men inhuman to men.
6. To foster the good in men is to make men human to men.

IV. Prostitution of Politics

1. The Republicans say: "Let's turn the rascals out."
2. The Democrats say: "Let's turn the rascals out."
3. The Republicans call the Democrats rascals.
4. The Democrats call the Republicans rascals.
5. For the Republicans as well as for the Democrats politics is just profitable business.
6. By making a business out of politics politicians have prostituted the noble calling of politics.

V. Prostitution of Property

1. All the land belongs to God.
2. God wants us to be our brother's keeper.
3. Our superfluous goods must be used to relieve the needs of our brother.
4. What we do for our brother for Christ's sake is what we carry with us when we die.
5. This is what the poor are for, to give to the rich the occasion to do good for Christ's sake.
6. To use property to acquire more property is not the proper use of property.
7. It is a prostitution of property.

VI. Prostitution of the Theatre

1. What applies to the Press applies also to the Theatre.
2. In the Middle Ages the Theatre was considered as an efficient way of preaching.
3. They liked to produce Mystery Plays.
4. They aimed to preach and not to pander.
5. Pandering to the crowd has brought the degradation of the Theatre.

VII. Prostitution of Art

1. In the Middle Ages the artists were not called artists they were called artisans.
2. When the artists were artisans they had the community spirit.
3. They had the community spirit because they believed in the doctrine of the common good.
4. Now that the artists do no longer believe in the doctrine of the common good they sell their work to art speculators.
5. As Eric Gill says: they have become "the lap-dogs" of the Bourgeoisie.