

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAYS

By Peter Maurin

Road to Communism

I. Paraguay Reductions

1. In a book entitled: "The Magic Mountain" Thomas Mann has a character who has become a Jesuit after having been a Marxist.
2. As a Jesuit he could understand Communism much better than he could understand it as a Marxist.
3. In Paraguay the Jesuits established a Communist society.
4. Part of the land was held individually.
5. The other part known as God's land was cultivated in common.
6. The produce was used for the maintenance of the aged, the infirm and the young.

II. Proudhon and Marx

1. "Communism is a society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs."
2. Such a definition does not come from Marx; it comes from Proudhon.
3. Proudhon wrote two volumes on the "Philosophy of Poverty" which Karl Marx read in two days.
4. Karl Marx wrote a volume on the "Poverty of Philosophy."

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Interracial Group Holds Conference

Meet for Mass and Breakfast, Then Talk and Vespers

(Interracial Review News Service)

New York, Jan. 20.—An appeal for Catholics to recognize that all men, Negroes as well as white, have an equal dignity in Jesus Christ, was voiced today at an all-day conference of the interracial question by the Rev. John P. Delaney, S.J., director of the Institute of Social Order, and formerly the announcer in English on the Vatican radio station.

Father Delaney was one of a series of speakers on the program, which alternated between discussion groups and religious services through the day. The event was the fourteenth annual corporate communion and breakfast of the Catholic Laymen's Union, an organization of Negro Catholic business and professional men, and the sixth anniversary interracial conference of the Catholic Interracial Council. The latter group is composed of both whites and Negroes. The two organizations held joint sessions during the day.

Conclusions

After a series of instances of discrimination against Negroes in the field of employment were brought out at a session in the basement of St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street, the members of the panel taking

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Rich Man, Read!

"Tell me, whence are you rich? From whom have you received? From your grandfather, you say; from your father? Are you able to show, ascending in the order of generation, that that possession is just throughout the whole series of preceding generations? Its beginnings and root grew necessarily out of injustice. Why? Because God did not make this man rich and that man poor from the beginning. Nor, when He created the world, did He allot much treasure to one man, and forbid another to seek any. He gave the same earth to be cultivated by all. Since, therefore, His bounty is common, how comes it that you have so many fields, and your neighbor not even a clod of earth? . . . But I shall not go into this matter too deeply. Riches may be just and free from all robbery; nor are you at fault if your father was a robber. You possess, indeed, the results of plunder, but you have not plundered. Granted even that your father despoiled no one, but extracted his gold from the earth, what then? Are riches therefore good? By no means. 'But they are not evil,' you say. If they were not acquired through avarice or violence they are not evil, provided that they are shared with the needy; if they are not thus shared, they are evil and dangerous. . . . Is it not wrong to hold in exclusive possession the Lord's goods, and to enjoy alone that which is common? Are not the earth and the fullness thereof the Lord's? If, therefore, our possessions are the common gift of the Lord, they belong also to our fellows; for all the things of the Lord are common. . . . Behold, the economy of God. He made certain things common, to teach the human race modesty. Such are the air, sun, water, earth, heaven, sea, light, stars. He distributed all these things equally as among brothers. . . . How can he who has riches be just? He certainly is not. He is good only if he distributes them to others: if he is without riches he is good; if he distributes to others he is good; but as long as he retains them, he is not good."

—St. John Chrysostom.

The Draft Reaches Us On Mott St.

Seven Leave for Camp While Mothers Weep, Friends Comfort

Down on the corner of Mott and Hester streets in front of her glowing and colorful piles of fruit and vegetables, Katie stands and weeps all the day. Her son Philip went away to camp yesterday.

And every day or so through the mails, glowing press releases come in from the Selective Service headquarters, telling us how happy everyone is to be removed from home, from family, from work and from school, to give a year of his life at "soldiering," a word which has been used to connote loafing on the jobs of life.

Nodding Acquaintance

So far our contacts with the military have been few. Down in the Baltimore house a local draft board sent a homeless man to us to stay for a few days until he was "called up." Over here in Brooklyn our boys watched military maneuvers when they went to beg the left-over food after the removal of a division (they didn't get it). The Bundles for Britain people give us their left-over shoes (unfit for Britons but suitable for the Bowery).

But now the long cold arm of the military has reached out and touched us more nearly. Mike Monaghan, one of our fellow workers this past year or so, left for camp with Philip.

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DAY AFTER DAY

Sowing Time

This last month I spoke at Baltimore, Philadelphia and Scranton and Norwood, Mass. This coming month my schedule takes me to Amherst on Feb. 12, St. Joseph's Academy, Portland, Feb. 13; Boston House of Hospitality, Feb. 14; Worcester, Mass., Feb. 15. Feb. 26 I shall be at Albertus Magnus College, New Haven.

The months seem so crowded and speed by so fast. There is so much to be done with writing and speaking, not to speak of household activities around Mott Street with a family of fifty and a hungry horde of 1,400 coming in every day. There are the sick ones, and the well ones that get into trouble. There are the personal problems, not due to the economic system, and there are the problems that have to do with war and unemployment and poverty. There are the two books I am writing; and a pamphlet John Cogley, editor of the Chicago paper, wishes me to send in as a starter for a series.

Unless the Wheat—

"The only way to have more time," says Father Lacouture, "is to sow time." In other words, to throw it away. Just as one throws wheat into the ground, to get more

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We Are Not Alone Says Catholic C. O.

I wish to thank you very much for having given encouragement to those of us who have felt we were obligated to be conscientious objectors. It is certainly a great help to me to know that I was not entirely alone among Catholics in my claim.

A few weeks ago I filled out my questionnaire and the special form required of C. O.'s. This evening, I appeared before my local board to further defend my claims. Two board members and a stenographer were present. The chairman was a Catholic and began by stating that I could not as a Catholic claim C. O., but that on my personal belief they might place me in class 4E. I, of course, disagreed with his first statement saying that a Catholic could be a C. O. but that he was not obligated to do so since the Church required each Catholic to act according to his own conscience in the matter. There was some further discussion on this ques-

tion, but of course, neither of us convinced the other.

Subject to State?

He also stated that since I was a subject of the State I was obligated to follow the dictates of Congress. This, I also denied, stating that the obligation existed only so long as these "Dictates" did not conflict with any moral beliefs. He objected saying that if Congress enacted legislation which was morally wrong that they were the only guilty party and that the Church requested me to follow the State, relieving me of responsibility. I disagreed again stating that my duty to God and to the Church preceded any duty to the State. I was much surprised when he disagreed saying that the State came first and that the Church did not teach otherwise.

By this time I realized that there was no use arguing on the attitude of the Church since he seemed misinformed

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Constructive Peace On World-Wide Scale

It may still be safely assumed that a majority in the United States is pacifist, at least at this moment of writing. That is to say, the American majority condemns any tendency to intervene by force of personal arms in the quarrel between the British Empire with Nazi Germany. "Keep our boys out of the trenches" is still, even at a desperate moment when history violently alters overnight, a popular slogan, or rather a popular peace-cry. Incidentally as Colonel Donovan, seconded by General Hugh Johnson, pointed out not so long ago, why always begin with the boys? If there must be another A.E.F. to defend England or Canada or Greenland, why not begin, for once in a way, with the middle-aged—clergymen, teachers, politicians, columnists, etc., especially with such of them who have already seen service in the first World War, and are thus, presumably, better equipped for the second? It is an old question never. I

suppose, to be answered. I merely suggest that this proposed drafting of the middle-aged first, and the young last (if at all) might have remarkably arresting effects on the cause of intervention, and thus advance the cause of permanent peace.

Common Objections

The case for pacifism could be stated as a series of answers to the more common militarist objections, but lack of space permits me to do hardly more than list the main anti-pacifist arguments. (1) It is said, for instance, that war is "a law of Nature." But war, in the sense of conflict between armies, is waged by no animal against its own species save man alone. (2) It is said (appealing to some Herbert Spencer or other) that war secures the survival of the fittest. But it has been often pointed out that a war like the present one secures the survival of no-

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Peace and War In China

I am high up in the Yao Mountains and feel very close to heaven. My pastor sent me up with a catechist to pass the beautiful feast of the Assumption. The Yaos are aboriginals and some say they are not Chinese. One of our teachers back in Hong Kong—still a good pagan—claims they have tails, but as soon as I can write Chinese better I hope to give him first hand knowledge to the contrary. The children here during this hot weather can easily be studied from head to foot in their innocence, and I trust they don't develop tails later on. The Yaos are a mountain folk and farmers all. They have their own language which differs very much from any Chinese I know but all of them also speak the national language. But they are Chinese to the core forming part of one, the Miaos, of the five races that make up these wonderful people. So it is very easy to love them. Moreover this branch has been Catholic for half a century, converted by the French missionaries, and I must say they did a very good job of it. They see a priest two or three times a year and yet are in their little mud chapel twice a day to chant their morning and night prayers. Offering the Holy Sacrifice here reminds me of our Mass at Easton and St. Benedict's Farm in Michigan. The chickens and pigs and water buffalos are even a bit closer. Would we all could return so near Bethlehem.

Back to the Land

I wish all our "Back to the Landers" could see and experience how these people live. They work hard from dawn to dark, most of them in the fields (rice, corn, sweet potatoes and several things I know no word in English for). Yet how happy in their work, their prayer, and their play. No work on Sunday except during harvest time when all are dispensed. No movies or balls, and even the youngsters work more than they play, which develops an extraordinary sense of responsibility in those who have hardly reached the use of reason. But they have their games, too, and their joyous dances. But all these things are in some way connected with their religion. The old folks sit around after night prayers with their bamboo pipes. The women sit apart and often have theirs, too. They have developed a very clever water system by using bamboo to carry fresh water from the nearby mountains to their homes. Many of the mountains are terraced to allow the planting of rice (which must be in water until the harvest time is near). Many of the people, of course, are unlettered—like many of the other saints—but many are not. All speak two languages. One young man helped me prepare the gospel this morning—the third time I've read the Chinese text. I had not sufficient time to prepare a sermon today, but I inflicted my second one on these good people on the Assumption.

Language Difficult

The language is still the great wall that must be crossed. I haven't the facility of the five-year-old tots that are so numerous around here. I was com-

plaining this morning before a small group who, of course, are too courteous to admit the truth. But one good lady came forward with a very consoling word. She said there was another language stronger than that which passes through the lips and every one understands it; she pointed to her heart. This mother of seven (not a large family here) was one of a group that walked over three hours on mountain paths and through muddy rice paddies to receive the Sacraments. Moreover she carried her youngest child (like all Chinese) on her back this long way.

The only trouble with this place is that there is no missionary work to be done—all but one family in the section are Catholics. But a few days here is a beautiful retreat from the busy life of the last few months in Hong Kong and Kweilin and Yungfu—something like going out to Easton after living in the New York City slums for some months. For over a week now I've heard not a word of English nor seen

guage, nationality, etc., may soon be erased between me and these good people for whom I feel more and more that God has a very special love and work to do.

Dr. John C. H. Wu

Shortly before leaving Hong Kong my path crossed that of two well educated Chinese who impressed me profoundly. I'd like to tell you much more about one of them, Dr. John C. H. Wu, than time or space will permit. I met him for the first time in Carmel when he became Godfather to our good friend Allen Spitzer. I sent you Wu's article, "Science of Love" on the Little Flower and hope you've found time to read it. I had several long talks with him before leaving Hong Kong. He is now on his law bench in the Legislative Yuan in the National Capital, Chungking. But with all his degrees and titles and scholarships, etc., he feels that the law is not his element. In Christ, love abrogates the law. He is still a young man, 42, though the father of 12

ing. Two weeks ago one young mother, long a victim of malaria and undernourishment, died. Her three-day old child (born two months too early because of her mother's condition) was expected to follow soon. I haven't heard the latest since my return from the Yao Mountains. Both have been baptized, thank God, but this does not right the injustice under which these people have been living so long. The war is over three years old now. The government is doing what it can, but there are so many millions of these homeless ones. When we left Hong Kong the place was being evacuated. All English women and children and many Americans were departing. It was a sorry sight indeed, but nothing, I repeat nothing at all, compared with the plight of the Chinese refugees. But how many of the latter talked over the radio, or how many others interceded for them? America has so much to answer for; if only she would wake up in time. Dr. Wu loves America and Americans and

Spiritual Basis Need of Co-ops Says Fowler

"I believe that the whole curse of dictatorship, of looking for the State to do something is because people have gotten away from the spiritual ideal of the common Brotherhood of Man, and are looking for a father in the State."

This statement was made by Bertram Fowler, at one of our Wednesday night Forums, in speaking on "The Technique of Action in Time of Chaos." Mr. Fowler is considered one of the most interesting authorities on the Cooperative Movement in this country. He is the author of "The Lord Helps Those," the story about Fr. Tompkins' cooperative movement in Nova Scotia.

Although Mr. Fowler is a great exponent of the cooperative movement, he is also very critical of it. According to him our various cooperative and self help groups will fail unless they are built on a spiritual foundation, and an understanding of the Brotherhood of Man, for he says "Techniques of action without a philosophy are futile." Otherwise all the cooperative movement will be doing "is to get out a group of chain stores more efficient than the A.&P. and that is nothing at all."

He also stressed the point of personal responsibility, the need for doing things ourselves, using our own resources and strength, and not looking towards the State for aid. Pointing out that all groups which started out on their own initiative as self-help groups did very well until they asked for government aid. For then the projects were regimented and the idea of self-help vanished.

Building for Bread

Further stressing the importance of personal responsibility Mr. Fowler said: "It is not a point of building for beauty now. Within the next three or four years, we are going to be faced with the absolute necessity of building for bread. There will be no employment, we will have to take care of the unemployed. And you can show them how to take care of themselves through Brotherhood. The important thing is to get this idea across now. When you have what cooperation means as a Christian order, then you are saddled with a terrific responsibility. The man who sees what must be done is then faced with the responsibility of doing something about it. And that time is coming when you will do something about it or else settle down and allow some form of Totalitarianism do it for you."

Books to read:—

"Rural Roads to Security"—By Msgr. L. G. Ligutti and Rev. J. C. Rawe, S.J.
"The Lord Helps Those"—Bertram Fowler.
"Masters of Their Own Destiny"—Rev. M. M. Coady.
"Brotherhood Economics"—Kagawa.

Epistle for St. Agatha, Feb. 5

See your vocation, that there are not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world, hath God chosen, that He may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world, hath God chosen, that He may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible, hath God chosen, and things that are not, that He might bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in His sight. But of Him are you in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and justice, and sanctification, and redemption; that as it is written, He that glorieth, may glory in the Lord.

the face of another white man—neither has been much of a sacrifice when we feel the affection with which these people hold their priest. I don't know why I write "another" white man for no one would still be so foolish as to still call my face white. The Yaos live so close to nature (and to the supernatural) that they do not yet consider it a lack of civilization to let nature take its course even on one's face. So being all things to all men I, too, have a beautiful crop on my chin.

Back at Yungfu

I'm sorry I didn't have more time and inclination to tell you more about the Yaos and their manner of life in its own setting, but I started too late. And the last couple days when they heard Shen Fu (Spiritual Father) was about to leave there was a constant interruption. If one can do without privacy I think he has already half succeeded in his missionary effort. (Not so different from Mott Street). Scores of eyes have been all over this letter, without being able to read a word. I explained to whom I was writing and went into an exposition of THE CATHOLIC WORKER as far as my limited speech would allow. All were deeply interested, almost shocked to learn that all Americans are not rich, that thousands must actually stand in line to beg their daily bread. I showed them your letter and explained the heading, Christ embracing the black and white workers; told them how THE CATHOLIC WORKER is praying for suffering China. They also want to pray for you all. Having no interest in world prices or markets or other worldly affairs, it seems so easy to talk to them of spiritual things. Pray that all barriers of lan-

children (all of one good mother).

Peace and Poverty

I like especially his ideas on peace and poverty. He would like to see some missionaries go so far as to actually beg from the poor Chinese for their sustenance. He points out how Our Lord left his wealth behind and begged the hospitality of us poor mortals; how Francis did the same thing by giving back even his clothes to his father. He sees no loss of dignity in the priest who goes third class, who wears grass shoes. There is prudence and prudence. Pray for this Carmel - Wu - Spitzer - Maryknoll cell. Our Little Chinese Carmel has been behind the scenes in everything.

Air Raid Alarms

The Little Flower is taking care of Dr. Wu in this regard by planting a new little St. Teresa chapel near him in Chungking. He writes that no less than 12 Catholic buildings, including the Cathedral, have been destroyed by the bombing of the past couple months. I have witnessed only two actual bombings (21 killed in the second), but the air-raid alarm rings almost daily here when the planes go overhead. Yesterday three groups passed on their deathly mission—eight planes in the largest. To bring the reality closer home I've been visiting three refugee camps almost daily with my pastor, Fr. Glass. He treats well over a hundred patients most days. The conditions under which these people live are quite indescribable.

Chinese Refugees

In each of the three camps it is the case of some 200 under one leaky roof without even mosquito net privacy for the most part—and malaria is rag-

got most of his foreign education there. But he hates much of her civilization and what she is doing today.

The June CATHOLIC WORKER just came, being forwarded from Hong Kong. I think it excellent and I'm sure he will, too. God bless your courage.

Father Lebbe

Father Lebbe has been dead over a month now. So one hope of mine will never be fulfilled here below. Some think he was poisoned while in the hands of the Japanese. All Chinese papers praised him highly, as much (perhaps more) for his loyalty to China as for his missionary efforts. I feel his work was very great in the eyes of God and I hope to learn more of him and his methods and perhaps of his mistakes. A Belgian died a Chinese citizen but another Belgian had already applied for naturalization when news of his death came. The latter is our dear friend and Mother Superior of the Carmel mentioned above. She knows considerable about the de Bethune family, is a Baroness herself (I learned indirectly), but now wants to be thoroughly Chinese—at a time when it is not too healthy to be such around Hong Kong. She was delighted with "Union Square to Rome," and begged to keep my copy of "House of Hospitality" for a few months. Her intelligent encouragement has meant a great deal.

But this is far too long already, much as I should like to go on. We must bear each other's burdens and there are dark clouds ahead.

God love every one of you. Let us be one in His Love every morning at the Holy Sacrifice and Sacrament.

Gratefully in Christ,
Rev. Don Hessler.

+ Constructive Peace +

(Continued from page 1)

body but women, children, the sick, aged and infirm; and even that survival is becoming daily more dubious. (3) It is said that war is a school of the manlier virtues. It is perfectly true that what Mr. Belloc is over-fond of terming the noble profession of arms, does breed in certain individuals the virtues of courage, honor, comradeship and self-sacrifice; but it also breeds in other individuals the vices of cruelty in the private soldier and of tyranny in his chiefs. Moreover, it can never be right, according to the precepts of our religion, to do evil that good may come. Finally, it is said that the Christian Church does not condemn war. But Jesus condemned it; and the most eminent of the early Fathers condemned it in no uncertain terms—Tatian, Tertullian, Origen, Lactantius, St. Cyprian, St. Justin Martyr. The Christian Church was officially pacifist, it would seem, up to the moment when the odious Constantine placed the nails that crucified Christ in the bits of his favorite horse.

Pacifist Solution

The pacifist solution for the evil of war has the merit, not only of being the right thing, but also of being eminently practical. It activates, first of all, on the commonsense premise that nations and states are not mystical entities like the Holy Roman Empire, transcending the people who live in them. That is the Kipling vision, the Hitler dream; and it has turned out to be a very bad one. States and nations are made up, necessarily, of human beings, people like ourselves. One's personal experience teaches him that if he treats other people badly, they will treat him badly, and that if he treats them well, they will, in the long run, reciprocate. Hatred breeds hatred, but so equally does love breed love, and despite the morbid paradoxes of lovers and philosophers, the two things cannot exist simultaneously in the same heart. This is doubtless what Christ meant in the mysterious fable about "making friends with the mammon of unrighteousness," and I have always felt His other assertions of turning the other cheek and not resisting evil (which so stick in the throats of most Christians) to have been manifestations of a Divine Wisdom almost shattering in its human practicality.

In three times out of four, moreover, your enemy is sincerely convinced that it is you who represents the mammon of unrighteousness, just as you are as infallibly fixed in your own unalterable rectitude. That kind of common self-deception, accompanied by hatred, merely generates more hatred and more self-deception in the heart of one's neighbor. The point has been nicely illustrated in Sidney Lanier's poem, "How Love Looked for Hell," where the counsellor tells his Prince that he has witnessed the very essence of hell in a murderer chained to his victim's corpse; they ride to the spot and find instead two friendly spirits, pacing beneath the willows.

"These be the same..."

"And who is my neighbor?" demanded the man of law. Everyone, is the obvious an-

swer. The first step then in doing one's bit for world peace, and probably the hardest step, involves what is commonly called "a change in heart." One must commence with himself; charity, in this case, does indeed begin at home. One must begin and effect a transformation of personal values, diminishing those which make for egotism such as greed, lust, vanity, will-to-power; and increasing those which make for other people's good. Readers of George Duhamel will recall what Salavin said to his Communist friends in "Le Club des Lyonnais": "You may change the regime; you may replace the class now in power—but if you don't change me, Salavin, you will have changed nothing at all." And, among other changes, we must stop hating people; then, later on, it will be much easier to stop hating Englishmen or Germans or the Japanese or the Jews.

Unthought of Hates

It may be objected that most of us here in America do not go in for the business of hat-

With what I most enjoy contented least. . . .

Shakespeare would have made a capital psychoanalyst of the cheery Adlerian sort. For in the next line of his sonnet he puts his finger on the real motive for all this sterile detestation:

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising . . .

It might be safely argued, in other words, that hatred, far from being the self-worshipping, Strong Man attitude, preached in an extreme form by the Nazis, is actually based on a very common neurosis of fear, inadequacy and self-distrust. You can choose, if you like them, these and other neurotic symptoms, often depositing their victim in a madhouse at the end; or you can choose self-knowledge, self-respect, love of people, love of life, opportunity for service, social responsibility, your supreme duty to God, and your joyous duty to your neighbor.

This brings us back to the closing lines of the Shakespeare sonnet. They read:



ing people much. Well perhaps not much, and seldom consciously, but to a far greater degree, all the same, than the average mind, untrained in self-examination, would admit. Many Californians are said to hate the "Oakies" who descend on them to earn their bread; and many members of "Christian" Front organizations would not be slow to say that they hate Jews. Many employees hate their employers, the motive being: this man has the economic power of life and death over me. The motive of some employers for hating their subjects is, perhaps, more recondite, but frequently it exists. Even Socialists and Communists commonly detest each other. Oh, yes, we hate more often, and to a greater extent, than we suppose. We hate people for being more virtuous, and frequently, for being more vicious than ourselves. We hate them for being richer, more successful, more talented, more human, more equipped for life. We hate people (and with what loathing) who clear their throats in our presence, or fool with their noses in subway trains. Envy is, perhaps, the most omnipresent and, often, the least conscious of the deadly sins. Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,

Featured like him, like him with friends possessed, Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising.

Haply I think on thee—and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth: sings hymns at heaven's gate; For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Shakespeare had discovered his compensation, or rather his solution for self-hatred, in his love for another human being. But in the long run, as Miss Cavil said of patriotism, such a "surrogate" is really not enough. At best, it declines to a mere temperate tenderness (not at all a bad thing); at worst, and especially when it is basically egotistic and sensual, it falls, sooner or later, into dust and ashes, or even worse refuse. Just as one has to change the bad patterns into which his life, through "excessive, defective or perverted love," has fallen, so he must go on enlarging these patterns to include a clear-sighted love of all men, a desire to do well by them and, first of all, to help end the most obvious and overwhelming of the evils now oppressing them—the fact of war. In other words, he who has succeeded in changing his heart must, inevitably, be what is often called contemptuously a pacifist, and must work, constructively, for world peace.

But how, it will be asked? In answer, I must refer the reader to some of the more recent books by Mr. Aldous Huxley, whose novel, "Eyeless in Gaza" (1936) and essay, "What Are You Going to Do?" (1937) represent for this writer something of the tolle, tolle, lege of St. Augustin. Indeed, I have drawn many of the ideas and much of my argument here from him, and if I may presume to summarize them very briefly, it would be something like this.

I began by saying that many people in America are "pacifists" now. But, confronted with the spectre of Mr. Hitler's progress since Munich, we are pacifists in a vague, bewildered and in no way effective fashion. Once let the Philippines, or any part of the American continent, seem to be threatened, and from the neutral ashes of our "pacifism" will rise the American eagle, more terrible than the fabled Fire-Bird. No more than Germany have we learned humility, the difference being that Germany's fear and pride

that Western European world which is now at war.

This can happen here; it has happened here; and the fields are white to the harvest. Nations, I repeat, are made up of people. Hence, if a majority of people in the nations now at war had long ago made up their minds that war was a sin against God and themselves, they might have brought a major pressure on their governments to the end of applying the principle of preventive pacifism. It would have involved calling an international conference to discuss the economic and political causes of war, and the elaboration of a world-wide scheme for eliminating those causes, including, incidentally, the wrongs of the Versailles Treaty as regards Germany. A great price would have been paid on all sides to secure these results, but no price like the one now being paid by England, France, Germany, Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and all neutral powers, including ourselves. After this war, there will be, God willing, such a congress where the United States will be genuinely represented. As for the professional isolationist whose cause, sometimes confused with constructive pacifism, is still popular just now, he is merely enacting the part of the priest in the parable who saw his neighbor half dead on the road; and passed by on the other side.

Last, it must be remembered that Constructive Pacifism is not just another priggish piece of "uplift," another "cause," but first of all, a new set of values and patterns for the individual; a new way of life. Mr. Huxley, who is not afraid of words like "religion," has even compared it to a new religious Order. Indeed its object seems all but identical—the salvation of ourselves and others. Many people, apparently, prefer to be damned.

—Cuthbert Wright.

Thank You

We wish at this time to express and share our joy with all of our readers at obtaining a car. Just this week we received a station wagon, a 1935 model Ford, with only 19,000 miles on it. It is in such perfect condition and runs so smoothly that one would imagine it came straight from the factory. A gift of this kind is rare indeed, and much beyond our wildest hopes and dreams.

We had been hoping and praying for a station wagon, as this is the kind of a car most suitable to our needs, and it is able to be converted into a small truck just by removing the seats.

We wish, too, at this time to thank all our friends who were so kind to us during the period that we were without a car, to lend to us so generously the use of their cars. And also, those who joined with us in prayer that we might obtain a car. But particularly we wish to express our sincerest and heartfelt thanks to this most kind and generous person who gave to us this very beautiful station wagon.

We wish, too, to thank you, St. Joseph, our constant friend, who has made all this possible and who never has failed to provide us with our needs.

CATHOLIC WORKER

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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BY VIOLENCE

Is there no other violence than that of the body, to rape, burn, pillage and murder? Is there no other energy save that for destruction?

As the days pass and the fever for war rises one can see that there is not only a desire to join in an active work of overcoming an enemy, but also a hunger, a desire, to suffer also with a suffering world, to participate in the blood, sweat and tears which Churchill speaks of so movingly.

But none wishes to do violence to himself to overcome the softness, the self-indulgence of his life. No one wishes to do violence to himself to impose a discipline, to sacrifice for the sake of his brothers. No, it is a lamentable weakness, that he desires to be forced by outward circumstances to the heroic. We well know that there is that hunger and craving for the heroic in every heart.

Each knows the God that is in Him. Each knows himself capable of struggle, of heroic endurance, of holding out against the enemy. That is, together, collectively. But each is afraid to be alone, afraid of the secret cowardice that eats like a worm within.

Again we find this realization that man is little less than the angels on the one hand, and on the other, man is but dust.

What is man, that thou are mindful of him? He is little less than the angels.

Oh, God, thou knowest our frame, that we are but dust.

In the literature of the day there is an expression of that same violence. There has been *Man's Fate*, by Malraux; *Man's Hope*, by the same author; *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, by Hemingway. And now *Out of the Night*, by Valdin. And other books, too, I have read this winter that have the same strain of violence through them; the novels of Graham Greene; *Native Son*, by Richard Wright.

In *Out of the Night* there is a dreadful satiety, a weariness of the spirit at the violence which has begotten chaos and a hideous sadism.

In the novels of Graham Greene there is a recognition of that violence of the spirit which is needful to overcome. There is a recognition, not just of right and wrong, justice and injustice, but of the far profounder conflict of good and evil, the necessity to take Heaven by violence.

Oil of Gladness

An outstanding example of one who is suffering violence, and most evidently with a peaceful and loving spirit, is Martin Niemoeller, imprisoned leader of the German Confessional Church who, during these last years in a concentration camp, is studying Catholic doctrine. (One of the New York papers carried a first-page story, saying he had become a convert to Catholicism, but the "Times" next day, in a wireless story, denied that he had embraced the faith, but acknowledged through his friends and relatives that he was making a study of Catholicism.) Somehow, as I read this account, such a feeling of joy came over me, that this noble person, in the midst of his sufferings, was spending his time doing that first duty of man as laid down in the penny catechism: Knowing God, and loving and serving Him. And the verse came to mind, "Thou hast loved justice and hated iniquity. Therefore the Lord hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows."

What greater force is there than that of love, the love of God which overflows into the love of man?

"Who then," says St. Paul, "shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation? or distress? or famine? or nakedness? or danger? or persecution? or the sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are put to death all the day long. We are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. But in all these things we overcome because of Him that loved us."

"For I am sure that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor might, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

So let us joyfully give ourselves up to this sweet violence and seek to overcome as well as to be overcome by it.

Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

wheat. It must have seemed madness to throw that first wheat away—but more wheat sprang up a hundred fold.

So each day, to start out by saying, there is plenty of time. And so to discard time; to throw it to the winds, to disregard all the work there is to do, and go sit in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament for an hour, to divest one's self of these accursed occupations—all in order to reap time, for those things which are necessary. Press day is a very good day for that.

Baltimore

When, as a board member, I went to the meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom at Baltimore, I took advantage of the occasion to visit the Baltimore House. It looked clean and comfortable and homelike. Jon and I had a walk down along the wharves which have been teeming with war trade. There were four English freighters in. It was mild out, but the melting snow and refuse in the streets gave everything an ugly look. The meeting of the WIL was held at the Lord Baltimore Hotel, and I walked up to the Cathedral and to the Chancery office and saw a section of the town I had not visited before. All our contacts in the big cities are in slums, and I thought as I remembered the letter of the lady from Iowa, that not only to the small town, midwesterners must our Mott Street seem strange, but also to all our friends in our own big cities.

Meetings

At the House I had coffee, visited a sick Negro, who was in very bad condition, had a round-table discussion with a gang of men whose bedroom I had to pass through to reach the Negro guest, and then I had dinner with Father Roy and Smitty, who afterwards took me back to the hotel for the evening sessions. Came back home by midnight bus, and a drunken policeman got on in Philadelphia and tried to direct the driver for some miles out of the city. The bus was crowded, there were two wisecrackers who kept everyone awake, and the odor was stale and sour. A deadly night, but I met Sister Peter Claver quite by accident on Thirty-fourth Street just as she was meeting her brother for 7 a.m. Mass at Holy Innocents before he took the Clipper for Lisbon on a mission to England for the President. Slept some of the day, and then to Vespers at St. Peter's with Bill Gauchat, head of the Cleveland House, here on a midwinter visit, and Dorothy Smith, down from Newport where she is an apprentice with Ade Bethune.

January 28 I had lunch with some of the Commonwealth editors at an Armenian restaurant, and Harriet Kennedy, one of the Buffalo group, was there, too.

Sigrid Undset

January 29, dinner at the Rambusch home with Sigrid Undset. Father LaFarge, Mr. O'Loughlin, Dr. Sullivan from Fordham were there besides the family. She is a tall, deep-chested, long-limbed woman

To the Street! Sell Papers! Urges Veteran on Retreat

Dear Fellow Workers:

It had been my intention to write for THE CATHOLIC WORKER an article about Catholic Press Month. I was all set to write a nice formal article about the great importance and need for the distribution of Catholic literature. But, then, I decided to "ditch" the idea of an article and, instead, write you a letter. Our readers are more apt to read a personal letter, instead of a cold forbidding article, and thus the idea of the importance of spreading Catholic literature will reach more people.

But before I get down to emphasizing the importance of the Street Apostolate, I would like to tell you briefly about the work that is being done



ST JOHN & GOD

here at the Immaculate Conception Retreat at Gillette, New Jersey.

The Missionary Servants of the Most Blessed Trinity (an order founded by Father Judge to work in the abandoned and neglected missions of our own country) have opened a retreat

with a look of great health and vigor. She has a broad forehead, large, exceptionally beautiful and clear eyes, set flat in the head. It is hard to remember what people talked about. American literature, Scandinavian. Life on a hill farm when she was writing "The Master of Hestviken," working until three in the morning, helping milk the twenty-five cows. They stayed up on this summer farm until late October and there were three snowstorms and the animals could not go out. They had to be fed and watered, and Madame Undset helped all day and did no writing. "But we drank a lot of coffee and ate much cake."

She had been lecturing on my book, "From Union Square to Rome," and on "The Good Paean's Failure," a few nights before the invasion of the Germans.

So many of our own women in the movement, as well as so many of our readers have been strengthened and enlightened by Madame Undset's books that I cannot forebear giving this personal little glimpse of her. She is coming to see us, she said, and I warned the household that there would be great scrubbing and cleaning for a week beforehand.

house for the Negro. There are five Sisters stationed here who have dedicated themselves to the task. Also one Catholic Worker who is staying for an indefinite length of time.

We have one of the loveliest chapels in the country. Father O'Brien celebrates Mass every morning at the unbelievable early hour of six-thirty (the Sisters, but not me, rise at five). It is a treat to be able to drop one's work and pay a visit to the Blessed Sacrament. My stay here, so far, has been one long uninterrupted retreat.

The place is well suited for retreats. The Sisters are able to take care of twelve retreatants at a time. I do wish that you will, through the CATHOLIC WORKER, make the place known to our Negro sisters so that they can avail themselves of the spiritual blessings that are attendant upon making a retreat. For further information they may write to Immaculate Conception Retreat, care of Sister Peter Claver, Gillette, New Jersey.

There is nothing new that I can say on the subject of the Street Apostolate. The procedure is simple. Take a bundle of CATHOLIC WORKERS (about 100), select a busy street corner and make it your duty to be at this spot day in and day out, so that people will know where to go for papers.

Do not get discouraged if at first the going seems tough and few papers are sold. It is not the amount of papers sold that counts, but the thought that perhaps the one paper sold, that day, may bring some one into the Faith. Stick to one spot. People usually get curious and buy a paper to see "what's it all about." I have sold copies to people who said that they had passed me by hundreds of times without buying, but who finally decided to buy a copy and see for themselves what we were selling. In this way we have made many friends.

No other form of Catholic Action, I believe, does as much good as the distribution and selling of Catholic literature. Many people have been brought into the Faith through the chance reading of a Catholic paper.

Selling THE CATHOLIC WORKER on the streets one reaches many non-Catholics, atheists, communists, etc., who are curious about the Faith. Many a long discussion have I held with non-believers about some article of our religion that has been bothering them. People who have a grudge against our Faith will come and take it out on the poor newsboy. People who pay no attention to the writings and teachings of the Pope are very concerned about what the Pope is going to do next, and impart to me all forms of advice as though I was the Pope's confidant. The heckler is always annoying me with, "Why doesn't the Pope do this?"

Through the coming year, every Catholic Worker should make it his obligation to sell THE CATHOLIC WORKER for at least one hour a week. If this is impossible, at least take a bundle of papers and leave them wherever he goes: subways, libraries, restaurants, public waiting rooms, barber shops, etc. At least you get the idea.

Stanley Vishnewski.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

5. Karl Marx was too much of a materialist to understand the philosophical and therefore social value of voluntary poverty.

III. A Blunderer

1. "If my wants should be much increased the labor required to supply them would become a drudgery."
2. If I should sell both my forenoons and afternoons to society I am sure that for me there would be nothing left worth living for.
3. I trust that I shall never sell my birthright for a mess of pottage.
4. I wish to suggest that a man may be very industrious and yet not spend his time well.
5. There is no more fatal blunderer than he who consumes the greater part of his life getting a living."

—Henry Thoreau.

IV. Functional Poverty

1. "Now frankly most of us have our hands so full of baubles that we haven't even a finger free which to reach out and satisfy the claim of unlimited liability."
2. Poverty, or some approximation of it, willingly assumed would set us free both for finding our responsibility and for fulfilling it when found.
3. That is why I have called it functional poverty.
4. It is to be taken up not as a shirking of the responsibility of wealth or privilege but as acceptance of wider responsibility."

—Mildred Binns Young.

V. Holy Poverty

1. "This poverty consists in the voluntary renunciation of every possession for reasons of love and through divine inspiration."
2. It is quite the opposite of that forced and unlovable poverty preached by some ancient philosophers.
3. It was embraced by Francis with so much affection that he called her in loving accents Lady, Mother, Spouse.
4. In this respect Saint Bonaventure writes: "No one was ever so eager for gold as he was for poverty; no more jealous in the custody of a treasure than he was for this pearl of the Gospel."

—Pius XI.

VI. Selling Their Labor

1. When the laborers place their labor on the bargain counter, they allow the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor.
2. And when the capitalists or accumulators of labor have accumulated so much of the laborer's labor that they do no longer find profitable

to buy the laborer's labor, then the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or the accumulators of labor.

3. And when the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor they can no longer buy the products of their labor.

VII. Farming Commune

1. Laborers do not work for wages on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
2. Laborers do not look for a bank account on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
3. Laborers do not look for an insurance policy on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
4. Laborers do not look for an old age pension on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.

VIII. Be Your Own Boss

1. The C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. help the worker to fight the boss.
2. But the worker must have a boss before the C. I. O. and the A. F. of L. can be of any help to the worker in fighting the boss.
3. But if a worker cannot find a boss to fight, he can always go to a Farming Commune and be his own boss.
4. And if it is a bad thing to exploit the worker, it is a good thing for the worker to exploit himself in a Farming Commune.

Switzerland

Dear Friends:

Ever since I left the United States for Switzerland in the spring of 1935 you have been sending your paper to my address. I must thank you many, many times for all your kindness. Since the last issue you are just sending one copy. Please keep on sending just one. I have no friends around here who know the language. I just can translate and tell them about your ideals and the work you are doing in New York and so many other places now.

So far I have not been able to send you any money. I am enclosing just a tiny contribution, a dollar. But you will understand that we have so many poor and needy people over here now that we hardly know how to help.

I am still at the same address at the parish house of Zug. I am very satisfied with my work and can help in so many ways. This country is very peaceful, but with all the horrors around, it is a very hard time to live and to work.

I hope that some day I can come over again and visit all my friends in the United States and I will certainly come to see you at the Catholic Worker's.

May I ask you to please keep on sending me one copy of your paper.

Sincerely yours,
Miss Johanna Winhuisen.
Zug, Switzerland.

Draft Reaches Us On Mott St.

(Continued from page 1)

Katie's son. A group of the fellows from around the office went to see him off but they could get only in waving distance. "He's in the army now" seemed indeed a grim reality.

Street Drama

Comments in the neighborhood are various.

"What was Mike's number?" Two hundred.

"And Philip's was three-ten. Yours will be up soon."

"I can't make head nor tail of it all. Did you get your questionnaire?" (Only three in the house at Mott Street have theirs, although 500,000 in the New York area are supposed to have been sent out).

"First you get a serial number, and then you get an order number." Everybody tried to explain to everyone else.

"Thought they were rejecting you for teeth, eyes and flat feet?"

"But Mike's got asthma." "And my Philip has got gland trouble. He's got scars on his neck from the operations. He's not strong."

"First the doctor rejected them and then they passed them."

"Never mind, they'll get rejected at camp."

"They'll be back in a week, you'll see."

"Just the same, if they don't, they'll be veterans and the government will have to take care of them for the rest of their lives . . . millions of them."

Life of Work

All day long in the bright sunlight, between customers, the talk revolved around Katie. She sold her oranges, her apples, her vegetables, made change with hands red and stiff with the cold, and stamped her feet to keep warm. On the curb some boxes were burning, the flame pale in the sunlight, but hot.

For twenty years Katie and her husband, Vincent Aurigemma, have tended their fruit stand, working long hours every day. Nights Katie has sewed coats at various times to send her seven children through school. She has lived in this country since she was four years old and she is fifty-one now. "One year more, and Philip would have graduated from law school, from St. John's." He was working days and attending school nights.

And now Katie stands wiping the tears from her eyes wondering why, in this great and beautiful country of which she is one of the most hard-working citizens, we should have suddenly given up our freedom, and taken up with old country ways, forced military training which has resulted in the chaos in Europe.

Feed Europe

Defend this country, yes. But we are three thousand miles away. Help Europe? Yes, feed Europe! Katie is a mother and food is sacramental.

The months have sped by. The draft law has been passed, registration day, a day of fasting for us, is long behind us, and now the uglier days are coming. Joe Zarrella and Gerry Griffin have received their questionnaires; Dwight Larowe has passed his physical test and registered himself

From England

Dear Fellow Worker:

The September issue of the paper reached me a week or so ago, the first issue that has arrived for three months or more, though on the whole U. S. A. mail reaches us pretty well, but often with considerable delay. It was a delight to see it again and to know you are still keeping up your fights on several fronts: latterly, as you may imagine, I have been watching developments in America with hardly less interest than those in Europe. Your press will have told you all—and perhaps a bit more!—that has been going on in this country recently, and the good God alone knows what the end of it will be—or when. In common with so many others, all normal life and ordinary activities ceased for me long ago, and it is now often difficult even to keep in touch with friends. Happily I was able to move my family away from the neighborhood of London early on, but as things are I have the greatest difficulty in earning the most meager living and am constantly separated from them. I was supposed to be in U. S. A. at the beginning of last month to take up a part-time teaching job in the Ukrainian college at Stamford, Conn., but I did not feel I ought to leave my family "on its own" with the threat of invasion hanging over the land. However, I am hoping that the post will be open for me later, as it is possible that I might be able to come before the war is over.

I suppose you still see bits of the English Catholic press. I am not at the moment in close touch with Catholic activities, and in any case they are mostly extremely disappointing and ineffective. Which reminds me did you ever receive my life of St. John Chrysostom, which I dedicated to Virgil Michel and the friends at Mott Street? I have been hoping to read your second book, but I missed it when it came out here and I've not yet got one. I meant to have sent you a copy of Gorodetsky's "Suffering Christ in Russian Thought" (or some such title) but the war drove it out of my head and now I can't get it. It is very, very good.

This letter is very full of "I," but it is meant only as an assurance that I have not forgotten Mott Street and still hope to see it again. Love to all. Oremus pro invicem.

Donald Attwater.

as a conscientious objector; and Mike has gone to camp.

There is not yet declared war in this country. We can voice our unqualified opposition to the draft and urge its repeal, even though such words fall on deaf ears.

Pamphlets

We can read and form our minds and consciences as to whether or not modern war can be justified.

Read "MODERN WAR AND ETHICS," by John Kenneth Ryan, Bruce Publishing Company.

Read Monsignor Barry O'Toole's pamphlet which is made up of his articles in the Catholic Worker, and which will be out next week. Order a bundle of copies (fifteen cents each, plus postage). Included in your order will be copies of our leaflet, *Our Stand*, which appeared in the June, 1940, Catholic Worker.

Michigan Farm

Saturday we went out to the farm again. I insisted I had to sample the headcheese. It was one of those misplaced spring days that make you restless for the country. On the way out, one of the fellows, a carpenter, began to talk about the houses we were passing—how much alike they were and how hastily and badly slapped together. Here is a real craftsman and when he builds a house it will be workmanlike and his own. We are going to experiment with rammed earth on the farm—first a rammed earth house for the chickens. Fred Thornthwaite, a co-operative organizer, got all the fellows in the house enthusiastic about these pise houses. One man from the south told us of one he helped build with the aid of the Department of Agriculture bulletins and how, with electric wiring and modern plumbing, it cost \$100.

Unused Acres

We passed some beautiful Belgian Pecherons on the way. I now can see how people get ecstatic about horses. We passed, also, many neglected farms—the old folks keeping up the homestead while the young ones are in the city working in the factories (or waiting to be called back to work).

Tony, the farm dog, bounced all over us in welcome. I don't appreciate Tony. I am forever asking some one to please take him off me. He took us out to see the livestock—they were all in the yard except Barney, the six-weeks-old bull calf who has to be kept away from his mother. Alex testifies to our Franciscanism—he's a Jersey Babe, one of the team, tried to push through the fence into the yard with the others and had to be shouted back.

Biodynamics

On our way over to see our brothers, the pigs, I observed our contribution to bio-dynamic farming. We are amateur bio-dynamists, the compost heap owes nothing to chemicals, etc. That whole field of bio-dynamics is something we are going to study. There are still thirteen pigs, in spite of the sacrifice of the two so recently butchered. They oink in freedom in their outdoor pens. The thirty or so hens have not been laying well, we decided when we went on to raid the hen-house. They fled to the open air, trying their wings in undignified short flights. All of the animals and the chickens, too, have different notes, but they all blended beautifully in our ears as we walked back to the house.

Our Shangri-La

Isn't it queer that our generation has to re-discover these basic things that other peoples have always taken for granted—the joy of dealing with God's creatures, the homely animals that He chose for witnesses to His birth, the thrill of eating food grown and prepared by yourself. (I admit the head-cheese was a bit salty but I ate it between buttered, yes buttered, bread, churned from milk from our own cows.) When we can add bread baked by ourselves from our own wheat, when our farming commune becomes a self-dependent community of families living close to God and close to realities, we will have our Shangri-La in spite of wars and rumors of wars. God willing.

Marie Conti.

Eric Gill Letters

A few months ago one of the leaders of the craft-agrarian-decentralist movement died. None of us here at Mott street knew him personally or had met him, but we all felt that we knew him. We felt him to be a close friend. Since his death articles about him have appeared in *Blackfriars*, in the *Commonweal* and other papers, the most interesting being that of Donald Attwater, a close friend of his. Both were pacifists. When I met Father D'Arcy for the first time last spring he spoke to me of Eric Gill, holding fast to his belief that only a new way of life would avail against the use of force. "He has not changed his view at all," Father D'Arcy said. And knowing how keenly Father D'Arcy felt the English situation, the intense respect he showed for Eric Gill was a great tribute.

Not An Aesthete

Here at the *CATHOLIC WORKER* in New York we had long corresponded with Eric Gill and we knew him as an artist, a sculptor, one devoted to the agrarian life, the simple life, the life of poverty. We knew that he dressed simply in homespun, that he was bearded, that he was devoted to voluntary poverty. And I hesitantly voiced my fear to Father D'Arcy in a question, timidly put, "Tell me, he is not an aesthete?"

Father D'Arcy was almost explosive in his denial. And I felt a great sense of relief. And at that, probably my use of the term was all wrong, for I was thinking of the word aesthete in a derogatory sense, of one who lives in comfortable poverty, surrounded by beauty and knowing little of the reality of the poverty, the dinginess, the meanness, the ugliness of it.

On Machines

But I should have known better myself, if only from his letters. The following, for example, shows his closeness to reality:

"I should like to say simply that fundamentally the problem of the machine is one which should be dealt with by those who actually use machines. At present, as you know, the responsibility for using or not using machines is entirely that of men of business whose interests are, of course, simply in buying and selling and not in making, and therefore, in a broad way it may be said that the first thing to be done (first in the sense of most important) is for the workers to recapture the control of industry.

This, of course, is the communist idea but, unfortunately, the communists couple with this their very crude materialist philosophy and their equally crude idolatry of the machine. For the rest, it should be obvious that some things are better made by machines than by hand. For instance, it would be ridiculous to make typewriters except by mass production, otherwise they would be absolutely prohibitive in price, and the whole point of a typewriter is to save money and time. But again it should be obvious that the whole idea of saving time and money, to such an extent as we have developed it, is a product of our quite made, unholy commercial competitive rush.

"Then again, such things as watermills and windmills, which save human labor

(grinding corn, sawing wood, etc.) are obviously proper instruments and this brings us to the point of distinguishing between those machines which simply save human muscular labor and those which displace human creative skill."

In comment on the pamphlet, *The Catholic Worker Stand on Strikes*, which I wrote during the seamen's strike in 1936, he wrote a regular review, which somehow or other was never printed in the *CATHOLIC WORKER*. He said: "The point which this pamphlet demonstrates is that the worker is a man and not simply a 'hand.' Work done by man is human work to be valued and thought of as such and not merely as a 'cost in the account books.'"

Compassion

"To labor is to pray—that is the central point of the Christian doctrine of work. Hence, it is that while both Communism and Christianity are moved by compassion for the multitude, the object of communism is to make the poor richer, but the object of Christianity is to make the rich poor and the poor holy.

"The Trade Union movement seems to be moved solely by the ambition to raise wages and shorten hours of labor. However just such an ambition may be, it can never be the ruling motive of the Catholic Workers. The poverty induced by Industrialism sticks, but poverty as seen by Christians is actually a holy condition. Therefore, as is said in this pamphlet, what is demanded by the Catholic Worker is not so much money as control, not riches but responsibility.

"And this is in line with the Christian Doctrine of private property, the individual appropriation of the means of production. For it is as workman that man primarily needs property. How else can he maintain complete responsibility? 'The hireling flieth, because he is a hireling,' but this is not to say that the wage slave is a bad man but that he has not the responsibility of an owner, and only he who is fully responsible can truly serve his fellow."

The first of these letters is typewritten and the second written by hand in a beautiful fine script, clear as print. Peter Maurin's writing has this clear and legible beauty, and so has Ade Bethune's. Through her influence a number of people are re-learning to write almost as a forgotten craft.

Meditations

But it was not only on the machine, on property, on art, that Eric Gill wrote. He has written also meditations and prayers for The Stations of the Cross. Last week four of us were making a day of recollection at Gillette, N. J., and in the afternoon we used these stations, Sister Peter Claver reading them aloud to us. They were moving, indeed, applying so closely Christ's sufferings to our own daily life and showing so clearly how we have participated in causing them and continuing them. We will print these stations in the Lenten issue of the paper.

It is as a writer that we are closest to him for we have seen little of his work. But according to Donald Attwater, "that he was no mere dabbler in any activity, his public works demonstrate: there are the stations

We Are Not Alone

(Continued from page 1)

on so many questions (at least I believe he was the one who was misinformed, I certainly hope that my arguments were correct). I therefore agreed to permit classification on the basis of personal belief, at the same time, not renouncing my claims on the basis of religious belief. Actually I am not sure where one can draw the line and decide what is religious and what is personal belief.

Opposes Draft

The board then granted my claim after I had stated that I was opposed to any war which was not just, that I did not believe that we were likely to enter into such a war. I admitted that we might fight a just war but that the Selective Service Act did not permit me to decide that question once I had been drafted. I then stated that I attempted always to follow the counsel of Christian Perfection and that I especially felt called on to follow this counsel since I was studying to enter a profession wherein I would be trying to preserve and not take away life.

Opponent Courteous

The board treated me very kindly and listened to me with interest. A few questions were asked such as "Many people are killed by automobiles. Do you believe that you should not drive an automobile?" and also, "If you had been an early settler in Maryland and an Indian attempted to scalp you what would you do?" To this last I replied that I would resist only with that amount of force necessary to protect my life. I was then asked "If you could not protect yourself without killing the Indian, would you do this?" I answered that I believed that in such an individual against individual encounter I would probably protect myself without recourse to killing. I realize that the answer is probably not the best that could be given, but at least served to convince them of my sincerity.

I was also warned that classification as a C. O. might in later life reflect against me. To this I replied that I would be very sorry if it did, but that I could not on that basis sacrifice any belief. The board then gave me 4E classification.

Any of the above you are welcome to quote in your paper, but I would prefer that my name be not published, for obvious reasons.

Best wishes and many thanks for your encouragement in your paper.

X. Y.

of the cross in Westminster Cathedral which first made him known (a subsequent set carved for Monsignor John O'Connor's Church at Bradford is even better), the Leeds university war memorial and panels for the League of Nations building at Geneva, the decorations he engraved for books of the Golden Cockerel press and other publications, the series of fine type faces designed for the Monotype Corporation, such books as *Art Nonsense*, *Beauty Looks After Herself*, *The Necessity of Belief*.

We can look forward to an autobiography and as with his other writings, there should be an abundance of light, heat and power for us who are working in the CW movement in America.

Evolution of Peace

By ERIC GILL

(From the introduction to a pamphlet of the same name by an English priest, G. S., arranged by Peter Maurin)

Three Forces

1. The evolution of peace and its tempo are regulated by three forces: the political force, the juridical force and the spiritual force.
2. The first force is the earnest determination of nations to collaborate on the common base of their common interests.
3. The second force is the elaboration of a positive juridical body of laws regulating international relations.
4. The third force is the conscientiousness of all men as the children of the same God and better still as the participants of the same Redemption.

Juridical Force

1. Of the three forces that influence the development of the idea of peace, the juridical force has made the longest stride forward.
2. Meetings, debates and reports have by their frequency deepened public insight in the matter.
3. Last century's optimism of ignorance has given place to a clearer realization of the difficulties.
4. A close grip of the difficulty is the condition for the discovery of a solution.
5. Jurists and politicians must extend their perspective by considering the present no more than a transition between past and future.

Spiritual Force

1. The third or spiritual force that of Christianity may stimulate optimism or pessimism, as either a matter of temperament or a matter of policy.
2. But in this case a dose of pessimism may be considered preferable as a matter of policy.
3. Without discarding juridical progress or Christianity's contribution or without blaming any particular country for defending its own one may for all that be violently surprised at Christianity.
4. After two thousand years of Christianity there is very little safety for any European country.

A Sensible Question

1. The political mind's evolution towards the ideals of peace is discernible enough.
2. But why is it so slow?
3. Why must it remain subject to the desperately wearisome tempo of politics and jurisprudence when Christianity has had Europe as an open and free field of action for so many centuries preaching a faith that tells us to have peace in our heart and to love each other

as the children of the same God; to present the left cheek when slapped on the right and to consider ourselves blessed in persecution because there is a better world to come?

A Slow Process

1. The characteristic of the evolution of mankind's collective mind is that at every step towards a new idea of any social consequence it seems to awake from a dream.
2. It is roused with a start and its first reaction is to kick the pioneer.
3. It certainly holds well what it possess and it is a blessing.
4. But it is just as tenacious of the old as it is hostile to the new.
5. Where it may take one night for an individual to get hold of an inspiration it will take centuries for the human race to follow his guidance.

We Know

1. If it is the law of intellectual evolution, it may well induce every reasonable pacifist or peace lover to be patient and to give the public ample time to digest his concepts.
2. But even so, the veto of progress under Christianity's tuition is one to rouse misgivings.
3. We know that gangs must not be left to fight out their quarrels in the street; that villages and towns must not be allowed to exterminate each other over questions of boundaries; women or money; that provinces must at all cost be kept away from each other's throats over problems of commerce and trade.

Mass Somnambulism

1. It is really a case of mass somnambulism when we fail to see the simplest arithmetical proportion between two men fighting each other in the street and twelve million men fighting each other on the battlefield.
2. Two gangsters putting each other on the High Street are called brutal, criminal, wild, savage and bloodthirsty.
3. Twelve million men bombarding each other and each other's women, children and buildings are called heroes, patriots.
4. And numberless memorials are erected all over the land to keep their memory green.

"Is not the man who robs another of his clothing called a thief? But is the man who is able to clothe the naked and refuses, deserving of any other appellation?"

—St. Basil.

Coals of Fire On His Head...

On the third Sunday after Epiphany, millions of Christians heard or read from the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. I wonder how many among these brought home in their hearts the extremely needed lesson that this epistle has for our vengeful world. "Brethren, be not wise in your own conceits. To no man rendering evil for evil . . . revenge not yourself . . . give place unto wrath, for it is written, revenge is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. But if thy enemy be hungry, give him to eat, if he thirst, give him to drink, for doing this, thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome by evil, but overcome evil by good."

Looking for an Enemy

When this Epistle was read at St. Anthony's House of Hospitality in Baltimore there was, I think, an unusual expectancy that their charity was to be put to a real test. So far, the three boys in charge had sheltered and given both material and spiritual food to thousands of Christ's suffering members. Although persecuted at times and even put in jail for their Christian efforts, their spirits were always aglow. The Epistle made them feel cheap. All that they had done so far seemed like nothing to them compared to what remained to be done. To be truthful, every day they had fed and sheltered some very bothersome fellows, but yet no enemies so far as they knew. God gives a special understanding to those that love Him. And who loves Him more than those who see and serve Him in the poor? It is not to be wondered then how they got the inspiration and the grace to go the whole way in charity.

Crash—Bang!

From that moment they wished only for an occasion to show their love for our Blessed Redeemer in practicing something so opposed to nature as the love of enemies. Three days had hardly passed when the occasion came with a bang. Or rather with several bangs.

On that day in the breadline was a rather noisy and abusive fellow. He, like so many of the forsaken, had tried to drown his misery with drink. As always, it failed to work and his conduct was such that he had to be ejected with some trouble. Hardly was he out the door when he wheeled around with a vengeance. Bing! Bing! Bang! Both large glasses in the front door were smashed to bits, inflicting ugly wounds on his left hand. He then started down the street and ran into an officer who asked him what was the matter. "Nothing the matter!" But the truth had to come out. They rushed him to a hospital where, after spending the night, he woke up. "Where am I? What happened?" Being told by a nurse that he was under arrest he wanted to jump out of the window, but realized quickly that he was incapable with his hand bandaged and tied to his neck and a police officer waiting.

Constrained by Love

That same morning about 11 o'clock he was brought to the police station and jailed. The boys had been summoned and came to the hearing. Arriving before the trial, Smitty told the

magistrate that St. Anthony's House did not want to prosecute as they didn't believe it necessary nor the best way. The magistrate was displeased for this lack of cooperation in keeping his district free of "bums," saying that the House was bringing into his district an awful set of bums. To which Smitty answered that that is what the house is there for. "Let them all come to us. The worst ones, because Christ is with them and we try by love to bring them to God. When you take away liberty as police methods do you do not give men anything. But when you give men love you put the fear of God into their hearts. Your principles are different than ours. We operate on faith. You operate on money. We feed a thousand meals a day with no fixed income by getting down on our knees and praying, etc., etc."

It was a foregone conclusion that not only would there be no favors shown but that the penalty would be severe. Smitty then phoned me. "Say, Father, have you got ten dollars? I want to get a man out of jail." "Sure," I answered. (It was easy because a few days before fifty dollars had been given to me for the House by a brother priest.)

Christ in Jail

Before I got there the man was fined fifteen dollars and a dollar and forty cents court charges. Jon Thornton arrived and said that it would do the man good to stay in jail. Jon, Jon, back to paganism! He who had impressed so many about seeing Christ in everybody, giving his consent to leave Christ in jail. "Get him out!" said Smitty. And Jon came back to the aid of Christ, ashamed of himself. It would have been so natural to let the man suffer the consequences of his actions.

The fine was paid and the man was brought out, a pitiful sight in his bandages with a look for penitent consternation, saying, "You should not have done that for me."

The effect of coals of fire were already in evidence. All were filled with charitable concern to ease the agony of the poor man's soul. Conduct that reminded us of the days of St. Vincent de Paul, who visiting prisoners, kissed their chains, never letting a harsh word pass his lips, ever forgiving, brought thousands to God.

Rev. Pacificque Roy, SS. J.

Editor's Note: A week later this man and several others returned to the Sacraments.

Interracial Group

(Continued from page 1)

part in the discussion adopted the following conclusions:

"It is our considered judgment that the prevailing American policy of discrimination against Negroes in the field of employment is a grave national problem that now demands an adequate solution."

"1. It is a flagrant violation of the Negro's fundamental rights as a man and a citizen."

"2. No other group in America has ever endured such discrimination."

"3. We must remember that we will never have an era of social justice in America and harmony in the Western Hemisphere unless we establish interracial justice."

"4. Today, when democracy is openly challenged, America can no longer tolerate the continuance of racial discrimination in employment."

"5. Our national unity will depend upon the existence of liberty and justice for all Americans."

"6. Race prejudice, religious prejudice, class prejudice, racism belongs to the totalitarians and the dictators; it can have no place in our American democracy."

Panel Members

The members of the panel, who adopted the conclusions unanimously were Father Delaney, the Rev. John P. Boland, the Catholic priest who is chairman of the New York State Labor Relations Board; Abram L. Harris, a Negro; a professor in the Department of Economics at Howard University; the Reverend Lambert Dunne, a priest who is on the New Jersey Labor Advisory Bureau; Justice Stephen S. Jackson, of the Children's Court, New York City; George Streater, a Negro writer and lecturer; and Godfrey P. Schmidt, of the New York State Department of Labor.

The morning's events consisted of a dialogue mass at St. Peter's, a communion breakfast at which the speakers were the Rev. Dr. Raymond A. McGowan, Assistant Director of the N.C.W.C. Department of Social Action, and Charles H. Huston, a Negro lawyer, formerly special counsel of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. The afternoon's events consisted of a reception at the De Porres Interracial Center, 20 Vesey Street, the interracial conference, and vespers at St. Peter's at which the Schola Cantorum and the Blessed Martin Choral Group sang.

CELL IN HEAVEN

Dear Fellow Workers:

A Catholic Worker Cell has been transferred from Conneaut, Ohio, to Heaven.

Glenn Reffner, age 36, died on February 2 at Conneaut, Ohio. You will recall him as the cheerful Catholic Worker who was so crippled by arthritis that he could not walk or even bend his arm sufficiently to put food in his mouth. He had to be carried about, clothed, fed and washed by someone else. At the age of 30 his body so shriveled and twisted that he could sit only in a makeshift high chair, similar to a child's high chair. In a way that was symbolic for he had the peace and humility of a child.

Glenn was a convert. After his conversion he became intensely interested in the Catholic Worker movement. He started a Cell in Conneaut. Later he came to the St. Anthony House of Hospitality at Akron, Ohio, where he lived with the men off the road as one of them for months. Finally his suffering became so intense that he had to return to his home.

Receiving Aid

While in Akron the men who came off the road to receive help for themselves, helped Glenn instead, by feeding,

clothing, washing and taking care of his personal needs. In return Glenn talked to and argued with the men. He was a Saint but at times a very noisy and argumentative one. (Perhaps explained by the fact that his patron Saint adopted at the time of his adult baptism, was Archangel Michael.)

Glenn suffered terribly at times. Just before he died his warped body became covered with ulcers. But I know that he never regarded his physical sufferings as a burden except as they prevented him from taking a more active part in Catholic Worker activities and in performing the Spiritual and Corporal Works of Mercy. As a matter of fact of course he accomplished more, by ten thousand times, than all of us with our hurrying and scurrying. He prayed and he suffered and God worked. I can only explain Glenn's influence by reminding you of St. Therese of the Child Jesus who became the patron Saint of the mission without setting foot outside her own country.

Glenn is no longer suffering for us (I am sure he never stopped in purgatory) but you can be sure he is still praying for the Catholic Workers all over the world.

Yours in Christ,
Claude Herman.

RUNE OF HOSPITALITY

I saw a stranger yestreen;
I put food in the eating place,
Drink in the drinking place,
Music in the listening place,
And in the blessed name of the Triune
He blessed myself and my house
My cattle and my dear ones.
And the lark said in her song
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.
Often, often, often,
Goes the Christ in the stranger's guise.

An Old Gaelic Rune.

Maryfarm

February, 1941.

John Filliger and big Arthur have been carrying down cornstalks and hay from the upper farm barn. For days the ice was so thick on the hill that it was impossible to take the horses to the upper farm and this meant that the hay had to be carried down in bags on the fellows' shoulders. With the heavy snows covering the ice, it is now possible to use the horses.

It is Sunday afternoon and I am writing these random notes in the lower farm kitchen. Four of us are here and we are all watching Hughie go through all sorts of motions with bread and salt, parsley, sugar and other ingredients. A young friend from town, Frank Goats, is with us. He helps Arthur milk sometimes and is trying to brush up on his milking technique in case he gets a chance with a farmer.

Despite all of the difficulties on a farm, the evident advantages of it as a way of life meet you at every turn. There is the feeling of health that fills you as you breathe in the clear, sharp air, unmixed with the thousand stench of city air. You eat food that comes from the good earth and you have no worry about the good earth adulterating it. Economics,

despite all the attempts of the latter-day scientists, still starts with the principle that all wealth comes from the land and you see the principle flashing at you in a thousand shapes and forms no matter what you may be doing on a farm.

The two hundred apple trees, planted last year, are due for a pruning soon, probably near the end of the month or during the first part of March. John is talking ploughing often these days and is wondering if he will have a plough by the middle of March, the time he plans to get started. This year there will be more potatoes to plant and this means more ploughing than usual.

The news of the birth of the baby to Mrs. Montague reached us by telegram, courtesy of Julia. Mr. Lucey brought the good news from Easton to Jim and there was a feeling of elation all around.

During the last week I have been spreading the paper around Easton as well as sending out pamphlets and peace literature. Easton is one of those "arsenals of democracy" we hear so much about today. That town called Bethlehem, devoted to gunpowder and munitions and tagged with such a lovely name irritates me. Maybe it could stand a little of the gospel of peace.

How Amusing!

Hilaire Belloc, 1925

(Quoted in the N. Y. Daily News, Feb. 5)

The most comic part of the affair was the attitude toward America. We dared not insult America, for we were naturally as keen on getting American help as is a drowning man on catching a deck chair....

In their ignorance many people came to believe that it was the duty of the Americans to come over and help, and, what was more astonishing still, it was represented to them as a matter of life and death, not to us, but to themselves. The Americans were told (Heaven knows whether any of them believed it!) that if the Germans, Austrians, Bohemians, Slovenes, Croats, Bulgarians, Turks, etc., won in their push against the English, French and Italians, that if the half-baked won against the baked, the next thing would be a sailing of the conquerors over the sea for the rude domination of Scranton, Pa. Fiddlestick ends!

But people really did talk like that. They shook their fingers at the United States and said, "It will be your turn next!"



FARMING COMMUNE

Winter is the time for plans. When the earth lies resting under its blanket of snow, and the forests stand in quiet meditation; when the whole world seems to be preparing for the spring's wild rush of growth—it is the time for examination of last year's work and a laying of plans for the future.

At the farm we have been thinking seriously of the alterations needed in the buildings we now have and the new buildings we could use. The community is growing steadily. It is now the home of some 20 people. And as their number increases, so do their needs. We have been hindered in the past year by old and poorly planned buildings. Of course we are always faced with the problem of money and materials, but we believe in the Ignatian principle, "Work as though everything depended on you, pray as though everything depended on God." So we have been laying plans for an ideal community and hope to achieve it bit by bit.

The water supply at the farm is our first problem, though our spring has never failed us, not even in the driest summer days. But we have reached the stage in community growth when we need quantities of water at some times and little or none at others. So we must devise a means of storing the unused water for periods of greater need. That means a reservoir of some sort. We are thinking of an earthen dam that will impound enough water for the wants of the cannery, the laundry and perhaps some irrigation. Luckily the spring is high above the lower farm so that pumping will be unnecessary. Gravity alone will generate sufficient pressure for the purposes.

School and Retreat

We are looking forward to the school this summer, and the retreat. It will be enjoyable to see our friends again, but such gatherings do bring up problems of food and housing. To add to the number we can care for we intend to make some double-decker bunks. They are just as comfortable as single beds and conserve much space. We plan to convert the attic of the lower farmhouse into a dormitory by the addition of two dormer windows. Those who slept up there last year know how stuffy an unventilated attic can be on a hot summer night. ("Pity the poor artists —"). But it is a large space and, as the roof needs fixing anyway, the dormers can be built in easily and advantageously.

New, permanent buildings will go slower than the alterations, of course, because we will need more materials. But we hope to get started on them at least. Stone will be our main material. Field stone makes beautiful buildings that are strong and lasting. They are cheap, as well, where stone is plentiful, and in our part of the country stone is only too common. Cement and sand is all that we need to buy for a stone building.

We want to build some, or at least one, new structure for several reasons. We want to

learn how to use stone so that we will be able to teach others. And it may be a stimulation to others to build for themselves. But probably the main reason is that a permanent building is more economical than a temporary frame structure.

The first new building will be a dormitory for the school. It will have room for about twelve students. Each will have a small private room in which to read or study. It will be very small but with provision for expansion in the future.

Alterations

The cannery and laundry and the bakery we have been planning, too. They are very necessary to preserve fruits and vegetables for winter use on the farm; to wash, among other things, all the blankets to be used at the retreat; and to bake the hundred or so loaves consumed each day at the retreat. The cellar of the cement-block barn on the lower farm is the proper place to locate these work-centers. Our difficulty is to decide whether or not the barn is worth improving. It



was built by the former owner of the farm, built commercially and poorly. It offers an existing shell of a building which we could alter to suit our purposes. But perhaps it would be more practical to raze it (salvaging as much of the material as possible) and build another, better structure in its place. It is a question to be answered by an expert in construction work. We are asking our friend Mr. Frazier Peters, architect, builder and now farmer, to advise us.

We have other plans for the barn if it is suitable for alterations though we are working on plans for new buildings if it is not. Most of its first floor, with some improving, is to be the community hall and temporary chapel. Two small rooms on the first floor will become the library and craft room. Above these two rooms will be a storage loft.

Until we are more certain of the condition of the lower barn and until spring breaks we are unable to do much. In the meantime we are going ahead with our discussions and our blueprints and, constantly, our prayers that the necessary money will be given us when we are ready for it.

Dwight Larrowe.

Stone Houses

At our meeting on Wednesday, the 22nd, Mr. Frazier Peters discussed the construction of stone houses. He explained a method by which any ordinarily handy person, living in stony country, can build a beautiful and everlasting stone house. The talk was based on the material contained in his book, *Houses of Stone*.

As an architect, Mr. Peters was attracted to stone by the charm and permanence of the peasant cottages of France. As a builder he knew hand-laid stones to be expensive—very expensive. So he looked for a more economical way to use it. He found an answer in the Flagg method of laying stone.

The Flagg wall is a combination of stone and concrete. It is as decorative and permanent as a hand-laid wall but stronger and dryer. And it is easier to build.

For this type of construction forms are built as for a concrete building. Door and window frames are tacked in place. Against the outside form, field stones are placed. Concrete is poured in behind them. More stones are jammed down into the concrete to serve the double purpose of reinforcing the concrete and saving cement. When the forms are filled and the concrete has set, the forms are stripped and the rock face cleaned and pointed. The outside wall of the house is now finished. It has cost about ten cents a square foot of wall face. You have done most of the work yourself. You have hauled rock from the fields, sand from the river and gravel from a nearby gravel bank. You and a few "friends indeed" have erected the forms and poured the concrete. You have sweated and pounded your thumb. But you have a wall for your house that is draftless, watertight, fireproof and ageless. It will need practically no care for generations to come. If you are interested in more detailed information you will like the very readable book, *Houses of Stone*, by Frazier Forman Peters. It may be found in most any public library. D. L.

LOVE

"A love which can understand, a love which can sacrifice itself, and which, by sacrifice, helps and uplifts: this is the great need, the great duty today."—Pope Pius XII.

AN APPEAL

Always when Christmas is over, and the deeps of winter are reached, there seems to be a lull in interest, a stopping of support. The winter Doldrums, we always call these February days, when body and spirit are somnolent and people forget how hard are cold and winter, and poverty and hardship for the great mass of transient workers who are going from city to city to look for work.

We were looking over the accounts this past week, and there was ten dollars one day, and a dollar-fifty another, and nine another, and seven another. Where is the money going to come from to meet our food bills, for our battalions of hungry? We will sow what money we have, and the increase must come. It is a law of God.

Thinking this we listened to the plea of a convert Jew for money to get to Hadley, Massachusetts. The fare is only one-seventy-five, but we were profligate and borrowed five dollars from the candystore man next door to help him on his way. That was the day we had the least to do with, but somehow everyone is fed, and baskets of food suddenly come in, and the work goes on.

It is God's work, and we must not turn away the hungry. We have pledged ourselves to feed everyone who comes, so the bills pile up, and the gas and electric (one hundred and thirty-five this month!).

God can only work through you, so when we ask in our prayers for help it is going to come through you. Please, will you send what you can spare? We ask you to sow too, so that you may reap, too.

Ice-Breaking

Pleasant Plains

I crossed on the Staten Island Ferry to New York last week. Watching the white combs on the waves and the gray snow clouds gathering I could imagine how the wind would blow through the thin summer coats the boys had to put over their sweaters when they went down to the bay to dig for clams. I hoped they were safely on shore and on their way to the farm, when the blizzard started. I resolved not to go back without a couple of warm jackets. But no men's clothes had come into Mott street for a long time. So I made up my mind to make the jackets myself.

Wind Breakers

A kind lady had given us some women's coats. From the two fur coats I made the lining and then shaped the other coats with wide sleeves over them, though the boys laughed at me. But when they were done at least Vic said he did not mind what they looked like, they were warm and comfortable and he would wear them. With the bright green knitted tassel-cap and the big fur collar he looked like one of the fishermen in Labrador. I bet the work on this bay is just as hard as up there, especially for men from the city. They have to walk three miles to the bay, break with their boat through the ice, row the clumsy thing for a mile or so, though it will hardly move against the wind, and then throw the heavy rake, trying not to get their hands wet in the icy water, row back before sundown, and take the long hike up the hills.

When they come home they are interested in nothing but supper and sleep. Many times they have to come home without having been able to get any clams, or just enough for a chowder, which gives us delicious food for two days. If they could not even get that much we had to live on bread and coffee many times. We don't really mind, for we had the experience over and over again, that if we work hard and do all we can to help ourselves against all odds, St. Joseph will do the rest.

Keeping Warm

We have to work mainly for the essentials of living now

and leave the arts aside till the roughest part of winter is over. Most time is spent in cutting firewood, at the same time clearing the woods next to our land to be able to plant there in the spring. The one little stove in the kitchen eats up three big baskets of wood every day, so that we can hardly think of having a fire in the craft shop. Our craft work consists now in making the old house weather-tight, cementing, plastering and corking the brittle walls. Bill built hutches for the two rabbits we have and the others we expect. We plan for the chicken house, goat stable and hotbed.

I have been sitting all week sewing on the little worktable at the sunny kitchen window, looking out to snow-covered fields and the glittering glass of the frozen trees and the grapevines of our neighbor, an old man who lovingly cares for his farm. Gradually the circle of friends on the island widens. They all have little and understand well how hard it is to build a home without any means but the rare money for clams. They all help us wherever they can and we hope to be able to help them in other ways.

Salvaging

The home-made clothes have been examined by the other clammers and Smitty's wife asked if I could come down and help her refashion the collar on her coat. I hope she will be content with my fashioning, for the work I do is practical and durable but very little according to fashion. I figured out the easiest and fastest pattern for knitting socks and sweaters and made earflaps, slippers and even underwear. I rip up old torn sweaters and knit socks, mittens and caps from the wool I can save. In the old country we were grateful for everything, wondering what we could make out of it. I shiver to see with how much ease people dump valuable clothes and materials in the garbage cans. And also how much garbage they throw in the woods and around the house. They do not value God's gifts. It took me many hours to get started on some cleaning up.

But we are happy out here, without electricity and radio, even if we have to go on short rations once in a while. Happy, because we can use our hands, our heads and our legs in diversified work; happy maybe, as children are, when they invent new games. But this is the only way I can see of keeping the lifeblood of the people of the world flowing and a new culture growing out of the debris of this war. Nowhere better than here in the country can we learn to be really poor; that means, think very little of money, but make life as rich as possible by knowing and creating beauty and by trying to grow again into a part of God's nature, pure, and full of harmony and happiness.

Eva Smith.

BROTHERS

"Sons of the same Father who is in Heaven and of the same Mother, the Holy Virgin, if we all love each other like brothers, we shall find more easily the road of Peace, of social Peace and of international Peace."—Cardinal Verdier.