

ST. MEINRAD

THE

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657 Lincoln Ave.  
St. Paul 5, Minn.

## CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XX No. 4

NOVEMBER, 1953

Subscription:  
25c Per Year

Price 1c

## Dom Virgil Michel

By REV. PAUL MARX, O.S.B.

November 26 marks the fifteenth anniversary of the death of Dom Virgil Michel, pioneer apostle and founder of the liturgical movement in the United States. He was instrumental in establishing in 1925 the Liturgical Press, at Collegeville, Minnesota, and was the founding editor of *Orate Fratres* (now *Worship*), America's pioneer liturgical magazine.

Father Virgil was also an early and strong supporter of the Catholic Worker; he was a close friend of Peter Maurin, with whom he used to discuss liturgy, sociology, Christian philosophy and modern problems until the wee hours of the morning wherever they met. In the words of Dorothy Day to the writer this summer, Maurin thought of Dom Virgil "as one of the great men of his time," and once on the speaking platform referred to him as "a theologian, philosopher, sociologist and liturgist rolled in one."

Before his premature death in 1938 Father Virgil had spoken in nearly all of the some thirty Catholic Worker Houses, and invariably his topic was "Liturgy and Social Action." In the Catholic Worker he saw the beginnings of what he had for a long time seen as a great need in the Church, an active lay apostolate.

Virgil Michel had a keen insight into his times, and he believed that the liturgical apostolate stood "for something of great moment in the Church." For him the liturgy was the basis of social action, of Christian social reconstruction and the very springboard of Catholic Action. In fact, he spoke of the "inseparability of the liturgical life and Catholic Action." Catholic Action is but the further development of the liturgical life. . . . Not only are the liturgical life and

Catholic Action inseparable, but the two together go the very heart of the Christian Dispensation."

He pondered the role of the Church in an upset world; he had (Continued on page 6)

When the late President Roosevelt spoke of the four freedoms, he did not get down to the root fear which is the fear of death, whether by hunger or the atom bomb, whether the slow death of insecurity or wounds, or disease, plague or famine, or the quick death of obliteration bombing. We all have it, no use denying it, and it is quite different from the holy fear of the Lord, which is one of the gifts of the Holy Ghost. Plato said, "those who pursue philosophy aright study nothing but dying and being dead. But if this be true it would be absurd to be eager for nothing but this all their lives and then be troubled when that came for which they had all along been eagerly practicing."

Holy Mother Church sets apart the month of November for the faithful to meditate on dying and to pray for the dead. In all her churches she begins the month with All Saints day, rejoicing with those who have achieved the beatific vision, and the next day every priest offers three Masses for the souls in purgatory. It is not a matter of faith to believe that any one is damned to hell, though it is a matter of faith to believe that there is a hell.

Some 26 years ago, the son of a friend of mine, a young lad eighteen years old, committed sui-

## SUGAR CANE STRIKE IN LA.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

In 1879, the Knights of Labor led a strike of ex-slaves on the sugar cane plantations of Louisiana. It was broken by the state militia, and the strike leaders who had just been freed from slavery were sent to prison for trespassing on the property of the planters.

Last month, in 1953, the first strike began on the same plantations. Little had changed in seventy five years. The working and living conditions were about the same. And the plantation owners were about the same.

The strike involves over two thousand cane workers, about three quarters of them Negro, who are organized into the National Agricultural Workers Union, AFL.

It has been met by bitter and violent anti-union tactics on the part of the plantation owners.

An injunction has been sought by the owners denying that the workers have a right to organize. The theory is that since they are covered by a government wage-fixing program, and are not specifically mentioned in various labor laws, that they have no right to organize. If the injunction were to be sustained—enjoining the workers from "restraining trade"—the organization of agricultural workers would be set back to the time of the 1879 strike in Louisiana.

In some areas, overseers have been deputized by law enforcement

## There Is No Time with God

By DOROTHY DAY

side by turning on the gas. His mother stayed with me afterwards and I was a witness to the profound and hopeless grief of one who did not believe in another life past the grave where life "was changed, not taken away." In my sorrow I approached Fr. Zachary, my confessor at the little church on fourteenth street, Our Lady of Guadalupe and asked him how could one pray for a suicide, if suicide was a mortal sin and one was damned into hell by this act.

This dear and kindly priest, who is dead himself now, God rest his soul, told me this. "There is no time with God. All the prayers you will say in the future for this soul will count. God has said, 'ask and ye shall receive.' He has promised this. If you keep on asking for God's mercy for that soul,

you can be sure your prayers are answered. At the moment of death, when the soul is released from the downdrag of the body, there is given a choice—'do you prefer darkness to light, evil to good, denial rather than assent?' Assurance from this holy priest has been a comfort to me ever since. So always when I make my lists of "dear departed" to keep in my missal so that I remember each day, at the commemoration for the dead, to hold their names before God, I include his—Wally's.

This is a custom blessed by the Church too, since we are given envelopes and slips to contain our lists, so that these names may be remembered at the altar of God.

Heading my list, of course, are (Continued on page 7)

## EDITOR'S NOTE

## FRONT COVER

We are indeed grateful to Fritz Eichenberg for his beautiful drawings which appear each month in our paper. It is a constant source of amazement to us that Fritz is able to maintain such a high quality to all his works.

For the Feast of All Saints in November Fritz has presented us with another masterpiece of work which portrays the following saints: Martin of Tours, Elizabeth of Hungary, Ubert, Blessed Virgin & Anne at the Presentation, Andrew the Apostle and John of the Cross.



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)  
ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN Founder

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223 Chrystie St., New York City—2  
Telephone GRamercy 5-8826

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

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



## Feast of All Saints

(Gospel from the Mass of the Day)

At that time, Jesus seeing the multitudes, went up into a mountain and when He was sat down, His disciples came unto Him. And opening His mouth, He taught them, saying: Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land. Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice; for they shall have their fill. Blessed are the merciful; for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the clean of heart; for they shall see God. Blessed are the peace-makers; for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are ye when they shall revile you, and persecute you, and speak all that is evil against you, untruly, for My sake: be glad and rejoice, for your reward is very great in Heaven.

## NEED

The poor man doth have much—  
He giveth it away;  
The rich man hath not enough—  
He keepeth it all.

The poor man doth have much  
Full dark green seas fill him  
So that all else overflows  
Blue mountains in his eyes  
Reflect his gratified mild surprise.  
The poor man doth have much  
Only ambition, guilt and fear are meagre:  
He giveth himself away.

He giveth it away  
His poverty is a career  
Like the wanderer's singing is for the troubador  
Voice and legs! Sky in his mouth, fire  
In the brain, the presence of desire.  
He shareth these with thee  
He giveth it away  
And it doth multiply.

The rich man hath not enough  
Things, like a rush of cicadas  
Tumble and trouble the creaking grass—  
From the drought of things, from the dust  
Rises the screeching halocaust!  
The rich man hath not enough  
Of dew, wet grass and mist  
The multiple dryness is his curse.

He keepeth it all  
Things, locked from his eye  
As though he owned the seashore and the sea  
And did not care to share his sight with thee  
Rich blind beggar, prisoner of his keys:  
He keepeth it all  
What use is it to us?  
If he deny thee thy soup and thy crust  
He is curst and deprived of the Cross.

DACHINE RAINER,  
Bearsville, N. Y.

## The Recreative Community

By AMMON HENNACY

"All the people in the United States could live in New York City if they were crowded as much as they are in parts of Harlem," said the Rev. George Todd of the East Harlem Protestant Parish at the opening of the conference at Gould Farm, Great Barrington, Mass., on The Recreative Community: Its Aims and Methods, held Columbus Day weekend.

About a hundred social workers, psychiatrists, doctors, clergymen and laymen like myself were here at this beautiful wooded farm in the variegated foliage which is at its best now in October. Some of us had lunch with Adolph and Bea-

trice Berle at their nearby farm. As is my custom I generally start a conversation about my Hopi friends, not knowing at this instance that Mr. Berle had been especially interested in this subject in his government post in the 20's.

We each had ten minutes to tell of our respective communities. Rev. Sidney McKee of Gold Farm told of the 40 year history of this haven, sanctuary, retreat, workshop or whatever you might call it, where individuals came to rebuild their lives or to help others rebuild theirs. Beginning with run-down buildings they have now a

main house with 30 rooms and other large houses and a dozen cottages. Mrs. Gould survives her husband, and in an inspiring way told of the very worst case they ever had. This man came, and looking around, said he would leave on the next train in an hour. He saw the sap of sugar maples running and helped carry the buckets to the kettles. Then he delayed his departure until the syrup was made, and finally ended up the mainstay of the place after the death of Mr. Gould. The basis here is religious in a non-sectarian way, and although they get help

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## FALL APPEAL

Dear Fellow Workers:

Our dear Lord Jesus has told us how to reckon with our talents so as to increase our goods and indeed rather specifically. Right after the parable of the talents, He tells the story of the shepherd separating the sheep from the goats. The "blessed of the Father" are those who fed the hungry and thirsty, gave hospitality to others, clothed the naked, visited the sick and the prisoner. They will possess all things, more even than the hundred-fold promised. O the importance of hospitality, how it is stressed! In Luke 11 right after teaching the disciples how to pray He goes right on to tell the story of the friend coming to ask for bread for still another friend who has just come in off a journey. This work of mercy isn't even for "the poor" but for a friend. Over and over again we are asked to imitate God's generosity, because everything we have belongs to Him anyway and He can give or take away in the twinkling of an eye. "Keep on asking for help for the works of mercy for hospitality," He tells us, "and if only for your importunity, you will get help."

Sometimes I think the purpose of the Catholic Worker, quite aside from all our social aims, is to show the providence of God, how He loves us. We are a family, not an institution, in atmosphere, and so we address ourselves especially to families who have all the woes of insecurity, sin, sickness and death, side by side with the joys of family. We talk about what we are doing because we constantly wonder at the miracle of our continuance.

For twenty years now we have maintained St. Joseph's House of Hospitality and fed, clothed and sheltered tens of thousands. The breadline still goes on—about five hundred meals served daily. (Just since the last appeal that means 91,000 meals served. This isn't accurate, of course. It's probably more.) Fifty people share the house in New York and about 25 each at Maryfarm, Newburgh, and Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island. Just the heating bill for these places is appalling. Tom Sullivan, who has to sit down and face the bills which come in, is the one who is most growing in faith. "Lord, I believe these bills will be paid. Help Thou my unbelief." No use trying to be business-like. None of us have that talent. The paper sells for a cent a copy and the printing bill is big. No salaries are paid to anyone. So there is not that overhead. We want far more than a weekly wage. We want God to teach us love. Without it we are sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

We are asking you who are poor yourselves, you who have no room in your homes to personally practice some of the works of mercy, to count us your servants, and send us the means to do it for you. We send out this appeal twice a year, and I write this appeal in Church.

Too often we get the credit for the works of mercy, and so, God help us, have our reward. But the Lord will know who was responsible. You'll get all the credit in Heaven where they keep books quite differently from the way we do here on earth.

If you have no money, maybe you have an extra blanket you can spare, since a lot of ours were burnt up in the fire last spring. If any of you raise wheat maybe you will send us a sack of wheat. I'm not afraid to ask in detail like this. We never get more than the Lord wants us to have. Sometimes we wish He would send enough to build a few houses since we are bulging at the seams at Maryfarm and Peter Maurin Farm, and have plenty of land to spread to. Our village of Christian families, our agronomic universities, will come about, in the Lord's good time. Meanwhile, we'll be quite content to get our current bills paid.

May God bless you abundantly and may you, too, grow in love.

Your fellow servants in Christ,

DOROTHY DAY.

## On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Peter Maurin Farm,  
November 1, Sunday.

Today was mild and sunny and all the children and Peggy Conklin and Tamar and I went for a walk down around the grape arbors that Jonas Dumchius has been cultivating and mulching these last months. He has cut posts from the woods and put up arbors and there is a good cleared walk all the way down through the field instead of the treacherous brambles that the babies stumble over. There had been two days of rain, thank God this last week but the brook at the foot of the property was dry as a bone. Just before the rain there had been an awful outbreak of wood and brush fires all through the island, in one day the calls to the fire department totalling 214. All the woods in back of us, from McQuire avenue down to the brook, were burnt through and the fire swept on out through one of the upper fields and raced halfway across through the yellow witch grass before it was put out. Everyone was on hand to help fight the fires that day, the firemen with their totally

inadequate cans of water strapped on their backs because the fires were too far from any hydrants. Our brooms were worn and burnt out with the fire fighting. Fr. Kiely's forehead was blistered with the heat and there are the scars of two burns there yet. The fires did not come near the houses or chapel but the flames roaring above the tops of trees and the sight and sound of it was terrifying. I was not there for the worst day of it, but there was one day when I saw one fire on McQuire when the flames roared sky high and one could hear the crackling from a great distance.

It is hard to see the woods so ravaged, and to hear that many of the fires are caused by carelessly tossed cigarettes.

Down here at this far end of the island there are many bridle paths through the woods and there are at least three horse farms nearby. The children look enviously at the horses, but walking is good too!

We have to ride to the beach as the two miles each way are too much for the littlest ones, but we can load up the back of the car with drift wood for fires this winter. My room has an old wood stove in it and so has Hans's and Fr. Duffy's. So we three have to put by our store of wood. The rest of the house is heated with a furnace which roasts some of the rooms and leaves others stone cold. It just wasn't made to supply what was practically a two family house with heat.

Mike Gunn came down as usual this Sunday afternoon for the discussion group which meets every Sunday at three to discuss WORK. As a matter of fact, the title of the talks are *The Whole Man*, and we will continue these meetings all winter, with sometimes a priest giving a conference, and the day ending with benediction and the rosary.

Families come too, these Sunday  
(Continued on page 4)

Statement required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) showing the ownership, management, and circulation of The Catholic Worker, published monthly at New York, N.Y., for October 1, 1953.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Editors, Robert Ludlow, Ammon Hennacy, Tom Sullivan, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.; Business Manager, Tom Sullivan 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

2. 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 1 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 partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Dorothy Day, 223 Chrystie St., N. Y. 2, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, 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; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the 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.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: (This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly, and triweekly newspapers only).

Tom Sullivan,  
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 15th day of October, 1953.  
(Seal) Leo Parizman.

Notary Public, State of New York. No. 24-8275600. Qualified in Kings County. Certificates filed with Kings, New York, Queens & Bronx County Clerk & Register Offices. (My commission expires March 30, 1954.)

# Community Or Chaos

By JOHN MELLA

However, in showing us the great apostolic reality of the Mystical Body of Christ, Pope Pius XII has put his finger on the great need of the world today, the need for community. As Msgr. Reynold Hillenbrand has said, Pius XII brings out that members of the Mystical Body are closer than the union of flesh and blood between mother and child, closer together than the union of husband and wife, who are two in one flesh, in one spirit. This great doctrine is meaningless unless we have a sense of other people, of oneness with people, a sense of community carried over into all the fields of lay life which are crying out for people's acting together out of a conviction of their oneness; economic life, political life, international life, family life.

It is appalling to what an extent this sense of community is lacking today in the world. This means that the Church, the Mystical Body is not having the impact upon the world that Christ designed it to have. One could literally weep when reading St. Paul's teaching on this at Sunday Mass and to reflect that throughout the world all those using the Roman rite are reading the same words and yet continue to substantially deny them in all the various fields of lay life.

To have a sense of community means to live, not as strangers, but in close companionship. In this life we meet many strangers and we behave as strangers do to strangers. In heaven there are no strangers and St. Catherine of Siena said that all the way to heaven is heaven.

We are all children of a single family and it is as a family that we are meant to return to God. Even grace follows after this pattern (gratia supponit naturam). When God gives us grace, He is always thinking in terms of the community. The special gifts of the Holy Spirit enumerated by St. Paul are supposed to be pooled for the benefit of the community. Individualism, according to the mind of Christ, has no place in the Mystical Body. Only in this way can we fit ourselves for eternity where we will live in community.

Baptism, by which we are born into the Church, the Mystical Body, is essentially a social sacrament. We can see this very clearly in the primitive Church where baptism always involved the entire Christian community which prayed and fasted together with those preparing for baptism. The remnants of this can be found in the Lenten liturgy.

Since all persons in the world are either members of the Mystical Body or potential members as St. Augustine tells us, and since with God there is no time, this sense of community should exclude no one from its scope so far as we are concerned — because only God knows what separation there is, if any, between us and a communist or a God-hater. This follows because the Holy Spirit is the soul of the Mystical Body (the action of the Holy Spirit is qualified by His own eternity, for his life is tota simul). Let us keep in mind the great example of St. Paul and what happened to him on the road to Damascus.

As we can see from reading the Acts of the Apostles, the primitive Church had an extraordinary sense of community. The early Christians gave up their property before being baptized into the Church. Many who were not ready to give up their material possessions postponed being baptized until late in life or at the point of death. St. Paul, while concerned with individuals, had a heart for the whole

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# Life is More than a Struggle For the Puerto Ricans

By EILEEN FANTINO

The indoor season has arrived at La Casita de San Jose. It looks like it's been boarded up in anticipation of a hurricane. All Summer and early Fall we serenely ignored the jagged windows, broken door and split upholstery. We made our way to the playgrounds or the green isolation of Wards Island.

Every week the crack in the side plate glass window got wider. Pieces started falling out and soon the children were using it to get in and out when we weren't there. One day we saw a little girl crawling out with our picture of St. Joseph which she had taken off the wall. She obviously thought we had abandoned the place. Another panel of glass to the right of the front door had just been replaced by an old wooden door.

We thought we had become sufficiently detached from the problem of broken glass but this was a real accident hazard and besides the man who owns the liquor store next door screamed at us. He is afraid somebody will drill through our wall and steal his precious bottles.

In our attempt to reinforce the window we succeeded in getting another crack in it that ran completely from top to bottom. The children were well entrenched by this time, gave us plenty of advice and a little moral support. Then two problem-solvers arrived and with less than three words went to work. They used the wood that our special emergency group had just pulled off wet freshly-cemented sidewalks on the next block. The window was about to fall out on someone's head so we overlooked the source of the wood. We lit our one remaining light bulb and soon had a packed house watching our carpenters, ages 16 and 17, do an amazing job.

Another younger crew decided to make bookshelves with some of the extra wood and were so carried away that they began nailing weirdly shaped pieces of wood all over the walls. Someone had left us some candy and nuts and this added to

the confusion. When they calmed down they piled up the wood and fragments of glass and planned a big clean-up day to get the place in good shape again.

On our way home we decided to sit with our friends for a while and relax. Alicia gave us a huge piece of real sugar cane. It looked like bamboo and had a white pulp that was filled with sugary liquid. Carmen and Margarita danced to the rhythm flowing down the street from the candy store called El Pocito. Juan, Negrito and some of the other boys rattled back and forth in an old cart with huge rusty wheels. It moved through the crowded street like a chauffeured Cadillac and they took turns being donkey. The rest of us sat watching and spitting out the sugar cane husks.

The apartment next to where we were sitting was a converted storefront apartment and had a door that reminded us of the Casita. The glass was half knocked out and had been boarded recently behind the glass. It is a common sight on this block and in any slum area. There is an environment of decaying buildings, broken glass and floors with holes, weak stairs, crumbling chalky walls, the musty smell of damp dark cellars, garbage



strewn unyielding rat infested lots and no chance of escape. The inhuman crowding in East Harlem continues. Proposed housing projects are being used again as election bait but the past has proven that they will remain in the blueprint stage for years while the slums get worse.

It's difficult to find any Puerto Rican or Negro in the area who makes anywhere near a living wage. They can't afford to get out. Their children quit high school and get jobs to help. The children are undernourished and ill-clothed for the most part. One boy is ashamed to go to Church because he has dungarees and no "real pants." Most of them live on a little coffee in the morning and one skimpy inadequate meal. Their mothers try to stretch the food but when the father is being paid a wage even two people would find insufficient and tries to feed six or ten children it becomes an impossible situation.

There is a great need for these workers to learn what can be done to help themselves. This can be accomplished through education by workers who are organized in trade unions and who can point out their rights and power as workers. Cases have been discovered of women who work under sweat shop conditions where their employers had them punching time clocks an hour after they started working in order to get around the minimum wage laws. They were also forced to bring work home at no extra pay in order to keep their jobs. Puerto Rican workers are especially exploited because they are adjusting to a new culture, need their jobs badly, and have left worse conditions in Puerto Rico. The slums are a witness to this exploitation. They are a constant reminder of the injustices of the capitalistic system which encourages such blatant mal distribution of the goods of the earth and leaves the poor in their hunger and misery.

(LA CASITA is at 1946 First Ave., N. Y., N. Y.)



## Maryfarm

By DUNCAN FORD

Now that Autumn is clothing the trees in their gorgeous annual Joseph's coats of red, yellow and brown, and the air is crisp and bracing, it is good merely to be alive here at Maryfarm. The discipline of getting up in the morning in the chill atmosphere of the dormitory in the barn and washing in cold water is not only good for the soul, but is excellent physical therapy for those among us who are ill with the illness of the cities.

At six fifteen, when the cherry sound of the cow bell swung by Joe Roach is heard all over the farm, those who are going to attend daily Mass emerge from their various quarters and the day begins. How Joe himself wakes up remains a mystery, as he has no alarm clock. Promptly at six-fifty the bell rings again and Father Faley celebrates Mass in the picturesque little chapel, with Dick Sabedra, who speaks beautiful Latin, serving. On Sundays and Holy Days there is also Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, at which Stanley Borowski also serves.

Breakfast is at seven-thirty and then those who are working out doors report to John Fillinger (who has been up since dawn, attending to Daisy Mae, the cow, Pete, the little bull and Billy, the goat) who assigns their various tasks. The harvesting is now over and the root-cellar is full of potatoes, onions, apples, pumpkins, and other produce of the farm. Tomatoes and peppers have been picked and cut up so that Joe Cotter and Michael Fitz Gerald can turn them into delicious table delicacies in the cannery, which is indeed a busy place, with the work going on from morning to night. There must be a thousand jars of vegetables in the root cellar.

In the kitchen, Walter and Joe O'Malley, who are called "the twins," work hard and faithfully for six days a week washing and drying the dishes, sometimes with the assistance of Stanley. This chore is done on Sundays by other people in order that the O'Malleys may have a day of rest. "Bart" Norris prepares the vegetables in a most professional manner and Jane Judge and Lucille Lynch do the cooking, occasionally assisted by volunteers. Incidentally, the homemade bread at Maryfarm is something to rave about. And speaking of volunteers, "Rocky" Bollatti prepares wonderful Italian spaghetti with meat sauce. He is a budding writer and some of his material has appeared in this paper. Phil Millions, who is one of the fixtures of the farm, carries Father Faley's meals to his living quarters on a tray and makes of this daily service, a sort of ritual.

Charlie Chu, of Chrystie Street, who is convalescing from an operation, walks around the grounds

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## Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

A few minutes ago Charles McCormick, our invaluable chauffeur and member of our family, drove up to our kitchen door with our station wagon loaded down with cases of canned food. To our horror we learned that these were G.I. cans containing "C" and "K" rations which we referred to in the Army as dogfood. How we hated those rations when we were in the armed services. I begged Roger O'Neil, our excellent cook, up to now, to have Charlie place the cans back on the station wagon and dump the entire mess into the East River. Roger merely smiled and had a heaping meal of the rations known as hash and stew on the table in front of us within hours. Being poor and always with the hand out here in the Catholic Worker, I know that it is considered scandalous to turn up your nose at gifts. However, I think there is a limit and this is it.

### Pretzels

A neighborhood store frequently donates bags and bags of thick large pretzels. This too is a problem. No one in the house cares for them. The men on our coffee and soup lines share our distaste for these twisted gifts. Beer is the only thing which will make the pretzels a going product but this is about the last place on the face of the earth where you could serve this beverage unless you intended to close up the house.

### Clothes

Now and then the clothes that are donated to us are beyond wearing, even in this no-income-group. I have reference to only the men's clothes that are sent in. A beach-

comber might wear some of these articles but in this city the law might easily pluck you out of circulation for wearing the same. A ragged dressed individual immediately becomes a suspicious character once he steps out of the Bowery area. The age of dressing as Saint Francis is over with unless you want to spend a considerable amount of your time in jail.

However, we must emphatically inject here that we are deeply grateful for all the good and useful articles of clothing and furniture plus food that have been donated to us down through the years. This work would have been severely curtailed without these gifts. We are likewise thankful for every response that has been made to our current appeal for funds to meet our pressing bills. As you must know by this time we are not ashamed to beg. And we hope you are able to dig.

### Christ-Like

More than seventy-times-seven we have failed to treat various men and women as other Christs. Yet we attempt to correct these faults over and over again when we so often catch ourselves speaking to our fellow men as though we were doing this work as a salaried job. These slips were caught up sharply one night as a stranger entered the house at the dinner hour. He stopped me in the hall and asked if he could have supper with us and spend the night. I said he was welcome to eat with us but that all of the beds in the house were filled. As I casually replied to this man I took a second look and gasped. His red bearded face and

blood-shot eyes which were very sad reminded me of all the pictures of Christ I had ever seen. Needless to add a bed was found for the man that night.

### New Workers

During the past month or two we were extremely fortunate in acquiring two new co-workers, Kate White, 22, of Kansas City, Mo., and Dick Charpentier, 24, of St. Paul, Minn. It is encouraging to realize that the Catholic Worker is still capable of attracting such exceptional workers.

### War Veteran

In answer to our Fall Appeal, a wounded war veteran of WW II, brought in a fine warm blanket. He said he was without money but gave what he could, the blanket. On his way out he apologized to Smokey Joe for not being a pacifist. Joe told him not to feel bad since there are plenty of us non-pacifists in the Catholic Worker.

### Case History

On a few occasions it has been acutely brought to our attention that an unhappy situation has arisen between the city's Welfare Department and its clients on relief. The following theory has developed with me and I hope it is wrong: if you are a troublesome client for your relief case worker you might very well find yourself hauled off in an ambulance to a hospital for the insane. If you don't go quietly force will be brought into play. It doesn't seem possible that this sort of thing goes on in this, our Twentieth Century, but it does.

One hesitates to mention these

(Continued on page 7)

## Community or Chaos

(Continued from page 3)

Church; throughout his apostolate, the whole Church was his great obsession. Leon Bloy best expressed St. Paul's spirit in the following quotation (Leon Bloy, *A Study in Impatience*, by Albert Beguin, Sheed & Ward, 1947):

"Well, then! What are we? Lord God! The Members of Jesus Christ! His very members. It is our unspeakable misfortune that we continually take the utterances of the Scriptures for figures and symbols. We believe, but we do not believe substantially. . . . We do not understand that we are the members of the Man of Sorrows . . . the Lover of Supreme Suffering . . . In declaring us members of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost has clothed us with the dignity of Redeemers and, when we refuse to suffer, we are nothing but simoniacs and prevaricators."

St. Paul tells us that to them that love God all things work together for good. Father Boylan says that so wide is the application of this text that we may safely say that even the malice of men and the demons will only lead to good for us, as long as we remain in the love of God and are united to Him by charity. God writes straight with crooked lines. Thus, Communism may well be an act of God's mercy so that people will come together and develop that sense of community which is so sadly lacking in the world today. In this sense, Communist may be regarded as God's vindication of certain things He wants to put across, such as a sense of community, prayer, sacrifice.

Msgr. Hillenbrand has said that the great need in the Church today is to develop the social mind of the Church and that the only thing worse than an individualistic pious person is an individualistic person who is not pious. And Father Vann tells us that to be a contemplative is a social obligation. These two statements point the way for us when theologians and spiritual directors affirm that it is the contemplative spirit which is diametrically opposed to the Marxist, atheistic Communist spirit.

Certainly, today, the agony of Jesus Christ is being renewed in His members on a scale never seen before. It is the Mystical Body which is being torn and rent to pieces. And our prayer should be for those who are tearing it down, as well as for those who are building it up, for these are potential members of the Body. And that agony of Christ, the Head of the Mystical Body, will not be shortened until the Church, the Mystical Body, throws off the shackles of individualism that the last five hundred years have fastened on her and are caught up in the fire of divine love which is the Holy Spirit, the Soul of the Mys-

tical Body, and begin once again to express in all the fields of life that sense of community which is the very heart of the Mystical Body. Then, and only then, may the world (two thirds of whose people are now suffering) begin to achieve that tremendous and magnificent ideal of unity toward which it is now striving.

Hell is not to love anymore, Be-manos wrote. If there is one common note in the world today, it is its refusal to love. Leon Bloy said, "The worst evil is not to commit crimes, but to have failed to do the good one might have done. It is the sin of omission, which is nothing else than non-love." In *Bread and Wine*, Ignazio Silone said that the most terrible words in Genesis, and Genesis is a terrible Book, are "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Behold man today as he is found in the vast majority (there are over two billion human beings in the world who are not Americans): he is colored, sick, hungry, illiterate, and oppressed. He lives in a kind of misery and despair of which most of us in this country simply have no comprehension. And yet, it is this man whom we are to fashion into the new man, the "new man" of St. Paul. "We" means all the members of the Mystical Body, the whole Mystical Body, lay people included, because in God's Providence the Mystical Body is an extension of the Incarnation and was designed to complete the work of Redemption.

The world today is filled with hate, fear, despair. Even in our own country, fear of communism is filling many with hate of a people and has developed into the conformist attack which threatens our Bill of Rights. The only thing which will cast out this fear is love, the love which binds the members of the Mystical Body to one another.

Christian hope and the doctrine of grace deny that man is caught in forces beyond his control and that the chaos of World War III is inevitable. At the same time, it is not sound Catholic doctrine to live with crossed fingers and hope for the best. St. Paul said, "Be not as one beating the air." We should know the issues: COMMUNITY OR CHAOS. And we should know our part, as members of the Mystical Body, in achieving that community, the part designed for each member of the Body by God. Let us remember that God's justice will be fulfilled and that it will not be mocked in any age. And let us ever call to mind that this Mystical Body is such a tremendous reality that only one food is suitable for its sustenance, the very Body and Blood of Christ!

"We need not fear that we are facing a revolution," as Canon Cardijn said to his Jockists. "WE ARE THE REVOLUTION."

### Leave Us Alone

"Leave us alone, you emperors, generals, professors. If you have need of armies, navies, courts, prisons, gallows, guillotines, prepare them all yourselves; tax yourselves, judge yourselves, imprison and execute each other, exterminate yourselves, get yourselves killed in war; but leave us alone, for we have no need of all these things and we do not wish to participate in acts that are so futile, and above all, so wicked."

Leo Tolstoy

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## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

afternoons, but there are so many children usually that their meetings take place out doors. We hope to have our Sundays so organized some day that the Hot Chocolate and Walking Club will take care of the older children, and there will be helpers to babysit in my room which has also two double decker beds in it so that it is practically a dormitory for children, so that other parents can sit in on the discussions.

New neighbors have moved in. There is one little old house two doors down and a colored couple have bought that to be repaired little by little. All the windows are out and there is much work to be done. When they came to clean up the place they have dinner with us. Then our immediate neighbors are a seaman and his wife and two children and a funny little dog called Low-Down. They are here just a week now. Mike Gunn had been looking longingly at that house for his brush shop and discussion center, but he will eventually have to put up a cement block place. Plenty of room on twenty three acres. We're going to apprentice Eric and Nickie to him when they are eight and nine! Agnes and Ysaye have worn out all our brooms. And Betty Lou too, beating out the fire. The latter is in charge of the bakery now and with Vincenzo is turning out very good bread indeed for the line in New York. Anybody wanting to learn how to bake bread come down on Saturday mornings.

I'm trying to give all the news of the Peter Maurin farm for Emily Scarborough who is in England and Ed Foerster who is back in Chicago, taking a breather after a year with us here. The Smith family have a house now in Brooklyn in Our Lady of Victory parish, and they all love their schools, and their parish but not the city. Only Thelma the oldest and Paulie the youngest are at home with Celie the mother. Betty Lou went over and spent Saturday evening with them. Dave Hennessy has been helping Fr. McGrath in St. Joseph's cemetery this past month so little Charlie's grave has been receiving special attention. Becky and Susie Hennessy have been staying at the P.M. farm since school started, giving their mother a little rest in the morning. When they are through school at three they help with chores at home, taking turns with dishes, and then come back to P.M. farm for their homework and to bed at eight. Tamar has only four to put to bed then! Susie especially is going to miss Paul Yamamoto, five, who left today with his mother for Baltimore after being with us since Labor Day. They are coming back by Christmas we hope and pray.

Looking through the log book which we keep very inefficiently (and those who talk most about the need of organization and efficiency never remember to get visitors to sign up, or to chronicle accounts) we find the following visitors: Simon Obi Anekwe from Nigeria; Hermes Massimo, Innsbruck; Ginette Meyer, Paris; Rev. L. Blondell, Belgium, besides many other priests and laymen from the U.S. and New York City.

Mary McArdle has been doing the cooking, and most of the time there have been 25 or 30 sitting down to table; and as for Agnes and Molly, what would we do without them? I just can't list everyone who is here with a revealing and pertinent little comment as Emily used to do, conveying a picture of our home life in this inn by the side of the road, this house of hospitality on the land, this meeting place for folk, this place where we are trying too to restore the Sunday. It is not a Utopia. It is truly a place sometimes like heaven and other times like hell. A place where people live. One evening there will be long discussions, down in the basement kitchen and up in the dining room; sometimes there will be much singing like the night when the

## Argument Against War

To my mind the strongest argument we have against war is the unity of all men under Christ as their Head and Redeemer. This is the redemptive aspect of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ which St. Thomas stresses and which is so applicable to the modern world. If it is true that Christ is the Head of all mankind, then all men belong to Him and constitute His members, even though all may not be equally united and close to Him. If this is true, then what is war but fratricide? Men are killing their own brothers in Christ when they take up arms against one another instead of trying to settle their disputes as brothers should, by using their reason and exercising charity.

This aspect of war I have tried to emphasize in "The Layman's Call." I do see the possibility of a legitimate war of self-defense, but I look upon war at best as a dreadful necessity which should not be resorted to except as the last measure of self protection and defense. I respect and honor those who are in conscience opposed to taking up arms in any war, even in a just war of self defense, and I am very glad that our country respects this right. I am only too happy to defend this right, especially for Catholics when it is attacked or denied by their fellow-Catholics.

(The above statement by Msgr. William R. O'Connor appeared in the July-August, 1942 issue of "The Catholic Worker," Msgr. O'Connor, who at that time was Professor of Dogmatic Theology at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., is now pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church, 351 West 55th St., in New York City.)

## Five Definitions

(The following is an analysis by Peter Maurin of definitions given by John Strachey (Communist), Lawrence Dennis (Fascist), Norman Thomas (Socialist), and Stanley High (Democrat) of their respective beliefs. (Feb., 1935).)

### What Communists Say They Believe

Communists believe that the capitalist system has reached the point where it does no longer work. Communists believe that when the workers come to the realization of the downfall of capitalism they will no longer tolerate it. Communists believe that the capitalist class will resort to all means that may be in its power to maintain its existence. Communists believe that the Communist Party knows how to assure the production and distribution in an orderly manner according to a predesigned plan.

### What Fascists Say They Believe

Fascists believe in a national economy for the protection of national and private interests. Fascists believe in the regulation of industries so as to assure a wage for the worker and a dividend for the investor. Fascists believe in class collaboration under State supervision. Fascists believe in the co-operation of employers' unions and workers' unions.

### What Socialists Say They Believe

Socialists believe in a gradual realization of a classless society. Socialists believe in the social ownership of natural resources and the means of production

and distribution. Socialists believe in a transition period under democratic management between two economic systems, the system of production for use and the one of productions for profits.

Socialists believe in freedom of the press, freedom of assemblage, freedom of worship.

### What Democrats Say They Believe

Democrats believe in universal suffrage, universal education, freedom of opportunity. Democrats believe in the right of the rich to become richer and of the poor to try to become rich. Democrats believe in labor unions and financial corporations. Democrats believe in the law of supply and demand.

### What the Catholic Worker Believes

The Catholic Worker believes in the gentle personalism of traditional Catholicism. The Catholic Worker believes in the personal obligation of looking after the needs of our brother. The Catholic Worker believes in the daily practice of the Works of Mercy. The Catholic Worker believes in Houses of Hospitality for the immediate relief of those who are in need. The Catholic Worker believes in the establishment of Farming Communes where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his need. The Catholic Worker believes in creating a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

French Canadians were here, and they sang their songs and Michael and Fr. Wenceslas and Fr. Elias sang Ukrainian, Russian and Polish songs, and Stanley and Jonas sang Lithuanian songs. Other times quiet reigns (everyone has been reading Picard's World of Silence) and there is much reading and writing and study.

Two weeks of this time since last issue, I was away, covering engagement to Earlham College, Dayton University, and the Rosary society of Fr. Ehman's church at Glens Falls, New York. By a big swing around I was able to visit the Detroit Houses of Hospitality, the Gauchat's at Cleveland, and to hear about their house, the Rochester House, and the new Trappist

foundation at Piffard and the new Benedictine monastery at Mt. Saviour outside of Elmira. I also visited Marjorie Hughes at Chemung, New York and found her and her family happy and well on their hill top farm. I got back in time to speak at a communion breakfast of the Hearn strikers which was held at the hotel Statler. I'm not writing in more detail about the Houses, because I want them to write an account themselves of what is taking place there. I know how they feel. When I am here I want to live and work, not write, but "love is communication" someone said to me this month so let us have communication, whether by letter to the Catholic Worker, or by visits.

### Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist

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# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

## Quakers

**WHAT CAN I KNOW?**—The Prophetic Answer by Herrymon Mauer. Harper & Brothers, publishers, 49 E. 33rd St., New York 16, N. Y. \$3.50.

By ROBERT LUDLOW

Herrymon Mauer is convinced that it is unpleasant to believe in truth and, from the standpoint of most of us, he is quite correct. It takes long years to divest ourselves of the illusions we are prone to accept about ourselves, about society. And there is not too much certainty that we don't merely progress from illusion to illusion. Nevertheless we stand always in need of the corrective of external reality, of something outside ourselves to provide some measurement, some indication of where we go astray. And here is where the rub is with Mr. Mauer. For he is caught in a conviction "I cannot rid myself of the appalling conviction that there is some sort of meeting between myself and outward reality" p. 13 and his Quakerism which would tend to relegate the criterion of truth to an "inner light." And so we find him (p. 24) stating that "Uncertainty is just the thing to force feed an ego that loves only what pampers it and takes offense at anything that confronts it." And then (p. 104) "It is doubtful, apart from any question of motive, that the experience of any man or any group or even generation of men is sufficiently complete to permit anything resembling truthful conclusions." Evidently we are asked to accept the truth of epistemological moderate realism (which is what the authors statements on the reality of an external world amount to) but, having accepted that one truth, to deny the possibility of other truths other than concrete facts which have relevance only for the individual perceiving them.

But even in accepting Mr. Mauer's epistemology we are confronted with the difficulty that he rejects generalizations. "Truth," he states, "is the unshakeable attribute of concrete facts, lies are the lurking danger of generalizations." P. 104. But this very statement he presents as a generalization, the assertion that there is external reality is a generalization, the dogma that man is made in the image of God (which the author also proclaims) is again a generalization. To question the validity of generalizations is to question the ability of the mind to abstract and if the mind cannot abstract then there is no essential difference between the mind of man and that of lower animals. In one place Mr. Mauer attacks the complete relativists who, when cornered in an inconsistency, reply that the inconsistency is only apparent and is resolved into a question of semantics. He points out that these relativists are using words to say that words have no meaning. That is precisely the error Mr. Mauer falls in when he writes a book replete with generalizations to establish the falsity of generalizations.

He is likewise at loggerheads with himself on the question of assumptions. On p. 25 we find him asserting "the tentative is simply too much for him, so he quietly translates a hodgepodge of subconscious fantasies into basic principles and, to keep face with himself and his public, he calls them by the polite name, assumptions." This is a good axe to hold over the head of theologians. But when it comes to scientists he has another attitude—"Scientists of such frame of mind by no means debase truth by making subconscious assumptions." P. 139. Likewise he writes of the necessity of faith in our every day life, faith in constructors, aviators, doctors. If we do not have such faith, so that we are constantly going around in a dither, "you would be, in the com-

mon opinion of men and women, emotionally or mentally sick." P. 31. But such faith he rejects when it comes to religion. For here he rejects external authority—at least such as historic Christianity (Catholicism) has always accepted. The consequence of this rejection is religious chaos. "It was brought in upon me" he states "that I had been calling, that my friend had been calling, and that many men had been calling, not to God but to an image that was simply a projection of themselves." P. 48. This is the danger of the "inner light" criterion and why external authority is necessary to avoid self deception. That is why supernatural faith is necessary, just as is natural faith in everyday life. For there is no guarantee that the Quaker conception of God is not a projection of the Quaker self. As we become more "refined" so our conception of God becomes more "refined"—but it can be as surely a projection of our "refined" selves as the "vulgar" conception of God can be a projection of the "vulgar." The purpose of revelation, the purpose of the Church as the custodian of that revelation, is precisely to afford objective criteria by which to correct this.

Mr. Mauer considers the answer to lie in prophetism. He writes, "Prophetic radicalism is a convenient term for the teaching which welled out of the mouth of these men. It is radical in the sense that it is forever set against the world as it is. The world of deceptions, oppression, lusts. It is prophetic in the sense that it is set equally against priestliness, ritual, and outward authority, and against the lure of oracles, and spiritualists and soothsayers." P. 52. Elsewhere he contrasts prophetism to mysticism to the disadvantage of the latter. In his world there are indeed not many mansions. I do not know of the other prophets he speaks of but I fail to find that the prophets of Israel attacked or undermined the God-ordained Levitical priesthood. In Christian time their equivalent was a St. Catherine of Siena who attacked indeed the Pope as an individual but whose message to him was to return to the paths of righteousness, to occupy his See. In it there was no denial of his authority, no question but that he was indeed the successor of Peter, the legitimate Bishop of Rome. The Old Testament prophets likewise attacked injustice whether among rulers or priests. But, since they were God's messengers, they did not call into question the God-instituted Jewish priesthood. We have St. Paul's words for it that though prophets or wonder workers preach other than what has been handed down, we are to remain firm in loyalty to the Catholic Church established by Christ Himself on Peter, Bishop of Rome. And that, even though iniquity abound within her, the prophetic function has not died out in Catholicism, will never die out. But it will be the prophetism of a St. Catherine of Siena or the still, gentle voice of St. Francis of Assisi rather than the individualist prophets of the reform. Despite the fact that the grace of God reaches into far places, raises saints among those not in visible union with the Church. For it is not true, as Mr. Mauer writes, that "Jesus said simply, 'verily, verily,' and let his hearers reach their own conclusions." P. 103. Rather He spoke in this manner "Verily, verily I say to you, with difficulty will a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven . . . verily, verily I say to thee, thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church."

There is much worthwhile in this book. The author is cognizant of the evils of our times and aware of the superficiality of many of the

solutions offered. Writing of the naive trust some Westerners place in representative democracy he states, "It is easier to see the freedom that is given to citizens to elect their governments than to see the controls that those governments impose upon citizens." P. 169. He points out, what Kropotkin had previously said, that "Medieval Europe, in comparison with the Europe that followed, was not only stateless, but almost anarchistic." P. 170. This is well for those to bear in mind who hold that there must be a State—the Church has accommodated herself to societal arrangements in the past in which there was no State in the modern sense.

I will end this review with a quotation from the author which we will all do well to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest (to borrow a phrase from the Anglican liturgy). "So widely approved is the idea of manipulating men towards some socially approved goal that few Westerners are conscious of the moral problem involved in a governments playing upon a criminal's selfishness (i.e., his desire to avoid imprisonment) in order to forestall his selfishness (i.e., his desire to commit crime)."

## Church Ritual

**The Roman Ritual Volume II. Christian Burial, Exorcism, Reserved Blessings, etc. Translated and Edited by the Reverend Philip T. Weller. The Bruce Publishing Company.**

By T. E. KIELY

Though numbered Volume II this is third and final volume completing Father Weller's commendable task of translating the entire Roman Ritual into English. And this final volume should do much to intensify the strict observance of all the liturgical ceremonies having to do with Christian death and burial.

In the introduction, Father Weller sounds the keynote of a truly Catholic funeral service. It is one of strong faith and uplifting hope, of well founded confidence and optimism; all of which are clearly evident in the early Christian service before the few grim rather off-key notes crept into some of the prayers in later ages. He mentions the chanting of the Benedictus, "the morning song of redemption . . . a canticle of solemn thanksgiving to God for all the rich graces granted the departed from the cradle to the grave." This is the main theme running throughout the entire Catholic death and burial service and might well be asserted and reasserted.

The second portion treats of the rites of Exorcism of the Possessed and is of concern primarily to the priest as is understandable. However, one might question Father Weller's statement that "The prayers and forms used for exorcism in the first centuries have not come down to us outside the ones in baptism." p. 165.

There is an exorcism of the second century that was discovered in Beirut. It reads in Greek characters

"I exorcise thee, O Satan  
O Cross cleanse me  
So that thou mayest never  
leave thy dwelling  
In the name of the Lord, the  
living God."

And as Dom Cabrol relates in his book, Liturgical Prayer Its History and Spirit, "St. Justin tells us repeatedly of exorcisms in the name of Jesus while we have another of Origen, an adjuration." Again, Father Weller states "In the Greek Church the forms given in the liturgy of Saint Basil and that of John Chrysostom are very brief." This may be true but we have a quite lengthy one from St. Gregory Nazianzen who was St. Basil's boon companion.

But despite these slight overstatements, Father Weller's general discussion of exorcism is digni-

## History of a Martyr

**THE TRIAL OF OLIVER PLUNKETT** by Alice Curtayne. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.00.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

Anthony Ashley Cooper, first Lord Shaftesbury under King Charles II of England, was probably no more unscrupulous than any other Restoration politician. In an age of cynical political maneuvering, however, he had few peers in the casual manipulation of innocent lives to further his personal power and that of his party. This tendency was illustrated most shamefully in his use of Titus Oates' fantastic "Popish Plot" which resulted in the judicial murder of its victims. Blessed Oliver Plunkett was one of the last of these tragic figures, and the history of his trial is a travesty of justice—and a terrifying example of an honorable and virtuous man trapped in a situation manufactured to serve political ends.

In England during the Restoration, religion was an overwhelming political factor. Though scant attention was paid to either public or personal morals, the country still quivered from the blows inflicted by the Tudors from Henry VIII to Mary. Feeling ran high and was turned then, as it was until the nineteenth century, against Catholics. The situation was further complicated by the pro-Catholic sympathies of the King, and by the conversion to Roman Catholicism of his brother James, Duke of York, next in succession to the throne. Shaftesbury and his followers belonged to the Opposition, a party largely composed of Non-Conformists, and bitterly anti-Catholic. Titus Oates stepped forward to offer his "evidence" of treason on the part of the Jesuits and English Catholics supposed to be in complicity with the Pope and the French government. Absurd though his charges were, they were seized upon avidly by the Opposition and exploited in an incredibly vicious manner.

Oliver Plunkett was caught in what might be termed the backwash of the Plot. Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of Ireland, he was a man respected and admired both by his own people, and by the Protestant governors of the island. For ten years after his appointment he was allowed to work with a minimum of annoyance—then suddenly he was arrested, imprisoned, and sent to London where he was tried in a hostile court by a packed jury, incrimi-

nated by witnesses whose reputations were somewhat more than tarnished. The same charges brought against the English victims of Oates' lies were used against the Archbishop; the same verdict arrived at. He was condemned to death and executed. Alice Curtayne has related the story of Archbishop Plunkett's trial with great sympathy and unquestionable accuracy since she has relied chiefly on the extant court records, filling the gaps with a narrative which intensifies the dramatic quality of the story. These records, though somewhat deleted, present a factual account of the proceedings, exposing fully the mockery of the trial. One needs no legal training to notice the duplicity not only of the witnesses but of the judges as well. A similar guiding of evidence in a trial today would result in the absolute discreditment of members of the bar who would lend themselves to such tactics.

Witness after witness came forth to testify against the Archbishop, men who were hirelings of the government at a time about which one English historian has remarked that "informing was a recognized, if not highly paid, profession." We see the judges putting words into the mouths of these informers; we observe the displeasure of the court at a witness who decides against perjuring himself. Worst of all, we cannot fail to note the refusal of the court to allow Plunkett ample time to secure his own witnesses, so that he stands defenseless before the bench, prevented even from questioning exhaustively the spurious case built against him. It was a brutal performance on the part of the court which reached its climax in the pronouncement of the death sentence with all its gruesome particulars.

Following the trial Plunkett was confined to Newgate Prison for some weeks before his execution. Miss Curtayne has supplied us with particulars of this period through the correspondence of the Archbishop with his superiors at Rome, through notes sent to one Father Maurus Corker, a fellow prisoner who attended him during his last days, and through testimonials of his friends. There is not one of these documents which does not attest to Oliver Plunkett's holiness, to the true spirit of martyrdom which sustained him, to his loving concern for his flock and friends, and to his forgiveness of his enemies. It is a brief record of spiritual greatness enhanced by the contrast with the pettiness of those who stood against him.

There is, however, one criticism. Though there is no doubt of the authenticity of Miss Curtayne's sources, and though she dramatizes the trial in a most satisfactory manner, Oliver Plunkett fails to emerge as a person—or even as the dominating personality in the crowd which surrounds him. This is partly due to the author's heavy reliance on the actual records which contain little speech on the part of the Archbishop; it is also to be blamed on the brevity of the introductory material directly related to Plunkett. This may be expected since this is not a formal biography, but Miss Curtayne throws the burden of establishing the Archbishop's personality on the short, final section of the book, and to this reviewer, at least, she is not successful.

Few Catholics need to be reminded that "this story," with its emphasis on persecution, false trials, and attempts to discredit the Church through her clergy, has been twice-told in our own time. It is doubly engrossing then to read such a well-written account of a strikingly similar seventeenth-century counterpart. It is good to be reminded that the strength and glory of the Church is seeded in the nobility of men like Oliver Plunkett.

(Continued on page 8)

## Dom Virgil Michel

(Continued from page 1)

an unusually clear concept of the role of the laity in the Church; he was possessed of an early and strong conviction of the indispensability of the lay apostolate in our time, while losing no opportunity in initiating and supporting it.

Like Cardinal Suhard and before him, he realized that our social structure was undergoing profound changes. In early 1927 he wrote, "We are in a transition that is questioning all its old beliefs and habits." Nine years later he again said, "We are definitely at the end of an era of human history. One of its characteristics is—or is this a universal mark of such times?—that a large number of both the secular and the spiritual leaders of today still seem blissfully unaware of the fact of its vast significance." And again he observed, "... we are living in extraordinarily important times; that our days are in a special sense big with the human destinies of the future, and that we are witnessing the complete breakdown of the ideals of a civilization that had been building up for a whole period of history."

In such important times and as part of a changing social structure, what are we to do? A right worshipping and enlightened Catholic laity must lock arms with the hierarchy and social-action minded priests, and lose neither time or opportunity in bringing the Mystery of Christ into our social institutions and Christianity into the evolving fabric of public life.

It is for his work in the liturgical apostolate that he is best known, and as we have already seen, this apostolate he thought of as having tremendous implications for the modern world. Ever fearful that the liturgical movement might turn into a purely "sanctuary" movement, he wrote and lectured frequently on the social role and values of the liturgy. Again and again he asserted that, since our crisis is not just economic or social but fundamentally spiritual, the remedy must be spiritual too. This is precisely why he was so convinced that the liturgical apostolate was the primary apostolate. To have a Christian society we must have thoroughly Christian men; it is folly to expect a good society from evil men, or even lukewarm ones. The liturgy is the great means and spiritual haven for effecting a Christian social order; it is the great spiritual force needed, the great social awakener; it puts into our hands the incalculable power of the Church's official, public and social prayer and the grace of God; it has to do with, in fact it is the very life of the Church. The liturgy is the great means whereby to inspire men to the realization that Christ now works through them as active members of His Mystical Body in redeeming the world.

Of course in this he was hardly original: with tongue and pen he merely recalled how Leo XIII had said and Pius XI repeated in *Quadragesimo Anno* that "if society is to be healed now, in no way can it be healed save by a return to Christian life and Christian institutions;" how Pius XI had written in *Mit Brennender Sorge* that all permanent social reform begins in the sanctuary; how the same Pope had stated in his encyclical letter in establishing the Feast of the Kingship of Christ, "For the people are better instructed in the truths of Faith by the annual celebration of our sacred mysteries than by even the weightiest pronouncements of the teaching of the Church..." how Blessed Pius X insisted in his famous *Motu Proprio* of 1903 that "... the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit is the active participation of the faithful in the holy Mysteries and the public and solemn prayers of the Church. He would have hailed the recent and strong words of Pius XII to

the 14th Italian Eucharistic Congress in Turin, "All that the Church has accomplished in truth and in saintliness, all its eternal and divine works in its 2,000 year old history had their origin, development and nourishment in the Eucharist. History bears witness to and proves that in every age and in every place where the Eucharist was devoutly worshipped, there admirable Christian feats were accomplished of which Christianity may lawfully boast." Indeed, as Dom Virgil observed, "the liturgy has been too long a hidden spiritual treasure for many of us."

In times when the novena and the rosary were emphasized out of proportion (that they had an important and rightful place he readily admitted), he advocated getting back to a right understanding and appreciation and participation in the essentials, the Mass, the sacraments, the Divine Office—there to find the timeless wisdom and life of the Church, the virile piety and apostolic zeal of the early Christians. For was not the liturgy the normal school of sanctity, the liturgy year—evolving as it does around Christ—the pattern of Christian life through the year? "What difference," he wrote, "it would make in the lives of Christians, in the spiritual influence of Catholics and the Church if they could again open their hearts fully to the lessons taught by the liturgical celebrations of the sacred feasts according to the purpose for which these were instituted!"

What a changed outlook the Christian would experience if he saw penetratingly—or rather, lived intensely—the implications of his membership in the Mystical Body of Christ, the very core idea of the liturgy! Dom Virgil never tired of saying that Christians would effect the profoundest revolution, as being the greatest revolutionaries, if they lived their faith intensely and fervently, in private and public, and they could learn to live it so from the lessons of the liturgy, "their rightful heritage. In this way too, all their daily activities could become an act of worship, as "the ordinary occupation of daily life can become part and parcel of the divine service the Christian renders to God through the Church; he can at all times both work and pray, he need never abandon the divine conversation which he experiences at its best in the sacrament of the Eucharist in intimate contact with the altar of Christ."

For Dom Virgil the liturgy was not what it is to some (even today, sad to say!): so much "devotional etiquette," merely correctly observed rubrics, straight candle sticks, beautiful vestments or a certain kind of altar. Rather it was the Mass as the redeeming sacrifice of Christ and that of His Mystical Body, as the continuation of the redemptive power of Calvary through the centuries; it included the sacraments, those acts or actions of Christ reaching here and now into the twentieth century and into our souls; the sacraments by which we dedicate and sacramentalize the things of this world and press them into God's service; lastly, the Divine Office, the prayer of the Mystical Body rendering praise and glory to God the Father in heaven and so inviting and invoking His blessings and gifts upon all His children in this vale of tears.

And one final point: it is not that we must just live a rubrically correct, narrowly-conceived liturgical life. Indeed, we must also engage in social action, in working for better government, more equitable laws, social justice, a just moral order and all the rest. But here again the primacy of the liturgy is seen, because unless we make people Christian and give them an apostolic Christian spirit

and outlook (through active participation), they will most likely not even see the problems in our society and the pagan, unChristian character of our times; and even if they do see them, they will hardly be rightly motivated, adequately and spiritually inspired with the Christian courage and the necessary perseverance to effect a change.

Without the liturgy there would only be a bottomless activism. And so, it is that if we are to think and work with the Church, we must live and pray with Her. "The true significance of the liturgical movement, therefore, lies just in this: that it tries to lead men back to the 'primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit'; it tries to restore that of which Catholic Action is the further flowering and fruitage."

We said a moment ago that Dom Virgil was a strong supporter of the Catholic Worker at a time when it was severely attacked. It



may interest our readers to know that his last article was a vigorous defense of the lay apostolate in general and the Catholic Worker in particular. The concluding words of this article are perhaps the strongest he penned in defense of lay apostles: "Catholic Workers and apostles! You have your faults and your shortcomings. But who among us on earth is not burdened with them? If people slander and calumniate you, so did they Christ. You are indeed an eyesore and a scandal even to Catholics, but usually only to such as revel in their self-complacency whose religion is one of asking from God and knows not the blessedness of giving. If you are a stone of scandal to the selfrighteous, so was Christ. And He told us that it was not the Pharisee but the Publican who went away justified. If there is a Judas among you, he is still unknown and undiscovered. But even if such a one should be found, there was also a Judas among the Twelve and you are so many times twelve. Blessed are you if you are those who suffer persecution for justice's sake, since 'theirs is the kingdom of heaven.'"

### Footnotes:

1. "The Liturgical Movement," *Irish Catholic*, XLII (June, 1929), 10, 11.
2. "The Liturgical Apostolate" (explanatory leaflet) (Collegeville: The Liturgical Press, 1927), p.1.
3. Foreword to Mounier's *A Personalist Manifesto*, (New York: Longmans, Green and Co., 1938), p. xii, xvi.
4. *The Liturgy of the Church*, (New York: Macmillan, 1942), pp. 15-16.
5. Virgil Michel O.S.B. as quoted by Lydwine Van Kersbergen in "The Normal School of Sanctity For the Laity," (Loveland: Grailville, 1950), p. 37.
6. "The Liturgical Movement," *Irish Catholic*, XLII (June, 1929), p. 12.
7. *Orate Fratres*, (Timely Tract), XII (Nov., 1938), p. 30.

## The Recreative Community

(Continued from page 2)

from their own Foundation they could, Mr. McKee said, "still use a few millionaires and a plumber." Mrs. Edith McCarthy of the Ministry of High Watch, the Alcoholic Anonymous Farm at nearby Kent, which is one year younger than the CW, spoke briefly of her group. They can take care of 30 alcoholics, but they must be able to walk as there are no facilities for hospital care. This group is composed entirely of members of AA. Those who are able pay \$61 a week and others pay as they can or are given free care depending upon the capacity of the farm. Mrs. McCarthy did not stay for the following conferences. I feel that she could have contributed more in the way of definite interest than did those who gave us high sounding techniques or syrupy platitudes.

I had sat next to Dr. Robert White of Austen Riggs Psychiatric Center of nearby Stockbridge and liked his broadminded approach to the more radical CW emphasis. They do not accept patients who have to be locked up. With a sufficient staff they take care of about 40 in-patients and 30 out-patients. These come for 2 or 3 weeks to see if it is thought they can derive any benefit from the treatment and they stay from 3 to 6 months. Those who seem numbed and with no reason for living and those who have become so excited by the pressures of society are treated in methods acceptable for their growth. The new feature to me was the way in which the patients chose certain functions around the Center.

I had not known of the Rural Settlements Research Institute near Poughkeepsie of which Henry Infield spoke. He had been in Palestine and has made trips to Europe every two years. He described the CCF Farm Security Farms in Canada and the 13,000 communal farms in Mexico established under Cardenas. He distinguished between these and the phony collectives established by force in the Soviet Union. He described at length the tests by which it can be determined the kind of people who will be most successful in cooperative groups, both as members and as technical men. Despite the use of abstract terms he made this presentation very interesting.

Very appropriately it chanced I was seated to the left and was the last speaker. I said that I had been a social worker in Milwaukee for 11 years and had now done 11 years' penance ditch digging. I told of the young Japanese farmer near Phoenix who had read the CW and who had not spoken to me for some time, who, upon meeting me, asked "How are you getting along with your social work?" He meant the true meaning of social work: my fasting and picketing. I said that Boswell had asked Johnson what was the greatest virtue and the answer was, "Courage, sir, for without it you cannot practice the other virtues." I mentioned that Dorothy was supposed to speak here and as I came in her place I should really say that to Dorothy the greatest virtue was love; that we of the CW knew that it took courage to emphasize love in this world of hate and destruction, but that is what we of the CW were trying to do. "You love God as much as you love the person you love the least," I quoted.

I described the history of the first CW farm at Easton and how we operated on the anarchist principle of from each according to his ability and to each according to his need. This was of course not efficient but look at this atomized world which efficiency has brought us! I described Peter fixing a road, another man digging a well, another building a house, and another plowing; and the late sleepers looking on and discussing the revolution and baseball. But somehow the work got done with all this

freedom. We did not depend upon Foundations other than St. Joseph who knew that if we were in debt we would be kept always in a prayerful spirit and would be in no danger of becoming bourgeois.

I told of the tax man here in the east who had asked if he ought to give his "tainted money" to the CW and of my answer to him that if after prayer and the reading of the Sermon on the Mount he felt that he could still keep his job as a tax man he should contribute to those charities which accepted the system of war and capitalism. If he felt that he was sinning by being a tax man but could not get out of it right away he could send us any extra money as a penance. Then I gave in detail the history of Maryfarm, Peter Maurin Farm and Chrystie street. I could see that our methods and our environment puzzled those present so I told them that "we had to put up with each other just like God puts up with us," quoting Dorothy.

I shared adjoining rooms with Prof. Gerry Haigh of Springfield College, who had charge of the evening session. He asked me to present the view which I had expressed to the effect that it was not necessary to try to adjust the person to his environment, but to think about the bad environment being adjusted to the individual. I told of the Arkansas conscientious objector in Leavenworth who, when asked why he did not try to get along in prison gave the answer that it would spoil him for the outside. Later the conference was broken up into three sections, the one to which I was allocated being presided over by Mew Li. Here the conversation was about the ethics of anarchism and the practicality of not using force. I was surprised to have two of those present agree with my radical view.

Sunday morning I went to mass at 10:30 with Harold Winchester, Jr., who had been in CPS and had later become a Catholic. Here I was, who had fasted for 8 days last August, yet I had a headache by missing breakfast.

In the afternoon Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes presided and summaries of the findings of Needs of Communities by the three groups were given. One other group felt there was a need of rebellion against injustices, but rebellion ought to be constructive. This was ably presented by Hollis Wyman of Gould Farm who said that people should drop their masks and be themselves and should associate with some who were not "groove-mates." Prof. Haigh felt that we had physical, emotional and social needs. Dr. Polansky, who had been a psychiatrist at Iowa State Prison but who now was at Austen Riggs Center, felt that treatment in an institution lasted about as long "as the clanging of the door" when the inmate was released. Rev. Raymond Ward of the Monterey Congregational Church gave a detailed account of the thoughts of his group. He felt that people working in a community as regular residents could help get those coming out of institutions or having finished with psychiatric treatment into the main stream of life again. I spoke of my regular work as a laborer in a community and my acceptance as a part of the community which gained some field for the ideas which I thought important. As a Talker I would get nowhere; as a Worker I got somewhere; even at times in jail.

The final session was under the direction of Rev. Mortimer-Maddox of the Great Barrington Episcopal Church. Mrs. Sacka of Spring Lake Ranch in New Hampshire, which has provided a home for many youths, has described the life there and their especial problems. Rachael DuBois explained techniques whereby groups and individuals became acquainted and had

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## There Is No Time With God . . .

(Continued from page 1)

parents and relatives, then Peter Maurin, Charlie O'Rourke, Larry Heaney, John Curran and all other associates of the Catholic Worker movement. I'm going to list all the names I have right now in my missal so that those who read this column will say with me, "May God have mercy on his or her soul. May he dwell in a place of refreshment, light and peace."

There is Fr. Lacouture who died two years ago in Canada, who is responsible for the retreat which we have as often each year as we can find priests to give it at Maryfarm, Newburgh. Next to his name Mr. de Aragon, a Spanish anarchist who had fallen away from the faith and who died without the sacraments. There is this juxtaposition of names because both men died the same winter. Then there are a whole series of wonderful priests whom I remember with love and respect and gratitude, Fr. Roche, a young priest who died saving others in an explosion in Texas, Fr. Hollahan, our pastor at Easton, Abbot Dunne of Gethsemane who wrote us regularly every two months and sent us help; Bishop Griffin of Springfield, who loved the workers, Bishop Boyle and now Bishop Haas; Fr. Corcoran, who gave us conferences on the Mystical Body of Christ at the Oakmont retreats, Pittsburgh, and who died of cancer; Fr. Carey, Jesuit of Worcester, Mass., who also died of cancer, and I believe, taught right up to the last; Bishop Schlarman of Peoria, who was so active in the rural life work; Monsignor Gaffney of New York, who gave us permission to have Mass at our farms and the Blessed Sacrament with us—what gratitude we owe him; and the benefactors who gave us the use of Mott St. in New York, Miss Gertrude Burke, and Mary Lane; Miss Du Bois of Bliddeford, who helped us buy Maryfarm; Sister Aloysia, who was responsible in so many ways for mine and Tamar's baptism, who was my sponsor, who taught me my catechism.

The list of names does not go according to merit or closeness of regard but time of death.

One list recalls the tragedy of the families throughout the country these late years; starting with Larry Heaney's (his two-year old child followed him two years after) and Albert Bujak and his children who perished in fire; our own fire this spring which cost the life of Jack Sims; Maeve Durnin, who died of cancer, oldest child of Mary and Emmet, dear friends and fellow workers; little Charlie Smith, aged six, member of our family here at Peter Maurin farm who died by drowning this summer.

There are the fathers and husbands and wives of friends, Mr. Naughton, Mr. Dolan, Mr. Burrow, Sigrid Undset, Paul St. Marie. Paul was the first organizer and the first president of the Ford local in Detroit, and he died a martyr to the cause of organized labor. He was a gay and happy soul and I remember him attending a social action conference in Milwaukee and saying part of the Office with us and showing pictures of his eight children to all the Bishops, and sending postal cards of breweries to all his friends. There is Mr. Aratari and Mr. McKeon, brother and father of our friends, and Mrs. Weider and Mrs. Hughes. There is Mr. Hergenhan and Mr. Breen, and Mr. O'Connell, great trials in a way to us all at the CW whose biographies I have written and with a sigh of relief because they had a good end. They led turbulent lives on earth and made life rather turbulent for us all.

There is Bill Duffy. I never wrote his biography, but he is another I sigh over. He drank plenty and he helped both us and the Chinese Communist weekly down the street impartially and when he could get drink no other way, he'd find what he could steal and sell it. I remember hearing of his wheeling a spare

tire down the street during the war when tires were rationed, and bystanders around the Catholic Worker, gazing reproachfully after him and clucking with their tongues as they said, "Look at that Bill Duffy, stealing CW property and drinking it up!" And then standing by and watching him do it! How I could have belabored them all, pacifist that I am!

We tried putting him out, but old Bill slept on the sidewalk in front of the place all summer, edging into the hall as the weather got cooler, so that by September we had to take him in again. We found him dead one morning, lying by the bed, and we called the priest and knelt down and said the rosary for him and then called the morgue. He had a nice funeral at Transfiguration Church.

There was Bill Evans who dug a well at Easton farm which is giving water to this day, and he wrote too one of the Ben Joe LaTray articles about sleeping in an old tomb in the Jewish cemetery on Chatham Square. He stole plenty but he helped us plenty too and he tried over and over again to pull himself out of the gutter. Far worse were the pharisees who used to cluck also, "Look at that Bill, saying the rosary tonight when he was drunk as a lord last night." Thank God he prayed. The Blessed Mother is remembering him now since he remembered her then.

There's no end to this list, or rather to the things I could say about the people on this list. There are those who died this summer, relatives of benefactors who not only share their substance with us, but their sorrows. There is Natalie D'Arcy's nephew, and Mrs. Struapen—Darrie's husband and Albert Eisele and Simon Buckley. Albert was a farmer and a writer and many know of him; Simon helped in our kitchen at Chrystie Street.

There are the old helpers, Dan Orr, and Mary Sheehan who used to sell the paper on Fourteenth street with Stanley Vishnewsky in the early days. Dan was our best circulation man, who distributed the paper by horse and cart too, naming the horse Catholic Action. He said the horse genuflected as he passed St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was loud and noisy, was Dan, and shouted the paper on the streets, and who knows how many converts he made. One, a U.S. consul in Europe, told me between assignments how he had bought a paper from Dan in front of Macy's just before he boarded ship for Europe. And Mary, with her Irish wit. Once a Communist said to her, "I know your Cardinal—he gets drunk with his housekeeper every Saturday night." (the late Cardinal Hayes), and Mary snapped back, "And doesn't that just show how democratic he is!"

And then there are other suicides—Grady Rutledge, Mary McGurdy, Alexander Berkman; and Will Fernandez of Greenwich Village, and Sacco and Vanzetti, both baptized Catholics too, but who had fallen away from the Church if indeed they had ever been raised in it. Undoubtedly they saw the Church as from the outside, looking as though at muddied stained glass which made no sense, which, if they had seen it within would have glowed with the colors of heaven. They loved justice and hated iniquity, they were poor themselves and they loved the poor—a poor fish peddler and a poor shoe maker. God rest them!

And now another—Bill Dunne, who died recently at New York Hospital of a heart ailment, who had been sick for a long time and who just last month had been listed in the Saturday Evening Post as the present Labor editor of The Daily Worker, a good indication of the inaccuracies of most of these articles about Reds. Bill had been a communist it is true but he had been out of the party for some time, and going to sea to earn a living until he became too ill. I

worked with his wife for the Anti-Imperialist League years ago and admired them both as people of integrity. He had many cousins who are nuns and I know are praying for him now. Tamar's new baby kept me from going into the city to see him but Roger O'Neil went up to the hospital and we were all trying to find a first floor apartment for him so that when he got out he would not return to the walk up, fifth floor apartment they had been living in. I beg our readers to pray for him to make up for my neglect of this work of mercy.

How impossible to include all these dead in one article. Joe Bennet, a heart victim in his twenties, who helped me sell the first issue of the Catholic Worker in Union Square, who died in such agony, not wanting to die; Jim McGovern, first mate on an oil tanker, who gave us half his wages until his marriage, who marched with us on picket lines, who wrote us magnificent letters, who loved Claudel, Conrad and who died in the last war, in an open boat, of hunger and thirst. Ferguson, who escaped from a mental hospital after five years of hard labor there, and who could never get an old age pension because he could not account for those years of his life without confessing his escape. He worked valiantly for us on our breadline, was taking instruction and at the moment of death was baptized by Arthur Sheehan; Dan Russell, who came to us from a park bench all but dead with t.b. and who stayed with us long enough to receive the last rites. "This is the happiest time of my life," he gasped, as he lay in our barn down in Easton right after his anointing. He had told us he was recovering from pneumonia, to explain his wasted condition and we had taken him in only to find him dying because he was afraid of hospitals. He had been a mill hand all his life.

How I remember that particular death, with a mixture of wrath and pity and yes, of laughter. I had gone for priest and doctor and leaving the setting up of the table with crucifix and linen and candles to one who was always talking of the liturgical movement, I came back to find nothing done. He did not know how. I had brought the priest and he had brought the Blessed Sacrament, and while he waited outside, with the precious Burden on his person, George, the goat, circled around him and no one had sense enough to care for either priest or goat while I was setting up the table inside. Fritz Eichenberg says we take Death very much for granted, but we are never ready, it seems, we are always taken aback, standing around unprepared, shocked, while a poor creature waits, hungry for all the aid we can give him.

Sudden death—there have been those too, Ericson, John Ryder, men on the breadline—suddenly gone from us and a sheet thrown over them while the bystanders wait for the ambulance. "Did you call a priest?" is the first question to ask, and I have been shocked to hear cradle Catholics, graduates from Catholic Colleges say, "He was already dead. No use." And the teaching of the church, to which we have not listened, is that in sudden death, even if hours have passed, call the priest! In his hands are the Sacraments of the Church. None can take his place.

When I first read Leon Bloy's "Woman Who Was Poor," I could not understand what I considered the joy of Clotilde, sitting in the cemetery, praying for her dead. It was morbid, of course, in the true sense of the word. But now that little Charlie Smith has died and has been buried in St. Joseph's cemetery at Rossville, Staten Island, which is a mile from Peter Maurin farm, I can understand that last chapter of the Bloy book. We went there often this summer, and will go there often this month of November, to tend his little grave and those of the two little babies who are buried just next to him in the next plot; and the children all

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 3)

cases since you naturally fear that these people might be further maltreated if the Welfare Department decides to apply the pressure, however, a lot more people will be hurt if some action isn't taken to prevent these injustices.

The following case came to our horror this past summer: an elderly man came to our office during the summer and pleaded with us to intercede for his wife who had been placed in a nearby asylum as a result of difficulties with the Welfare's case worker. One of our workers visited the poor woman and decided that there was no valid reason for this virtual imprisonment. A letter was sent from here to the hospital and nothing came of it. The man visited us a second time and one of our group went to the Welfare Department to see what could be accomplished. This visit proved fruitless.

### Desolate

About three weeks ago the husband came to us again. This time he had a notice from the Welfare Department that he was to visit their office and speak with the case worker who was responsible for the initial action towards putting his wife away. He was plainly frightened that he would receive the same treatment as his wife. Since Dorothy Day and Beth Rogers, who had cooperated with him in the beginning, were out of town he decided that I would have to go with him. I agreed to accompany him with a decided lack of enthusiasm because I was not cheered at the prospect of tangling with such a powerful organization who could lock you up and throw away the key. I could easily imagine myself finding out of turn to the high command in the Welfare Department and being dragged to a waiting ambulance. I tried to cheer the old man up by laughing, "I suppose you are scared into thinking they are going to put you away too. Well, brace up they might take me with you." He relaxed and smiled, "They won't take us because you are big and strong."

The following Monday morning at the time appointed we met and made our way to the Welfare Department which is across the street from us. As we entered the waiting room a bench was pointed out to us and we set and waited for a half-hour. He made several remarks as we waited, "I went to work in a laundry (he is Chinese)

came with us, and ran picking flowers among the grave stones. In the next field, part of a little farm, a cow and geese were grazing, and there was a pear tree which the children ran to raid. They came back with pockets full and we sat on the bench next to our little plot and said the rosary together. Bernadette, and Lucille, Mac and Beckie and Susie, ate their pears and prayed, and the sun warmed us, and the breeze spoke to us of God's Goodness and beauty and there was no sadness there but peace.

When there are many who have gone before, and among those so many who are near and dear, then the ties of this earth, the hold this life has on us, is loosened and we look with joy to the world to come. It is not "natural" to do this, it is true, and it is a matter of faith that these bones shall rise again, and that in our flesh we shall see God our Saviour. Like children we live with joy in the present, and we can think with joy of the life to come. Let us so live and work now that we will have them then.

at the age of nine. It was my uncle's business. The Chinese work long and hard." Later on he said, "I am going to become a Catholic someday. It is a lonesome life if you are not one."

The case worker finally appeared and beckoned us into her office. As it turned out she had no intentions of discussing his wife or mental institutions with him. She sat at her desk and barked out instructions to the old man about his own relief status all of which sounded like the college football coach talking to the team between halves. "Hear this, I am going to be at your apartment at one o'clock sharp. You be there. If you make any money doing odd jobs you are to report that to us." He asked her about his wife. She replied, "Forget about her—she is not coming out." He left the small office and walked back into the waiting room. I turned to her and introduced myself and asked about his wife. I asked the reason for instigating the action which resulted in locking the woman up. The lady turned a glacial smile on me and replied, "A psychiatrist was called into the case because this woman fought constantly with her husband and locked him out of the house a couple of times. She also spent every cent that he had." I remarked that these incidents were not uncommon among many married people. She was anxious to have me leave her office and suggested that I go to the asylum where the lady was held and inquire there for the full record of this case. She added that I was wasting my time if I expected to have the patient released.

I went out to the hospital the following Wednesday and spoke to the interned woman for a half hour. It was a pitiful experience to speak with this soul who was so distressed at her imprisonment. It was plain to me that she did not belong in that institution and I made my views known to the head doctor before I left the grounds. He was pleasant to talk with but I was clearly given to understand that I was encroaching upon a field in which I was not qualified to speak with authority. Although he suggested I should phone him within a couple of days and he would be better able to state the possibilities as to her time of release.

A psychiatrist friend of ours volunteered to look into the case after I had relayed a picture of the situation to him. Ten days later the old man brought his wife home on the condition that she get a job and promise to steer clear of the relief department.

### Letter

We are pleased to report that the Puerto Rican woman, who we mentioned in the last issue as having trouble about repairs to her apartment, came in last week and informed us that our letter for her to the Housing Authorities had brought results. Her landlord has been forced to make the necessary repairs. However, the work is incomplete and she had us write another letter to the city authorities. That little lady is determined and we are happy that she is.

### Ed Willock

Ed Willock's wife, Dorothy, wrote in and said that Ed is recovering somewhat from his third stroke. They wish to thank all who have helped with prayers and material gifts.

### One Leg

Late one afternoon our dining room door was opened by a one

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### BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day  
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day  
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00

## Sugar Cane Strike in Louisiana

(Continued from page 1)

officers. Under the guise of legality, they are able to terrorize and intimidate the strikers.

In other areas, eviction suits have been brought against the workers—to date 200 families (a thousand people) have been faced with eviction.

Still another strike breaking technique is the cutting off of water, fuel and light.

The Dixiecrat American Sugar Cane League libelously attacked the National Sharecroppers Fund an organization attempting to help the union, as being a Communist front. This smear attempt is made against a group whose board includes such well known anti-Communists as Dr. Frank Graham and Norman Thomas.

### Wages

In 1937, Congress passed a law empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to determine a "fair and reasonable" wage rate on sugar cane and beet plantations.

This year, Secretary of Agriculture Benson set the "fair and reasonable wage." It is \$3.85½ for a nine-hour day—or something over forty cents an hour, but not too much over. The figures become much worse when they are put into the context of an annual wage.

Skilled workers in this area receive \$1,000 to \$1,200 a year.

For unskilled labor, the figure is between \$700 and \$800 a year.

The average annual wage for all field workers is between \$500 and \$600.

A survey of the Bureau of National Affairs indicated that in 1947-52 period, an income of \$3,871 was necessary for a family of four. Yet among these plantation workers a household of 10 or 12 children is not unknown.

In addition, the workers are only paid for work when they arrive in the fields—although an hour's work on a machine might be required before then.

### Paternalism

The entire wage-labor-condition set up is intensified by the paternalism of the owners. Small loans, company houses, company stores and the incredibly low wage rates manage to keep the worker close to the slavery from which he was theoretically liberated by the Civil War.

Moreover, as Stephen Ryan pointed out in America, the situation involves the exploitation of illiterates and of Negroes. The workers in the field have been apathetic to union organization in many instances. Living in a near-feudal world that has changed little since the militia broke the

strike in 1879, often illiterate, they sometimes would defend their boss as a "good boss" because of a small loan or bail put up for a Saturday night spree.

The Negro is caught—as he is almost everywhere in the South—because the racist structure of society relegates him to the job which the white man doesn't want. He maintains the plantation system, out of the sweat of his labor because color lines bar him from any decent kind of job.

Housing is in the same condition as wages: feudal. Running water is rare. Tank cars are used to bring in water in some areas (all the easier for the owners to cut the water supply off), and in other sections, water from stagnant bayous is used for drinking water. On other plantations, rain water is used.

### Catholic Support

Catholic priests and laymen have been actively supporting the organization of these workers for years. Union meetings have been held in parish halls. According to the America article, the Josephite Fathers, who work among the Negroes in the sugar cane district, have been particularly militant.

The Catholic Committee of the South issued a forthright statement on the issues in the strike: "That issue — transcending all others — is one on which the Catholic Committee of the South may not remain silent—regardless of the validity of conflicting claims to wages, housing or conditions of work, and that is the basic, moral right of any workers, industrial or agricultural, to organize."

"Catholic employers in particular, but all employers in general, are reminded of the clear language of Pope Leo XIII when he stated: 'We wish to be understood as referring in a special manner to the working classes, who assuredly have the right to unite into associations for the promotion of their interests, a right acknowledged by the Church and unopposed by nature.' (Longinque Oceani) . . ."

"In addition to the right to organize every man has the obligation, where necessary, to protect the security of his economic interests, not only for his own welfare, but also for the welfare of his family. In the formation of a union, the agricultural workers are exercising their God-given right and seeking better to secure the economic and social welfare of their families."

Other support has come. On October 17, the Cuban Federation of Labor and its affiliate, the Sugar

Workers Federation, advised the AFL of their solidarity with the strike and requested information as to action that should be taken to help. They were requested to embargo all raw sugar produced in Cuba and shipped to refineries owned by Louisiana Sugar Corporation, whose plantation workers are on strike.

George Meany, President of the AFL, wrote H. L. Mitchell, Agricultural Workers President, "The American Federation of Labor will use its best efforts to prevent any group of workers from being denied their fundamental right to organize into a trade union and bargain with their employers on matters concerning wages, hours and other conditions of employment."

### The Issues are clear:

The employers must accept the existence of a union which speaks for the workers (the original strike vote was 1,808 for, 8 against); and the employers must admit the right of agricultural workers to organize.

Only then can the feudalism and racist exploitation of the plantation system be fought and overthrown. Only then can the workers of the Louisiana sugar cane fields go beyond 1879—and emancipate themselves from paternalism and company violence and peonage.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 7)

legged man. He explained from his sitting position on the pavement that his crutches had been stolen while he was asleep on a park bench. No one ever learned how this man was able to drag himself across the heavily trafficked Chrystie street. We were fresh out of crutches but we made a phone call or two to see what could be done. There were no crutches to be found that night and we invited the man to have dinner with us and stay over till the next day, all of which he silently accepted. He was the silent type. He kept to himself in the library that evening and it was an unusual sight to see him madly hopping on the one leg about the room whenever he decided to move. The next morning he dragged himself across Chrystie Street again and sat on the curbstone along the park where he rolled cigarettes and basked in the sunshine. At midmorning Charlie McCormick drove him up to Bellevue Hospital where he was given a pair of crutches. Once he had the crutches under him he moved about more gracefully than most people who have two legs.

### Shorty Smith

Shorty Smith is back working in our kitchen after the third operation on his leg at Bellevue Hospital. He is happy to be home and everyone is delighted with his return. We are not sure but we believe that he should not be on his feet as much as he is. We have tried to impress him with this idea but he glides around the kitchen blithely ignoring our pleas. It is obvious that he is most happy when he is working in the kitchen from early morning till late at night and we are fairly resigned to offer no further interference. We know that he would be ill at ease sitting around his room or the library all day without a thing to do. I know now that I must be getting old when I have arrived at the idea of permitting the sick and the aged to have their way, which usually means allowing them to keep working when you are sure that they should do nothing but rest.

### PERSONAL NOTE

One of our readers wished to have her kind response to our present appeal acknowledged in the Catholic Worker thus: From "Mary" (for our Lady's children) Bristol, (Rhode Island). It is good that there is only one such request from an anonymous giver. Otherwise this could easily develop into one of those newspaper columns with such things as: "Nora please come home, all is forgiven. Nick."

## Church Ritual

(Continued from page 5)

danger his work by giving an example of the astounding knowledge and feats of clairvoyance of a witch doctor, as he does in his book "The Reach of the Mind." For here there is at least the possibility of another superior intelligence and personality that might be involved.

On the other hand, the late Dr. Rathbone Oliver, Associate Professor of the History of Medicine, at Johns Hopkins University, declared in the Hale Lectures afterwards recorded in his book "Psychiatry and Health," I have seen too many mental cases that at least suggest the unseen presence of some inimical foreign personality hiding behind the tormented personality of the patient himself." And again "I have no desire to suggest the impossibility of what theologians call demoniacal possession." P. 33.

Other psychologists, psychiatrists and investigators into psychical phenomena might do well at least to consider in their work Dr. Oliver's open-minded approach.

The final portion of the Ritual contains the Reserved Blessings and Litanies. As regards these and other blessings, a difficulty in the practical use of the Ritual has been eliminated. For the busy priest who has attempted to find a particular blessing quickly in the Roman Edition or even in the more recent one published by Benziger, and lost considerable time going through the Index and Index Appendix with their many Titles and Chapters and Divisions of Blessings, this fine Index in both Latin and English will be gratefully received.

Indeed one finds in this set a complete Latin-English Edition of the Roman Ritual beautifully bound, in clear readable type and well-indexed, a signal contribution to the liturgical life of the Church wherever English is spoken.

## The Recreative Community

(Continued from page 6)

more of the community spirit of olden times rather than a sense of being lost in the void of a big city. Bob Luitweiler, at Gould Farm now and of the International Peacebuilders, described the goodwill spread by young folks of each country traveling over the world, as he had done. I described some of the young CW folks who had started their farms over the country and again stressed the fact that our lack of organization and the resulting freedom made us happy rebels rather than sad conformists.

## MARYFARM

(Continued from page 3)

with a dignified silence, and will suddenly sit down besides someone who is perhaps, cutting up peppers, and opening his pocket knife, fall to. Then as suddenly, and as silently, he will get up and leave; possibly to give an armful of corn stalks to Billy the goat, or to play with Rusty, the youngest of the many cats who also work at Maryfarm. Their province of course being rats and mice.

\* \* \*

When the day's work is over and the supper dishes have been washed and dried and the tables in the Refectory set for next morning's breakfast, Joe's bell announces the Rosary in the chapel, which is prayed by five different individuals among those making this devotion to Our Lady, each leading in the saying of a decade. Immediately after the Rosary, the day's Compline is sung. Thus the day ends on a spiritual note and one can not help but feel that the daily devotions in the chapel must of necessity impinge upon the inner consciousness of all those who attend, and indeed upon all the visitors at the farm as well. The mere fact that the Blessed Sacrament is present in the tabernacle on the altar constantly, must of itself permeate the entire atmosphere of Maryfarm and accentuate the feeling that indeed Mary, for whom the farm was named, through her Son, Jesus Christ, is here with us, helping those who have crosses to bear, to bear them willingly in His name, and to be better men and women simply through being here.

After Compline there is usually a gathering in the conference room, where there is an excellent library of both religious and secular books, which some read while others play chess or write letters. On Fridays, when Fathers Sheehan and Hogan come from the Josephite Seminary nearby to hear confessions, they drink coffee with us and collaborate with Joe O'Malley and "Rocky" on difficult crossword puzzles. There is an open fireplace in this room with a very fine carved wooden mantel, which gives a cheerful, comfortable look to the whole room. The main building at Maryfarm, in which this room is, is a Century old farm house with lovely architectural lines. No one can be in it for long without feeling its subtle quality of peace and safety. Safety from the snares of the industrial world and that Peace which God bestows upon those who work with their hands for their daily bread and have time to meditate upon the temptations both mental and physical to which they are subject and to fight against them with His Heavenly aid.

Issue VI, 1954.

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