

Keeping Up With the Irish Scholars

By
Peter Maurin

I. Laying the Foundation

1. After the Fall of the Roman Empire, the scholars scattered all over the Roman Empire, looked for a refuge and found a refuge in Ireland where the Roman Empire did not reach and where the Teutonic Barbarians did not go.
2. In Ireland the scholars formulated an intellectual synthesis and a technique of action.
3. Having formulated that intellectual synthesis and that technique of action the scholars decided to lay the foundations of Mediaeval Europe.

II. Literary Colonies

1. In order to lay the foundations of Mediaeval Europe the Irish Scholars established literary colonies all over Europe as far as Constantinople where people could look for thought so they could have light.
2. It was in the so-called Dark Ages, which were not so dark when the Irish were the light?
3. But now, we are living in a real Dark Age and the reason why the modern age

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"The cry that reaches us from the family front is unanimous—give us back our peacetime occupations." Pius XII



"If one has the future of mankind at heart, if your conscience before God ascribes some import to what the names 'father' and 'mother,' 'brothers and sisters of Christ' mean to men, and what makes for the real happiness of your children, send back the family to its peacetime occupation!"
PIUS. XII.

Early Christians

"In such an atmosphere of error and danger, what remains, beloved son in our time, but the imperative need to refashion ourselves on the model of the early Church and on the magnificent example given by those Christians on their burning faith, on their dauntless spirit, on their conscious assurance of victory."
Pius XII.

Conscript Women Can Be Expected After Elections

A Gloomy, Undemocratic Picture of Total Mo- bilization Looms Ahead

Senator Bilbo's S. 2397, "A bill to provide for total mobilization of the people and resources of the United States for prosecution of the war," is now before the Committee on Military Affairs. This bill amends the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940 to provide for the registration of "every citizen of the United States and of every other person residing in the United States, who, on the days fixed for the first of any subsequent registration, is eighteen years of age or older"—this would include all women, and all men over 65 who are not registered under the present provisions of the Act. It provides for absolute conscription of the labor of all registrants to whatever work they may be assigned and fixes a penalty of imprisonment up to five years and/or a fine up to \$10,000 for conviction of a violation of the Act.

In addition to this initiative from the Senate, President Roosevelt has directed the formulation of a National War Service Bill, and at least three drafts have already been sub-

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Of the Strong

"But whence did the courageous faith of the first Christians derive its life and enthusiasm? From the eucharistic union with Christ, who is the inspiration of moral conduct. . . . At the table of the bread of the strong they felt enkindled in their hearts a zeal which gave an increased energy and peace."
Pius XII.

DAY AFTER DAY

None of the Catholic Workers has any news sense. They are not journalists, thank God—they are revolutionists. They don't see a feature story in the fact that someone in Boston contributes a tree to the House of Hospitality there. And the overwhelming fact that the Catholic Worker office in England was bombed was dealt with in the following sentence in a letter from W. H. Power to Ossie Bondy, former head of the Windsor house of hospitality who is with the Canadian Army in England.

"We are in a horrible muddle on account of raid damage, so I cannot reply fully to your letter now. We had a couple of rooms decently cleared of all the muck and I was hoping to get on to the orders for the May C. W. this morning, but last evening a building surveyor from the corporation came round to inspect the houses and he ordered part of our chimney stack to be taken down. This the men proceeded to do at once and our beautiful clean rooms were smothered with soot, and rubble coming down the chimneys. But enough of our troubles."

St. Joseph!

Another news event not recorded, probably because we were waiting to see what would happen was the fact that St. Joseph played a strange trick on us.

It began on his feast day, March 19. Every now and then someone came in and said, "Did St. Joseph send you a present yet?" And then later in the day came the telephone

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NO MORE SOLDIERS

(The following is an excerpt from THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PRIEST, by Georges Bernanos, translated from the French by Pamela Morris and published in 1937 by Macmillan.)

"Look here," I said, "there is such a thing as a Christian soldier. . . ."

My voice was shaking as it always does when I am aware, through some unknown sign, that whatever I do my words will bring solace or offense, according to the will of God.

"A Knight." He smiled. "Our good fathers at college used still to swear by helmets and bucklers, and we were given the Chanson de Roland to read as the French Iliad. They were well worth the fine ideal they were trying to represent. And they didn't borrow that ideal from anyone. Our peoples had chivalry in their blood. The church merely had to bless it."

"Soldiers, just soldiers, that's all they were, the world has

known none better. They were protectors of the City, not slaves to it, and they dealt on an equal footing. The highest military incarnation of the past, that of the soldier-laborer in ancient Rome—why they just blotted it out of history. No doubt they were neither just nor pure—all of them—but they did stand for a kind of justice, which for centuries of centuries has haunted the sadness of the poor, or sometimes filled their dreams. Because, you see, justice in the hands of the powerful is merely a governing system like any other.

"Why call it justice? Let us rather call it injustice, but of a sly, effective order, based entirely on cruel knowledge of the resistance of the weak, their capacity for pain, humiliation and misery. Injustice sustained at the exact degree of necessary tension to turn the

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PEACE AND LAND

By Arthur Sheehan

When I received the telegram to speak at this meeting, I was at one of our farming communes at Upton, Massachusetts. It is named St. Benedict's farming commune and the telegram and the name of the place started a train of thought.

St. Benedict and Peace

St. Benedict! A phrase from an old poem came into my head. "O Benedict, thy special gifts are peace" and I remembered that when you visit a Benedictine monastery, you are greeted with the salutation: "Welcome to the peace of St. Benedict."

For St. Benedict lived in those dark days we call the dark ages when the Roman Empire crashed before the onrush of the barbarians, carrying with it the end of all the New Deal schemes that Rome had evolved to settle her terri-

ble employment problems. A Jesuit Father some years ago showed that most of the legislation of our own government had its counterpart in those days.

Europe's Golden Age

It was into this world of chaos that St. Benedict came and he came with a group of followers who with a simple plan of action laid the basis for the greatness of the Middle Ages, those years when magnificent churches, still unrivalled, were built by humble workmen and England was Merrie, something she is far from being today.

His followers spread all over Europe and the British Isles and founded intellectual centers where those who were interested might come to thresh out ideas. These centers of thought were houses of hospi-

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Attorney General Ignores Japanese Plight on Coast

The first specific ruling on the constitutionality of the evacuation of the Japanese on the west coast was made September 1, and a federal court held that the President, Congress and the Army were within their rights in keeping in protective custody all American-born Japanese as well as Japanese nationals.

This protective custody consists of holding all the Japanese on the west coast whether born in this country or not, in detention camps which previously were race tracks and stockyards. August 20 orders came to send some tens of thousands to Wyoming and Idaho relocation areas which consist of around 46,000 and 17,000 acres.

American Born

Many of those who are being sent to these reservations were born in this country, some indeed were born of American born parents, and it is their grand parents who are directly from Japan. It is good to keep this in mind, those of our readers who have foreign-born parents or grand parents.

In view of the fact of the immense numbers interned in our country, Attorney General Francis Biddle's article in the Free World for August seems strange indeed. We wonder if he knows the numbers of Japanese who are interned. From his article we wonder if he knows that the Japanese are interned at all, or even that we are at war with them.

Do We Not?

"Fortunately for this country," he says, "and for its cause at war, the United States has not had to learn this object lesson at first hand." (He is speaking of England's error of internment at one time 74,200 German and Austrian refugees, the result, one English commentator said of panic and sheer stupidity. Later there was picking and choosing, and today, in Great Britain, Canada and Australia combined, the internees total about 15,000.)

"Because of our unique racial makeup, the cost in morale would have been immeasurably greater, greater even than it was in the case of Britain. Among our alien enemies (technically enemies) we are picking and choosing. Those whom we are able to identify as enemies or who are suspected of being troublesome, we are interned for the duration. Some, who have merely talked foolishly, we have paroled. The rest of our so-called alien enemy population goes about its lawful business, most of which at the present time consists of helping us to win this war."

"Whatever we can do to hasten the day when the dove of peace may find on this earth, submerged in a deluge of discord, somewhere alight. We shall continue to do, trusting in those statesmen who, before the outbreak of war, nobly toiled to avert such a scourge from the peoples; trusting in the millions of souls of all countries and of every sphere, who call not for justice alone but for love and mercy; above all, trusting in God Almighty."

Pope Pius XII in his Encyclical, "Summa Pontificatus."

NO MORE SOLDIERS

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cogs of the huge machine-for-the-making-of-rich-men, without bursting the boiler.

"And then one day it was rumored all over the Christian world that here was going to arise a kind of police-force of the Lord Jesus. A rumor isn't much to rely on, I agree. But look: when you think of the huge uninterrupted success of a book like *Don Quixote*, you're bound to realize that if humankind have not yet finished being revenged, by sheer laughter, for being let down in their greatest hope, it is because that hope was cherished so long and lay so deep! Righters of wrong, hands of iron! You can't get away from it; those men dealt great blows, heavy blows, they forced open our consciences with heavy blows...

No Christianity

"These soldiers belonged to Christianity alone, and Christianity belongs to no one now. There is no Christianity. There never will be again."

"But why?"

"Because there are no more soldiers. No soldiers, no Christianity. You'll say the Church has survived and that's the chief thing. Sure. But Christ's Kingdom on Earth will never be again. It's over and done with, and all hope of it died with us."

The Last Soldier

"With you?" I cried. "There's no lack of soldiers."

"Soldiers? Call 'em 'army-men.' The last real soldier died on May 30, 1431, and you killed her, you people. Not only killed her; condemned her, cut her off, burned her."

"We made of her a saint, too."

"Why not say it was the will of God? And that soldier was raised so high, because she was the last. The last of such a race had to be a saint. God also wished it to be a woman. Out of respect for the ancient covenant of chivalry. The old sword rests forever across knees that the proudest among us could not kiss without shedding tears..."

"What is your grudge against the Church?" I said at last, foolishly.

"Mine? Oh, nothing much. You've secularized us. The first real secularization was that of the soldier. And it's some time ago now. When you go snivelling over the excesses of nationalism, you should remember it was you who first pandered to the law-makers of the Renaissance, whilst they made short work of Christian right, and patiently constructed, under your very noses, right in your very faces, the Pagan State: the state which knows no law but that of its own wellbeing—the merciless countries full of greed and pride."

The Pagan State

"You left Christianity high and dry, it took too long, it cost a lot and brought in very little. You gave us the 'state' instead. The state to arm us and clothe us and feed us, and take charge of our conscience into the bargain. Mustn't judge, mustn't even try to understand. And your theologians approve it all, naturally. With a simper, they grant us permission to kill, kill anywhere, anyhow, to kill by order, like executioners. We are supposed to defend our land,

but we can also be used to keep down revolution, and if the revolution should win we serve it instead. No loyalty required."

"That's how you put us 'in the army,' and now we're so thoroughly 'in the army' that in a democracy inured to all servility, the lawyers themselves are really astonished at the servile ways of the Ministers of War. 'The army' is so entirely debased that even a fine soldier like Lyautey hated the very name of his profession. And besides, soon there won't be any army. We shall all be in it, from the age of seven to sixty—in what, come to think of it?"

"The word 'army' means nothing when entire nations are hurling themselves against each other like African tribes—tribes of a hundred thousand men! And you theologians, more and more disgusted, will still 'approve' of it, still print 'dispensations,' or so I imagine, drawn up by the Sec-



A. de Bethune

retary of the Board of National Conscience. But between you and me, when do your theologians intend to stop? The cleverest killers of tomorrow will kill without any risk. Thirty thousand feet above the earth, any dirty little engineer, sitting cosily in his slippers with a special bodyguard of technicians, will merely have to press a button to wipe out a town, and scurry home in fear—his only fear—of being late for dinner. Nobody could call an employee of that description a soldier. Can he even deserve to be called 'an army man'?

Frauds

"And you people, who refused Christian burial to poor mummies in the seventeenth century, how do you mean to bury a guy like that? Has our trade become so debased that we are no longer responsible for any one of our actions, that we share in the horrible innocence of our steel machines? Don't tell me! A poor lad who puts his girl in the family way one spring night is considered by you to be in mortal sin, but the killer of a whole town, whilst the

kids he's just poisoned will be vomiting up their lungs on their mothers' lap, need only go off and change pants to 'distribute holy bread!' Frauds you all are!

"What's the use of pretending to 'render unto Caesar?' The ancient world is dead, as dead as its gods. And the titular gods of the modern world—we know 'em; they dine out, they're called bankers. Draw up as many agreements as you like. Outside Christianity there is no place in the West for soldiers or fatherland, and your shifty compromises will soon have permitted the final shame of both."

He had risen and was still enfolding me in his strange gaze, always the same pale blue, but which looked golden in the shadow. He threw his cigarette furiously into the cinders.

"I don't give a damn," he said. "I'll be killed before then."

Sorrow and Shame

Each of his words stirred the very depths of my heart. Alas, God has entrusted Himself in our hands—His body and Soul—the Body, the Soul, the honor of God in our consecrated hands—and all that those men lavish over the highways of the world... Should we even know how to die as they do? I asked myself. For one moment I hid my face, appalled to feel the tears slip between my fingers. To weep in his presence, like a child, like a woman! But our Lord restored some of my courage. I stood up, let my arms drop, and with a great effort—the thought of it hurts me still—I let him see my sorrowful face, my shameful tears. He looked at me for a long time. Oh, pride is still very much alive in me! I was watching for a smile of scorn, or at least of pity on those wilful lips—I feared his pity more than his scorn.

"You're a good lad," he said at last. "I wouldn't like any priest but you around when I was dying."

And he kissed me, as children do, on both cheeks.

Pagans Cheer Christians Mourn Woman Fighter

While Washington greets with admiration the young Soviet woman who killed some 250 or more Germans and the newspapers print laudatory interviews, Bishop Edwin V. O'Hara, of Kansas City, protested in a sermon last week, at the dismemberment of the family.

"In the present crisis," Bishop O'Hara asserted, "we have an illustration of the callousness of so-called social experts to the dismemberment of the family. In many influential centers it is today taken for granted that mothers of children should be encouraged to enter war work outside of the home, notwithstanding the availability of men for these tasks."

Last Resource

"It is smugly planned," he asserted, "to set up a vast chain of nurseries under the patronage of the state to relieve mothers of their children while these mothers operate power machines, even on night shifts, in bomber plants."

"The employment of mothers of young children outside the home should be the last resource of a tottering nation. The production of planes and tanks and guns and explosives and ships must be left to other hands while mothers tend to their babes and form their children to Christian men and women."

de-Christianization

"If, as has been truly said, you can judge the status of a civilization by its treatment of the family, we are certainly beholding a sad spectacle of progressive de-Christianization in contemporary society."

Pointing out that private life, education and literature, as well as family life, must be "fortified by Christian principles" if the Holy Father's program for rehabilitation of the world is to be carried out, Bishop O'Hara said war can only be avoided through individual self-discipline.

MERCY

The Negro knelt in humble prayer
Before the Virgin's altar.
"Oh, Mary, guide me from the snare,
Oh guide me else I falter."

Our Lady smiled on him below,
On her faithful, loving son,
She whispered soft, "Forgive the Foe,"
And he thought of Rope and Gun.

He thought of horror in the night
Of a black man's screaming cry.
Of murder by the hooded white
Of a darky hanged to die.

He thought of all the bestial crimes
Inflicted upon his race.
He thought of Christ in former times
Of the blood upon His face.

And then he saw in sudden flash
How the Savior, too, was black
For Christ had bled beneath the lash
Of a sinful, scourging pack.

Then through the Negro's surging heart
There rose a joyful pride.
"I am His holy counterpart
By the Cross on which he died."

"Ah, Mary dear, I do forgive
As did Jesus on the Hill.
I pray I may in mercy live
Though the savage lynch and kill."

Jack Henning.

Conscientious Objector

CPS Camp 15, Stoddard, New Hampshire

We thank our friends for their generous responses to our appeals for help. . . . Ervin Nussbaum, keeper of the chickens, has built a new chicken house and ordered another hundred cockerels and twenty-five pullets. We are now enjoying the results of his summer's work. He has provided several Sunday dinners of chicken pie, fried chicken, chicken stew at a cost of about five cents a pound. The twenty pullets we have been raising are large and we are expecting eggs before long. They will be a welcome addition to our diet.

The blueberry season is just over and we have many a quart canned and set aside for winter. Some of them we dried to conserve sugar and jars. They were picked on the property of our neighbors who gave us all we could pick in return for a few quarts for their own use. We gave them a hand with their hay when it looked like rain and they have loaned us the use of their horse in cultivating our garden. One of our men even asked to be allowed to milk their cows in order to gain experience towards applying for farm service.

We have had one light frost and it is time to gather all the apples we can. They were invaluable last year, providing apple butter, apple pies and dried apples and applesauce. They offered an occupation for our hands during the long and frequent meetings and discussions in camp—we peeled as we talked.

Privation

Selective service has refused to allow the use of the government trucks for religious purposes. The nearest church is 16 miles away, and there is no other means of transportation. We have one little Ford coupe in camp.

For the time being I have been taking a leave from the camp (not being drafted yet), and George Matthues as assistant director is trying to cope with the immediate problems.

There was not enough money on hand to buy a truck, so we are doing two things. George is trying to arrange for the moving of the camp and Frank Bates is repairing an old truck given us by St. Benedict's farming commune at Upton, Mass.

Nearer Church

In a long letter to National Service Board, George makes several points in favor of our moving to an old CCC camp at Warner, New Hampshire. "The problem of our attending Mass would be simpler there since we would be only about eight miles from a church and many of us could walk this. Also being closer to St. Anselm's, we might be able to have one of the Benedictine monks come in now and again to offer Mass at camp. The principal reason for the existence of a Catholic camp is, after all, the hope of encouraging a fuller Catholic life than would be possible in another camp.

"Since it is a 200-man camp, we could accommodate all Catholic C.O.'s without difficulty. We would also be only two miles from a source of supplies, from a doctor, from a railroad to meet incoming assignees being inducted into camp or returning from furlough. At present we have to travel over twenty miles

for these things. The expense involved is large and we never have any money. The boys going on furlough have to hitchhike to the station and often miss the train and consequently a day of their leave. Many of our boys are from the middle west and have to go over a thousand miles to get home."

A Miracle

It seems at present as though we will have to wait at least until December to move. In the meantime Frank Bates is doing an excellent job of trying to provide us with a truck. It is the old "Ghost" that was bought at auction (it was a wornout white Army ambulance then) by St. Benedict's Farm in 1938. It is considerably older now and more self-willed.

About the repair job, Betty Cuda writes from St. Benedict's: "Francis has been here since Tuesday night. . . . A few minutes ago he left, truck and all, for Stoddard requesting prayers that he arrive without mishap. It is a miracle to see that thing move. After working all day at night he would work on it until 3 and 4 o'clock the next morning. And as for eating, why my food was cold, but he did not mind. It was a discouraging job, but he stuck with it hoping that it would work. Finally yesterday the motor started to run and that was real music. Stoddard has a gem in Francis. I hope they appreciate him. But they won't until he is gone. That is life."

But a Poor One

Then a note came from Frank: "Got the truck (from Upton) and rolled and pushed it back to Stoddard. Took it to Church Sunday. Rode six fellows in it. As tires are very bad, stalled three or four times each way, and had three flats on the way back. Finally drove last four miles on the rim. Bill MacArthur thinks he can get some used tires for us and with them it should ride ten or twelve men."

We have also come in close contact with the jaws of the Selective Service and training act. Almost all of us believe it is unjust, but that it is better to suffer injustice in all that is not sin. But two men decided that they could not cooperate with such a law. They left camp in August and will undoubtedly be given jail sentences. As yet nothing has happened. Here are quotations from their statements to General Hershey:

Non-Cooperation

Theodore Pojar writes, in part: "I had registered as an objector, been recognized as such, and sent to a camp of fellow objectors. Why, then, do as I am doing?"

"I do as I am doing, because I have come to the conclusion that to acquiesce to conscription, which I consider evil, is impossible for me. The present arrangement for CO's implies (to me) a bargain, that if the government will not make CO's fight, CO's will do work of national importance and even pay their own maintenance expense. A cowardly obsequiousness! I am proud of being a CO! My original written reasons for being a CO still hold. And they state my objection to be not to fighting, because I would fight to defend my loved ones, my home, my

country, if all efforts to settle differences with a party antagonistic toward those things had failed, and that antagonist party had attacked, but to have nothing to do with conscription and this war. Both of which, I believe are wrong!"

"I sincerely hold that I have the right to complete exemption from the Selective Service Act. Because I regard the war as evil, I will have nothing to do with it. But, I believe, I have the right to follow any line of endeavor, which is compatible with my conviction. To work for peace! Because those who do are said to be blessed. To seek for justice! To alleviate suffering! Am I wrong in striving for that which is good? No! I believe I am right!"

Conscience and Authority

And Robert Lindorfer, also of Saint Paul, said:

"I recognize the fact that man being a part of society has a debt to society. I also know that there is a rightful author-



ity. But when society and rightful authority are wrong my conscience compels me to oppose them.

"Being opposed to war, it follows that I am opposed to conscription for war. Yet by remaining in a CPS Camp I accept conscription, which is an unjust violation of the birth-right of freedom. By remaining here I would follow the path of a hypocrite, not the path of a man.

"Feeling as I do society would have a right to brand me as a coward, if I remained in camp, as I would be living a lie. Therefore I am leaving CPS No. 15 on August 6, 1942, to return to my home in St. Paul, Minn."

Branded

At the same time Russell Wilderman, who was sentenced to four years in prison for refusing induction into the army, was sent to Stoddard on probation. It seems very strange that a man who is willing to accept four years in jail rather than to act against his conscience is considered a criminal and sentenced to prison. The other CO's have the same convictions as Russell, they merely had more favorable local boards.

Dwight Larrowe.

From address to the Minister of Lithuania October 18, 1939:

"... The more Christian justice, fraternity and charity animate and guide individuals and groups, so much more also is established among nations a spiritual atmosphere making possible, indeed easy, the solution of many problems which today appear, or really are, insolvable. . . ."

Petition for Peace

July.

August 24, 1942.

Dear Friend:

We are so human that involuntary distractions come to us even during the holiest actions such as Mass and Breviary. Being very anxious to have this awful carnage of war to come to an end, the thought struck me this morning while praying my Office, whether you would not be the best person to inaugurate a petition to the President of the United States for an immediate negotiated peace. This certainly would be to the mind of our Holy Father, the Pope.

Your open letter in the March issue of the Catholic Worker is very good (theoretically) but practically does not get things started. Your movement is the best Catholic lay action I know of in this country. It is bound to have the special blessing of God. In fact it is God's work done by imperfect human beings. Distrusting self and in all things relying on Him, it cannot fail.

So why not use the following you have and start an immediate negotiated peace petition to President Roosevelt? You take and hold the initiative but have as many as possible, your sympathizers, Catholics and non-Catholics, to sign the peace petition.

Go and visit our Lord in the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, talk it over with Him, and with Mary and Joseph, take the advice of priests like Fr. Hugo and start the ball rolling. Catholics in England will follow. Let it be a world peace movement. Nothing will hearten better our Holy Father.

Of course it takes money. A reason to appeal to all who for conscience sake do not buy war bonds. If your movement is of God, it cannot fail. It will overcome all obstacles. God will provide. Sacerdos.

Dear Miss Day:

I sympathize with you that you hesitate to sponsor a mass action. I myself am of a very retiring nature. Still, as you quote Our Holy Father in the July-August issue: "The destruction brought by the war calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end." Lay action if directed by true Christianity is the best of all action. Humanly speaking, at the present stage, there is no hope of success for a peace movement.

This morning in my meditation from "Sponsa Regis," an ascetical monthly review of the highest quality, I read on page 277 of the August issue: "God's peace can only be found where God's will is recognized and sought." There never has been a world conflict that God's will is so universally disregarded, that Christianity has been made so entirely subordinate to the end justifying the means. Only God can bring order out of present chaos.

When God's hour strikes He will make use of the humble and little. Your Catholic Worker movement is not a mere human work but has the stamp of Christ. As I suggested in my previous letter talk it over with our Eucharistic Lord, take the advice of your immediate splendid co-workers.

May I congratulate you on your high type writers in the CATHOLIC WORKER? It may interest you to know that for the last two Sundays I used the latest articles of Father Hugo for sermon material.

Wishing and praying for your success in your Catholic Worker movement.

Respectfully and sincerely yours in Jesus and Mary, Sacerdos.

On Love

By

Saint Bernard

I. Love Is Sufficient

1. Indeed, it is to God alone that honor and glory are due.
2. But neither of these will God accept unless they are sweetened with the honey of love.
3. Love is sufficient of itself.
4. Of itself it pleases and for its own sake.
5. It is itself its own merit and its own reward.
6. It seeks no motive no fruit beyond itself.
7. It is its own fruit, its own enjoyment.
8. I love because I love.
9. I love in order that I may love.

II. For Example

1. It is love alone in which the creature can make a return to the Creator although not on equal terms.
2. For example if God were angry with me could I in like manner grow angry with Him in return?

3. Certainly not
4. But I shall tremble and shake with fear and pray forgiveness.
5. Likewise, if He rebukes me, I shall not rebuke Him in return, but shall justify Him.
6. And if He condemns me I shall not condemn Him, but I shall adore Him.

III. Now You Must See

1. If He exercises His power as my Lord and Master I must act as His servant.
2. If He commands I must obey.
3. And now you must see how different it is in the case of love, for when God loves, He desires nothing else than to be loved.
4. In fact, He loves for no other reason except that He may be loved knowing that those who love Him have attained happiness by that very love itself.

"As long as such a working class is only offered the graces of Christianity along the usual lines of pastoral ministrations, it will remain as a whole completely insensible and inaccessible to them. Steps must first of all be taken to humanize these brutalized people before we can think of christianizing them."

—Emmanuel von Kettler.

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We Are Defeated!

Christ said:

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

"Woe to Pharisees. For they bind heavy and insupportable burdens and lay them on man's shoulders; but with a finger of their own they will not move them."

"For I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me not to drink. Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to me."

If we do not continue to protest the hunger in Europe, the dreadful starvation that is surely wiping out the whole population of Greece, and if we did not continue to cry out against the sinful blockade of Europe imposed by Great Britain and consented to by us, the very stones would cry out for us.

While we use such means as mass starvation of women and children, the old and infirm, we are already defeated. God is not with us, so we have lost the war already. As long as we use such means, and not only against our enemies but against our friends and allies, no victory is possible. God and Gideon and three hundred saved the day for the Israelites. If we turn to Him and follow His law and beg His aid, He will most certainly bring true peace.

"Our Dear Sweet Christ on Earth"

It is by such tender words that St. Catherine of Sienna addressed the Holy Father in her time. And it is in such words that we should think of him now.

Every issue the CATHOLIC WORKER is reprinting his words, emphasizing them by placing them as in this issue on the front page with pictures, begging our readers to use them for meditation and a basis of prayer. We pray with him, through Christ, to God, for peace.

We owe obedience to the Holy Father when he asks for prayer and penance, just as we owe obedience to God. But the word obedient is a bad word now. We've lost the sense of it—freedom and independence are the catchwords of the day, and now the pendulum has swung back to the imposed obedience of the totalitarian powers, and people have a nostalgia for discipline and order and seek to attain it by force.

Self-discipline against imposed discipline, example versus force, love versus hate—these are fundamental issues in the world, in our houses of hospitality, our farming communes, in our conscientious objector camps, and in our families. It is a fundamental issue. It begins with our relations with each other and it ends up by causing us to take the position of pacifists in this war.

We may seem to go to extremes very often. Note the story of the Abbot Poemen in this issue. He was a foolish man in his relation to his fellows. He was loving them even to folly when he said, "they be brethren, they will make it up again." If we could only be a little more like that.

"Love One Another"

There is little enough love in the world, there is little enough erring on the side of gentleness. And it is the most important thing in the world. "Hell is not to love any more," said Bernanos, the man who wrote the excerpt in this issue, "No More Soldiers."

"He that loveth not, abideth in death," St. John said. "Who-soever hateth his brother is a murderer, and you know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself. In this we have known the charity of God, because he hath laid down his life for us, and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

"He that hath the substance of this world and shall see his brother in need, and shall shut up his heart from him, how doth the charity of God abide in Him?"

"My little children, let us not love in word, nor in tongue, but in deed, and in truth."

Prayer of St. Ephraim

Sorrow on me, beloved... That I unapt and reluctant in my will abide, and behold winter hath come upon me, and the infinite tempest hath found me naked and spoiled and with no perfecting of good in me.

I marvel at myself, beloved, how I daily default, and daily do repent: I build up for an hour, and an hour overthrows what I have builded.

At evening, I say, "Tomorrow I shall repent": but when morning comes, joyous I waste the day.

Again at evening I say: "I shall keep vigil all night, and I shall entreat the Lord with tears, to have mercy on my sins": but when night has come I am full of sleep.

Behold those who have received their talent along with me strive day and night to trade with it, that they may win the word of praise, and rule over ten cities: but I in my sloth hid mine in the earth, and my Lord makes haste to come: and behold my heart trembles and I weep the days of my negligence and know not what excuse to bring.

Have mercy upon me, Thou that alone art without sin, and save me, who alone art pitiful and kind: for beside Thee, the Father most blessed, and Thine only begotten Son who was made flesh for us, and the Holy Ghost who giveth life to all things, I know no other and believe in no other.

CONSCRIPT WOMEN UNLESS PROTESTED

(Continued from page 1)

mitted by various governmental agencies.

Polly See, Polly Do

It is expected that the final bill will follow in main outline the Essential Work Order adopted in England in 1941. Under this order, a firm listed as engaging in essential work may not dismiss any employee nor lend an employee to another firm without permission of the Ministry of Labor. Nor may any employee leave his employment without permission of a national service officer of the Labor Ministry.

Democracy

Under this totalitarian order, 4,160 persons had already been prosecuted up to the end of June. Of these 3,801 were men workers, 323 were women and 36 were employers. Minister of Labor Ernest Bevin said that no employers were sentenced to jail, but 354 workers were given prison terms.

Opinion in Washington is now that the final draft of a total war mobilization bill providing at least for the registration of women from 18 to 65 and the conscription of all labor in essential industries will be passed immediately after the fall elections.

Which leaves us little time to protest against this most flagrant injunction yet proposed by a government which is supposedly fighting for four freedoms and a democratic world.

LIVE WATERS



DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 1)

call from a lawyer, saying that someone had just died and left us around \$500 in a will.

We were overjoyed. St. Joseph had behaved as we expected him to do on his feast day. We were broke and that five hundred dollars could have gone to the printer, to the coffee man, to the breadman or for an instalment on the farm mortgage.

We went around beaming for days. Only twice before had we been willed anything. An auto worker in Hamtrank had willed us five dollars, and a Finn miner in Minnesota had told his mother when he was dying to send us five dollars. And here was another legacy!

Not Incorporated!

And then this situation arose. We were unincorporated and we did not wish to be incorporated. Nor did we intend to be, either for five hundred or five thousand dollars. It is hard for our friends and readers to get the point of this. It is difficult to explain, too. It is one of those ephemeral things, felt rather than understood, even on our part.

The way we feel about it is this. No one asked us to do this work. The mayor of the city did not come along and ask us to run a bread line or a hospice to supplement the municipal lodging house. Nor did the Bishop or Cardinal ask that we help out the Catholic Charities in their endeavor to help the poor. No one asked us to start an agency or an institution of any kind. On our responsibility, because we are our brother's keeper, because of a sense of personal responsibility, we began to try to see Christ in each one that came to us. If a man came in hungry, there was always something in the ice box. If he needed a bed—and we were crowded, there was always a quarter around to buy a bed on the Bowery. If he needed clothes, there were our friends to be appealed to, after we had taken the extra coat out of the closet first, of course. It might be someone else's coat but that was all right too.

Clarification

Our Houses of Hospitality are scarcely the kind of houses that Peter Maurin has envisioned in his plan for a new social order. He recognizes that himself, and thinks in terms of the future to accomplish true centers of Catholic Action and rural centers such as he speaks of in his column this month.

Our houses grew up around us. Our bread lines came about by accident, our round-table discussions are unplanned, spontaneous affairs. The smaller the house, the smaller the group, the better. If we could get it down to Christian families, we would be content. Ever to become smaller—that is the aim. And to talk about incorporating is somehow to miss the point of the whole movement.

So all right, St. Joseph, if you have brought about clarification of thought by your little joke on your feast day, all right, we are grateful to you. Meanwhile there is that printing bill of \$1,100 that needs to be paid. We are only

hinting at you about this, because St. Francis de Sales is the special patron of writers and journalists. Maybe we had better ask him.

From India

In the February issue of the paper we told how Tony Pereiro, seaman, dropped into the office just before shipping out to India and promised to bring us a spindle such as Ghandi used.

It brought us great joy this month to see him walk into the office, safe and sound after his hazardous trip. We were so glad to see him that we forgot all about the spindles. But he hadn't. He had a good story to tell.

"I looked all over Bombay, I told everyone what you wanted, and then I went back on the boat discouraged," he said. "I talked than to the wireless operator, Sparks we call him, but his name is William Orien. He said he knew you well, that he had visited here and the farm at Easton. He is a great big fellow and a Lithuanian and he talks a lot."

"He went all over Bombay too, and when we couldn't find any there, he went to Karachi, and there he found three spindles. We didn't know which one you wanted, so we brought back all three!"

Simple Things

What a gift! Chiang Kai Chek had nothing on us. Ghandi gave him a spindle, a symbol of simplicity, and labor and one of the peaceful works of mercy. A symbol of another way of life, a life opposed to the industrialism of the present day which has brought about such a gigantic slaughter.

With the spindles came some carded cotton, and also a little slip of material woven from the spun thread. Now it will be up to Teresa who has learned to spin flax and wool, to learn how to spin cotton. She will bring these latest tools to the school conducted by Ade Bethune in Newport which she is joining this November.

Meanwhile, as we carried these implements in a suitcase through the station on our way to the bus to go down to the Easton farm last Sunday, we thought to ourselves,

"Here we have with us truly revolutionary implements in this suitcase. Here is dynamite to change the face of the world."

Conscientious Objectors

European children will be fed on money saved by CP camp fasters. Over \$85 was saved at the Royalston (Mass.) camp in a few weeks of Friday evening denial. Sixty-five Merom, Ind., campers have Friday "sacrificial meals" as experimentation in group sacrifice.

"Manana," the first issue of the paper of newly established Camp No. 36 at Santa Barbara, Calif., describes the experience the boys had in fighting a forest fire on high mountains and canyons, caused by a cigarette thrown away by a careless miner. About 4,000 acres of manzanita and pine were burned before the boys, after four days of battle, succeeded in arresting the fire.

+ From The Mail Bag +

From England

Wales, England.

Ever since your January issue reached me some few weeks ago I have been wanting to write to tell you how glad I was to read what you wrote therein—not that for a moment I doubted that that would be the line you would take! And perhaps even more if I may say so, I was made happy by the modesty and gentleness of your statement—O si sic omnes! I am more and more impressed by the harm that is done by defiance and controversy in however good a cause—creating yet fresh centres of strife and discussion as Evelyn Underhill wrote just before she was taken from us. (You know her books of course. The one on "Worship" for example.)

It is a lovely day here today—the first real Spring one—but let us lift up our hearts! Please give my love to all at Mott Street who remember me; I was interested to hear of Teresa going to school in Canada; I remember her well. Please continue to pray for us as we do for you.

Ever yours sincerely,
Donald Attwater.

I paid a visit to America the other evening—to the Harvard Field Ambulance of the American Red Cross in a southern county. It was a pleasant experience: it even "smelt" American.

Blessed Martins House, Harrisburg, Pa.

August 1, 1942.

Dear Fellow Workers:

It seems a long time since we heard from you, not since you postponed your visit in April and went West.

I thought of you this morning on my way to work. Was taking a short cut through Capitol Park and there were some men sweeping the pavements, cleaning up the litter caused by charitable citizens who feed the squirrels and pigeons peanuts. If the Negro children from Seventh street stood there asking for peanuts they would be chased away, and if they messed up the walks like the pigeons they would most certainly be sent to the House of Detention. That has nothing to do with you, of course, but when I see such glaring examples of municipal stupidity I invariably think of you and your efforts to make things right.

Arrested and Fined

I was arrested last week for an air raid violation and fined ten dollars and costs. I was guilty and paid it. There were extenuating circumstances of course but no one wants to hear those from Seventh street. Two children had come in very wet out of the rain a week ago Wednesday and I rushed upstairs to get them some dry clothes. I could find none for little girls, but did find two boys' suits which fit them, undressed the children and put on this dry clothing. It was during the supper hour and not dark, but we always light the light to scare any rats lurking in the dark and rickety stairway. (Father Stief had the house wired two months ago, and we cannot get used to

turning off the switch after our four years with kerosene lamps.) The light burned in the hallway during the test blackout. I was the one who turned it on and I was the one to pay the penalty. An emergency light burned on the top of the Y.W.C.A. accidentally, but the case against the Secretary was dismissed, Ah me!

For Better Living Conditions

We are still plugging along, that's all I can say. Once in a great while we have a caller or callers from other houses. We had an entertainment in May and this aroused a little interest but it quickly died down. I am still carrying on a one-man campaign to get better living conditions for the children before their rotten houses are the death of them, but the progress is slow. I made out a report to the Governor's Commission on conditions affecting the Urban Colored Population, and will be very much surprised if they include it in their report.

Do write us once in a while. John McClintock will be inducted Monday, and we hate to see him go, cannot imagine him killing anybody.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

Mary Frecon.

From Peter

August 25, 1942.

Dear Fellow Workers:

I am now in Ray Scott's place. Several of the men are away on a trip. A fine spirit seems to prevail. They have a lot of contacts with the neighbors who seem to be interested in what they are doing.

The neighbors consider them as educated men who speak their language and who have neighborly qualities.

So their influence over their neighborhood is growing.

David Dunne was away in St. Louis, but he is on his way back. He is not used to manual labor, but he seems to like the place.

Brother Matthew is interested in looking the place over. He asked me to ask Ray Scott how to get over to it.

Bill Gauchat has only two men on the farm besides himself.

Several girls who were on the farm last year were there also this year. They are a very interested and eager lot.

Yours in Christ the Worker.

Peter Maurin.

From Chicago

Feast of St. Augustine

Dear Fellow-Workers:

There are four men living at St. Joseph's. Miss Trainor bought us two large aluminum-ware coffee-pots which should be sufficient for any number of men we might have to care for during the fall and winter. We have a mimeograph which will help us to get out notices and bulletins. Miss Stokes has brought us a supply of dishes and more furniture came from the Sisters of the Cenacle. If anyone has the courage to start there will always be others who will be ready to help out.

We are fortunate at the hospital to be put in good works, to become like Jesus in serving the needs of others. Pray for me.

In Christ,

Jim.

About Columbus

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality,
Webster Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Fellow Workers:

Left Pittsburgh with John Doeble for his home in Columbus, Ohio, and while there visited the Bishop's hospice which is a brand new building, three stories high. John and I went all over it accompanied by some of the men in charge. There are ten men working at the house and the average nightly group is 28, although it goes to capacity (around eighty) when the cold weather sets in. They are feeding as many as three hundred a day.

Co-operators

In the back of the lower floor there is a workshop where furniture is repaired, mechanical work is done and where men who stay a second night are asked to help in bundling paper, cleaning up work and similar tasks. On this floor there are the kitchen and dining room, chapel and refrigerators. Three men were working in the kitchen when we came in. The cook showed us his huge refrigerator room which is cooled by a fan machine which uses air filtered from a refrigerator. Everything was spotlessly clean and looked, John said, just as new as when the place was opened last year.

Nun Helps

The second and third floors are given over to sleeping quarters. There are wooden partitions between the beds, something like the better hotels on the Bowery, the Lyons houses for instance. The beds were spotless and they told us that the Mother Superior of a Catholic hospital comes over each week to look over the way they are kept clean. Spraying is done with an electric spray each week.

When we visited the place the upper floor was closed up and the beds were wrapped around with mothproof coverings.

The spraying system interested us and we asked to see the equipment. The man in charge took us down to the basement and gave a demonstration. In the basement there are cement floors and walls in the shower rooms, wash rooms and reading room.

When the men come in their clothes and bundles are taken from them and they are given a clean shirt and dungarees. Their own clothes are placed in a steam cabinet over night. The temperature in this cabinet is kept at 160 which kills every germ. Valuables and parcels are locked up over night.

CW Too

The reading room had a long table with benches and on the tables were plenty of papers and magazines with a file of CATHOLIC WORKERS very prominently displayed among them.

The rules are simple and are posted on the wall. A man is allowed to stay two nights but is asked to help on the second day. With permission he may stay longer. Meal hours are at the regular times but the men are asked not to hang around the house during the day, until 5 o'clock.

The men on the road speak of this house as the cleanest in the country and it certainly

appears so. Bishop James J. Hartley deserves high praise. When we were speaking to one of the priests at the Cathedral he told us that the Bishop laughingly stated that the place is nicer than the hotels downtown. Fr. Brehm is chaplain of The Good Samaritan Inn.

This house in Chicago is a good place. There are three men here and the place is fine for meetings.

In the Mystical Body of Christ,

Arthur Sheehan.

English, C. W.

451 Earlham Road,
Norwich, Norfolk

Dear Fellow-workers:

Thank you for the letter dated June 16 which I have just received. The last copy of the paper I had was the May issue from Ossie. I expect it will start coming through now you have got the new address. I hope you receive your copies of our paper safely.

It is great to know that both the work and the paper continue over there in spite of the war. Christianity or paganism is the question for today, and it would have been a great tragedy if the "Catholic Worker" movement had been broken up.

The paper over here keeps itself above water. Technical difficulties, of course, are numerous, but the biggest of my troubles is the fact that as most of the live wires of the movement are in the forces, that the driving force of study and action, which made a really living paper in the old days is almost entirely lacking. Everyone's attention is so absorbed with day to day living they are unable to go deeply into any matter apart from their own affairs. However, that the interest in it is still there is proved by the splendid sales efforts of so many, and if present standards can be maintained there is every hope that the movement will regain its vigor when peace finally arrives.

Recently I was loaned a copy of "Democracy's Second Chance," by George Boyle (pub. by S. & W., New York). It is one of the most practical books it has been my pleasure to come across for a very long time, if not the most practical book. Are there more books by this author?

It is quite a while since I was at the Cottage, Standish, but I will be back in the north again, or rather in Lancashire towards the end of this month. Bob Walsh is at home there on leave at present. He and Mollie are very well as far as I know.

Ossie sent me on a letter of Dorothy's a few days ago. Her uncompromising stand with regards to war should bear great fruit in the future, though I am unable to accept the idea that we must permit Nazism to rule the world. The copies I have seen somehow do not seem to face up to that aspect of the problem. When there is no such attempt at domination by force by a pagan state with all the instruments of modern knowledge at its command to effect people's bodies, souls and minds, especially the children, then I could agree with her.

Yours in Christ, the Worker,
Mary G. Power.

C.P.S. Camp No. 14

C. P. S. Camp No. 14
Merom, Ind.

Dear Friends:—

I have been back in camp for some time and have received the Catholic Worker from Ross Marquis, as I failed to notify you of my change of address. But it seems I will be changing it again soon as I received word that in a few weeks I will go to Beltsville, Md., to do biological work there.

I am enclosing a contribution. I believe the C. W. is as worthy a cause as any to which one can contribute. I agree completely with most of your thoughts on man-man relations and especially am glad for all the ideas you can get to the public about the importance of feeding those in Europe who need it so much.

As I am not a Catholic it is not surprising that I do not accept many of your theological views. As a Christian I see that we are called to feed the hungry wherever it is in our power. If we are bidden to feed our enemy how can we refuse to give to our friends and claim that so doing might indirectly aid our enemies. Certainly we cannot be Christians and withhold food from the hungry.

Herbs of the Field

The articles on Herbs of the Field are very valuable. The January issue contained a thought which hurt a bit though and has bothered me some since. Perhaps if I mention it I will get it off my mind. It is that to the botanist the plants are merely particular examples of his categories and that he cares not for their goodness or beauty. I have known botanists like that, and have wondered why they became botanists, but I can hardly believe that categorically it is a description of the minds of botanists. When I see a plant I invariably think about its relationships with other plants...to what family does it belong? Can I possibly guess the genus? How does it differ from other species of the same genus? I am not really a botanist but I love plants and in general am more fond of those called weeds than of garden flowers. Working on the soil in C. P. S. is made much more interesting by the wide variety of wild plants which occur abundantly where we work. Frequently I carry back a piece of a plant on the truck when the day's work is finished to see if I can classify it from the books at my disposal.

Prayer of St. Francis

A friend passing by and seeing that I am writing to you gives me a dime and asks that it be enclosed, which I am doing.

Ross Marquis asks me to tell you that a number of the fellows are sending out to Catholic friends of theirs copies of the C. W. you send him and he could in this way use ten more copies a month if you see it possible to send them.

If you could send me a few of the post cards with the prayer of St. Francis and the words "Peace Without Victory" I could use them to good advantage.

Farewell and best regards,
B. D.

BACK TO CHRIST

Fr. Clarence Duffy

The Catholic Church is not a human institution in origin or object. It is a school instituted by Jesus Christ in which men and women, His creatures, prepare themselves, with His indispensable help, by discipline, self-denial and mortification, by the practice of Charity (love of God above all things and of their neighbor for God's sake), justice, humility, obedience, patience, prayer and resignation to His Will, to enter into His Kingdom, and to share or participate in the nature of an all perfect God.

The teachers in that school hold offices and perform functions which were instituted by Christ. They are commanded to teach not merely by word but by example. Like all teachers, they can hardly expect progress among the pupils or increases in their numbers if they themselves fail in their lives to live according to their teachings, if they merely "say and do not."

The Flesh, The World, and The Devil

It is a hard school, naturally so because of the eternal nature, perfection, beauty and happiness of the Things for which it is a preparation. "Eye has not seen nor ear heard nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God has prepared for those who love Him." Its rules, like their Author, are strict but straight forward, simple and easily understood. They admit of no compromise or casuistry. They must be observed by all, teachers and pupils, priests and people, rich and poor alike. They are difficult to observe and hard to follow because of the inherent weaknesses of human nature, pride, covetousness, lust, gluttony, envy, anger and sloth, and, further, because of the counter attractions prepared by and indulged in by Godless people, and the temptations of the devil, once an angel but now an adversary of God intent upon hitting back at Him through His human creatures.

Compromise and Its Results
"Life on earth is a warfare," a continuous struggle. The continual effort has at all times proved too much for many of the contenders with the result that compromises have been sought, put forward and approved by casuists who were always at hand to lay the flattering unction to the souls of those who were only too willing to be persuaded that they could have it both ways. The result of this kind of duplicity, the attempt, at the same time, to serve God and the things opposed to Him, or to which He is opposed, has always been, and always will be, confusion and Divine chastisement. "God is not mocked."

This is precisely what has been happening for a long time in the world and what is still happening, and no amount of talk, mere exhortation or organization is going to alter it or the state of the world resulting from it. The disease is too deep rooted for tinkering or half measures. Further compromise will not stay the course of or cure a sickness caused by compromise.

The Essence of Catholic Action

We must all go back to school. Teachers and pupils

must take up the curriculum in its entirety as formulated by the Master. We must all start again from scratch to learn and apply to our lives the teachings of Christ, to practise the virtues inculcated by Him in the manner in which He practised them as an example to us, and to live our lives by Him, for Him and in Him with the aid of the means He instituted, safe-guards and hands down through the medium of His Church and dispenses through its ministers. "I am the way, the truth and the life." "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily and follow Me." In those two sentences is contained the essence or kernel of Catholic Action.

Radical Conversion

It involves a radical change or conversion for all of us, a reformation which must begin with each individual. Above all, it must begin with the teachers, the successors of Christ's Apostles who "left all things and followed Him," and it must be thorough. The simplicity of the teaching of Christ and of His Apostles must take the place of the complex casuistry of the schools. The writings of the early Fathers of the Church must supplant the learning of the modern fathers of compromise. The labored treatises and intellectual gymnastics of moral contortionists, who seek to reconcile the irreconcilables, must be relegated to the scrap heap and oblivion.

The Sermon on the Mount

The Sermon on the Mount (Matthew V., VI., and VII.), beginning with the words "Blessed are the poor in the spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," is the code of Christianity. Stated in simple language by God himself, the meaning of every word in it is crystal clear, though much of it runs counter to the dictates and desires of human nature, as God intends that it should. It is by overcoming nature, with the help or grace of God, that we become supernatural and capable of participating in the nature of God. In cases where doubt may arise as to the implication of the teaching, Christ appointed a supreme authority to settle all doubts and disputes. That authority is not any private individual, private theologian or group of theologians. It is the Bishops of the Church in Council with the Pope at their head, or the Pope himself when speaking authoritatively on these matters.

"You Cannot Serve God and Mammon"

We must accept His words as they were spoken and as they have been handed down to us through His Church, and we must apply them to ourselves where they are a matter for self-application, or cease to call ourselves Christians. As we cannot serve God and Mammon, so, too, we cannot serve God and ourselves and others in things that are opposed to God; we cannot follow the way of the flesh, the un-Godly desires of our human nature, and the way of the Cross. The attempts to do these things at one and the same time has resulted in all ages in schisms, wars, murders, injustices, op-

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)
is so dark,
is because
too few Irish
have the light.

III. Free Guest Houses

1. The Irish Scholars established free guest houses all over Europe to exemplify Christian charity.
2. This made the pagan Teutonic rulers tell the pagan Teutonic people, "The Irish are good people—busy doing good."
3. And when the Irish were good people, busy doing good, they did not bother about empires.
4. That is why you never heard about an Irish Empire; you heard about all kinds of empires including the British Empire but never about an Irish Empire because the Irish did not bother about Empires when they were busy doing good.

IV. Rural Centers

1. The Irish Scholars established rural centers all over Europe where they combined cult, that is to say, liturgy, with culture, that is to say, literature with cultivation, that is to say, agriculture.
2. And the word Amerique was for the first time printed on a map in a town in East France called Saint-Die where an Irish scholar, by the name Deodat started a rural center.
3. In the CATHOLIC WORKER we refuse to keep up with modern industrialists and choose to keep up with the radicalism of Irish Scholars.

From Homily at Consecration of Missionary Bishops October 29, 1939:

"... As one day, the Divine Redeemer sent forth a small band of Apostles without any human means to conquer the whole world, not with the force of arms, but with the power of truth and charity, so we, today—as we are on earth in His stead—send forth you, the twelve heralds of the Divine Word. Upheld not by your own force or that of others, but trusting solely in that divine grace that transforms souls, you must, at the cost of whatever sacrifice, render so many nations—far removed in space but so near our heart—participants of the evangelic doctrine and of Christian civilization.

pressions, tyrannies, uncharitableness and strife of all kinds. We have reached the climax today when all the misfortunes and tribulations foretold by Christ as the "beginning of sorrows" are upon us. But, as He said, "the end is not yet."

Saint Francis— TO THE RULERS OF THE PEOPLE

To all consuls, judges and governors, in whatever part of the world, and to all others to whom this letter may come, Brother Francis, your little and contemptible servant, wishes health and peace to you.

Consider and see that the day of death draws nigh. I ask you, therefore, with such reverence as I can, not to forget the Lord on account of the cares and solicitudes of this world and not to turn aside from His commandments, for all those who forget Him and decline from His commandments are cursed and they shall be forgotten by Him. And when the day of death comes, all that which they think they have shall be taken away from them. And the wiser and more powerful they may have been in this world, so much the greater torments shall they endure in hell.

Wherefore, I strongly advise you, my lords, to put aside all care and solicitude and to receive readily the most holy Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ in holy commemoration of Him. And cause so great honor to be rendered the Lord by the people committed to you, that every evening it may be announced by a crier or by another sign to the end that praises and thanks shall resound to the Lord God Almighty from all the people. And if you do not do this, know that you are beholden to render an account before your Lord God Jesus Christ on the day of Judgment. Let those who keep this writing with them and observe it know that they are blessed by the Lord God.

(Translated by Paschal Robinson, O.F.M.).

Vatican Speaker Says—

"Hate Is Enemy No. 1"

Triumph over hate is necessary before men can start rebuilding the world, said a Vatican Radio speaker recently in a talk based on the Holy Father's discourses. Hate, he said, is "Public Enemy No. 1."

"If you want to know the offspring of hate, look up the dictionary under 'vice' and everything you will find there is part of the brood.

"A Russian writer puts it well when he says that unnatural hate is the survival of cannibalism in civilized tribes.

"You cannot justify hate on the grounds that other people are wrong. To begin with, no group would be so foolish as to think that it has a monopoly of virtue.

"Nations, too, should say: 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us.'

"The Kingdom of hate is the kingdom of the blind.

"Christianity does not number hate among its virtues—not even hate against an enemy or against the sinner.

"Preachers of hate among the nations forget the ground of unity among peoples—the fact that man is made in the image of God.

"The finest code of laws that ever existed becomes a scrap of paper without the goodwill of those who must observe it."

The Early Christians

The church of Jerusalem began with three thousand converts. They placed their goods in common and sold their inheritances to distribute the price among their brethren. Their mode of life, which conformed to the counsels of perfection, has been well depicted by the apologists of the first centuries.

"Among us," says Anthanasius, "will be found the ignorant and the poor, laborers and old women, who cannot, perhaps, prove by reasoning the truth of our doctrine; they do not enter into discussions, but they do good works. Loving our neighbor as ourselves, we learned not to strike those who strike us; not to go to law against those who have robbed us; if anyone gives us a blow on the cheek we present the other; if they ask of us our coat we offer them also our cloak. Allowing for the difference of years, we consider some as our children, others as our brethren and sisters. The most aged we honor as our fathers and mothers. The hope of another life makes us despise the present, even in the midst of lawful pleasures. Marriage is with us a holy vocation which imparts the necessary grace to bring up children in the fear of the Lord.

"We have renounced your bloody spectacles, being persuaded that there is very little difference between looking on murder and committing it. The pagans expose their children to get rid of them, we consider this action as homicide."

True Charity

"We are accused of being factious." Says Tertullian, "The factiousness of Christians is to be united in the same religion, in the same morals, in the same hope. We conspire to pray to God in common and to read the Holy Scriptures. If anyone of us has sinned, he is deprived of communion and forbidden to take part in our assemblies of prayer until he has done penance. Old men, whose wisdom merits this honor, preside at our meetings. Everyone contributes a monthly sum according to his means and inclination. This treasure serves to feed the poor, support orphans, shipwrecked sufferers, exiles, and those condemned—"

C. P. S. Camp 32

The men in Camp 32, West Campton, N. H., have been given an opportunity to aid in work that may be of international importance. Dr. Davis, of the Rockefeller Institute, visited the camp and proposed a louse control experiment to aid in the fight against typhus, which is sweeping eastern Europe. The epidemic, which invariably appears among famished and soapless people, is carried by the body louse. The volunteers will be infested with lice and segregated in a tent camp for twenty days. During this period Dr. Davis will experiment with various extermination methods to determine the most efficient. Despite the physical annoyance, the volunteers will continue work on a washed out road and bridges in the White Mountain National Forest. More than 30 men volunteered, and the experiment was expected to get under way late in the month.

BOOK REVIEW

The Layman's Call by Father William O'Connor: P. J. Kenedy & Sons, N. Y. C.: \$2.00.

Dealing with the important subject of the vocation of the laity, Father William O'Connor, Professor of Dogmatic Theology, St. Joseph Seminary, Dunwoodie, has written a book that will enable the lay person to value and appreciate that state of life to which he has been called.

All Christians are called to be Saints; to achieve perfection in that state of life to which God has called them. The carpenter, the miner, the welder, housewife, student or worker are encouraged to recognize their particular sphere of work as a vocation to which they have been called.

Those of us who stumble through life aching for the chance to do the heroic, but instead forced by circumstances to work at the drab uninteresting routine of daily life will find this book of especial value.

Jacques Maritain in the preface of the book writes of Father O'Connor: "He is deeply struck by the useless sufferings of so many people who go on thinking, because they did not follow a more or less vague inclination toward the religious or priestly state, which they might have felt in their youth: 'I have missed my vocation, I am engaged now in a life without hope, save earthly and rather despairing hopes, I have spoiled the gift of God.' Such a make-up leads to terrible gaps in a Christian life, not only for these persons, but also for Christendom's common welfare."

"Father O'Connor cries out to them: 'You did not lose your vocation, you should not despair of your own life, you have in fact a vocation, a Christian call, this you must realize, instead of bewailing a lost possibility or perhaps a lost dream.'"

Stanley Vishnewski.

Social Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Michael Hughes have taken up residence at The Catholic Worker Farm, R.F.D. No. 4, Easton, Pa.

Mr. John Thornton of the Catholic Worker Staff is now stationed at the C.P.S. Camp No. 15, Stoddard, New Hampshire. Birthday greetings were extended this month to Gerald Griffin, Joseph Zarella, Kay Brinkworth, John Filliger and John P. Thornton.

We are happy to announce the birth of a baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Wood. The baby has been named John Mary in honor of the Cure D'Ars.

Mr. Dwight Larrowe, director of the C.P.S. Camp for Catholics, is now staying at St. Joseph's House.

Miss Nancy Buley is attending school at Scranton, Pa.

Among the frequent visitors to Maryhouse for supper this week were Arthur Sheehan, Stanley Vishnewski and Dwight Larrowe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gott, formerly of Rochester, are moving to the Catholic Worker Farm.

Miss Nina Polcyn, of Milwaukee group, is expected at The Catholic Worker some time this month.

Getting married this month is Margaret Bingham of Rochester group to Mr. Richard Driscoll.

The Poor Could At Least Keep Clean

I have a very nice black petticoat made of sateen, with a ruffle on it, and it covers a dress nicely, all around and below the hem. Every now and then when my head gets particularly cloudy with visitors, discussions, and from reading the Nation, the New Republic and the Free World, I don the apron and get to scrubbing. One of the things that makes scrubbing and cleaning pleasant is that someone always accompanies me on this adventure in cleanliness. Sometimes it is Jim Brazil, general assistant around Maryhouse, St. Joseph House and the CATHOLIC WORKER in general. He even gets sent out on assignments, like to the camp at Staten Island, or to help open a retreat house at Gillette, and the neighbors noting that he has a well developed philosophy of labor, call him to clean and paint and help them move.

Manual Labor

Speaking of a philosophy of labor reminds me that getting down to scrubbing usually ends up in a discussion as to a philosophy of labor, the necessity of manual toil; necessary for the health of the body and the soul; necessary as penance for our sins, penance laid upon us by God himself; necessary as an exercise of creation, we make ourselves co-creators with God, taking his raw materials and constructing, building, sewing, cooking, baking, sheltering, warming, and recreating ourselves.

Scrubbing and cleaning around the CATHOLIC WORKER houses would scarcely be considered creative work by most, however. It is not to be compared with walking, swimming as exercise and recreation. It can be regarded as penance and it can also be regarded as a gesture by the sceptical.

"A lot of good that is going to do, might better give it a coat of paint," one passerby comments. But there is not enough money for paint.

There are always the pessimistic ones who say, "it will be just as dirty tomorrow." And one is apt to share in this opinion in that you don't know when there will be a tomorrow for you to go on with the scrubbing. Around the CW you clean when you get a chance. Weeks may pass when you will be held in the office by visitors, by letter writing, by all sorts of urgencies, and you get stiff and tired with problems, so that you long for a bout with a mop.

Of course there are always dishes, dishes for fifteen or for two hundred and fifty. There is always sweeping, of halls, stairs, yard, sidewalk. There is fish cleaning (and a hundred pounds of fish take quite a time).

Nasal Penance

It was after the fish cleaning of Friday that the yard scrubbing of Saturday took place. It had been very hot indeed those days, and Peter Clark, who has charge of the breadline, had been away helping a former landlady to move, and the eight garbage cans had not had their accustomed daily scrubbing with soap and hot water for a week. Pete does it every day.

The odor was a penance for the nose. The cans are outside the office windows, and under the windows of dozens of Italian families who are our neighbors. They are very uncomplaining as a rule, but the smells were arising like a fetid mist from the dank, close canyon of the yard. It had not only been most fearfully hot, but it had also rained and steamed, and cooked the three hundred or so fish heads in the eight cans. There were not enough cats on Mott street who like fish to deal with the problem. And the thousands of rats which occupy the condemned and vacant six-story tenement next door evidently don't care for fish heads either.

We are quite used to the smell of fish. There is a famed place on the corner where the Italians sell Squinjeeli (I don't know how to spell it but that is what it sounds like). and between us and the corner there is another restaurant down in a cellar where they sell sheeps' heads. There are pushcarts further up the street and some of them sell snails, squid, eels, whelks and every kind of fish; and two doors



A. de Bethune

down the street there is a wholesale house for shrimp. But with all the odors of fish, fruit, vegetables and olives; odors from the little basement bakeries; odors from the cheese store where they make and smoke cheeses and press them into fascinating shapes of deer, little pigs, etc., there was no odor to equal that from our backyard on that hot Saturday afternoon when the steam seemed to rise up from the baked pavements after the teeming rains.

Scrubbing and Cleaning

It was indeed time to scrub. But scrubbing and cleaning are complicated around the CW. There are always so many people and they are not clean people either. Right now as I write the backyard is full. They sit around against fences, against the door and they stand in the middle. Probably two hundred and fifty to a meal, lunch and supper, and eight hundred for breakfast. So you have to choose your time. There is never a time when there is none there. Some of the men when they finish lunch form in line again for supper. There are always two or three who relax against the brick building read, sleep or just observe. There is one

who is always first in line, the worst rag bag I have ever seen, and he usually has his shoes off, and one green and one red holey socked foot stretched out before him. Sometimes he goes in the coffee room and washes his socks and then he sits down on the ground and spreads them out on his knees to dry. Sometimes he waves a grimy handkerchief in the breeze. Once, when he was wearing two pairs of pants, he washed out one pair, and hung them on the fence. They were five sizes too large for him, and in rags, but he watched them carefully all afternoon. From the look of him and them, they might have walked away on him. On Mott street we would be surprised at nothing.

Help All Around

On this day, as I swept, two little old men, thin as wraiths, bent and mournful, jumped up with alacrity to help. They tried to move the cans, they seized two old stumps of brooms and began dancing around helping too. We were sweeping in all directions. Someone else brought the hose out of the coffee room and we hosed and scrubbed and covered cans and rearranged the yard. There were bits of furniture leaning against one rickety fence, parts of a cupboard, tops of two kitchen tables, an old carpet, twelve by fifteen, hung over the fence to dry. And while we worked, the yard filled gradually with creatures that once were men, to use Gorki's phrase, and now to all appearances were scarecrows, bent, crippled, misshapen, discolored, as ugly and decrepit as the broken fence, the discarded furniture, the stinking fish heads—refuse all, looked at from the standpoint of the pagan.

But working with these comrades in misfortune, living with them, eating with them, talking with them on this hot, humid, breathless afternoon, one looks at one's surroundings with new eyes.

You do what you can. Poverty includes dirt. Soap and scrubbing implements are expensive. Paint and linoleum cost even more. You can't keep clean with a family of fourteen hundred coming in and out of the house rain and shine.

Dirt and Comfort

It is not that you get used to dirt, or are ever comfortable with it. But after you do what you can, you prefer your dirt to life with the swept and garnished, the perfumed and powdered. If there is poverty, you want to share it. If there is dirt, all right, you will partake of it, too. Before this war is over, we will all know a great deal more about dirt and smells, about poverty and man.

And it is then that we will begin to see man as he is, a creature of body and soul, made to the image and likeness of God, a brother of Christ and our brother. It is a strange and anomalous thing, that just when it is most difficult, we will begin to see Christ in our brother, and living with him and trying in little foolish ways to serve him, we will begin to love him and through him, love God.

Regarding Luxury

By
F. P. Kenkel

Social Justice Review,
March, 1942

I. Consequences

1. Overwhelmed by a philosophy that makes of man a complete mundane creature, recent generations have neglected to consider seriously a phenomenon which according to the experiences of history has had disastrous consequences for any nation affected by the blight of unrestricted luxury.
2. Wherever it has flourished it has resulted in moral, physical and political corruption and a loss of those qualities of character without which no people can remain healthy and strong.

II. In France

1. In France, to mention an example from modern times, a "free indulgence in costly gratifications of the appetites"—to use a Webster definition of luxury—by the members of the royal family, the nobles, and not a few prominent ecclesiastiques, must be held responsible at least in part for the extreme poverty of peasants and laborers, repeated liquidation of the national debt through bankruptcy and the moral depravity so widespread in the France of the eighteenth century.
2. The studied simplicity practiced by the cruel citizens during the first years of the Great Revolution was a reaction staged by doctrinaires which did not endure.

III. Victorious Bourgeoisie

1. In the end, the bourgeoisie were the victors.
2. Once in power, they lusted for the pleasures of life because they were worldlings like their great mentor, Voltaire.
3. And like Monsieur Arouet they lacked both love and respect for the masses to whom they pretended to extend the blessings of Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.
4. Luxury, thought by Sombart to have given birth to capitalism now became a privilege of the new rich who in European countries vied with or even attempted to outdo what remained of royalty and nobility.

THE LAND



FARMING COMMUNE

(Continued from page 1)

tality where wayfarers could find free food and lodging. This aspect of charity was never left out and this giving remains to this day in monasteries. At one time in England you couldn't walk one mile without encountering one of these hospices, run either by the Benedictines or others who had copied their methods. So deeply rooted did this idea of hospitality become that it was stated in Canon Law that each Bishop must have at least one of these houses in his diocese. If we study the records of these monasteries, we find that as much as one third of revenues were consistently set aside for hospitality by the abbots and bishops of those days.

Farming Communes

But the Benedictine house of hospitality was the nucleus for something else, namely a farming commune where the monks raised everything they needed and used their surplus time and talents to drain marshes so that families could live near them and learn from them the latest methods of agriculture and crafts. Villages grew around these monasteries and that is how the Middle Ages came into being and Newman has well said that those persons who speak derogatively of those monks, live and exist today, thanks to those men.

Order and a magnificent order came out of chaos.

Learn From the Past

Now what is the point of these remarks? Simply this. We are viewing a new dark ages and we are taking peace aims and maybe we can learn from the past. Mr. Hull says one thing and Mr. Wallace says another and the latter probably represents the mind of the New Deal the better of the two. What seems planned is a New Deal for the world. We are to see the same techniques applied to this world that have been applied to this nation during these last ten years.

We are going to have more and more of it and you can hardly stop it if you accept the industrial, monopolistic pattern of the present day and do not work for a land and craft economy with industry second.

Agriculture First

It isn't the original AMERICAN WAY. That way was to have agriculture first and industry second and if there is one lesson we have learned it is this that as you move from this sort of an economy to one in which industry is first and agriculture second, you move more and more into what Belloc calls the Servile State, that prison without bars where someone in Washington pushes a button and everyone in New York jumps.

The truly logical end of such a system would be for the government to set up huge tanks in key points and have pipe lines to the cities and have these lines connected with the water faucets. Then the gov-

ernment officials could have huge quantities of soup made in these tanks and filtered through our taps and we would all be free to attend endless W.P.A. concerts. Then we would have the leisure state but I think we would be awfully bored.

Work

But there are still a lot of persons who believe that man is made to work as a bird is made to fly although today we see men flying and the birds will soon be going to work.

There are still a few persons who believe that men should work with hands as well as head and that their work must be important and not just boondoggling and these persons believe that only in a land and craft economy can you have this type of work. Notice that I used the word work and not labor. Labor is just physical effort. Industry as we know it today turns out a cheaper and cheaper product and man becomes a mere machine tender or what is still worse a person who sits in an office and adds up figures that no one in the world really cares a hoot for.

A Good Order: Peace

But when we have the mental and spiritual satisfaction of craft and agricultural work even though we have to exert ourselves more, we feel more complete. We have a better order and out of this better order comes PEACE as a fruit. Peace is the tranquillity of order and order is the apt arrangement of things according to their parts. In other words, everything in its place. Peace starts with the individual and not with the politician. The latter is more adept at destroying it. Peace, again, I say, is the result or fruit of a good order.

It is really of no importance to come to a meeting and to hear a speaker mouth vague nothings about the great rosy dawn that is going to break across the world when our gang gets control. That is hokum.

When men break from the strain of industrial life, they are sent to mental hospitals where intelligent staffs use farm work and craft skills to get these minds back to normal. It is like locking the proverbial barn door.

"Swords Into Ploughshares"

If you have followed this trend of thought, you can probably now see the significance of St. Benedict and even more of the meaning of the phrase "to turn swords into ploughshares."

This way lies sanity. We must have this decentralization and the work that men must do must be in accordance with their natures.

Father Coady of the Nova Scotia co-ops is fond of this story. A man bought his son a map of the world and one day someone tore it to pieces. The youngster put it together

again to the amazement of his father who asked him how he had done it. "It was simple," the child replied. "On the back of the map there was a picture of a man. I put the man together and the world came out all right."

Works of Mercy

Catholics speak much of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. They are fourteen.

1. To feed the hungry.
2. To give drink to the thirsty.
3. To clothe the naked.
4. To harbor the homeless.
5. To ransom captives.
6. To visit the sick.
7. To bury the dead.
8. To admonish sinners.
9. To instruct the ignorant.
10. To counsel the doubtful.
11. To comfort the sorrowful.
12. To bear wrongs patiently.
13. To forgive injuries.
14. To pray for the living and dead.

They are fourteen spiritual points for peace, not political points and they need no ratification by the Senate. They need only a personal act of the will.

To feed the hungry. Doesn't the farmer do that? To house the homeless. Doesn't the carpenter do that? That is what is meant when we say these types of work have a dignity and why it wasn't unusual for these crafts to be depicted on church windows. Could you imagine a machine gun maker's picture on a church window?

And so we come back to Benedict and the farm and the telegram. When I told the folks at the farm of the speech, one said "tell them to read Gregg's Power of Non-violence and his writings on simple work in wartime. It will answer the question: what can I do?"

In this community two families and a single man are laying the basis for farm and craft living.

Personal Solution

This speech has been to suggest things. I have carefully refrained from political solutions. I don't believe in the idea "Let the government do it." It sounds too much like the basis for Fascism. Still less should we believe in the principle "let George do it."

Peter Maurin has said:

People say:
They ought to do this,—
They ought to do that.
Always they and never I.
One I plus one I makes two I's
Two I's make a We,
We is a community
They is a crowd.
We are communarians and
They are gangsters.
Don't be a gangster,
Be yourself, says Shakespeare.



LITTLE WAY FARM

Everything goes along well on the newest Catholic Worker farm. I am not downhearted when people say that my farm is no good and my soil is no good. Scientific tests be darned. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. This is my first year and I didn't get here until late as you know. Many things that have to be started early I didn't get this year. My land was not properly dressed or properly harrowed. Some of it I spaded up by hand with an old spade that Mr. Plumley threw away. I have had very little help. Alex didn't touch a hoe but he did help plant the potatoes and beans. The boys from Stoddard (God bless them) planted my corn and squash and did it perfectly. How I wish you could come and see for yourself. In my kitchen garden, which I did all myself, I have beets, turnips, carrots, peas, corn, beans, swiss chard, onion, summer squash, garlic, lettuce, cabbage, cucumbers, tomatoes, etc. That is all I can think of just now. I have raised the most beautiful potatoes you ever saw in your life anywhere. They are white as snow and smooth and big. I haven't started to dig them yet, of course. They will grow for a month yet. I have already canned 16 quarts of beans so the frost won't get them.

I have an old timer staying here with me. Mike Dunn—age 75. He knows this country perfectly and has worked in Benson.

My sister brought my tomato plants to me and they must have been a late variety. They are loaded with tomatoes but none have ripened. I can raise barley, oats, rye and a certain kind of corn, buckwheat and even a certain amount of wheat.

My father says it is a perfect sheep country. I visited Weston the day I went to Jamaica and they are weaving the most beautiful tweeds. The Scotch sheep thrive here in these Vermont hills. If only I knew whether or not I was going to have a couple here with me this winter I would buy a pair.

This is a mixed up letter as I am trying to cook dinner. We are going to have creamed cod-

fish, new potatoes, swiss chard, cucumbers and string beans—everything raised on the farm but the codfish. Please don't let anyone be afraid to come here. My sweetpeas are in full bloom and everything is beautiful. This may be an unusual season. God may have been unusually good to me. I may be unusually optimistic, but I love it.

Probably the winter will be tough, but when I get started I'm going to spin and weave and knit in the winter and it will be gone before you know it. I have to have a man who can cut wood. I have plenty of wood on the place. Spring opens up here about March 1 when we begin to tap trees and make maple sugar. My soy beans have not blossomed. If we have an early frost I'm afraid they won't develop. However, we lived before soy beans were even heard of. Old Mike's father raised thirteen children up here and sold pigs for a dollar (now they are eight). Be sure and tell Peter to come to see me. Norman Langlois was here for an hour or so Monday. I must get to work. Pray for me.

In Christ,

Edna Hower.

For the Brethren—On Authority and Freedom

At one time the abbot Poemen was sitting in his cell, and the brethren fell out mightily among themselves, and the old man spoke to them no word at all. But the abbot Paphnutius came in and found them squabbling and said to him, "Wherefore hast thou left these brethren alone and hast not spoken to them that they should not quarrel?"

And Poemen said to him, "They be brethren, they will make it up again."

Paphnutius said to him, "What? Thou seest that in their squabble they have come nigh to bloodshed and thou sayest that they will make it up again?"

And Poemen said to him, "Brother, lay it to thy heart that I am not here." So quiet and silent, in all charity, was the abbot Poemen.

(From The Fathers of the Desert, published by Sheed and Ward.)

TO ST. BENEDICT

Father Faber

Father of many children! In the gloom
Of the long past how beautiful thou art!
And still, dear Saint! The weary nations come
To drink from out thine inexhaustible heart.

Deserts have blossomed where thy feet have trod;
Thy homes have been safe shelters for the weary;
And in dark times, the glory of our God
Fled to thy houses to find sanctuary.

O Benedict! Thy special gifts are peace,
Freedom of heart and sweet simplicity;
They fail not with ages, but increase,
As thine own graces grew of old in thee.

Give us great hearts, dear Father, hearts as wide
As thine that was far wider than the world,
Hearts by incessant labor sanctified
Yet with the peace of prayer within them furled.