

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Money and Morals

By Eric Gill

Arranged by Peter Maurin

Incompatibility

1. Some ways of living are definitely incompatible with Christian morals.
2. Thus a state founded upon the institution of chattel slavery is a state founded upon a way of living and working definitely incompatible with Christian morals.
3. Either Christianity in such a state will languish and decay or slavery will languish and decay.
4. They cannot permanently exist together.
5. The individual slave and the individual slave-owner may be Christians—good Christians—but only inasmuch as they repudiate the institution which they are perhaps powerless to resist or alter.

At Root of Christianity

1. The institution of chattel slavery cannot flourish unless it is believed in and supported by both slaves and the owners.
 2. But it is impossible for the institution of chattel slavery to flourish and at the same time and place for Christianity to flourish.
 3. For at the root of Christianity is the notion of human free will and responsibility.
 4. At the root of Christianity is the notion that a human being
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"Ben Joe"

Dear Friends:

That piece, "Meditation for a Psychiatrist," in the last issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER was something really needed. There has been too little written about this strange order of people who, I think, do a great measure of harm. Let me tell you of an experience I had recently.

One day last week I was puttering around in a jungle with two other fellows whom we shall call "Blackie" and "Slim." I still had some money from my brewery job and Blackie was flush with some harvest money. We bought some vittles and invited Slim to share them with us. Slim needed good hot food. He was complaining of stomach trouble, saying he had been eat-

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"Millions of hearts are thinking today of the Saviour's birth. So we express our gratefulness in the old words: Venite Adoremus. The joy of mankind being redeemed from the consequences of original sin is so strong that it has been asserting itself continuously far beyond the turmoil which the world is experiencing. He who understands the message of the angels: Peace to men of good will, will not be overwhelmed by the events of the disturbed present, but will keep aloof from pessimism..."

PIUS XII-Christmas-1940

PEACE on EARTH



to Men of Good Will

"Over your crusade for a social, human and Christian ideal, may there shine out as a consolation and an inspiration the star that stands over the Grotto of Bethlehem, the first and the perennial star of the Christian era. From the sign of it every faithful heart drew, draws and ever will draw strength: If armies in camp should stand together against me, my heart shall not fear. Where that star shines, there is Christ. With Him for leader we shall not wander; through Him let us go to Him, that with the Child that is born today we may rejoice for ever."

PIUS XII-Christmas-1942

HUNGER IN INDIA

India starves!

Our correspondence tells of the shocking conditions there—people dying in the streets because they can't hold up any longer—rioting and fights in front of rice shops, all for a mere handful of a tiny grain that means food—hundreds of little tots, naked skeletons with swollen bellies, sprawling in the gutter—famine in India!

A missionary Sister in India writes (July 13, 1943):

"Foodstuffs are going up day by day, and the poor people are getting desperate. Rice is 20 rupees a mound (80 pounds), government-controlled price, when the people can get it. And it used to be 4 rupees! We are still well provided, but that won't last much longer, and we are feeding over forty people every day!"

Hunger Their Enemy

The following is from a missionary priest (August 25, 1943):

"Among the people the war belongs to the British and Americans. In the villages the people really know very little of what it is all about. The villagers' big problem is not how best to fight the Japs, but how best to fight hunger. Right now they are losing the fight, which has been going on for six months or more and which will grow worse and worse during the next three months until the winter harvest comes in—December. In place of the political bickerings we heard so much of during the past two years, there are many more squabbles about food prices, control, transportation, etc.

"Thousands of hungry villagers have gone to the towns in search of food. They swarm about the streets, the sidewalks are their

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A GREAT DAY FOR THE PSYCHIATRISTS

By Arthur Sheehan

The reactions to my article on Psychiatry in the last issue continue to come in and they provide interesting reading. Only two have been very critical. One of these was from a soldier stationed at Harvard and working on morale problems of the army. His contention was that I failed to give the good side of the psychiatric examinations given to the soldiers. He said that it was absolutely necessary to eliminate fellows who might crack up in the heat of battle and so cause death to others.

Another writer said that too much stress was laid on the question of sex in my article.

On the other side of the account were letters from a variety of persons. One, a nurse, said that

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On the Mystical Body

Venerable Brothers, may the Virgin Mother of God grant the prayers of our paternal heart—and they are yours too—and obtain for all a true love of the Church. Her sinless soul was filled with the divine Spirit of Jesus Christ more than all other created souls; and "in the name of the whole human race," she gave her consent for a "spiritual marriage between the Son of God and human nature." Within her virginal womb Christ our Lord already bore the exalted title of Head of the Church; in a marvelous birth she brought Him forth as source of all supernatural life, and presented Him, new born, as Prophet, King and Priest to those who were the first come of Jews and Gentiles to adore Him. Her only Son, yielding to a mother's prayer in "Cana of Galilee," performed the miracle by which "His disciples believed in Him." Free from all sin, original and personal, always most intimately united with her Son, as another Eve she offered Him on Golgotha to the Eternal Father for all the children of Adam sin-stained by his fall, and her mother's rights and mother's love were included in the holocaust. Thus she who corporally was the mother of our Head, through the added title of pain and glory became spiritually the mother of all His members. She it was who through her powerful prayers obtained the grace that the spirit of our divine Redeemer, already given to the Church on the Cross, should be bestowed through miraculous gifts on the newly founded Hierarchy on Pentecost. Bearing with courage and confidence the tremendous burden of her sorrows and desolation, truly the Queen of Martyrs, she more than all the faithful "filled up those things that are wanting of the suffering of Christ . . . for His Body, which is the Church"; and she continued to show for the Mystical Body of Christ, born from the pierced Heart of the Saviour, the same mother's care and ardent love, with which she clasped the Infant Jesus to her warm and nourishing breast.

Immaculate Heart

May she, then, most holy mother of all Christ's members, to whose Immaculate Heart we have trustingly consecrated all men, her body and soul refulgent with the glory of heaven where she reigns with her Son—may she never cease to beg from Him that a continuous, copious flow of graces may pass from its glorious Head into all the members of the Mystical Body. May she throw about the Church today, as in times gone by, the mantle of her protection and obtain from God that now at last the Church and all mankind may enjoy more peaceful days.

Pius XII.

The Need for Ownership

The redemption of the non-owning workers—this is the goal which Our Predecessor (Leo XIII) declared must be necessarily sought. And the point is to be more emphatically asserted . . . because the commands of the Pontiff . . . were deliberately suppressed by silence or thought impracticable, although they both can and ought to be put into effect.

"And these commands have not lost their force and wisdom for our time because that 'pauperism' which Leo XIII beheld in all its horror is less widespread. Certainly the condition of the workers has been improved and made more equitable. . . . But since manufacturing and industry have so rapidly pervaded and occupied countless regions, not only in the countries called new, but also in the realms of the Far East that have been civilized from antiquity, the number of the non-owning, working poor has increased enormously, and their groans cry to God from the earth.

"Added to them is the huge army of rural wage-workers, pushed to the lowest level of existence and deprived of all hope of ever acquiring 'some property in land,' and, therefore, bound to the status of non-owning worker unless suitable and effective remedies are applied.

" . . . The immense multitude of non-owning workers on the one hand and the enormous riches of certain very wealthy men on the other establish an unanswerable argument that the riches which are so abundantly produced in our age of 'industrialism' are not rightly distributed and equitably made available to the various classes of the people." (Pius XI, Quadragesimo Anno.)

And for Our Absent Brethren

By Dorothy Day

Long Island.

Here in the country seven o'clock in the evening seems very late. It is pitch black outside and there is not a sound to be heard save the far-off whistle of a train, or perhaps some airplanes, or a car on the road. Some nights the wind is high and the maples outside my window bend in the blast and in my imagination I can almost hear the boom of breakers, the roar of the sea eight miles away. It is good to live on an island, even though you are in the middle of it and the beloved sea is eight miles away on either side.

Evening Prayer

"They are saying compline now in New York," I think to myself up in the dining room of St. Joseph's House, and I can almost smell the remains of the dinner, and the hot smell of dish water, and hear the swish of the mop as Chu or Joe or Shorty clean up.

A house of hospitality is a family, and as such is a small community. Chu did not join us in the rosary. Joe always did, and Shorty needs to be reminded. Compline afterward ends with:

"May the peace of the Lord be always with you."

"And with our absent brethren."

Wherever They May Be

And we all think of Joe and Gerry, in Lebanon or North Africa or Egypt, and Jim O'Gara and Tom Sullivan may be on the Gilbert Islands now, and Arthur Ronz in India, and Jack English on a bomber (we have not heard from him for months), and Ossie Bondy and Mary Powers and Bob and Mary Walsh and Jim Quinn in England. We think of those at the ends of the world first, and then we think of those in the conscientious objector camps—Dwight and Jim Rogan and John Doeble, Ray Pierchalski, and all the rest at the Alexian Brothers Hospital and Rosewood Training School for the feeble-minded and imbecile and all the other camps around the country; and Jack Thornton and John Brennan and Martie Paul and John Cogley, Hoosag Gregory and Curt Watson, somewhere in army and navy camps around the U. S. And those in jail who have either rejected conscription completely or whose status as c. o.'s had not been approved.

I have more time, down here in the country, to think and to pray, so my mind keeps searching out, thinking of this one and that; Private Welch from Erie, who came in so many times last summer to help us mail out the paper and clean beds; Jim Doerner, also in the army, from St. Cloud, and his eighteen-year-old brother, a red-head, hitchhiking around the country before he was inducted, and Norman Hawkins, discharged after service in North Africa—and oh, all our readers who write to us from all over the world—all members of the Catholic Worker community, as I myself am and always shall be.

Yes, I have time down here in the country, and that is what I came down here for, to have time to gather together and hold in my prayers all these members of our family, all these dear to us.

"God, give them peace!"

Their Message Gleams

It is one way to pray for peace, to ask for peace in the hearts of each one of us. When I say the Office each day, and I say it with the remembrance of the words of Pius XI, calling for "an active participation of the lay people in all the public and solemn prayers of the Church," there are many verses in the psalms that stand out like stars on a frosty night.

"There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any harm come nigh thy dwelling." That dwelling may be a tent in Africa or India, or a tree in the Islands.

But there can be fortitude and peace of heart there.

I remember once seeing a man on our Mott Street headline, reading the New Testament. That man was at peace. God with him, he was not a poor man.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee." This verse I do not like to say. All I can think of is the ghastly loneliness of standing unharmed in the midst of ten thousand slain. No, "Let us die together," St. Peter said.

Of Loneliness

Loneliness! I think of that, too—of the loneliness of those far away, of the loneliness of each one of us, whether we are in a Catholic Worker kitchen, or breadline or office, my own loneliness here so far away in the blackness of a wintry night, with storm in the trees.

And then I think of those in jail, Hazen Ordway, Harold Keane, John Powers (who wrote Day and Night in the County Jail); Stanley Murphy and Louis Taylor. And always I remember the blackness of the six-



I AM THE
IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION

teen days I spent in jail in Virginia for picketing the White House so many years ago. I think of my sister-in-law's sister, Paula, who was in jail for sixty days in Los Angeles. (She was one of the leaders in a clothing strike). She agrees with me that no one ever forgets the horrors and the miseries, and the loneliness of jail.

"And with our absent brethren!" I, too, am one of the absent brethren these days.

But there is not much time to be lonely.

Those Who Suffer

Jail and concentration camps. How many thousands are spending endless nights and days there? Refugee camps—where are the homeless of Berlin and Hamburg spending these winter nights? What are they eating in Europe, and how many are dying in Calcutta?

What of Fr. Don Hessler—one of our own from Maryknoll, whose parents gave us our Michigan Farm—what is he doing in the Stanley concentration camp at Hongkong? God be with him and all the other missionaries, too, throughout the world. And the priests at home—

So they file past my mind's eye, as I kneel in the chapel of the convent next door. To be in the country, miles away from associates, living next to a chapel, rising at 5:30 for Mass and going

to bed at 9:30, keeping to a routine of prayer, meditation, study, spiritual reading and writing, is to lead a full life. The days are never long enough. There are meals to prepare, wheat to grind for bread, sewing, washing and cleaning.

St. Rose's Community

Though there are hours of solitude, the solitude is only comparative. There are neighbors, of course, in the guest house where I am staying, three others besides myself. There are about twenty-five nuns in the convent, young and old, and there are five teaching at the parochial school in the village, two and a half miles away. The convent and the guest house are being made over to be used as a convalescent home. The others in the guest house eat in the convent. I am the only one living apart, hermit-like. There are eight children boarding in the convent, which used to be an industrial school for girls, and on the hundred or more acres there are five farmers, living in various out-buildings, but eating together in the main building.

Sometimes I do not exchange a word with any of these, my neighbors, and other times one or another of them is chatty. Then, too, half a mile away, there is Teresa, studying at the State School of Applied Agriculture. I can visit her often, but her hours are pretty well crowded with studies and with classes and barn duties so that it is only on Sunday that she is at leisure, and an occasional Saturday afternoon.

An Exceptional School

It is a pity that more Catholics throughout the country do not know about this school. I shall write to Monsignor Ligutti about it so that he can carry an article in his quarterly, Land and Home. I shall write also to the Commonwealth so that their readers may learn of this exceptional school.

There are no Catholic agricultural schools in the United States, and Peter Maurin has long urged his Salesian friends to start them. A great many of the State schools of agriculture deal with thousands of students and teach agriculture as a business. At Farmingdale, Long Island, however, there is not only class work and laboratory work, but there are months of practical barn experience and outdoor work.

The school accommodates about 400, but on account of the war there are only about 150 students. There are about fifteen girls and additional young women have been studying all summer who are part of the Land Army or Crop Corps.

Animal Care

Barn duty starts with the first day of school, and students have to get up at 5 or 5:30 and show up in the blackness of early morning at the cow barn, the horse barn, the chicken coops, the pig pens. For the first two weeks Teresa was in the bull barn, where they also keep the calves. There were blisters on her hands from using a barn brush and cleaning up the place. Maureen, her roommate, was put in the horse barn, and had to get into the stalls with the huge draft horses to curry them. This is no place for those who do not care for farm animals.

Farm practice means going out into the fields and gathering potatoes, or cutting cabbages, or unloading trucks of feed, picking apples, or making crates. Farm carpentry is taught, too, and in the horticultural courses you can see the girls high in the trees, pruning along the roadside.

Diverse Training

There are sheep and rabbits and bees, and for the most part

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"Gospel of Peace"

By Father John J. Hugo

In an age in which "men have fallen away miserably from Jesus Christ" and "the habit of life which can be called really Christian has in great measure disappeared" (*Ubi Arcano Dei*), it is a certain truth that there will be no real or lasting peace until men (including Christians) are inwardly renewed and turn to the Lord with all their hearts. How far from truth or realistic procedure are those organizations, whether Catholic or not, which think that by any human means, or by any measures other than interior conversion and the weapons of the spirit, they will be able to bring genuine peace into this hate-filled, war-torn world.

St. Thomas relates peace to the supernatural virtue of *charity*, of which, he says, it is one of the acts. It is not then an effect of natural justice; and this virtue, although important and necessary, could never bring into being a good that belongs to an altogether different and higher order; any more than an animal brain, however perfect, could write a poem or a symphony. Accordingly, even though all nations and peoples might be brought together in an order of justice, this would still not be able to secure a genuine Christian peace. (Let it be noted, however, that such a possibility is only hypothetical; in practice, it is impossible to have an order of justice without charity.) Only the order of charity, of love, can bring peace.

A Basic Misconception

Here, again, is revealed a basic misconception that nullifies most peace efforts before they have begun. Outside the Church, even the most idealistic peace endeavors scarcely aim higher than justice. Among Catholics, too, we hear far too much about justice, and far too little about charity, especially about the practical means of increasing charity in the world. If, however, we make the mistake of imagining that natural justice is a proportionate means for attaining supernatural peace, this can be only because we have here also neglected the explicit teaching of the Holy See, which has made St. Thomas's teaching its own: "The Angelic Doctor expresses it most aptly, as is his wont, saying that peace, true peace, is a thing rather of charity than of justice. . . . Peace itself is really and specifically an act of charity." (*Ubi Arcano Dei*).

To obtain peace we must work for a Christian, supernatural order of charity. We must labor for the establishment of the kingdom of God upon earth. Justice at best, as St. Thomas and Pope Pius XI also teach, can aid in bringing about peace only indirectly, by removing obstacles that stand in the way—for example, the exploitation of one nation by another, or the violation of rights. Charity, however, produces peace directly and of itself. The state of world peace depends on the amount of the world's charity. Apparently there is less charity in the world at present than even the Jeremiahs would like to admit.

Practical Conclusion

The practical conclusion should be obvious: If we are in earnest in our desire for peace, we must set about, not training diplomats or arranging world conferences, but perfecting the spiritual means that have been given into our hands by God to increase the divine life of grace in the world. We must break down the spiritual barriers, erected by ourselves, which prevent the souls of men from being flooded by that special love which is called charity. For it must be kept in mind that supernatural love is no mere activity of the

will, not a sentiment that proceeds from the human heart. It is divine grace operating in the heart and will. It is not to be brought into the soul, or into society, by refining the affections or educating the sentiments, but by obtaining larger and larger quantities of grace.

The task that confronts Christians is to beget "by the word of God" the divine life of grace in those souls who lie in death; to revive this life in those who have lost it; and, first of all, to stir it up, nourish, and increase it in those in whom it has still not grown to the maturity of holiness or in whom, through neglect, it has remained inoperative and stifled tepidity and indifference.

There is no other way. You may call as many meetings as you like. You may write as many books as you like. You may by diplomacy secure the interest and good will of as many statesmen as you like. All this will be quite useless if you neglect first to set about bringing into souls, through purely supernatural means, new increases of grace and charity.

How disheartening is it to see in the papers day after day accounts of how Catholic writers and spokesmen and conventioners call on the nations of the



world or their leaders to do this or that, to adopt this program, or to subscribe to that principle. It is for the See of St. Peter, indeed, to dictate peace terms even to the princes of the world. But for the rest of us, how idle is it to address pretentious counsels to the great of this world, who will pay no attention to us, or even know that we have spoken, while at the same time we neglect the work that is close at hand, the work that is first and most important, the work that is particularly ours as Christians and which even the humblest can engage in at once: the work of converting hearts, beginning with our own. When you hear of a group of Christians, or a Catholic peace organization, taking up in earnest the insistent demand of the Holy Fathers for spiritual renewal, and outlining a program of spiritual and supernatural activity designed to carry men forward to holiness—a program to whose acceptance it pledges first of all its own members, and not the heads of states—then you will know that peace, true peace, the peace of Christ, has begun its long delayed conquest of this troubled world.

Vain Hope

How vain is the hope of those who think to obtain peace by armies and the use of force. Surely their confidence cannot be said to have a basis in Catholic doctrine, even though it is frequently entertained by Catholics. "Some put their hope in chariots, others in steeds,

But we in the name of the Lord Our God.

They are entangled and fall, But we arise and hold ourselves erect. . . ." (Ps. 19, 8-9)

"To hope," writes Pope Pius XII, "for a decisive change exclusively from the shock of war and its final issue is idle, as experience shows. . . . No, Venerable Brethren, safety does not come to

peoples from external means, from the sword, which can impose conditions of peace but does not create peace. Forces that are to renew the face of the earth should proceed from within, from the spirit."

The principles we have here described compel us to go further. There is an insistent demand from many Catholic quarters that the Holy Father be included in the conferences that frame the conditions of peace; that he has been ignored in the past is held responsible for the fact that we do not have a Christian peace in the world. But how vain also is the hope to have a Christian peace simply by securing the Pope's presence at the peace conferences. Were we to succeed, by agitation, in having the pope present and even presiding at these conferences, our triumph would be only apparent and in fact delusive, unless there were in the souls of men that charity which alone can give a foundation of reality to Christian peace. Even a Christian peace is no good if it is written on paper only and not in the hearts of Christians; or if it is agreed to by men who do not actually represent the souls and sentiments of the peoples for whom they claim to speak. Pope Pius XI declared as much when he said: "When, therefore, States and peoples shall hold it as their sacred solemn duty, in home and foreign affairs, to obey the teachings and precepts of Jesus Christ, then at length they will enjoy good peace among themselves, there will be mutual trust, and they will be able to settle peacefully any controversies that may arise." (*Ubi Arcano Dei*)

Wasted Time

We are wasting our time as well as proving faithless to our essential duty as Christians when we demand a place for Catholic representatives and Christian principles at peace treaties, while in the meantime neglecting to dispose our spiritual resources for creating the conditions which are necessary to establish genuine, interior, supernatural peace. If we leave the generals to win the peace, it is to be expected that they will demand to fix its conditions. It is we Christians who should create the peace; and it is we alone who can do it. And then, having accepted our responsibility, may we fittingly demand a place for our representatives at the conferences. No doubt the Pope, simply as Christ's vicar, and independently of the suffrages of his children, has the right to state the terms of a just and Christian peace. It is nevertheless up to us, his children, to establish within our souls those spiritual conditions which alone can make the Holy Father's affirmations and rulings a reality, and not merely the description of a remote ideal. He does not depend on our suffrage; and yet the quality of our lives, and not his pen or his presence at world parleys, give solidity and truth to the establishment of Christian peace.

Dorothy Day

(Continued from page 2)

the professors are teaching the students how to live and work on the family-sized farm. At assembly once a week the students sing folk songs and hymns, and when I went there for dinner on Thanksgiving Day one of the professors said grace while all the students stood.

Yes, it is a healthy atmosphere, there at the school, and those of our readers who are interested and wish to learn more of it may write to the school at Farmingdale, Long Island, and get the catalogue. For those living in New York State the tuition is free, and the board is something like \$135 a term. It is a two-year course, six months of which is given to paid work on a farm. There are also many short courses offered.

Dear Editors:—

By Bon Mott

Nothing could be better than the announcement of a new Catholic Worker baby to start off a new column, and here it is. An attractive little folder from Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, Avon, Ohio: "Announcing the Birth of Helen Marie Gauchat on November 17, 1943. Baptized on November 28, 1943. Dorothy and Bill." Congratulations, Dorothy and Bill, and may God bless you with many more like her. (But not all girls!)

Elizabeth Cuda writes that she is now at Mills College, Oakland, Calif., studying child care and development, prior to becoming a nursery school teacher.

John Fleming, director of St. Anthony's Center, reminds me that he will need candy and toys for the Christmas party for his boys. He hopes that the friends who have been generous in the past will not forget the boys this year. The Christmas party will be some consolation for the loss of the camp on Staten Island. (The story of the camp's destruction by fire is printed elsewhere in this issue.) The center is located at 105 East 119th Street, New York.

From Juneau, Alaska, Robert Thibodeau writes: "I have been reading the Catholic Worker for the past six months. Lately I have been reading and studying the pamphlets of Father Hugo. Needless to say, I have been deeply impressed. Although I am a product of a Catholic educational system, I did not understand and did not realize the extreme importance of the Way of Christ, or His Kingdom. Although I have made a study of the world's problems, especially in the international and the family

spheres, I had almost given up the studies as an insurmountable problem until I read your articles. I did not realize that the solution lies with Christ and His Gospel."

Beautiful drawings of birds and flowers, done in crayon and watercolor, decorate the letters of Mrs. Bertha Mitchell, of Multnomah, Ore., and Bon Mott, who is an unregenerate sentimentalist, is always delighted to see them. The drawings go far down toward the center of the page, and Mrs. Mitchell types around them. Here is a paragraph that begins right under three bluebirds sitting on a red-flowered branch: "If any of you folks from Mott Street ever come out to the West Coast, why we have a spare room ready for any who come, and you will be welcome to stay as long as you wish, everything belonging to our home life freely bestowed upon whoever comes. Both my sons are with me, and of course we are C. O.'s. I am on the shining side of 68 years, living in that Light that grows brighter and brighter!

"We read every word in the Catholic Worker and appreciate greatly all of Rev. John Hugo's booklets. Not only appreciating them, but causing our Christian experience to progress on the same lines to ultimate perfection. . . . At first I found it difficult to read the books because of having been born and raised a Protestant, but my sons and I have seen the wrong in the division of Christ's Church, and are just Christian, neither Catholic nor Protestant."

That's all for this month. If you want to help keep this column going, you'll have to send bigger and better letters.

What's the good word?

All These Things

Mrs. Jones, of Ashtabula, wonders why her change of address has not been taken care of . . .

Hungry men crowd our yard. They peer through the window into this office, envying the comfortable life of its occupant. Soon they will go upstairs to the dining room, twenty-four at a time, for soup and bread.

Interruption

Shorty Smith, who would be called a major domo or some such title if this were a fashionable establishment, comes down to tell me there is not enough bread. Jacob Locker, who brings us the grand pumpnickel from Orchard Street, has not been here today. Everyone is busy, so I must run around the corner and buy some long Italian loaves.

That's soon done, and, now perhaps I can finish the work on today's mail. But here's Joe Clemens, from the front office, wanting to know how soon those appeal letters will be ready. His helpers are waiting for them. The last batch are all folded and inserted in envelopes. So the men in the yard peer through the window and see me turning the handle of the mimeograph.

Tribulation

But the mimeograph does not go on uninterrupted for very long. The men who have eaten come downstairs, and one of them knocks on the door. He needs an overcoat, but today I have no overcoats. A sweater, maybe, or anything at all to give a little warmth. The best I can do is a vest, and another short coat to wear over the one he has. For that little help he is grateful, but I have an uncomfortable feeling of inadequacy.

Another man follows on his heels. He is going to ship out on a railroad job. His shoes are in tatters. He is in luck. Someone has sent in a fine pair of heavy brogans, and they fit him. He says he will be able to ship

out now, for sure, "thank God, so I can get away from this damn Bowery."

Mortification

The next visitor is Catherine, who lives at the Salvation Army shelter. She needs shoes. So does the Negro girl who is with her. Well, there is a large carton of good women's shoes sent to us by the kind and generous Maryknoll Sisters. Sensible, low-heeled ones, a Godsend to the women who come to us. Catherine and the girl start trying them on. The girl, asking me a question, addresses me as "father." I tell her I am not a "father." "What is you then, a brother?" "No, just a layman," I start to say, but Catherine interrupts. "You're a priest that has been silenced," she asserts. For a second or two, I am speechless, wondering whether I hear her aright. But that's what she said. "A priest that's been silenced." I assure her that the highest ecclesiastical station I ever reached was that of altar-boy, except for one month as a sacristan, but she does not look convinced. "What ever gave you that idea?" I ask. "That's what they all say about you." What price gossip.

Invocation

Now "Deacon" Wilson comes in, wanting to know what I need from the butcher for dinner, so there's a phone call to make to find out what the butcher has. The phone is in the front office, and the front office is a beehive today, busy mailing the appeal, and Father Duffy and Joe Clemens are trying to get caught up with the many changes of address. Now we appreciate what a wonderful job Charley O'Rourke did when he was here, keeping that job of filing up to date, and we all pray for his speedy recovery.

Those files! I look at them (Continued on page 6)

CULT

The Liturgy in the Post-War World

By Liam Brophy, B.Ph. (Louvain)

IT WAS to counteract the spirit of hatred, subjectivism and selfish materialism which followed in the wake of the last World War that Romano Guardini aroused in the youth of Germany a keen interest in the Church's ritual, and so became the chief initiator of the widespread Liturgical Movement. Though an Italian by birth, having been born in Verona in 1885, Guardini has passed the greater part of his scholarly career in Germany, and has written in German those books, which have become as famous for their depth of philosophical thought as for their grace and dignity of style. His best known book is *The Spirit of the Liturgy* (Tr. from *Der Geist der Liturgie*, Sheed and Ward 1929) wherein he reveals the place of the Liturgy in a post-war world. An examination of his teaching will convince us that the Liturgy must play a very important part in the remoulding of social life in the distracted years which will follow the present conflict.

An Entire Spiritual World

Guardini meets the attacks of the utilitarian and mundane in a masterly fashion. Such people, he asserts, "incline to regard it (the Liturgy) to a certain extent aimless, as superfluous pageantry of a needless complicated and artificial character. . . . The Liturgy tends to strike people of this turn of mind as—to use the words which are really most appropriate—trifling and theatrical." Those who seek a deliberate and detailed plan of instruction therein will be disappointed, for the Liturgy is no formal code of instruction, but rather a book in the sense in which the poets have regarded Nature as a book. It is an entire spiritual world in which the soul can live according to the requirements of its nature, where it can wander about at will and develop itself as the body is developed among the fields and hills. In reply to those who look upon the Liturgy as "aimless" he pointed out the example of the flaming Cherubim—"the living

image of the Liturgy"—and all the angels who "without a purpose and as the Spirit stirs them, move before God."

In the earthly order of things he directs our attention to two phenomena which tend in the same direction—the play of a child and the creation of an artist. Neither have any didactic aim, but pour themselves out in play or creative work in a spirit of joy. The Liturgy helps man to become a child in the sense in which the Divine Master wished all His followers to become, and makes of him an artist in giving him the forms wherewith to clothe and shape his prayer in the most beautiful manner. "To be at play, or to fashion a work of art in God's sight—not tolerate but to exist—such is the essence of the Liturgy." The joyous "playfulness" of the Liturgy may be compared to that of David when he danced before the Ark, though it is not improbable that he had to endure the taunts and ridicule of the grave and utilitarian Michal!

All Creation Reflects God

Another great contributor to the Liturgical Movement is Dietrich von Hildebrand. Unlike Fr. Guardini, he is a convert, though like him he is a philosopher. The opening of his book *Liturgy and Personality* (*Liturgie und Persönlichkeit*) might be taken as an overture to the work of this brilliant Platonist: "The meaning of all creation is to image God, and give Him glory. . . . All things, good and beautiful, all things that have any value are a reflection of the eternal Light, giving in some special manner an image of God . . . but man alone can and should consciously make of his life an answer to God's infinite glory. He should reply adequately to every value which is a reflection of the Divine."

It is sometimes asserted, even by Catholics, that the Liturgy belongs to the Middle Ages, that it was appropriately suited to those ages of color and grace, to leisurely living and the child-like delight in pageantry of those Ages of Faith, but that it is out of place in the modern world, so practical and unwisely sane. But the Liturgy, like great literature, belongs not to an age but to all time. This "masterpiece of the Holy Spirit," as Dom Lefebvre has well said, is the one universal prayer as fitted to the modern soul as to the soul of earlier times. We may accept Pascal's word for it that man is the same in all ages. The modern world but presents old problems and difficulties to him in another guise than it did in former times: but his spiritual needs are the same. He finds the Lord's Prayer as apt to express those needs as did the fishermen of Galilee some two thousand years ago.

Antidote to Selfishness

One of the curses of modern times is selfishness, and its fons et origo are to be found in the

Reformation. That egotism, of which one manifestation was the right of private judgment in religion, of unopposed Liberalism in politics and the mental suicide of idealism in philosophy, has brought on Europe the horrors of countless wars. Against that deeply imbedded spirit of selfishness of the modern mind the Liturgy forms the ideal antidote. Its very comprehensiveness precludes men from remaining in selfish isolation, for it is before all a social work. "Public worship," said Pope Pius X, "is the primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit, and the faithful will be filled with this spirit in proportion as they actively participate in the Sacred Mysteries and in the public and solemn prayers of the Church."

Consequences of Revolt

The Reformation revolted against the beauty of the Liturgy. It emptied its vast storehouse of symbolism and thereby denied that fundamental desire of men for ritual and ceremony. As a consequence the world was to witness that desire running in strange and perverted channels when it was denied outlet in the purposeful and significant symbolism of the Church. It has issued forth as the cult of Congo fetishism, in hysterical surrealism and the fanaticism of the ugly in art, in the rise of strange sects with elaborate extravaganzas of rites. A return to the spirit of the Liturgy would rid the modern world of much of its hideousness and mental unhealthiness.

A Unifying Force

The Liturgy will form one of the most potent means of knitting together the torn fabric of society after the war. Like all great art—for it is an art—it can be understood by everyone, and has a message for each one according to his capacity for understanding the truth behind the symbol. There is scarcely another agent which can so securely draw all classes together. But even outside the True Faith itself there are not wanting signs that non-Catholics are being drawn into the Church by its splendor. Peering into the church they indeed see the main altar adorned as a bride. With the progress of time they have been induced to pass the threshold into the Church. In the post-war world men will hunger even more after beauty and truth and calm, certitude, for a life of spiritual grandeur after such horror and ugliness. In the Liturgy they will discover the satisfying of these needs.

THIS IS THE WILL OF GOD: YOUR PERFECTION, by Rev. John J. Hugo.

The general consensus of opinion among the editors of the *CATHOLIC WORKER* is that this is perhaps the best of all of Father Hugo's pamphlets to be printed so far. Please note, however, that all orders (or inquiries as to price, which we regret very much we are unable to supply), should be sent to the publishers: **OUR SUNDAY VISITOR PRESS, Huntington, Indiana.**

"What is to be said when we are face to face with the stories of brothers killing brothers, which are daily being told? Above the bond of humanity and fatherland there is a brotherhood which is an infinitely more sacred and more precious brotherhood, which makes us one in Christ, our Redeemer, in the sonship of the Catholic Church, which is the Mystical Body of Christ Himself, the treasury and fullness of all that our Redemption has brought us."—Pius XI.

Peter Maurin has been talking of the necessity of a Christian synthesis. True culture must be rooted in only in a society which gives to culture in man's life. These pages are dedicated to synthesis.

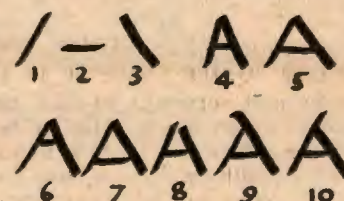
Writing

IV

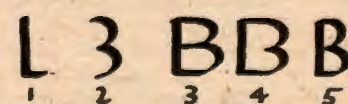
By ADE de BETHUNE

LAST month I promised that the next thing we would take up would be the letters of the alphabet and what is the special character of each letter that makes it different from all the others so that it can never be confused with any other letter.

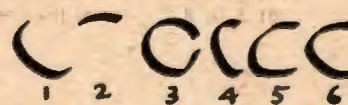
The character or the form of A is to be an angle pointed up, like a little tent or a compass, with a little horizontal bar in the middle. When we write a lot we make thousands of A's. Some of them are fat and others skinny, some of them come out straight and some crooked. Sometimes we put the middle bar quite high, sometimes in the middle, sometimes it happens to fall low. That's all right. Each A will be different, but yet they will each be a real A as long as we had in our mind the idea of making a real A. For instance, even though now and then my hand may well happen to put the middle bar of the A much too low, it will not be too bad, as long as I intended generally to put it in the middle, and as long as I do put it somewhere near the middle most of the time.



An occasional fall from the ideal of Christian virtue will not spoil my whole life, as long as I do aim for virtue most of the time and as long as I acknowledge it to be my model. But the real trouble comes when I am satisfied at having departed from Christ; when I consider my departure as an improvement upon the original model, and when I take my departure (or, anyone else's departure) as the model for my actions. It is the same with the letter A.



B is like the figures 1 and 3 tied together (1 and 2). In making B, avoid making it too wide (3 and 4), as B is a narrow letter (5); making the top belly much bigger (6) or much smaller (7) than the bottom one; making them slanted (8) or droopy (9) or squarish (10) instead of being full and round (5).

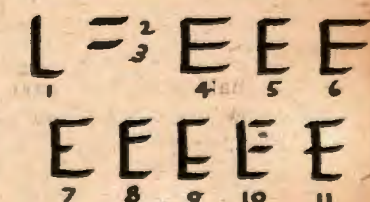


The letter C is like a crescent moon. The first stroke is like a sloping crescent (1). The second stroke is a slightly curved top to finish it off (2). Avoid making C too closed (3) as that would make it look like an incomplete O. The more open your C's are, the better, and the more charac-



teristic they will be. Avoid also making it too narrow (4), as it is a full, wide letter. But avoid especially making it slope forward (5) as that makes it heavy and square bottomed; instead C should slope back if anything and touch the bottom line just lightly (6).

D is like half of B, or like a pole with one big belly. To begin with, make an L stroke (1), straight down and sideways. Then go up to the top again and round out a nice full belly (2) down to the end of the L. Avoid making D too narrow (3); it is also a good wide letter. Avoid making the belly slanted (4) or slouchy (5) or squarish (6).



E is like an L with two little cross bars, one at the top and the other in the middle. The first stroke is exactly like an L

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TURE

CULTIVATION

and writing for many years about the
is of Cult, Culture and Cultivation.
our religious cult. It will flourish
cultivation of the land its proper place
dedicated to the development of that



(1). The second stroke is the top bar (2); the third stroke the middle bar (3). Be sure you follow the proper order of strokes in making the E. It is a great temptation not to do so at first. Avoid making E too wide (4), as it is a narrow letter (5). Avoid also making the cross bars much wider (6) than the L stroke, or making the second cross bar too small and insignificant (7). Avoid also making the second cross bar too high (8) or too low (9). Be sure you do not leave empty spaces between the L and the two cross bars (10). If you cannot be accurate about it, then it is better to overlap them completely (11) as thus the character of the letter E is not lost.

1-FFFFF

F is like a key. It is an angle with a little cross bar. The first stroke is the angle (1). The second stroke is the cross bar (2). Avoid making F too wide (3), making the cross bar too high (4), and leaving an empty space between the first stroke and the cross bar (5). Again it is better to have the cross bar go clearly across the stem (6) than not to have it touch at all. The cross bar is best placed a hair below the middle (7), so that the F will not look like a bottomless E, which it is not, but rather like an F itself, different from any other letter in the alphabet.

1 2 3 4 5 6
7 8 9 10 11

G is like a sickle. The first stroke is like a slanted crescent (1), somewhat as in C. The second stroke is the top (2). The third stroke is the handle, or beard (3). The beard can be made long or short, or even very long. It should be made important (4) enough to clearly distinguish G from the letter C, which is beardless. So be sure you avoid making it too short (5) or too high (6). Avoid also making G too closed at the top (7) or too narrow (8) or sloping forward with a square bottom (9) or having the top either too short (10) or too long (11).

1 2 3 4 5

H is like a fence; like two poles and a cross bar. First you do the first pole, then the cross bar, then the second pole. A common fault in making H is to make it too narrow (1). Avoid this. H is a wide letter (2) and should breathe freely. Avoid also making the cross bar too high (3) or too low (4), or having it join the poles badly (5).
Next month we shall do the rest of the alphabet.

More "Folly"

[Bob Sukoski, of Alcuin Community, made not much more than passing mention of "Plowman's Folly" in his article in our October issue, in which he underlined the legitimate uses of the plow. The book has been reviewed by a number of writers who are trying to be farmers in their spare time. Bob reverses the situation.—THE EDITORS.]

By Bob Sukoski

Next Spring when I can kick up enough soil with the heel of my boot to cover a seed oat with crumbly ("friable" is the word) earth, it will be time to hitch up to the disk harrow, borrowed from a neighbor, and start trying some of Mr. Faulkner's methods. But back of his methods (for which the disk harrow is the tool until a better implement is developed) is his theory of soil-building; and many a book reviewer, many a writin' man, struck by the challenge in the tone and very title of this little book, which has got itself a featured article in The New Republic, an editorial in the New York Daily News and got its author an interview in the Herald Tribune—many a writin' man, I say, is going to scratch and churn the compost into his patch of Connecticut topsoil to settle with himself this arousement caused by Mr. Faulkner's soil-building and soil-feeding theories. This book might mean the end of the academic book review: starting next Spring, if we are to judge by the reception given the book, there will be dirt in the fingernails of many a critic rushing to get back to his "experimental" plot. Mr. Faulkner started something; the literary world moves 161 pages further from the city with "Plowman's Folly." It is a good thing, as Peter Maurin has been saying for many years, when the scholars become workers—and enjoy the process, besides.

Buried Compost Is Useless

The nub of "Plowman's Folly" is this: The disk harrow incorporates (mixes) the organic matter (compost, weeds, stubble) into the surface topsoil where the seed, the rootlet and the enlarging root system can feed on it. The moldboard plow, when it cuts and overturns the furrow slice, buries the organic matter beneath this furrow slice (which is from 3 to 8 inches thick), depending on the depth to which the plow is set, putting the organic matter (plant food) beyond the reach of the root-sprouting seed and the root system of the growing plant. Mr. Faulkner is telling us to keep the compost where it can be reached—not buried three to eight inches below the surface! Anyone who has got down on his knees to look at a sprouting wheat seed will appreciate a system of tillage that puts the food where that tiny, tender white

rootlet can get it without stretching. That stretch, it seems to me, marks the difference between a high, heavy, full-berried stand of wheat and a stunted, shrunken one.

Water Supply Blocked

Another charge against the moldboard plow: the plant food "plowed in" is not only beyond reach of the sprouting seeds and growing crop, but, in its position between the surface and the subsoil, acts as a "blotter," thus preventing the upward movement of water from the subsoil to its natural destination—the plant roots.

The plant needs water from two sources: that from above, rain or irrigation, and that from below, which rises through the force of capillarity. Explained and illustrated in our high-school physics class and forgotten by most of us, capillarity in a liquid is the force which draws the liquid down or up, depending on the nature of the liquid and the nature of the tube or "vein" containing the liquid. The nature of water is such that it wets the sides of the minute spaces or "veins" between the particles of earth and is thus drawn upward to the earth's surface. However, the organic matter "plowed in" halts and "blots up" this vertical movement of water up through the millions of water interstices or "water veins" of the soil, thus depriving the plant above this "blotter" of both its rightful water supply and the valuable natural chemicals carried in solution by this water.

Cause of Erosion

Organic matter in the topsoil, besides feeding the soil, has another function. Organic matter, fibrous and absorbent, acts as a reservoir—it "holds water," thus reducing or eliminating run-off, which is the birth of erosion and its bottom-land brother, flood.

The plants grown on Faulkner's experimental plots are healthy and heavy-bearing. They are insect- and disease-resistant. He uses no chemical fertilizers. He is waiting for agricultural experts, governmental and non-governmental, to check his findings and claims.

A Natural Synthesis

Those of us who have studied and experimented with the "biodynamics" of Ehrenfried Pfeiffer have no doubt that Mr. Faulkner's claims will be substantiated. The first chapter of Sir Albert Howard's "Agricultural Testament" might well be incorporated with "Plowman's Folly." Pfeiffer and Howard convinced me, adding another member to the growing guild of soil-builders. But Edward H. Faulkner, writing the shortest of the three outstanding books on the subject, makes the loudest protest against the stupidities of modern soil practices—it is fitting that an American should be the loudest in protest, for we, his fellow-Americans, have been in our time the greatest offenders against the rights of the life of the soil. There is an Old World proverb: Pride and ignorance grow on the same tree. In the name of record-breaking crop acreage we have plundered (all unknowing) the wealth of our soil. But it is by no means too late, says Mr. Faulkner cheerfully. "Man needs only to return to methods imitative of nature's own." Our prodigality has not damned us.

I'm staying on this silty clay loam of western Pennsylvania to apply those remedies. More than that: I'll match my 1944 oat crop with the yield of any soil-wise writin' man on the more populated side of the Allegheny Mountains.

A Farm In Ireland

IV

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY
IV.

When I was a boy I remember seeing the farmers putting lime on their fields. I often went with my father to the limekiln to get the lime. Some of it was used to whitewash all the buildings inside and out, but quite a bit of it was used on the land.

Chemical Fertilizers

The latter practice ceased, too, in more recent years, and the farmers instead went to the stores and got plentiful supplies of chemical fertilizers supposed to be the droppings of seagulls in far away islands or the ashes of animals' bones. That is what some of the farmers thought they were. In reality they are chemicals which do more harm than good to the land. They are neither kind, gentle nor natural to it. In the majority of instances, and especially in the instance of sulphate of ammonia, they are similar in action to a jag in the arm for a sick man. They give artificial, false stimulation for the time being, but they eventually destroy. Under their influence potatoes and other vegetables grow big and bloated, but lose their nutritive value. The land gets weary, sick and weedy and all sorts of disease and harmful bugs lurk and breed in it. Natural bacteria necessary for healthy soil are destroyed by them. There were few diseases of plants and cattle when I was young. There are scores of them now. I am firmly convinced that the reason is the use of chemical fertilizers, and the lack of lime, the natural purifier.

The Manure Pile

In conjunction with lime, the manure pile in the barnyard was the main source of fertilizer. There is nothing complicated or mysterious about the formation of a manure pile. If you have a horse, a few cows, some hens and pigs, and a little common sense, you will soon have a manure pile. It will absorb all the other things; ashes, coffee grounds, cabbage stalks, old leaves, etc., that you would naturally want to get out of sight. The place to put it is important. On our farm it was in front of the building which, divided into three compartments, was barn, byre (cow house) and stable. This building had a lean-to pigsty adjoining. On the opposite side of the barnyard were another pigsty and a chicken house. The manure pile was conveniently located between the two. There was nothing nauseous or objectionable about it or about cleaning the houses from which its contents came. We did not rush the manure out on the land the day it came from the animals' houses as if it were something to be gotten rid of as soon as possible lest it might offend squeamish eyes and noses that have gotten away from nature and that belong to people who know and care little about the nature of manure and the best way to prepare it for and apply it to the soil. It was a natural thing for a natural purpose. We treated it, and ourselves after contact with it, in a natural way.

Worked Into Soil

The pile began to grow each year when the cows were brought into the byre, or cowhouse, for the winter. It was well rotted by Spring and, therefore, in its best state for fertilizer. As soon

as the furrows or drills were opened (with a double moldboard plow) in the field for the potato crop, we began to put out the manure. It was forked into the cart drawn by the horse which was led carefully down one of the furrows, the cart wheels being in the other two. The manure was forked out again into little piles about twelve feet apart. Later it was spread in the furrows. The split seed potatoes were then "dropped" and the drills were closed with a double moldboard plow. The manure was also placed in the rows or drills where the turnip and mangold seeds were to be sown. The drills were closed on the manure and later the turnip and mangold seeds were sown in the drill above the manure.

Function of the Plow

Incidentally the field had been in oats the previous year. It had been plowed to a depth of about five inches, cross-plowed to the same depth and then cross-harrowed before opening the drill with the same plow to which another moldboard was added for drilling purposes. I never knew of a farmer who plowed deeper than four to six inches and who did not harrow and cross-harrow lea land that had been plowed for oats, and cross-plow and cross-harrow oat stubble land that had been plowed for potatoes. The rich top soil was not buried by the plow. It was loosened by it and later with plow and harrow made suitable for the reception of seed. Certain people who have suddenly discovered the villainy of the plow and the folly of the plowman should look elsewhere for the causes of soil troubles which they attribute to the plow. The latter can be and is abused, it is true, but it is folly to blame the plow for things that result from bad or no methods of soil conservation, slipshod, careless land cultivation land mining with tractors and the failure to rotate crops and to use natural soil purifiers and natural fertilizers in the proper manner.

Liquid Manure

Barnyard manure—there was always plenty of it—was used profusely in the cultivation of cabbage in the field and in the vegetable garden, for celery which needs plenty of it at its roots, for rhubarb, around the base of fruit trees after a few inches of earth were opened up (and later replaced), and of course, the cultivation of other vegetables. The liquid overflow from the manure pile was partly used in the vegetable garden on the portion under cultivation as well as on the lea or fallow portion. The rule of rotation and rest was also observed there.

Not enough use was made of the liquid manure, however. The overflow was drained off into the nearest field but it could have been drained into a tank set in the ground and transferred from there to the hay and pasture fields and spread evenly over them at an appropriate time by means of a cart drawn barrel with a spigot or plug and a perforated trough attachment.

Most of the farmers did not realize the rich fertilizing qualities of liquid manure although its visible effects on land to which it overflowed were plain to be seen.

Collectivism

Current papers and magazines are waxing eloquent on the Utopian promises of post-war reconstruction. The slogan of two chickens in every pot has been supplanted by the more extreme slogan of a helicopter in every backyard. These promises are the sugar-coating for free enterprise which is being sold to us by trade groups. Here on the desk are three magazines, each featuring one of these yarns. The head of the Chamber of Commerce has his bit in the Reader's Digest; there are pieces in Commonweal and Collier's.

We read also accounts of Communist domination or near domination of a few of the recent labor conventions. And we can hear the screaming against the "Proportional" Representation system of elections which has placed three communists in the City Council (of N. Y. C.). To date no one has seen fit to relate the collectivization of workers in efficient, modern industry and the collectivization promoted by the communists. Communist and Capitalist alike seem to be advocating the same things. While Eric Johnson and like people are selling the efficiency and benefits of mass-production methods, the Communists are advocating the speed-up system. It is significant then that one of our monstrous industrial corporations sponsored a radio program which opened with the "Internationale."

Industrial Army

The social minded have been for years critical of the large slum areas in our big cities. No surveys or figures are needed to prove that those who have suffered the privations of squalid tenements are the very workers (and their families) who comprise the industrial army, the American proletariat. In other words, the areas of great production are the worst areas for slums, sickness, vice and crime.

So, while we will continue to shout loudly against the Communist, the shouting is futile if, at the same time, we glorify the idea of the leisure state, glamorize the idea of women spending twelve hours a night in a factory, demand equal rights for men and women and glorify as modern efficiency the great soulless monsters of stone and steel built on the backs of men degraded and enslaved by the machine.

While the helicopter line is being handed down, new methods of efficiency in industry are the very means that will eliminate working men from the consumer list. The machine will continue to displace him and he will again be in that large army that cannot buy the glories being promised him, much less his bread and butter or the wherewithal to raise a family. The tendency to standardize wages is dangerously along its way. Whole industries, covering hundreds of thousands of workers in large areas are covered by one wage agreement. If the machine madness goes on at its present pace with the endorsement of all of us, then those displaced by machines will form a larger army than that of 1929-35 to be standardized, surveyed, questioned and fed by the State.

State Control

Housing projects are on the increase. They offer something better in the way of conveniences in the home. But they certainly lack in the freedom, the security and the props to a better life that comes from the private ownership of homes. When we look back at the propaganda given us from Berlin and Moscow, it is easy to recall the pictures and the literature showing the widespread development of State-owned houses. We seem to be following the same trend. The demigod knows well that he prefers the field of machine-ridden workers, non-owning tenants,

who easily become his prey because of the insecurity of the system that is now being sold.

The war has brought on a form of State allocation of work. Men and women fear to leave their jobs in war plants under the threat of not being employed at a paying position again for a period of 60 days. The effects of this compulsion has shown itself through strikes and discontent. Industrialists must be given their credit, however, for a lot of the opposition to total conscription of labor. They fully realize how little will be produced from State-regimented labor. If you remember, there are places on this globe where people have been shot for "sabotage" in the factories.

The willing and unwilling advocates of collectivism already have a good field in which to work. That field is the large non-owning tenement population in the big cities. And to give an idea as to the size of this population: About two-thirds of New York city's population live in what is called multiple dwellings. This two-thirds comprise 1,400,000 families (which will exceed 5,000,000 persons). These figures were revealed after the OPA registered the city's landlords. The same situation is duplicated in most of our cities in about the same proportion to population.

These Things

(Continued from page 3)

while I'm phoning the butcher, and I see a mountainous task confronting us. All those thousands of names on the index cards must be transferred to addressograph stencils very soon. Somehow it will be done, but just now I wonder how, and when.

Competition

What we are up against is two competing undertakings. On the one hand there is the paper, and with it the pamphlet publishing and mailing, which is a job requiring all the attention of a staff larger than the one we have. Then there is the House of Hospitality, serving hundreds of meals every day, and trying to furnish clothing for ragged, shivering men and women. They must be fed, and they must be clothed. Their immediate needs are paramount. Somehow, it is just impossible to sit and type addresses, or copy for the paper, while those needs cry for attention. Yet the typing and all the other work of the paper are an indispensable part of the whole; there would be no money for food, no packages of clothing coming in, if that part was not done.

Appreciation

Some how it all gets done, eventually, but never on time, and never to our satisfaction. Good helpers come to us, by the grace of God, and we are thankful for them. Men come to us for aid, and end up by helping us more than we help them. Just now, for instance, we have a truly fine cook who came in one evening last month, ill and cold. We put him to bed, and after he had rested a few days he began to show what he could do in the kitchen. What he can do is plenty. Joseph Birmingham is a real Down-Easter from the State of Maine. He is 72, but doesn't look it. He has cooked in some good hotels, and will probably go to one of them again some day. That will be a day of real regret for us. Just now he is something for me to be thankful for, because I don't have to spend any time in the kitchen while he is here.

Note to Mrs. Jones, of Ashitola: Your change of address will be taken care of, eventually. Please bear with us a little longer. All these things take time.

D. M.

Money and Morals

(Continued from page 1)

- is responsible for his acts and for the willed consequences of his acts.
- He is responsible for his deeds and for the quality of what his deeds effect.

In the Same Way

- The development of Christianity depends, in order to flourish, Christianity depends upon the highest possible development of human responsibility.
- A state in which human responsibility is denied or undeveloped or diminished is a state in which Christianity is denied or undeveloped or diminished.
- In the same way a state founded in what we call the factory system or industrialism is a state founded upon a way of living and working definitely incompatible with Christian morals.

The Factory System

- Either Christianity in such a state will languish and decay or industrialism will languish and decay.
- They cannot permanently exist together.
- The individual industrialist or factory owner or manufacturer and the individual factory hand may be Christians, good Christians, but only in as much as they repudiate the institution which they are perhaps powerless to resist or alter.
- The institution of industrialism, the factory system, cannot flourish, unless it is believed in and supported as today it is believed in and supported by both masters and men.

Personal Responsibility

- But it is impossible for the institution of industrialism to flourish and at the same time and place for Christianity to flourish.
- For at the root of Christianity is the notion of human free will and responsibility—the notion that human beings are responsible for what they do and for the intended results of their deeds.
- Things made for human use are the result of human actions.
- The factory hand is not responsible for what results from his obedience.

Such a Machine

- It takes they say eighteen men to mind the machine that makes a pin—not one of them can be blamed if it have no point.
- Such a machine makes good pointed pins if it is well designed—if it is designed so to do.
- If it is not designed to make pins with points

nothing that the men who mind it can do

- will give points to the pins turned out.
- The men who mind the machine are responsible for its well running.
- They are not in the least responsible for what it produces.

This Is Obvious

- Under such a system of industry there may be Christianity.
- But it is obviously Christianity undeveloped and diminished.
- For men are men all the time

- and not only in their spare time—the time when they are not at work—
- And a state in which men are fully responsible—and full responsibility obviously includes responsibility for what your deeds effect and for the quality both technical and pleasing of what your deeds effect—only when they are not working is a state in which Christianity and the Christian notion of human responsibility are undeveloped and diminished
- This is obvious.

Great Day for Psychiatrists

(Continued from page 1)

enough couldn't be stated about the rottenness of conditions in mental hospitals. Another woman asked us to denounce a Southern mental hospital where she had been forcibly sterilized. Another man complained that his mother had been left to die without the sacraments in a hospital in Ohio.

One person whom I know very well and who had been unfairly held in a mental hospital for six months showed me the notes he had taken down during that time. The reading of these notes convinced me that perhaps he had discovered something. I have been checking with persons who have been working in some of these institutions and their contention is that the facts in these notes probably are correct in their implications.

Because of the importance of the notes, I am going to quote them at length.

The notes begin thus: it is not a jail it is something far worse than any jail. It is as some of the patients call it "a banishing house" where persons who become nuisances to others are conveniently disposed of and in the case of some of them, silenced and effectively discredited by the stigma attached to that very convenient word—insanity.

"...the victims are in these places of detention in which it is taken for granted that they no longer have a mind and a soul. They are treated accordingly. They are legally dead and have no rights. Attempts on their parts to assert their rights or defend themselves, acts which are looked upon as normal in the outside world are classified as acts of violence and these bring further discredit and punishment. They have no redress and become taciturn, moody and bitter. To the doctors, these traits, a natural result of their treatment, are further proofs of their insanity and their position becomes hopeless."

The writer of the notes had considerable training in philosophy and he knew Catholic theology and he continued to analyze the situation among the patients in the light of the theology and philosophy.

Insanity, he said, literally means unhealthfulness or sickness. In its literal sense it is as applicable to the body as to the mind, which is a function of the soul, not an organ of the body.

The point he brings out here is that so many psychiatrists, tinged with materialism, confuse the mind and the brain and cause confusion by attributing causes which are spiritual to the physical brain and its sick state.

Physical ill-health, he goes on to state, results from malnutrition, abuse of food and drink and the use of harmful foods, drinks, flavorings and stimulants which starve and irritate the nervous system, the center and receiving point which is the brain. Because of the intimate relation and interdependence between the body and the soul the condition of the former reacts upon the mind. The sufferer knows he is sick, becomes worried over the fact, and thus makes himself

more sick. He loses his mental balance as a result of worry and suffering and inability to find a remedy.

In that state of mental anguish, irritation and despair, he may, if he is not strong willed and grounded strongly in religious truths attempt to take his life and end it all or he may be so distraught that he runs amok and in his distress or in a fit of anger and passion, the result of irritation, becomes violent to others or scares them by his strange behaviour. In either case his mental condition is the result of physical ill-health and the latter must be corrected before he regains his mental balance.

The relationship of food to the nervous system which the writer mentions could be matter enough for a number of articles. Studies made on the subject of pellagra and its relationship to the intelligence, studies made among African children and in our own country, show that children suffering from malnutrition are often accused of being subnormal mentally when all that is wrong is a bad diet. The marvelous power of milk to restore the health of these children and to free their intellectual powers is particularly noteworthy.

Another example taken from modern experiments seems to back up the findings of the writer of the notes on the mental hospital conditions. In the study of hormones, it was discovered that women who breast feed children do not have cancer of the breast. The circulation of the blood caused by the nursing drives away infection. Conversely, married women who do not nurse their babies often find their milk drying up with a consequent irritation of their nervous system and a tendency towards irritability. The old phrase, milk of human kindness, seems to have a deep meaning.

When we think of these things and consider the numbers of women and men grabbing hurried sandwiches in New York restaurants and making meals of coca-cola, denatured bread and embalmed meat, we know full well that the mental hospitals will never lack for patients.

The writer of the notes, considers the cases of those who lose their balance from spiritual conflicts, remorse of conscience, domestic difficulties, unhappy marriages, uncongenial employment, loneliness and the inability to achieve one's ambitions or to adjust one's self to life.

He says: in this case, the condition of the mind reacts upon the body and produces, in addition, physical ill-health. No doctor of medicine or any other physical agency can be of any help to people of this type. They need spiritual advice and a friendly hand to guide them through the slough of despond and to set them on the road to peace.

There is another type of individual, he continues, who is recklessly lacking in moral restraint and who has never been taught the necessity and practice

(Continued on page 7)

Hunger In India

(Continued from page 1)
sleeping places, begging stations in the hot sun and in the pouring rain.

Little Relief Available

"In the villages we have hundreds of poor, but, because of the flooded conditions of the countryside, they cannot get about so easily. In spite of the difficulty, however, they manage to find their way to the various missions. If they have no boat, they get a tub or a big clay pot, or a hollowed-out log, and paddle here and there in search of a bite. Yesterday our cook fixed up a good-sized pot of rice and took it out to the river bank. There were twenty-five in the group that finished it off in ten minutes. Half an hour later we were swarmed with people, for the word had gone around. If we had the wherewithal we could easily feed 2,000 a day in our food-line. The government is planning to open up a free kitchen this week in the nearby bazaar, but I am sure that will not lessen the number who come to us, for the free kitchen will feed only 250 daily.

No Medical Supplies

"Medical supplies are very hard to get. For the poor they are impossible. Consequently most of them suffer their many ills without let-up. The things they eat and the way they live make widespread disease a foregone conclusion, and there are no remedies to check it. Hence the high figures quoted in the newspapers for cholera, dysentery and typhoid. As for malaria, there is not a doctor in the neighborhood who has quinine, the specific for malaria.

"Though these conditions are inescapable here, thank God you do not have a similar situation in the States. You may have meatless days and rations of various kinds, but you don't have to see hundreds of hungry people tramping about the country. Too often they are spoken of as 'the masses,' and 'those natives,' or the 'Indian hordes.' But when you know them as individuals, a Ramendra, Abdual, Satish, and John, your next-door neighbors—then it is different. . . ."

It Is Not New

India's suffering shocks us, now that her devastating crisis holds our attention, but it is even more shocking to know that hunger and slow starvation are nothing new for millions of Indians. Of the vast majority of India's 400-million people we may say without exaggeration—THESE PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS HUNGRY!

DeWitt Mackenzie, Associated Press news analyst, in his book, "India's Problem Can Be Solved" (Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1943), tells us: "I think it will be well if I let one of India's great men introduce us to the hungry millions in India's little villages. I refer to Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the famous Liberal, who is playing a prominent part in India's crisis as this volume is being written. . . ."

(Here Mackenzie quotes 'Sir Tej Sapru.)

The Real India

"In order to understand the position," he said, "you must know that about 70 per cent of our 400,000,000 are dependent on agriculture and that the average farmer of our 700,000 little villages doesn't get enough to eat. You must see these villages to understand. You can't judge this country by those who live in western style.

"Some time ago several of my friends, including the late Lord Lothian, who died while serving as British Ambassador at Washington, expressed a desire to see something of village life. So I sent them out, without special guides in order that they might investigate after their own fashion. When they returned I

asked them what they had found and they replied: 'It's awful!'

"They had seen the farmer toiling ineffectually with antiquated methods on soil which was 'tired' from centuries of tillage. They had seen the little mud huts, dirty and without sanitation. They had seen naked children. And everywhere were signs of lack of food. . . ."

A Starving Population

Mackenzie continues:

"As Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru has told us, these people of the villages are always hungry. You can see it in their faces and spare bodies. Great numbers of them have only one meal a day, and that probably consists of gruel made from a little grain.

"Occasionally the family may be lucky enough to get hold of a fish, but neither fish nor flesh figures to any extent in their diet. They get a bit of bread and sometimes vegetables. In many parts of India rice is the mainstay. But always the story is the same—they rarely get enough to eat. Offer a peasant child some fruit or bread, and it will rush at it like a hungry wolf.

"Having said all this, it's hardly necessary to add that the villager's income is very tiny. F. R. Moraes and Robert Stimson, in their book, 'Introduction to India,' place the average annual income in India at eighty rupees, which is about \$26 in American money. That is approximately the figure which also was given to me as the income of a farmer during my investigation of village life."

Stark Horror

With such conditions prevailing in so-called "normal" times, what can we expect but stark horror when total famine strikes? And that is what we see, even through the very meager press reports that have been published. The New York Times, on October 24, said that some estimates of the weekly deaths from starvation in the one province of Bengal run as high as 10,000. The British Official New Agency, on October 10, said: "It is impossible to go from one place to another in famine-stricken Calcutta and Bengal without steeling oneself to the indescribable sight of men, women and children lying where they fell from starvation, either dead or too weak to utter a sound."

"The state of affairs would be bad enough if mounting deaths from starvation could be attributed to an 'Act of God,'" says David Anderson, writing for the New York Times from London (October 7). "But this time the crisis is clearly man-made, and it is no exaggeration to say that the British hold themselves responsible."

This crisis is undeniably man-made, and the responsible men must correct it. In truth, we are all responsible, and it is the duty of each of us to insist that our own government and the British government take immediate and adequate measures for relief.

Sing a song of six percent,
A Calvinistic ditty,
Of bankers' interest, stocks and bonds,
The lifeblood of a city.

But when the bombs had burst and burnt

And famine had its fling,

Wasn't that a lovely gift

To give to Christ the King.

A. T. S.

Christmas

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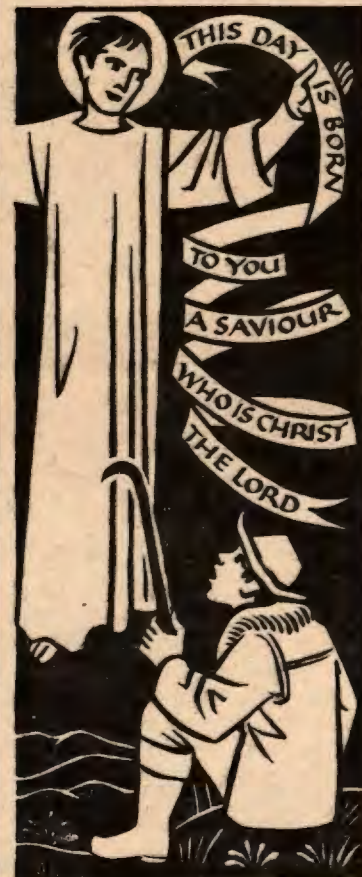
BOOK REVIEW

A BOOK OF UNLIKELY SAINTS, by Margaret T. Monro. Longmans, New York. Price, \$2.50.

This book is composed of short biographical sketches of as "unlikely" a group of saints as you will easily come by: St. Aloysius Gonzaga, St. Gemma Galgani, St. Rose of Lima, St. Therese of Lisieux and St. Benedict Joseph Labre (admirers of our own "Ben Joe" please take note!).

"Unlikely" these saints all are, in the sense that they were not any of them the sort of people you would normally expect to arrive at heroic sanctity. Nevertheless they became saints, and Miss Monro believes that each of them was raised up by God in order that they might carry to our own times a very special message and warning.

In painting their portraits she has drawn on the best available sources for her materials. But it is in her discussions of their "meaning" that she makes her greatest contribution. She writes extremely well, and she has a thoroughly Catholic mind. As an example of what she can do to



translate traditional Catholic teachings into language understood by the man on the street, take the following commentary lifted from her study of St. Rose of Lima:

"One of the great things which Christianity has contributed to human life is a method of moral detoxication. This method is penance. It operates, of course, within the sphere of the individual life; each of us has the duty of carrying out his own moral detoxication. But this is not enough of itself to keep society wholesome, if only because certain individuals fail to supply their individual share.

"Thanks, however, to the principle of solidarity, raised to a new vigor of organic life in the Body of Christ, it is possible for selected individuals (selected, that is, by God), to come to the help of the Body as a whole. . . . It is noteworthy that whenever the Body of Christ is wounded, whether by the malice of enemies or the infidelities of Christians, the immediate response is a new army of phagocytes, that is, of penitential Saints. . . ."

"To attempt social reform without this work of detoxication is to apply a bandage to a dirty wound: the wound cannot heal

Staten Island Camp Destroyed By Fire

John Fleming and the boys of St. Anthony's Center have been saddened by the destruction of our bungalow on Staten Island, which burned to the ground on the night of September 18. The boys have been camping there every summer for the past four years, but it looks now as though they will have no camp next summer.

John, who directs the activities of the boys at St. Anthony's center in Harlem, closed the camp on Labor Day, but as we had been unable to make the trip out there with the station wagon at that time all the things used by the boys were still there when the fire struck the bungalow, and everything was destroyed. There was much bedding, clothing, cots, tents, a new stove, and games that will be missed at the center this winter. These things were all the gifts of friends, with the exception of some blankets which belonged to the boys themselves, and can all be replaced in time, but the great loss is the bungalow itself. The bungalow was built on a lot owned by Teresa Batterham, and was a gift of a friend of the CATHOLIC WORKER. It has always been used as a summer camp for children from the crowded Harlem district, for whom it has truly been a God-send. John's boys find it hard to realize that their camp has gone up in smoke, and that it won't be there for them next summer. They are the ones who feel the loss.

until it has been rendered sterile. . . . Which sheds a bright light on the disappointing results of social reform in our own midst.

"Sin has to be expiated, not merely corrected. It is not enough to do better next time: there is a hangover from the first time, an injury to the tissues of the soul which vitiates the attempt at doing right. Our own reform effort, though noble in intention, has been largely stultified for want of penance. That means that the original evil is still at work as an irritant.

"As an example, the poor have neither forgotten nor forgiven the wrongs they endured a hundred years ago, before the first factory acts. Even worse, they have been themselves infected by the materialistic ideals invoked to justify those wrongs: the falsehoods which bred industrialism are also breeding the revolt against it. And men are hardened in these bad attitudes (in greed, envy and the love of power), by the lack of any real penitence on the part of the wrong-doing classes, and by a very clear perception that much of the reform granted has had its motive simply in fear and a desire to hold on to the loot. . . ."

"It is a wound in the very entrails of society, and one that needs not simply to be bandaged but to be sterilized. And the only sterilizing agent is penance. Until penance is supplied, and on a scale commensurate with the original wrong, our wounds will be perpetually reinfected by the irritant of unexpiated sin."

UNLIKELY SAINTS is full of startling insights that overwhelm us like a drenching of ice-water on a windy day. We think no one will be able to read it without being affected, and it is hard to imagine anyone affected by it except for the better.

We urge all our readers who are responsible for the selection of books for libraries and reading circles, that they put Margaret Monro's UNLIKELY SAINTS at the top of their own priority lists!

Psychiatrists

(Continued from page 6)

of self-control and discipline. In many cases, such people bring mental derangement upon themselves. They are creatures of uncontrolled and unrestrained impulses and have to be put under restraint in the interest of and for the protection of others.

Physical and spiritual sloth are responsible for escapists from work and responsibility. People of this kind are often committed to mental hospitals by threatening to kill themselves and others. They are not insane but are shy and lazy. They know how to get into an asylum. They also know how to stay there. A little compulsory work would soon make them sane.

I have been quoting almost word for word from these notes. The writer told me that the most bewildering case was that of a man by the name of Chambers who would reel off lengthy passages from the notes which the writer had been jotting down the previous night. In his normal moments, Chambers didn't know he had done so. This occurred many times and left the writer wondering deeply.

(To be continued)

FEED THE CHILDREN

ONE HUMANITY, a Plea for Our friends and Allies in Europe, by Howard E. Kerschner, Putnam's, New York. Price \$1.25.

Mr. Kerschner has fed literally hundreds of thousands of European children and is probably "the best informed man in America on child feeding during the present war." "Of one thing the reader may be sure," he says in the preface, "there is no guesswork or hearsay within these pages."

His conclusions are as follows: "We are winning the war but losing the peace, for we are allowing the freedom-loving peoples of the occupied countries to be decimated by starvation while the Germans are being well fed. . . . Centuries of history will not erase the moral stigma that will be upon us if we stand idly by while a whole generation of children perishes. . . ."

"... Everything is in order—the food, the money, the ships, the supervision. Official permission from Washington and London is the only thing that is needed. . . ."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, published monthly Sept. to June (bi-monthly July-August) at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943. State of New York, County of New York—ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared David Mason, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Catholic Worker, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher: Arthur Sheehan, 115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.
Editor: Arthur Sheehan, 115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.
Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: David Mason, 115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Rev. Clarence Duffy, Arthur Sheehan, David Mason.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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

DAVID MASON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1943.
STEPHEN G. VARINA, Notary Public.
(My commission expires March 20, 1945.)

A Saint on the Air, by J. F. Powers

I bumped into Charley Wilson at the Emporium Drugstore and happened in the bumping to say something about the Saint we had living down the street.

He insisted that I do a little "air interview" with the Saint, a sort of report to the nation on the state of our saints. I doubt if Charley had any clear notions concerning saints. He only felt the people might find one diverting. Nothing else seemed to suit them.

Two weeks ago it was the ace foreign correspondent, "Jerk" Burke, famous for his use of the word "cataclysmic" and for his unbelievable book about his unbelievable experiences afloat an octopus in the Southern Pacific. Last week it had been a refugee from the Major Bowes show who simultaneously rolled cigarettes with his toes, whistled "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," and whittled a croquet ball into the form of a V.

Both of these features, Charley confessed, had been his ideas and both had flopped miserably, especially the refugee. Listeners couldn't see the marvelous things the poor man was doing with his toes and probably didn't believe Charley when he described them play by play, many were already familiar with whistling, "Praise the Lord"—one of the truly great religious songs to come out of the war—was a little stale, which left only the sound of the whistling.

A Novelty

In short, Charley had made a "find" in the Saint. I was worried about the Saint as a conversation piece, not that he would turn up tongue-tied, but that his remarks might not be well received by what Charley called "you great big beautiful people in the radio audience." Moreover, the Saint would be at the same disadvantage as the man with the toes. I hadn't heard of any saints working miracles over the air. In fact, I hadn't heard of the Saint working anywhere.

Fortunately my own part of the interview was no cause for cold feet. Charley had called upon me several times in the past, though always before to fill in a round table discussion, which consists mostly in saying "On the other hand" and "We must not overlook" at regular intervals.

On these occasions Charley would introduce me as the noted authority on whatever we were to be authoritative about that

evening. Or if it were a citizens' forum I became Joe H. Blow, an insurance salesman or derrick operator, and would have to pepper my remarks with fervent references to the war effort, but otherwise would be entitled to a certain candor and clarity which would have been out of character if I were doing the noted authority.

At the last minute Joy Castleberry blew in and threatened to go on the air with us. She said she thought it would be "quaint" to exchange ideas with a real live saint. Charley gave me a sad smile and held his wrists together as though he were handcuffed. Joy's old man owns the station, Charley has, besides a wife, two small kids who need a quart of milk each per day and Charley said it sounded like a swell idea to him. I think old Castleberry plans to run for mayor the next time and putting his daughter on with the Saint was a play for the Catholic vote.

The Broadcast

So that's the way we went on. "Regular listeners will welcome Miss Joy Castleberry back to the air and recall her unforgettable..."

Joy sailed right into the broadcast. "For the record, Mr. Saint, when were you born?"

"On the Feast of St. Matthew, 1881."

"Oh, indeed?"

"Yes, and I consider myself fortunate."

"Oh, you are! You are! But you're not the only one; I was born on Ground Hog Day myself."

"Do you own your own home?" Joy cut in.

"Of course not. I wouldn't dare."

"I'm afraid I don't understand..."

"Francis explained all that."

"All what? Not to me he didn't. Francis who?"

St. Francis Said

"St. Francis Assisi. They asked him why he didn't get the little brothers organized on a paying basis—more buildings and some office equipment."

"Well, why didn't he?"

"He knew there would come, sooner or later, the temptation to defend these things by force of arms."

I scribbled a note, "careful—we're on the air—nothing subversive," and slid it across the table to the Saint.

"Well," I said, "it's a nice house

you're living in, Saint. Who owns it if you don't?"

"How should I know? I only live there."

"Don't be funny, Saint; this is an educational program. Serious, well-informed people tune in. You don't just come and live in somebody's house. Who's the angel, Saint?"

"I told you I don't know. The name may be Little. At least the woman next door, the one with all the hollyhocks, leaned over the fence last week and said she guessed the Little family was still up at the Lakes. I told her I guessed they were. I suppose the neighbors think I'm one of the family, or the caretaker, or something."

"Very likely."

"Of course, I'm not living in the house."

"No?"

"No. I'm staying out in the garage."

All this seemed to be getting us nowhere. The time was going by and Joy had dropped out of the interview. I expected her to try another angle. She did.

"As a Saint," she said, "you may be interested to know something of the work our group is doing among the deserving poor. We've organized what we call 'Little Journeys to the Homes of the Best Families.' We approach the poor in the city, ask for recommendations, and those who qualify as deserving we take on a tour of estates which the old families have generously thrown open for their inspection two hours a week, an introduction to gracious living which the less fortunate might otherwise never experience. Ah, yes, the quaint things the poor dears say."

The Saint looked blankly at her. "Your group?"

"The Philanthropy Club. We're busy all the time. Perhaps you read of our latest gift."

The Saint, judging from his face, had not.

"Uh, yes, I said, it seems to me I saw something, Miss Castleberry—"

"It was on the Society page."

"Of course! You were helping—now who were you helping this time! I know it was the poor..."

The Dear Poor

"Yes, always the poor. We've just turned over the entire proceeds (above expenses) of our annual garden show to the needy of the city."

"So you work among the poor?" the Saint asked.

"Oh, yes, indeed. We raise just seeds of money for them."

"You only give them money?" the Saint asked.

"Yes—why what else can we give them?"

"You don't go among them?"

"No—we would, but we hate to embarrass them. They have so little, really... and there are the agencies."

"You don't live with them?"

"Well, hardly."

"I see. I am reminded of a story, a true one and sad. A priest asked a nun what her order was doing for the poor. The nun said: Nothing, as their work lay among the rich. The rich have souls too, Father, she said, and we must not forget that."

"I think she was entirely right," Joy said.

"Yes, if you mean the rich do have souls, but if, as the nun said, their work lay among the rich and they were doing their work, the rich would become poor."

"I don't quite follow you..."

"It is in the parable of the young man who had fulfilled the natural law. All the commandments he kept. Jesus said then sell what you have and give it to the poor. The young man would not. Commenting on that, Christ said: 'It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.'"

"The very idea!" Joy exclaimed.

"Saint," I said. "The catechism says God made us to honor, serve and obey Him in this world and to be happy with Him in the next. Consequently I wonder if you aren't forgetting that we're not all saints and that your ways may not be our ways, though we're all working for the same thing."

"Yes," Joy said. "I should say our group through its activities honors God and helps the poor a great deal more than its individual members could by impoverishing themselves."

Power Politics or Charity

"Do you really think so?" the Saint said. "Christ did not. We are talking about Charity now—not power politics, which counts noses. It is the mark of real Charity that it acts upon the giver. It is the mistake of secular welfare agencies (whom you allow to handle your Charity for you, as though it were dirty laundry) that they regard themselves as technicians whose business it is to prevent acute want. Whereas a Christian, if he is to gain the promised grace connected with good works, must concern himself, not only with

the needs of the poor, but with the spirit in which he ministers to them. In short, good works are a privilege, not a necessary evil."

I could think of nothing to say. Joy probably could, but she didn't say it.

The Saint continued: "The poor are precious to us, as Christians, the most marvelous means to grace. Through them we can know God. For myself the definition from the catechism is a cold thing, like an astronomical pronouncement: true, but that's all, a distant fact."

"I must confess," Joy laughed. "I find God a most difficult person to see."

"You have been looking in the wrong places. He is not in the office or on the Society page. There were others before you who found him hard to find. On Judgment Day, Lord, they will say, when did we see thee hungry or thirsty or a stranger or naked or sick or in prison and did not minister to thee? And the Lord will say: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to me. Christ says nothing of the agencies."

Charley signaled to me from the engineer's room. One minute more. The program had been, except for Joy's first question, conducted on highly unorthodox lines. We had not done enough giggling, haha-ing, well-is-that-so-ing, and so I thought I'd better close on a proper note.

"Tell me, Saint," I said, "What would be your advice to any youngsters in our audience who might be attracted to the idea of sainthood?"

"I'm afraid it is not like telling them how to be homerun kings or movie stars," the Saint said. "It is not that great question of today: Which breakfast food for my child? No—I would simply recommend to youngsters and oldsters alike prayer and fasting, for through them one grows up strong—spiritually. After all, a saint is not an abnormal person. He is simply a mature Christian. Any one who is not a saint is spiritually undersized—the world is full of spiritual midgets."

Charley stepped over and spoke through the microphone. "Thank you, Saint. I'm sure listeners have enjoyed this little interview with our town's only practicing saint. Next week, as another feature of this station, there will be a discussion headed by..."

"Ben Joe"

(Continued from page 1)

ing from too many "nosebags." This means that instead of inviting him in to eat a hot meal, people gave Slim a bag or "poke" containing sandwiches, cake, etc. Slim blamed this on the war and rationing.

What would have been a pleasant day for us three campers was spoiled by the visit of a psychiatrist. He was clean and delicate and even as a student he had already developed that silly probing look which was to put you in an uneasy position and also to give the impression that you shouldn't lie because this guy could see what was going on inside of your mind.

When he strolled in he contributed money and we gave him a lesson in outdoor cooking. We had a whole lard can of coffee, some bacon butts and eggs and finished off with some "toppings" (buns) from a nosebag that Slim had picked up in town.

Psychy was alright at first but later became a nuisance. He stared from one to the other of us and tried to be subtle and sneak out questions. Remember

we used to say the communists started talking about the weather and led gently up to Marxism. Well, the Psychy would pull them like that too. He was telling Blackie about the way his father (Psychy's) worked hard to send him to school. He talked a little more of his father and the first thing you know he was drawing out the history of Blackie's father, his traits, occupation and a million other things. Blackie kept winking at me to denote his lying like the devil. Poor Psychy had Blackie all "typed" and was writing like mad to fill out the case record based on phony answers.

Slim resented the presence of the Psychy and either avoided answering questions or gave obvious lies in retort. When Psychy asked Slim where he was born, Slim told him Toledo and qualified this by saying: "I wanted to be near my mother." This caused Psychy to lay off Slim for a while but he followed Slim around with his eyes and this annoyed him no end. Blackie, however, was enjoying himself and encouraged Psychy.

This made the mind-reader very happy and he was scribbling like mad writing his "case."

Slim's resentment at Psychy's presence increased and he too turned the tables and started to question him. Slim insisted that the Psychys as a class were the real screwy ones and he claimed they really missed the boat in this war. Slim said, "I ain't got no figures, but as I gather it, you guys haven't stopped one nut from getting into the army, except the ones who wanted you to believe they were nuts." He further insisted that the Psychys did great harm in that they started on the premise that everybody was "Nuts" and when people were once exposed to treatment forever afterward felt they were in a certain "class" and were always worried about their mental state.

Psychy failing to find comfort in his talks with Slim and myself concentrated on Blackie. He began to give out heavily with a disguised Freudianism and got on to Blackie's dreams. Blackie told how, when he got hungry, he had troublesome sleeps and big platters of ham and eggs paraded before his eyes singing, "You can't catch me." Even

Blackie was getting too obvious in his trick answers and Psychy figured at long last he was getting a ribbing and got ready to go. Slim tripped and fell a couple of times, cut himself while shaving, burnt his hand in the fire and did several things denoting his discomfort and self-consciousness due to being stared at and studied.

Departure

We finally got rid of Psychy and all three of us expressed the idea that it would be fun to get a hold of his notes and see how we were typed. Blackie figured he did a kindly thing by humoring the man along and chided Slim about being so self-conscious. He said to Slim, "If you take those guys seriously you WILL go wacky. They are alright for the rich dames who have no kids and go around to what's wrong with themselves. They gotta have something to worry about and since they haven't got normal worries like kids, security and food they must find something else to worry about."

Now I have a lot of things to think about. Maybe I'm nuts. The mind-reader associated everything I did or said with some line of mental unbalance.

He worried about my interest in the things of God. Is that abnormal. He had long commentaries about my continuous traveling, my dislike for industry, my social theories and a host of other things. Peter Maurin would throw a Psychy for a loop and I would like to see one of them try and get a question across on Peter and watch the reaction when Peter began to spout Easy Essays, especially the one about everyone being crazy in their own crazy way.

So you see the state we are in. Please pray that we keep from becoming "normal" and good conformists and have the spiritual stamina to persist in our work. I feel each of us has a little more of a load to carry since Miss Day's departure. I got your mail and will do my best to place the literature you sent me where it will do the most good. The winter seems to be setting in and maybe I will head for a more salubrious climate. Please remember me in your prayers as I will you and don't forget to get me a supply of literature and have it ready to send to an address I will send you in a few days or so.

Sincerely in Christ,

Ben Joe Labray.