Commenting on San Francisco

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

On April 30, the feast of St. Francis of Assisi, the Unité nations of the U. S. and of the U. S. R. met and shook hands in Germany. Capitalism met and, ratified with Communism over the dead body of the Nation in the homeland of the latter. Already people in this country are talking of the "inert" war which is sure to come between the two remaining great powers of the earth. It probably will come, too, unless the spirit of this country takes matters in its own hands and give the interfering, meddling politicians who are continuously speaking for America a lesson in what democracy means, and relegate them to the limbo of silence and oblivion. If the American people are rehabilitated into another war, this time with Germany, which has immense resources, as well as ideas and opportunities for organizing both East and West, and which under its banner, those who see the war will, if they live through it, witness the end of what we call civilization. But President Roosevelt had something like that in his mind when he warned the delegates at the San Francisco Conference of the fate which awaited humanity if the foundations of a true peace were not laid there. Many people were hopeful that the Axis men had come out of San Francisco, called after one of the members of the group, a true Christian who loved his God, his fellow men, and all God's creatures. But the Axis man is well known to many readers of The Catholic Worker. For the people or the state or the war, if one is not known, it follows hereafter: Lord, make me an instrument of peace, In pardoning . . . that we are aware of nor interested in its nature of going through the starry height, O Divine Master, grant that I may not as much as think To be consoled . . . as to console. To be understood . . . as to understand. To be loved . . . as to love, To be known . . . as to know, To be remembered . . . as to remember.

Unfortunately there was none of the spirit or none of the ideas that pervaded the life of St. Francis of Assisi. The city which was named after him. He was a man of the people, of charity, or love, pardon, faith, hope, light and joy, consolation and encouragement. All the teachings that St. Francis prayed for, are gifts or fruits of the Holy Ghost and can not be had except through Him? If we are aware of and believe in the teachings of Christ, surely we know that we shall never get peace in this world as long as the world is dominated and ruled by

THE NEW SLAVERY

During the month a lawyer whom I had met once before came to me at Mott Street and told me of a woman confined to the psychopathic ward at Bellevue for observation, who had been picked up in a restaurant for speaking adversely of the Jews. He wanted to know if I would go to see her, as her relatives were hundreds of miles away, and had not as yet gotten into contact with her. As we are spiritually sensitive, and all of us children of Abraham, going to visit this poor woman was in the nature of going to visit an An opening to their home in heaven.

To Our Lady

O glorious Lady, throned in light;
Sublime above the starry height;
The other orient CSCently spread,
A welcoming at thy sacred breast.

O grace and refuge of the poor,
Thy love and pity on the earth;
Thine arms thy great Creator pressed,
Through thee tocontain our every woe.

Through thee to contain our every woe,
Thine arms thy great Creator pressed,
Through thee to contain our every woe.

Thou changest hapless Eva's doom:
A highway to their home in heaven.

THE NEW SLAVERY

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(Continued on page 2)

men who reject Christ and His teachings. We might as well look for blood from a stone or figs from thistles.

The setting at San Francisco was perfect. The men who occupied the stage were neither aware of nor interested in its possibilities. And so, not according to any man but according to God Himself, who warned us over and over again of the punishments of Godlessness, we can prepare ourselves for more war, unless the people in all countries be united themselves and begin to live and act as Christians. In that way alone lies peace.

There is no use in kidding ourselves, or letting others kid us, for there is any hope for peace in any other direction. The "peace that the world cannot give" can only come from God. We are not only all but pagan to think that it can come from men, no matter who they are, or how well meaning they may be.

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W"t what praises to extoll thee we know not, for He will make thee heavens.could not contain, rested in thy bosom."

Mother of fair love, it is hard to write about you who have given us God. I can only make this a column of thanksgiving. And a very form of thanksgiving, for bringing us to the faith through motherhood, for sending me sweet reminders even through Communist friends (a gift of a rosary on one occasion) and through other means.

"The feast of your love is often sad," the Hungarian Bishop Prohaska writes. "There is much heavy food which science and politics provide, but our wine is missing, which should refresh the soul and body. It is the feast of joy of life." Oh, our Mother, intercede with thy Son in our behalf. Show Him our need. Tell Him with trust, "They have no wine." He will provide it.

"Sweet wine, fiery wine, the Lord Jesus gives to our bridal soul; He warms and heats our hearts. Oh, sweet is the wine of the first fr lly, oh, the first new wine real!*

* * *

Black cross feasting on brown ploughed earth,
White goats leaping in the violets,
Black crows feasting on brown ploughed earth,
Ducks with their waddles,
Walking in line by the green wheat field.

There is a poem written for my grandchild Rebecca, made a child of God May 6. Some days we think of ourselves as she would have been, if the war hadn't been, if there hadn't been, if the war hadn't come, if the war hadn't come, if there is chaos and destruction ahead, when we have so recently been living in a sample of hell, how heaven will shine forth. Thank God part of the war is over and the war has not been in vain. May God give to those who have lost their loved ones a happiness from which they can console those who are left.

There are things—all of them samples of heaven, all of them dwelling of the light, of the high things, of the things—all of them samples of heaven, all of them dwelling of the light, of the high things.

SPRING IN THE COUNTRY

Thank God for spring, for the things that remind us of spring, of their way to New York on business. In the morning Slim and I went to the House of Hospitality, who was heard of the Catholic Worker. In the single copy list. We feel as writer of many of the Benet column. When he came to, he in this division of Bellevue Hospital and explained the whole thing to a doctor. He signed a paper to be allowed to visit because he was a mental patient. It was true that she was irritating, but I had no way of knowing that she was in a mental hospital. Granted that she was irritating, but I had no way of knowing that she was in a mental hospital.

The last experience we had was strangest of all. There was a shell-shocked soldier who had been in the last war living with us and helping us in our work. He had actually taken a slice of bread and wings, and hung around the kitchen, and on two occasions when he came up as to the war, he became violent, throwing one man down stairs and another, and thought the Jews were running everything, still I could not see, from my talk with him, that he had been with the Catholc Worker in New York University School of Medicine. His manner was so brusque, we did not seem possible to me that he was a mental patient. If it was true that she was irritating, but I had no way of knowing that she was in a mental hospital. Granted that she was irritating, but I had no way of knowing that she was in a mental hospital.

I remember our friend John Long, who was transferred from the tuberculosis hospital on Welfare Island to the Bronx hospital, where he had quarreled with the help and complained about the food. Our old friend John Long, who wrote a few articles for us about conditions in the hospitals, had been transferred from the tuberculosis hospital to a mental hospital, and had also been transferred from the psychiatric ward for young women. I am not so much criticizing our hospitals themselves, but I am criticizing those who run them, who make the decisions, who write the letters of fighting for the rights of God's children, who may they see their children's children, and peace on Israel.

If there are such keen joys and beauties in these times, when we when when when was the sample of hell, how heaven will shine forth. I like to think of Father Faber's writings on life and death. He quotes at the conclusion of one of these sermons, "My beloved to me and to Him, who feedeth among the lilies till the daybreak and the shadows retire." And then he repeats with joy, "Till the day break, and the shadows retire. Till the day break and the shadows retire!" If these joys are shadows, what can I add else?"
From San Francisco

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Director,

It was good to hear from you. Here you are constructing lab¬
eratory equipment, experimenting with the brains and bodies of a mass of men who seem preoccupied with destruction. We have felt the need of a swooping cTlticism of defect, if so frightening—to direct the Johnson's address at Trinity Col¬
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A MAN born blind lived with us for several weeks recently. Association with him strengthened my belief that all of affections which have at the deepest pit of my heart, and is deserving of it.

It is virtually impossible for one gifted with sight to comprehend the power of faith. By a blind man one acquires the depth of nature, "It is like the sunlight when I feel it on my face," he says. There is no way to feel things without going near them. He knows the truth of this. sensation centers rather than on his ability to see the beauty and the ugliness of the world.

The spiritual implications of blindness are deep and far-reaching. Scripture teaches that losses to the condition are many. Protection of the blind is commanded in Deuteronomy, 27:8, 18, we are told: "Cursed be he that maketh...to wander out of his way." But of far greater significance is the fact that for the physically blind is the very frequent Scriptural use of blindness as a figure of speech to describe persons whose hearts and minds are closed to God. This figure is used in the New Testament chapter of Isaiah, and immediately again in the eighth verse of the 43d chapter. We find telling use of it in St. Paul’s Epistle to the Ephesians, 2:16, we are told: "This then I say and testify in the Lord: That...as also the Gentiles walk in the vanity of their mind. Having their understanding darkened, being alienated from...because of the blindness of their hearts." Because of the blindness of their hearts. This must mean that their hearts are closed to grace, just as the blind eye is closed to light, for grace is the light of the soul. A soul without grace is the blind eye. The soul is blind, in that it does not even know what grace is, just as the blind eye has no comprehension of the nature of light. But the soul is more fortunate than the eye, for it has provided means for it to obtain grace in this life. Unfortunately for the eye, those means (the Sacraments) for it will be born blind into the kingdom of darkness. It will be unable to see God. It would seem that the blind are destined to be the first witnesses of making us aware of the sad condition of godlessness. In fact, they are the only witnesses of the parallel when the Pharisees questioned Him after he gave sight to the man born blind. The beautiful story of the miracle is told in the ninth chapter of the Gospel according

BOOK REVIEW

THE CHRISTIAN STATE, by A. J. Ongnich, O.S.B. Ph.D.

The author has compiled a primer of value alike to the scholar and to the man on the street. In his own words: Moreover, we have reached such a time that men degenerate as to confound truth with falsity, justice with injustice, the good with evil. All possible means have been employed to render the Christian State more uncertain and vague. The unhappy result is that the blind is placed in the presence of modern man, having emancipated himself from God and traditional morality, reasoning on the basis of his own egoism and passions.

“Aquinas begins his ethics with the words: “Man was created to be like the image of God and possess the very essence of the Divinity. If God and nature are the same, and similarly subject to change; that is, if God is subject to man and the world; and that everything is God and possesses the very essence of the Divinity. If God and the world are one and the same, there is no difference between spirit and matter, necessity and chance, truth and falsehood, good and evil, right and wrong. In truth nothing can be improper, improper, imperious and irrational than this teaching (pantheism).” The Pope shows

COLOGNE: A Cross for the World

If first the story seemed too good to be true. The Cologne cathedral was "stirringly intact" in spite of the thoroughgoing obliteration bombings that occurred directly in the face of the earth. Some of the papers we read so far as to refer to its escape as miraculous. Miracle or not, we are all of us just that sight of relief and thanked God for the accuracy of our bombardiers and turned to the other news of that day—including the report that Dortmund had added a new roster of "dead" German cities in one powerful blow by Allied air forces.

Relief and reverent gratitude were the first reactions. But, strangely, this was not to be. This news item did not drop so easily from our interest as it grew and took on new life, every new addition that we found Cologne—or, rather, the memory of Cologne—forcing it into the forefront of the world's mind. Sometimes we thought that the poignant little report of Mother Earth’s last wish as a stricken witness when they heard the sound of a plane, or any sound, struck a chord. Perhaps it was the impact of a vision of hundreds of thousands of people on earth, waking hours in rat holes under the ground, not knowing whether they had found ourselves asking, “Why?”

But always we could comfort ourselves with the thought that for mercilessly saturating the organism; and claims that mental activities are functions of the organism. The denial by naturalism of the right to kill is working itself into American life and the daily press give us some idea of the complexity of the Continent. A proponent of naturalism has only the faintest notion of the nature of sight. “If is

We thresh, thresh, thresh; We shock, shock, shock; We drop, drop, drop; We pat, pat, pat.

Who wants to go for a boat? To glide where the bright light leads? We gather for the fun of it. For this is flower-time; this

Then wear the beds! Pull the Build up the hills! Clean the

We watch for sprouts; We dread the droughts, We pray for rain; We fear in vain.

All to keep cool on a warm day. We take a good cold lunch. But we hunger for justice, too!

We see the growing grain; we

What joy the growing grain!

We mow, mow, mow. We shock, shock; We stack, stack. We throw, throw, throw; We weep, weep, weep.

Our joy is seeing in sisters.

Family prayer crows the long. Our God we praise in dancing; How See Mother Earth ever offers you her

Riding goes the family. On a dark Sunday afternoon:

The horses start out jauntily...

But soft the earth; the ride.

We plow, plow, plow! We spade, spade, spade!

We hoe, hoe, hoe.

We rake, rake, rake.

Walking goes the family. A bright Sunday afternoon. The early birds are all a

Our seed cannot be in too good a

THE CATHOLIC LITERATURE CULT.
Other Christ, Other Mary

ONCE upon a time there was a brilliant young priest, who was very handsome and beloved by everyone. He spoke much over the radio, spreading a sense of peace deep and beautiful and moved hearts. His writings were printed everywhere. He often encouraged because he was afraid people came to listen to him because they enjoyed it so much, and he was afraid, too, that he was only saving the saved. He wanted to reach "the workers." The Holy Father had said that the tragedy of this our day was that the workers of the world were lost to the Church. He wanted to reach them, but they were lost. He always envied them as marching with fists upraised in May Day parades and throbbing Madison Square Garden, and walking with banners and flags and war in and out of factories singing the Internationale. He talked of their miseries, the Communists, in such terms that kind words left his lectures with faces pale with horror and wishing they could engage in battle against this physical battle. "Killing is too good for them!" One of the workers were foreseeing the death and degradation of Mussolini and were longing for the "sharp action" of the good against the bad. The same kind of mass action, God's will be done, vengeance is mine, I will repay. How true!

The good young priest longed to stir and influence these misguided, not kindly old ladies and glowering young girls. Oh, to reach the poor, the workers! Then a strike came that tied up industry and filled the streets with idle men, and the watermen with pickets. Good squads and beef squads roamed the streets and violence was in the air.

The young priest was approached by some of the strikers and urged to use his influence to get them justice, but the young priest did not wish to deal with particular issues. Principles, he said, came first. "There will be no Christian social order, until we have Christians," he added sententiously.

What do you mean—too many Jews? One of the strikers inquired, thinking that he was being anti-Semitic. "Until we get back to the principles of the Sermon on the Mount there will be no brotherly love," he answered with dignity.

No, he could not talk over the radio about the strike or the issues involved. When a worker knew enough about it, he was a natural. He would come and give them a day of recollection, if they would just set the time. Any time, just set the day, he said. People looked asked; ask, all but one who was a Holy Name man, and he dubiously promised to see what he could do about it.

"Day of recollection." What in 'ell was that?

Down in a slum parish, in a dusty basement hall, in a matter-of-fact kind of voice, ladies, interested in fighting communism, took over, and arranged meals for the day. That Holy Name man sweated over a circular, trying to translate "day of recollection" into terms understood by the common man, and then sent it forth to the union offices and friends distributed thousands. And then the young priest worked through a Saturday dawned. "To reach the masses."

The young priest had prepared himself with prayer, he had dressed himself in white, in his weapons. He journeyed from a distant city where he taught and heeded. He entered the church, and he feared that no wind scatters, I eat the bread of life and the wine of salvation, and I live in the embrace which satisfies never comes to an end. I live in the love of my God. I love my God. I am often to talk of the Blessed Mother, and the love of the Blessed Mother, and how we are loved by her in all men and Mary our Mother in all women.

"We are other-Christ," he cried out "Other-Mary." And he rose up suddenly.

(Continued on page 7)
The Catholic Worker

RETREATS FOR VETERANS

As the war progresses, an increasing diversity of its effects is becoming apparent. Some of them were not realized fully, if at all, by the growing number of soldiers, sailors, airmen, marines, and other men who are returning from far-flung battlefronts, wounded in body or mind.

Not all of these men are being cared for in military or naval hospitals. Others are sent home for extended periods, while many have been given an honorable discharge and are working for earnings that they may help to adjust themselves not merely to the economic change from which they have been estranged, but particularly in the spiritual, the moral, and the psychological. Helped also to find a way to life and to make the transition from military to civilian careers with a composed and tranquil assurance will be the strength needed to withstand the irritations of daily life.

While all men can salvage the mental suffering of these men and shrug off the memory of some of the horrible experiences they have undergone, there is an imperious need for intelligent medical treatment, especially the initial stages of the treatment. For the Catholic soldier or sailor probably would not bother to receive treatment as soon as possible after his discharge. The solitude, the fruitless labors of spiritual comfort, and the condition of the man and his family are not the things he wishes to think about. The Travelers Aid Societies, corporate and individual, are not in a position to render these services, as was the case of the soldier of the First World War, who was provided with a personal service while he was away. The Travelers Aid Societies, corporate and individual, are not in a position to render these services, as was the case of the soldier of the First World War, who was provided with a personal service while he was away.

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The CATHOLIC WORKER

Catholic Worker

Page Seven

May Day and Boston Common

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

MAY DAY and Boston Common were almost synonymous to the people of Boston. It was to that famous place, where free speech held sway, that the marchers turned off. In the past they would line up for dishwashing jobs. They would get a few hours work cleaning up after the 1500-person banquet at the hotel, in those depression days, in exchange for a chance to earn a few dollars in those dire depression days.

The men would get a good meal, and this was not to be sneered at, considering the poverty of food. For this they were grateful, but it was galling to see huge quantities of food tumbled into garbage barrels after those banquets. The men knew they were standing on the verge of starvation. We saw with our own eyes eleven barrels of salad and fruit thrown away after one banquet.

Some of the men would steal—if you could call it stealing—some of the food and take it home. Sometimes, a more humane unofficial police would go around with a basket of delicacy, butter for instance. The iron rule usually was that no food was to be taken away from the hotel, not even for the poor.

In 1937 the depression was still severe, although not as bad as it had been in 1933. When many a man slept for months, one day he would wake up and see the shaven in the morning in the egg pond, using the water as a mirror. He would see that the grub he had been eating was a plate of bread and cold and miserable night on one of the tombs of Boston's illustrious dead.

We had seen men creeping out of subways, standing in groups at corners at 6:30 in the morning, converging on a spot on the Common, where the Snoopy Baking Company had set up. They ate cans of doughnuts and dump them. It was a wolf-pack scene, and out of the民主 might get three doughnuts, if he was lucky.

It was against this background that men who listened to the apostles of red revolution and amount raised. Then a student of official would give out odd bits of ll official money for the following

Monsignor Liguori came looked over the farm, told us we were the only ones on it and advised raising sheep. Meanwhile, the three Ade de Belchite, Graham Carey, Father Joseph Woods, and George Magee formed The Catholic Worker and addressed groups as large as 150 persons. We had a general principle: "We were (Continued from page 4)

The New Order

"The New Order would not be the result of the decisions of the parish. The parish could enjoy the daily sight of Father Hopkins, trudging in a pipe in his mouth, to his field, in a field where he could look for his dinner and supper—a glorious realization of the dignity of work and the value of the holliest in the land. Don't tell me that Father Hopkins would have any accounts, for there would be few accounts to keep, and possibly no collections to make, if Father Hopkins could provide for himself: or he could let the parishioners know the accounts while he keeps their secrets in his bosom.

The other Christ

(Continued from page 5)

"This then is faith, to see the truth through the eyes of my brother, my mother, too. And where can we see the truth if I do not take my old woman I call my natural mother, who steals my clothes for drink, and my Catholic non-Catholic uncle, who is an 'irregular'?

The crowd didn't have Peter's iron resistance, and they were feeling the pangs of hunger, longings for a sight of the House of Hospitality.

In those days under John Magge when John put his whole time into the work. Then when John had started the farm group, she came back for a time to the work again. The total cost of the farm was $1,300 and this was to be paid

Some new faces are always coming and one thing necessary and Bill Sheehan is cooking. Here and there we get a glimpse of the f i fields. Missouri. Can we get some chicken feed. Dave is running the farm as we penned it for the CATHOLIC WORKER at that time.

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It was against this background that men who listened to the apostles of red revolution and amount raised. Then a student of official money for the following

Monsignor Liguori came looked over the farm, told us we were the only ones on it and advised raising sheep. Meanwhile, the three Ade de Belchite, Graham Carey, Father Joseph Woods, and George Magee formed The Catholic Worker and addressed groups as large as 150 persons. We had a general principle: "We were (Continued from page 4)

The New Order

"The New Order would not be the result of the decisions of the parish. The parish could enjoy the daily sight of Father Hopkins, trudging in a pipe in his mouth, to his field, in a field where he could look for his dinner and supper—a glorious realization of the dignity of work and the value of the holliest in the land. Don't tell me that Father Hopkins would have any accounts, for there would be few accounts to keep, and possibly no collections to make, if Father Hopkins could provide for himself: or he could let the parishioners know the accounts while he keeps their secrets in his bosom.

The other Christ

(Continued from page 5)

"This then is faith, to see the truth through the eyes of my brother, my mother, too. And where can we see the truth if I do not take my old woman I call my natural mother, who steals my clothes for drink, and my Catholic non-Catholic uncle, who is an 'irregular'?"
Grail Schools of Apostolate

"T"HE Task of Young Women in the Era to Come" is the challenging theme of the Grail Schools of Apostolate which will be held in this coming summer from June until October under the auspices of the interracial Diocesan Council of Catholic Women of the Catholic Church throughout the United States. In the name of this Council I planted two weeks ago in the windowboxes are coming up. Definitely spring IS here.

But I, lying at my feet, unfeeling, the sound of traffic, the medley of human voices, the quarrel-ings of birds barely reaching my consciousness. Again I have laid my child, and into my distant childhood, fan.

A beautiful, gorgeous sight, a column of clouds. I can see it above me. In the distance, a little heaven. I am aware of a great deal of beauty. I am aware that positively has the ability to fast of tea with thick cream and raspberry jam.

In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Fr. Gerald Vann, O.P.) came to America from England. In it a British officer was quoted as saying: "The difference between throwing rocks in a fireplace and throwing stones is exactly the same. In both cases, they are staring at each other."

The Cross is our spiritual mirror.

Love consists not in getting but in giving, just in pleasure but in sacrifice.

St. Augustine: "I searched for God, without, and found Him within."