

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. VI., No. 2.

JUNE, 1938

Price One Cent

EASY ESSAYS

by
PETER MAURIN

NO PARTY LINE

I. The Outstretched Hand

1. The Marxists of Western Europe are stretching out their hand to Catholic Bishops.
2. Referring to that outstretched hand, the Holy Father in an address to eleven French Bishops said last fall to offer the outstretched hand because the Marxists do not have the truth and that our duty is to bring to them the Catholic truth.
3. With the giving of the truth we must give to them assistance said the Holy Father through the practice of the Works of Mercy.

II. Cardinal Verdier

1. Cardinal Verdier has never been called a Fascist by Reds or Pinks.
2. He was called to Rome by the Holy Father who wanted to give him personal instructions as how to deal both with the Reds and the Fascists.
3. What Cardinal Verdier, Archbishop of Paris, has to say about modern problems deserves much consideration for he expresses the views of the Holy Father.

III. Cardinal Lienard

1. The bishop of Lille was not satisfied with company unions which were fostered by Catholic employers.
2. Bishop Lienard made up his mind to organize unions of Catholic workers.
3. The existence of Catholic unions did not satisfy Catholic employers.
4. Catholic employers accused Catholic unions of being Red unions.
5. The Church in Rome gave its approval to the Catholic unions founded by Bishop Lienard and the Holy Father made him a Cardinal.

IV. Cardinal Hinsley

1. Archbishop Hinsley of Westminster took cracks at Mussolini while he waged a war in Ethiopia.
2. Archbishop Hinsley was made a Cardinal last fall.
3. The Holy Father does not seem to object to the criticism of Mussolini

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—Ade Bethune

Ohio Worker Tells Story Of Mexicans

The Mexicans in this area were brought here by the Sugar Beet Refiners and the Railroads. The majority are in the fields — work lasting only four or five months — others as section hands on the railroad. A scattered few have steady employment in a menial capacity.

As a whole they are a propertyless people. In the country the living quarters are shacks and box cars. In town some live in soot covered cottages along the railroad or in upper stories of old buildings with large families and sometimes more than one family in the same room.

Many of these people have lived in this section twenty years or more. Very little had been done for them by Catholics until about a year ago when Father Gorman started a Mission for them. A Mass at ten o'clock every Sunday, meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings at the Catholic Community House on Cherry Street covers the curriculum for the week. The meetings Tuesdays and Thursdays consist for the most part in consultation with Father and choir practices, however other things are being introduced this week—we hope with success.

Until the Mission was formed those that attended church regularly, and they were few, went to the parish in which they lived. From what has been told the treatment of these people by the American Catholics is nothing to be proud of. Meanwhile those of the opposing forces, Masons and Communists, have been quite active. They have taken in the heads of the "Mexican Cultural Society" the only medium through which these people came together for a long time.

Illiteracy

From all that I can gather, there are approximately four or five hundred Mexicans in this vicinity. Probably a hundred of these are coming to the Mission. Some are not able to come for lack of transportation, etc.

The older people for the most part are illiterate. The younger members have had some schooling in public schools, only a very few prior to

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Open Letter To Mayor of Jersey City

Leaflets Taken Away From CW's; Speaker Denied Permit

Hon. Frank Hague, Mayor of Jersey City.

We have been very much interested in the state of affairs in your city because we are firm believers in personal liberties, but we have a special interest in Jersey City because the population is over seventy per cent Catholic. So, during the past months, we have drawn some very true if somewhat nasty conclusions.

First of all, isn't it true, that you don't really believe the CIO to be Red? That your actions in denying the working people of Jersey City the right to organize into decent unions is merely your way of protecting the sweatshop bosses of your city, many of whom moved there from New York when labor here threatened to demand what was justly theirs?

Free Speech

Isn't it true, too, that in order to maintain the political machine with which you control Hudson County, and pretty near all of Jersey, it is necessary that you forbid others the right of free speech? Isn't it true that Jeff Burditt was railroaded because he would have exposed some of the dirty politics of your city? That Longo was framed because he, too, had a flair for the truth? Neither are Reds, are they? Longo was an officer, in good standing, in the Holy Name Society, wasn't he?

Perhaps these questions are impertinent. Some other pertinent (or impertinent) questions. You have, in your most righteous manner, stated that Americanism (whatever that may be) is your creed, and your actions are taken to keep the Red out of Jersey City. Then why was The Catholic Worker refused permission to hold meetings? You claim to defend the Constitution. They why, after the Supreme Court ruled that no one had the right to interfere with the distribution of printed matter, did your police forcibly confiscate the leaflets of members of The Catholic Worker group? This took place, you know, despite the protestations of the group to your Chief of Police Walsh that the Supreme Court ruling forbade it.

You forbade anyone using Journal Square as a meeting place

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Many Attend Peace Masses On May 29th

Father Hughes, O.P., representative of The Union of Prayer for Peace, reports that the Union acquired 1,231 members through The Catholic Worker article of last month. The number will undoubtedly swell, especially after the vacation months. The only requirement for membership is the intention of saying a prayer, every day, for peace. It is the intention of the Union to sponsor a monthly Mass for Peace.

The Mass for Peace, on May 29, was offered in a large number of cities. The Catholic Worker takes this opportunity to thank those who cooperated, and expects the same groups, and many more, to follow the lead of The Union of Prayer for Peace. To join the Union, write Rev. Edward Hughes, O.P., 141 East 65th St., N. Y. C.

ST MARTHA



—Ade Bethune

Little Known Letter of Rome Discussed

Through the annual convention of the Communist Party of the United States, there has run the motif of, "Catholics, cooperate with the Communist Party in its fight to preserve democracy and do away with prejudice." Earl Browder made a special plea for Catholic support. The Catholic Worker answer is the following:

An historic document was sent last April 13 from the Sacred Congregation of Seminaries and Universities at Rome, to the Catholic Universities and teaching Faculties of the Church all over the world. Strange that it has not received wide publicity from our Catholic press. As far as we know it has been utterly ignored also, by the secular press of the country. Some time ago the New York Post expressed "amazement" that The Catholic Worker should have scooped the press of the country on the article which appeared in Osservatore Romano concerning the CIO. The Catholic Worker hopes to "amaze" the "Post" editors.

Not For The State

The teaching in this document is formal. It is forbidden to hold and teach the doctrine of racial supremacy and of "unmixed blood." It is not from blood, as from a source, that all the intellectual and moral qualities of man come. Race is not the "optimum bonum," the supreme good. Religion and rights cannot be subject to it. God is not measured by the world. It is not true that man exists only for the State. It is not true that every right he possesses is derived only as a concession coming from the State.

Confronted with certain pagan theories fortified by the prestige of force, the Church repeats its unchangeable teaching and opposes a relentless resistance. Once more does the grand old Church come forward as the most determined defender of outraged human dignity. Her dogma is tampered with? Now there is no thought of temporizing, no consideration shown the powerful, no thought of self-interest, no compromise. She is flexible when it is but a question of contingent events. But whenever necessity compels, and just at that precise moment when human institutions begin to bend, she manifests an absolute, a total, an in-

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News of C. W. Groups Given By Editor

Tells Of Activities Of Various Groups After Trip

DAY AFTER DAY

Much happens in a month to so large a family as ours. This last month three of our crowd have been in hospitals, besides John Griffin, who has to spend most of his time there. I've had to be doing so much travelling that I haven't been out to Jamaica to see him but one can't forget John. I look at the garden on the upper farm with the little statue of the Blessed Virgin in the middle of it, and remember how he went in for landscape gardening when we first got the farm and did so much to beautify the place. I look at the coffee line in town and remember that he had the hard work of starting it.

Mr. Breen has been in the hospital for the past month but he is home now. Seventy years old, he recovered from his slight attack of pneumonia and we are all happy to have him take his place with us again. Extreme nationalist though he is, the Italians at Columbus Hospital won his heart completely. Mother Bernardino, "the sweet little mother," he called her, took good care of him and we are grateful to her. Every one who has been a patient with Mother Cabrini's nuns are amazed at the true spirit of love evidenced there. Everyone is treated as though he were the president of the United States, one man told me. They truly look upon each patient as representing to them Christ Himself.

Travelling

Most of the time since the last issue came out I have been on the road, leaving New York April 27 for a visit at Portsmouth Priory, Newport and Providence. It is a pleasure to take the boat and cheaper too if one does not pay for a berth. The Colonial Line has a Ladies' Cabin where there are a score of berths, and the night I left only two were occupied so we had much space to ourselves. It is quieter down in this big cabin at the rear of the boat than in any of the private cabins, quieter, that is, in regard to human noise. There is the thud of the engines of course but that is a part of the joy of sea travel.

Ade de Bethune met me at Portsmouth and we went down to the Abbey for the day and had a gathering in Newport in the evening. We talked until after one and got up early to go to six-thirty Mass at the Cenacle. Ade has a group of friends at Newport (where one might say she lives in the slums) and we could call hers a Catholic Worker group too. She gives of herself and her talents freely and an evening in her company is one profitably spent.

Boston

After a meeting in Boston where we had a large crowd at the Old Town Meeting House, a crowd of us drove to the Catholic Worker Farm at Upton to make the down payment of fifty dollars and to make plans for ploughing and chicken raising. Even before the old house is repaired which will serve as a guest house, chickens will be started and a big vegetable garden put in. The group in Boston have an old army ambulance which they bought at auction to transport visitors and food supplies. The farm being near Worcester, our group there will be able to meet at the Upton farm once a week.

After speaking in Worcester I took train immediately for Milwaukee where the Social Action Conference was being held, a great affair with priests, Bishops and Archbishops from all over the country present. Our Father Hayes from

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TEN JUST MEN

*"The Lord hath done great things for us: we are become joyful."
May the Lord build us a house and may he keep the city."*

These last weeks have been rainy and cold and we have contemplated glumly our unpaid printing bill and the bills for coffee, milk, sugar and bread which threatened to overwhelm us. Last night we read in the breviary, "Their infirmities were multiplied: afterwards they made haste." And we comforted ourselves with the thought that what with widespread unemployment, sicknesses and lack of funds, our infirmities were indeed multiplied, but that if afterwards we made haste and progress we could then glory in our infirmities.

And now the summer is come and the rain is past and gone and the children shout and exult in the streets and the old sit by the curbstones sunning themselves. We begin once more to come out of our houses and live in the streets. We bring out chairs into the back yard and sit there with our visitors and overhead there are festoons of snow-white clothes hanging from lines like little clouds hovering between the tenements. We sit down in our canyon and far up overhead the blue sky gleams like a patch from Mary's robe.

Sursum Corda

The Lord alone can lift the heart. May He build us a house and may He keep the city.

When it comes to houses, that prayer is my favorite one for the farm. We need lumber, we need more houses, little houses for our workers. Sooner or later we will get them. Now all we can think of is grocery and printing bills.

The Lord will keep the city,—that we know. Last Sunday Fr. Hughes, Dominican, preached at a peace Mass and reminded us that the Lord would save the country for the sake of ten just men.

We read the story in Genesis when we went home, how the Lord spoke to Abraham of the destruction of Sodom and Abraham pleaded with the Lord.

"If there be fifty just men in the city, shall they perish withal? And wilt thou not spare that place for the sake of the fifty just, if they be therein?"

And the Lord said to him, "If I find in Sodom fifty just within the city I will spare the whole place for their sake."

And Abraham said, "Seeing I have once begun, I will speak to my Lord, although I am dust and ashes. What if there be five less than fifty just persons?" and the Lord said, "I will not destroy it if I find five and forty."

And again he said to him, "But if forty be found there what wilt thou do?" And He said, "I will not destroy it for the sake of forty."

"Lord," saith he, "be not angry, I beseech thee, if I speak. What if thirty shall be found there?" He answered, "I will not do it if I find thirty there."

"Seeing," saith he, "I have once begun, what if twenty be found there?" He said, "I will not destroy it for the sake of twenty."

Ten Just Men

"I beseech thee," saith he, "be not angry if I speak yet once more. What if ten should be found there?"

"I will not destroy it for the sake of ten."

And I thought as I came from Mass this morning, passing a tiny aged woman crouched on her knees, passing a little child, a youth, a policeman, all of whom had received our Lord and offered Him back to God for themselves and all mankind,—*"These are the ones who are sustaining us by their prayers. These, and our readers all over the country and the prayers of some of the least of God's creatures on our coffee line,—these are the ones who are holding up our hands, who are upholding the work when we are tempted by discouragement."*

And the early morning sun poured down and enhanced the colors of the fruits of the earth piled high on the pushcarts of Hester Street, and the sun itself, and the fruits of the earth also contained God's promise of peace for men of goodwill.

GRADUAL OF THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN AND ST. PAUL

Ps. 32. Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. It is like the precious ointment on the head, that ran down upon the beard, the beard of Aaron.

Alleluia, Alleluia. This is the true fraternity, which overcame the crimes of the world: it followed Christ, attaining the noble kingdom of Heaven.

Day After Day

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Chicago was a speaker at the stock yards sessions, Father Rice and Father Hensler over steel. Father Ehrbacher and Fr. Sullivan from Detroit over autos, and a number of the Catholic Worker Detroit group who are autoworkers made the sessions lively affairs. Father Ligutti had a conference on rural life. Indeed it is impossible to remember all the sessions and all the friends



of the CW who were present. That's the worst of the conferences—one cannot begin to cover all the important conferences, and there are so many people one wishes to see, there is no time to talk to any of them.

Milwaukee

The Milwaukee group continue their work of feeding from sixty to seventy-five men their dinner every night. The next job is to take over the upper floor of the house they are in and start sheltering some of the ambassadors of Christ. That will mean too, a coffee line in the morning.

Chicago

The Chicago group are now housing more men than any of our groups, and it is through the initiative and the faith of two young fellows, Al Reser and Ed Marcejniak, both of whom are occupied during the day, that this work is being done. We had a big meeting there and the men who were guests at the house of hospitality were present together with all those of our readers who attended. One poor fellow came in slightly under the weather and lay down on the window sill in the front store. He was new to the place (probably he had just been referred to it) and he came with a little bundle under his arm. As he slept the newspaper wrappings came off and a couple of stale rolls fell out of his package on to the floor, a mute reminder to those around of the precarious half starved existence of our unemployed. One week fourteen hundred men were fed there, and day by day none knows where the money for food is going to come from. The men themselves go out and gather up damaged vegetables and beg fish. Perhaps someone will come along to donate meat as they do in Pittsburgh.

In New York last month, one of our friends was buying meat in a butcher shop around the corner from Mott St. and a customer was talking about the long line of men coming in to breakfast. "Who feeds them," she was asking the butcher. "You'd be surprised," he said mysteriously, dropping his cleaver dramatically. "Jesus Christ Himself!" He had taken it out of the hands of St. Joseph entirely. He is a devout man, this Italian, and has painted himself a life-sized picture

Rome Letter

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vincible inflexibility. No power on earth can bend her.

Two Errors

In this syllabus against racism it will be noticed that the theories of the totalitarian state are condemned at the end. It is because the bond between the two errors is a close one. Too often is the racist argument brought forward only to support the glorification of the God-State. Because it is difficult to pretend seriously that any nation, particularly Germany—shared between a Hitler, Goebel and Goering—is composed of a homogeneous race, it is urged that the racial slogan, false though it is, acts powerfully, and acts in this case to consolidate the absorption of the individual by the State.

It will also be remarked that it is to Universities and the post-graduate schools that the Supreme Pontiff has addressed himself in combatting this heresy. He has mobilized no forces, ordered no massed assaults, no manifestations, no orations, no processions. He has spoken to intellects, he makes his appeal to reason. It is by means of the idea he must conquer, because it is the idea that rules the world and prevails at the end.

To Browder

This new and precious lesson rightly understood, sooner than is suspected, will produce magnificent results.

The Catholic Worker expresses its thanks to that splendid Belgian magazine, "La Cité Cretienne" from which it has taken this condemnation of racism.

We hope Communists will read it. We hope Earl Browder will stretch his hand out for it, clench his fist on it and concentrate his thought on it. Perhaps, provided Earl is sincere and thinks straight, he will, in the light of this syllabus then take up the same Pope's Encyclical on "Atheistic Communism." We ask him to. He might wind up by renouncing that false friend of peace and labor — Stalin, and come to embrace the true friend of peace and labor — Pius XI. Stalin and Hitler and other totalitarian dictators are enemies of the dignity of the human person. Pope Pius will dose you, Earl. That is true, but he will never dose you, like Stalin or Trotsky or the dead, mummified Lenin, whom you and all Communists foolishly worship as if he were a living God. He is dead as the Czars, and is as helpless to the Russian people as a wooden idol. Forget the dead Lenin, Earl.—Stalin will die too. Follow the living leader, Christ. You won't regret it. The Catholic Worker stretches out to you this invitation.

"Let no man think to have set his own life in order if he is unkind of his neighbor's well being."

—St. John Chrysostom

of the Blessed Mother on the wall of his shop.

The Rochester group met at the Peter Claver house and a good crowd turned out. Most of the work there is as yet confined to discussion groups and distributing literature, in addition to the works of mercy each one is able to perform personally. There is an opportunity to have meetings at the Municipal Lodging House, discussions preceded by entertainment, so some local talent must be found before the meetings get under way. There is a good opportunity there to distribute literature among the unemployed and start a Union of the Unemployed as they are doing in Chicago and Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh

It is good to get around and visit our friends and the groups in other cities to find out what each is doing and to compare notes so that all may be helped. In another place in this issue of the paper there is a list of all our groups and friends who are helping us in the different cities throughout the country. I have not included the schools and colleges and seminaries where we have close friends and helpers. Where there are groups in the schools and colleges, we ask them to send in the names of their representatives so that we can send them bulletins and press releases. Our lists are incomplete.

After I got home from one trip I had only ten days at Mott Street

List Given of C. W. Contacts

The following are friends of The Catholic Worker. Those of our readers interested in CW activities are advised to get in touch with them.

Providence, R. I., Mary Benson, 367 Hope St.
Newport, R. I., Ade Bethune, 29 Thames St.
Lowell, Mass., Alice McCue, 232 Methuen St.
Washington, D. C., Lewellyn Scott, 1215 Seventh St., N.W.,
Philadelphia, Pa., Paul Toner, 267 Rochelle Ave.
Harrisburg, Pa., Mollie Frecon, 804 N. 3rd.
Baltimore, Md., Grace Branham, 12 E. Hamilton St.
LaFollette, Tenn., Mrs. Hugh Macmurray, Route No. 1, Exchange.
McCloughan, Va., Louis Mulhern, Veterans Hospital.
Ozark, Arkansas, Elizabeth Burrows.
New Orleans, La., Maria Louisa Ajobita, 321 Chartres St.
Los Angeles, Calif., George Putnam, care of Metcalfe's, 1829 So. Grammercy Place.
Los Angeles, Calif., Frances Langford, 1125 So. Holt.
San Pedro, Carl Sheridan, 529 W. 15th St.
San Francisco, Minna Berger, 614 Grant Ave.
Butte, Montana, Elias J. Seaman, 340 S. Mercury St.
Portland, Catherine Temple, 36 S.W. 3rd Ave.
Bellingham, Wash., Frances Griswold, 2116 Cornwall Ave.
Seattle, The Kaufer Co., 1904 4th Ave.
Tacoma, Wash., H. M. Rose, 1225 So. Stevens St.
Spokane, Wash., St. Vincent De Paul Store, care of Chas. D. White, 223 No. Division St.
East San Diego, Calif., Carrie A. Cassidy, 4043 42nd St.
Seattle, Wash., Mrs. Claude Harris, 4939 W. Bruce St.
New York City, 115 Mott St., St. Joseph's House.
Easton, Pa., R.F.D. No. 4, Catholic Worker Farming Commune.
Boston, Mass., 328 Tremont St.; (Farm—Upton, Mass.)
Troy, N. Y., 406 Federal St., St. Benedict Joseph Labre House.
Pittsburgh, Pa., 61 Fannehill St., Catholic Radical Alliance.
Detroit, Michigan, 2098 14th St., St. Francis House.
Chicago, Ill., 868 Blue Island Ave., St. Joseph's House.
Chicago, Ill., 1841 W. Taylor St., Holyrood House.
Milwaukee, Wis., 1019 E. 5th St., Holy Family House.
St. Louis, Mo., 3526 W. Pine.
Houma, La., St. Francis House.
Akron, Ohio, 196 E. Crozier St., St. Francis House.
Burlington, Vt., 104 Battery St., Blessed Martin House.
Rochester, N. Y., 13 Rome St., Peter Claver House.
Conneaut, Ohio, 603 Madison St., St. Francis House.
Worcester, Mass., 11 Chandler St.

before going out to Windsor, Detroit, Toledo, Akron and Pittsburgh to speak some more. We have good groups in all these towns and three of them have headquarters.

The new house of the Detroit branch is large enough for the men to sit down as they wait to be served at noon and the place is airy and faces the park in front of the Michigan Central Station. The basement can be fitted up so that the men can use the showers and that will be a godsend. One of the Great Lakes seamen said, "It's easier to go hungry for a couple of days than to do without a cleanup." And this is the way most of the men feel.

In Pittsburgh a tremendous building has been turned over to the Catholic Radical Alliance and so far only one end of one floor has been cleaned up for use. The Akron group, mostly rubber workers, drove me to Pittsburgh and when we arrived in town there was no food in the house, just the soup stewing on the stove in huge milk cans for the next day. We sent out for baked beans and bologna and sliced up onions to top off the meal. Bill Lenz, who lives there and together with Steve McCarthy is in charge of the work, are sixty and seventy years old respectively, and to see these men sitting down with the youths from Akron warmed the heart. The groups are made up of young and old, worker and scholar, Negro and white, men and women. Truly a lay apostolate.

Chicago

Helen Farrell
Holyrood House
1841 West Taylor St.
Chicago, Ill.

Feast St. Berardine of Siena
May 20, 1938

Dear Editor:

I just came down through the house, most of the men are still sleeping, it's about a quarter after five. We try to leave them sleep until about six. They're piled together like cattle. The basement contains sixty-three. The front part of the store is filled to capacity. Three of them are sleeping in the window with the chairs and table we piled there. In the back part of the store there is only a small aisle where the man we leave on watch can pass through. Literally every foot of space is covered. The upper floor is the same. There are thirty-two beds plus about six mattresses and besides that they are sleeping on the floor. We must have at least two hundred. Our largest amount was two hundred and twenty-five last Monday on which night we had to turn some away. As soon as the weather warms up and the ground become drier we are thinking of eliminating housing. Not because we would not sooner have the men but because we think the men will be better off sleeping in the parks than in this terribly crowded condition.

Night Watch

The man who had the watch (whose name I cannot remember, somehow one loses track of names around here) just went up to awaken Roy and Bill to get breakfast ready for the men. We feed the men before we turn them out in the morning. A cup of coffee and a bowl of mush. It's not much, better than nothing though. Roy and Bill both are fairly decent cooks. Roy having cooked for extra-gangs on the railroads. Bill, who has had eighteen years in the U.S. Navy, has also done some cooking for gangs on the cattle ranges. So you see we're well supplied with cooks. One begins to wonder once in a while if we'll have anything to cook for any length of time. At present there are four and one-half dollars in the house, we feed about six hundred, so it looks like we'll be broke long before the day is over. But as in the past, somehow help will come along I suppose. We've been broke so often now that it is becoming tradition.

Steel and Death

There is so much to be done here that one hardly knows where to begin. The CUU should be started, especially with the present relief crisis. The ACTU is another thing that should be gotten under way. We were out to Steel last Sunday and it appears as if our CP friends have things fairly well tied up out there. In fact it has created a condition that will automatically eliminate us from participating in the Memorial Day parade. I'll try to let you know the details on this at a later date. We are tentatively planning to have a Solemn High Mass at one of the parishes in the Steel area on Memorial Day for those who were killed last year at which we expect to have the families of the victims. It seems that is the only real way we can commemorate the unfortunate incident of last year.

There are so many things one could write about in the house here that one's thoughts pile up faster than can be put on paper. I will have to close now and get back into the back part of the store and help the men with the food.

Yours in Christ,

Al Resor.

PHOTOGRAPHY

The editors of The Catholic Worker are desirous of showing, in future issues, pictures of the actual work being done in New York and in other centers. We should like, too, to use pictures illustrating the social scene. We already have a dark room and some equipment. It is possible that some of our readers may have, relics of a discarded hobby, an enlarger, a printer and other odds and ends for which they no longer have any use. The condition of the equipment does not matter, we can fix it up. If you can help, please send whatever you have to 115 Mott Street, N. Y. C.

Worker's School Term Ends; Mock Trial Feature Of Closing

The Fordham Workers' School closed on Monday, May 23, having completed a six-months' term with weekly sessions for night and day workers in Labor Relations, Labor Ethics, Labor History, Parliamentary Law, and Public Speaking.

61 Unions Represented

Over 240 students attended the classes, to which the only requirement for admission was a trade union card. Of these 81 held official capacity in their unions. In all 61 unions were represented, or nearly every important union in New York City, A. F. of L., CIO, and Independent.

The feature of the closing session was a mock trial of The Labor Leader, conducted by members of the State Labor Board themselves, on charges of spying on its employees, members of Mottley Miners' Union, Den 115, who were holding a meeting on the steps of the Statue of Liberty.

Takes to Print

The Labor Leader, meanwhile, did in fact discharge its mimeographers and take to print, turning out on June 1st its fifth weekly 4-page tabloid issue. Its pages are devoted exclusively to the trade union movement, and its news coverage attempts to be impartial as between CIO and A. F. of L. unions. It has also featured news relating to priests and Catholic activity in the labor movement, with additional space given to labor profiles, labor literature, Catholic social doctrine, and editorial comment on labor questions. Subscriptions (\$2 a year, \$1 six months) may be obtained at ACTU headquarters, 191 Canal Street, N.Y.C.)

Other Events

Father Monaghan, ACTU Chaplain, arbitrating a labor dispute to the satisfaction of all parties, following the discharge of two members of the Textile Workers' Organizing Committee by the Z. B. Yarn Mills of West New York.

Father Jeremiah Nemacek, pro-labor priest from the Bronx, telling a crowded ACTU meeting that labor discussion groups should be organized in every parish.

Tom Hickey, official of Local 807, Teamsters' Union, now under indictment for racketeering, defending his local before the same meeting and attacking Catholic labor leaders who leave the Ten Commandments at home.

Ohio Worker Tells Story Of Mexicans

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this present year, attended Catholic schools. Here too there is much evidence of racial prejudice. The others do not associate with the Mexicans and many of the Mexicans have an inferiority complex. This comes out at the Mission when they distinguish themselves from the other boys and girls by referring to the 'whites.'

There has been a strike near Blissfield, Mich. The Beet workers and the Refiners differing. This comes from Father Gorman as I do not know this situation.

It seems that the Government set a minimum wage of \$18.00 per acre per seven ton field, \$1.00 extra per each additional ton per acre.

The Beet growers made \$18.00 the maximum. This resulted in the strike. They are asking \$24.00 an acre, but they told Father they would compromise for \$19.00. He seemed to believe the strike would be settled with this compromise.

'I am sorry that I am not more familiar with this strike and more familiar with the entire colony, but my contact with them is yet very new, perhaps later on I can be more informative.'

In closing, I have one request to make. Please pray for all of us—you are remembered in prayer in Toledo in a small way at least.

I remain,

BERNARD ENGLISH

"There is nothing so frigidly sterile as a Christian who cares not for his fellows well being."

—St. John Chrysostom

Hague Letter

(Continued from Page 2)

because it might interfere with traffic. And, at the same time, you filled Journal Square with so many people to prevent two Congressmen from speaking that the Square had to be closed to all traffic. And this Square is the same place that is used by your political speakers every election time; mind you, I say yours, because no other party dares.

You have consistently tried to convey the impression that the Catholic Church is behind you. That trick of having Catholic War Veterans Brophy publicly announce that the Catholic Vets would use rubber hoses was despicable. The vets who packed Journal Square to deprive two Congressmen of their constitutional rights were not Catholic vets, or Protestant vets, or Jewish vets. They were job-holding vets in your machine, and they were there because they would lose their jobs if they did not show up.

Hague Red Ally

Your claim that you are fighting Communism is a lie. You and others of your type are Communism's greatest allies. For instance, the Communist Party in the United States doesn't openly fight the Church. The party line here plays another game. They don't have to try to discredit the Church because there are too many of your type doing it already. The Reds, whom you are fighting, are saved the trouble so they can devote their energies to other fields. The Communist Party (witness the recent convention) courts the favor of Catholics while political opportunists use the Church. You are giving the Communist Party a prestige it doesn't deserve; you are more valuable to the Communist Party than a thousand organizers

Julia Writes St. Anthony

Again we are asking you to help us take our children to the country. We are very grateful to you these last three years for you have sent us money enough to feed the forty or so children we have taken to the farm in the summer. You cared for them very well seeing that nothing more serious than bruises, cuts and toothaches and stomach aches afflicted them.

Wanted—Bedding

Then we need coats, sheets, pillow cases and blankets. Last year there was a shortage and some of the boys slept on the floor.

Mrs. Gigas, who is the mother of nine children (eight of whom have visited the farm), is sick again and she needs to go to the country where she can eat good food and sit in the sun. Last year Mrs. Gigas spent about ten months in a hospital and is still weak.

Two of the Negro boys who spent two weeks with us at the farm last year, asked us if they could come out this year for the entire summer. They are both in a public high school and while with us learned many things of their Faith, which they didn't know. All the children look forward the whole year to going to the farm where we wish we could keep them there all summer. Anyone who saw Father Palmer's moving pictures of the farm, saw how happy the children were laughing, playing or having a good natured fight. (Most of these pictures were taken without their knowing it.)

Wanted—Girl

We need a young woman who is capable of cooking for about five children each day all summer, who will play with them and watch over them. There are many Catholic women applying to be counsellors at camps each year and we hope one of them will offer her services. Anyone who is so interested, write me and I shall be very happy to give further details.

Then we would like children's books (ages 6 to 17) so we can have a little library on the farm for them.

St. Anthony, find us what we have asked for by June 13th, your feast day, so that on that day we can tell the children the good news.

Affectionately yours in Christ,

Julia Porcell

One can make of oneself no finer a pattern of Christ than to take unto heart his neighbors' need."

—St. John Chrysostom

SOME LETTERS

800 At Mass

Burlington, Vt.
Blessed Martin House
194 Battery St.,
Burlington, Vt.

About 800 persons answered our appeal for the Union of Prayer for Peace. The League of the Sacred Heart of St. Josephs Parish cooperated with us and we have arranged to have a Mass for Peace offered on May 29.

Activities at Martin House are increasing though the time spent here is still limited to evenings mostly. The first person, characteristically enough, with whom we shared a meal was a wayfaring Negro guided, no doubt, by Brother Martin. A family of eight living in the same building as ourselves must move into a tenement owned by the father's employer—a worse tenement, the same rent and no garden. They were just preparing their garden here for planting. Unfair treatment—seemingly their lot—forced them from a farm they were leasing. We have been out looking for a suitable farm for them and a High Mass of thanksgiving will be offered as soon as we are successful.

Four Sisters paid us a short visit during the month. Our Turkish landlord continues his material assistance and non-Christian moral support. A fallen-down Catholic—financially straitened Catholics do not fall away—walked out the other evening with some Catholic literature. We need prayers.

Peace Prayers

Saint Agnes School
Pittsburgh, Penna.

May 17, 1938

In answer to your appeal read in the Catholic Worker, I am happy to inform you that the members of the Junior Catholic Action Club, Unit 15 pledged wholeheartedly to cooperate with the "Union of Prayer for Peace." All promised to assist Holy Mass and receive Holy Communion on May twenty-ninth. The club also recites the "Hail Mary," and the invocation "Queen of Peace, pray for us," daily.

We are happy to welcome another opportunity of exercising Catholic Action.

Sincerely yours,

Joseph Mueller,
Vice-President

Joins Union

Dear Editors:

Following the suggestion in The Catholic Worker, I write to inform you that I shall offer Mass for peace on May 29.

I have sent my name to Fr. Hughes for enrollment in the Union of Prayer for Peace.

With all good wishes for your efforts to promote the cause of peace, I am

Yours sincerely,

Rev. Donald Hayne.

FROM HARLEM

As you have heard we (editorially) moved to Harlem recently, to start, with the grace of the Holy Ghost and the help of Blessed Martin de Porres, to put the words of His Holiness into practice, by developing the Catholic Apostolate of the Negro by the Negro.

The field is vast. The harvest overripe. Many hands are busy . . . not in harvesting it, but in sowing cockle and weeds into it, when not destroying it completely. Therefore the time is at hand (it has been for a long time) for us Catholics to stop discussing Interracial Justice and start practicing it in earnest, unless we want to see millions of our Negro brothers go over to the Children of Darkness.

Our work takes the form of a many sided apostolate, which includes, Youth, Libraries, Reading Rooms, Study Clubs, Round Tables, Conferences, Cooperatives, Credit Unions, Catholic Workers' School, Trade Unionism (clarification of its thought) and binding the whole of them together—Corporal Works of Mercy. without which all action is useless.

Liturgy

This program is based, as are ALL our programs, on promotion of the Liturgy, because it leads to a better understanding of the principles of the Mystical Body of Christ, which in turn leads to Christian Sociology, which is the cornerstone of Christian Social Reconstruction, that alone can lead the World out of the chaos that it has plunged into.

Ora et labora . . . Knowing your profound understanding of all these ideals, we come to you, beggars at your door-steps. Beggars first for your prayers. Pray for us in Harlem, we need your prayers; so much poverty, misery, worry, the lack of the simplest necessities of life, are besieging us on all sides—blotting in their darkness even the thought of God. For how can we teach, when our pupils, have literally nowhere to lay their heads, and not enough to eat to keep body and soul together?

But we must beg for more still; will you give us some space in the paper, to state our needs which are many? Thank you. We knew you would. And here they are:

Clothing—all kinds of clothings, for all ages and sexes.

Catholic Magazines—all kinds of magazines, we can make use of all.

Children's Books—we are trying to start a Library for them.

Catholic Books for Adults—preferable on the Church and the Social Question, but all Catholic Books are accepted.

Holy Pictures, Rosaries, Medals,

Prayer Books.

MONEY—of course.
Canned Goods.

"Ambassadors"

And, although we hesitate, to ask for more, we cease hesitating almost at once, for we remember that Peter said, 'to be a beggar, is to be an Ambassador of God, and to be an Ambassador of God is something to be proud of . . . so proudly—we wonder if amongst your readers, there might be some who own property, a house and a strip of land to go with it, somewhere near the city (we are so poor we have little money for transportation) that could be used for a Camp, for at least a few of our children. Have you ever been in Harlem in a heat wave? . . . It is, we assure you, a foretaste of the place we hope never to get to.

And then again—we need a store on Lenox Avenue for our Library, which although already opened, is housed in a tiny one-roomed apartment, that will soon be too small for it. We would like that store free of rent or the next money for one. It is only \$30.00 a month. We realize that it might seem a lot, and yet when one thinks that the words of Christ—"I was hungry . . . and you fed Me . . ." applies as much to the soul, as it does to the body. And that we Catholics hold in our sinful hands, the Truth, the full Truth, for which the world hungers so much to day . . . and that lack of space alone in this case stands between the people and it, then \$30.00 is so little!

We also dream of a three-story house for a Little Community Centre. Camp, Store, House . . . what nerve will you say (or will you?) Perhaps—but obedient to the Masters' voice, we can but ask and leave the rest to the Charity of Him, Who to day walks poor and forgotten—Christ the Negro. It is in His name we ask, and that gives us courage.

Yours in Christ the Negro,

Catherine De Hueck.

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New York City.
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Easy Essays

By

PETER MAURIN

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THE LAND

There Is No Unemployment on the Land

Catholics Have Done It Before

The Benedicta, Maine, Farm Colony

There was a depression in the City of Boston in 1834, and the Bishop, a true shepherd of his people, gathered up his flock from the city streets and led them to new pastures; or rather to virgin forests, for the part of Maine where the Catholic Colony from the North End of Boston settled was at that time deep wilderness. Under the guidance of their Bishop, this group of Catholic pioneers practically opened up the finest potato land in America, Aroostook County.

The brave and saintly Bishop Benedict Fenwick who was at that time pastor and head of the whole New England Diocese, was weighed down by troubles. Many Irish families who made up the great part of the congregation in the North End of Boston were destitute. Not only was trade in a slump, but, as always in a depression, the tide of bigotry against the immigrant families had waxed so strong, that an Irishman couldn't get a job anywhere. The descendant of one of the settlers of that day, has told me that her grandfather, Thomas Ford from Ireland, and one of his fellow countrymen, Samuel—(later the leading merchant in Boston) used to peddle from door to door, in Boston, and would try to twist their Irish brogue into Yankee accent, passing themselves off as Scotchmen, before they could even sell a thimble. Both of these men "took soup" as the Irish say, that is, left the Catholic Church.

Holy Cross

Besides these troubles, Bishop Fenwick had a serious financial difficulty, namely a heavy investment of \$100,000. From a sympathetic Bostonian, John Lowell, he had bought sight unseen, 24,000 acres in the wilderness of Maine not far from the Canadian line, with the idea of building "Holy Cross" College, where he might educate priests, and prevent the widespread straying from the Catholic fold. Now no chance of building, although plans made by the Bishop for the college, showing amazing mastery of architectural detail, lay waiting on his desk. "What a small world this is," may be a trite saying, but it is interesting to note that Old St. Patrick's which the Bishop had previously designed and built on Mulberry and Mott Streets, New York City, is only a stone's throw from the Catholic Worker headquarters. So many are the strands that a great personality weaves in the life of a nation.

Along

We get an impression of the good man's plight from a passage of a letter to the Bishop of Quebec: "I am in Boston with a congregation of 5,000 souls, alone, without the aid of a single assistant—I cannot stir out of the colony to visit, as my duty requires, any portion of my diocese. (Then, practically all New England from N. Y. to the Canadian line.) If God should call me at this moment, I would not have a priest to administer the last rites. Such is my situation, and what is more I do not know how to better it."

He received the needed assistant and a year later he rode Northwest on horseback to visit the thriving Catholic colonies of Damariscotta Mills and Whitefield, Maine, which Irishmen from Kildare and Cavan had founded. (A friend of The Catholic Worker, a Cavanaugh from Boston, is kin to those very Cavanaughs who settled there; another link which the Bishop's shuttle is weaving in the world, you see.)

"Corruption of Cities"

His Grace was killing two birds with one stone, for his visits to the Maine parishes completed, he headed his horse Northwest with a companion along the Post Road, which the American Government had just cut across the wilderness for 150 miles as far as Fort Kent.

Picture the elderly bishop now adventuring into the forest to see what kind of land he had bought in that 24,000 acres. He found it rich

and loamy, and right there his half-formed plan crystallized—to bring together his idle city men and this vast idle land.

On a hot Sunday in July, 1834, he announced his scheme to his parishioners in Boston. "To those industrious Irish families who wish to retire into the country from the noise and corruption of the cities to devote themselves to agriculture," Bishop Fenwick offered to lead Northward a pioneering expedition. In a month 73 families enlisted, agreeing to pay eventually for such land as they signed for. Again the kindly Protestant advanced a loan with which to charter a boat to Bangor, and pay for materials and food for the caravan. Lots along the Post Road were sold for \$2.00 an acre; those back from the road for \$1.50 or less.

In the first excursion 3 German families, the Rush, Schmidt (now Smith) and Rivers families enlisted. They are now intermarried with Caseys, Brodericks, Millemores, Browns, Donavans, McAvoy's, and Sweeney's. On disembarking at Bangor, Me., they engaged covered wagons for the 100 mile overland trip, which lasted for 10 days, following the general line now followed by the Bangor and Aroostook Ry., and stopped at a point now known as Sherman Station, one of Aroostook's biggest potato shipment centers.

"Benedicta"

In a week these sturdy immigrants felled enough trees to build a communal dormitory and huts for shelter. They set aside a section for a commons and then, taking their turn by lot began to build individual homes which they put up co-operatively. Bishop Fenwick had been careful to include in the colony plenty of skilled carpenters, masons, and artisans, and these directed the unskilled laborers.

"Benedicta" was chosen as the name of the village, both because it was the name of their beloved Bishop, and because St. Benedict is the patron of group agriculture.

The bitter cold of the first Maine winter took a toll in pneumonia and croup and some quit the project, discouraged; but others were recruited from Boston. Meanwhile things were no better there. The very year that they started the expedition, the "Know-nothings" sacked and burned the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, and almost broke the Bishop's heart.

Another disappointment followed: the railway, on the strength of whose promise to extend their line the Bishop had bought the land now decided to postpone building its branch into distant Aroostook. This would make it impossible to transport students back and forth. He abandoned, therefore, his idea of building Holy Cross on the Frontier and later built it in Worcester, where he now sleeps. The abandoned foundations in Benedicta were pulled down and part of them used for the Church which was placed in a position dominating the Commons with the graveyard nearby, like the old Granary cemetery and King's Chapel burying ground on Tremont Street near the Boston Common.

Depression Here Too

The potato took to Benedicta soil like a duck to water and bags of fine, nut-flavored tubers began arriving in Bangor and Boston, attracting other settlers; the McCarrons, McNamaras, the Byrnes and the Woodlocks. A Protestant family, the Pattens, sought admission and were accepted. Other settlers in groups or on isolated farms, began to take up land in the suburbs or rather in the sub-forests of Benedicta and the price of the rich land of Aroostook rose beyond the point where the Bishop could acquire more. But those Irishmen whom he did plant on the land, wishing ardently to remain under the American flag, were, to a great degree, responsible for keeping this part of Maine in the United States during the "Bloodless Aroostook War" in 1842, which was settled by the Webster-Ashburton Treaty.

Benedicta is, today, only a country town. On its main street, where 100 years ago Bishop Fenwick rode his horse and surveyed the majestic pine woods, wild deer still sometimes appear, and trot past the row of shops. In the fall and winter when the potato harvest is over, the men and boys go hunting in the surrounding woods where they vary their fare of pork, chicken, beef and lamb from their farms, with an occasional haunch of venison or brace of pheasant.

The Church organization leads the town's social life and supports the grammar and high schools. Benedicta is crimeless: also it is a jail-less, divorce-less, pauper-less, and debt-less—or at least up to a few years ago it was without the menace of outside debt. On account of its strong spirit of religion and co-operation, the people have eliminated politics and kept down taxes. They do their own policing, fire-extinguishing, and other municipal duties. But evidently the shadow of the Depression has not escaped even this peaceful spot, as I notice they are now receiving bounties from the Government for not raising potatoes. Birth-control has reached even the famous Aroostook spud.

To the City

Although Benedicta remains a small town, it has been a springboard for numerous other settlements, and the fertile mother of strong country youth, who have brought new life-blood into cities from Portland to Boston. The writer has cousins whose father was a Benedicta boy, one of a family of nine. One of his sisters, married "back home" in the little town, has fourteen sturdy sons and daughters, all of whom find something to do about the farm, while my cousins, transplanted back into Boston, are seeking work.

Where has this Catholic Colony fallen short? It should, no doubt, have developed alongside of its very profitable agriculture, a variety of small industries and crafts. This would have produced two benefits: first an outlet for the boys and girls, who, though born of rural stock, hate actual farm work, and therefore drift into the cities, or else become shabby farmers, square pegs in round holes. There has lately, to be sure, been a lumber mill started at Sherman's Landing, but on the whole, it was easier to relinquish the industries to those spots which had superior water power, such as Damariscotta.

Also Benedicta folk have, because of their strong feeling of co-operation and kinship, as well as by their loyalty to Catholic principles, escaped the grip of the loan shark and mortgage banker; but they have lost the chance to teach less unified and homogeneous communities the lesson of self-contained security that comes from a combination of farm and factory. A great deal of nonsense has been written around the slogan, "Three acres of land and liberty," by people who have never struggled on a small farm without an outside source of money to purchase machinery, fertilizer, and a few decencies of life. There is plenty of misery and squalor on the land as well as in the city. Nevertheless, the land holds the solution to the impasse.

"Back to the Farm"

In the North End of Boston, to say nothing of all the other ends, again in 1938 there are thousands of idle men and women eating out their hearts with worry. They are not destitute or starving, thanks to "Relief" but they face the more insidious evils that go with this disguised dole. Can you not imagine the spirit of brave Bishop Fenwick riding again through those narrow, winding streets, calling to deaf ears: "To those industrious families of all races who wish to retire into the country from the noise and corruption of the cities, I offer a chance to go back to the farm. Get out of these slums, my poor people."

MARY C. McSWINEY.



FARMING COMMUNE

June 1938, beginning the third summer on the farm presents a highly encouraging picture.

The idea of a farming commune was discussed, debated, and envisioned around the Catholic Worker for a long time and the beginning was made here early in the spring of 1936.

The "Commune" consisted of 29 acres of weeds and woods, a rather shaky barn and house, three rakes, two hoes, five or six enthusiastic and courageous pioneers, and a bewildered dog left by a farmer tenant.

Many things have happened since, many mistakes were made and much was learned.

That first year about three acres were worked successfully, a cow and a few more tools accumulated and much clearing and repairing done.

The adjoining farm, acquired last year, (known as the lower farm) was the scene of most of the activity, as there are fifteen there and only seven of us up here on the hill.

Most of the tillable acreage on both farms is under cultivation. We have planted about eight acres of oats and alfalfa, ten of corn, and a few more acres of large and small, individual and common, garden plots. The potatoes (three acres) are coming along fine, but as this patch has not been worked in years, the weeds come along much better and faster. Remembering the start they got last year we all swooped down on them and a swarm of locusts couldn't have done better.

Due to the frequent rains, the

weeds are presenting a real problem—right now as we have in so much corn and only have two horses. John Filliger and Mr. Smith (whose farm has almost become part of the community) have been working themselves and the horses to death cultivating and it looks like a losing battle for the weeds.

The peach and apple trees, long neglected but pruned and cared for by Bill Evans last year, are loaded with fruit and all the various berry bushes are white with blossoms. There will also be an abundance of wild strawberries this year.

We have decided this year to hold a meeting on the lower farm every Sunday afternoon for the purpose of discussing problems and making plans for the coming week also for the purpose of indoctrination. The first two meetings have been very successful, more cooperation and understanding have resulted. During the summer months we will have Peter Maurin and Dorothy Day with us to speak at the meetings and share in the discussions.

We are now removing a partition in the lower house to fix up a chapel where we can have daily Mass when possible. Many priests come here in the summer. It will be a busy place indeed and we all need the Mass.

Basic Economy

Through the willingness and co-operation of the entire gang here we have confined our menus to those things we can raise in the future and are raising now. We have with the exception of a few necessary items, completely eliminated the tin can in all shapes and sizes, and have also dropped from our lists divers cellophane wrapped packages. Every effort will be made to reduce our purchases to those items we cannot make or grow. We hope to build an open air oven and make our own bread before the year is out. Also to repair our own shoes (when we have them) and eventually make our own clothes.

So this June, the beginning of our third year here shows a vast improvement with nearly the whole place planted, deep interest taken by all and a fine spirit manifested.

All in all, the future looks bright and we realize that our future success lie in hard work, Faith, prayer, and that they must all go together. The same gang that pulls the weeds together in the day, recite the rosary together at night, and if we continue this, the mistakes we make as we go along will not matter much.

No Party Line

(Continued from Page 1)

by Archbishop Hinsley during the Ethiopian War.

IV. No Party Line

1. The Catholic Worker is a free lance movement, not a partisan movement.
2. Some of the Bishops agree with our policies and some don't.
3. We are criticized by many Catholics for some of our policies and especially our Spanish policy.
4. The Communist Party has a Party line.
5. The Catholic Worker has no Party line.
6. There is no Party line in the Catholic Church.

MAXIMA CULPA

We have fitted the Crescent a handle and the reaping has begun:
We have taken the Cross and crooked it, the Cross that had made men one:

We have sown dark soil with leaden seed, seeking a place in the sun.
We have held conscience outmoded and smiled at the notion of sin:
We have worshiped the temple's beauty and forgotten the Presence within:

We have asked for the pleasure of living but would not let life in.
We have searched the dust for an answer that would make the Planner a pawn

And applauded the latest dreamer who held old truths to scorn:
We have sought in the womb of darkness the augury of dawn.
We have watched charred Justice writhing on a moaning cypress tree:
We have seen in burning convents the light of Democracy:
We have witnessed the rape of a nation's soul with silent complacency.
We have raised a thousand towers to the ancient god called Greed
And have laid on our golden altars our brothers in their need:
We have boasted of our wisdom and left their wounds to bleed.
Still the deepest of our sinfulness as yet has not been named
And the highest of our follies the oldest has remained—
In the love of a Heavenly Father by the children of men unclaimed!

A Page, C.S.C.