

EASY  
ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

## 1. The Hope of the People

1. The Marxists say that religion is the dope of the people.
2. Religion is not the dope of the people; it is the hope of the people.
3. Modern society is a materialist society because Christians have failed to translate the spiritual into the material.
4. If Christians knew how to make a lasting impression on the materialist depression through spiritual expression Marxists would not say that religion is the dope of the people.
5. As Raymon de Becker says: "The social task of the laity is the sanctification of secular life or more exactly the creation of a Christian secular life."

## 2. Secularism

1. Glenn Frank says: "What ails modern society is the separation of the spiritual from the material."
2. That separation of the spiritual from the material is what we call secularism.
3. "Secularism is a plague," said Pope Pius XI.
4. When religion has nothing to do with education

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## We Go On Record—

By DOROTHY DAY

Mr. Truman was jubilant. President Truman. True man. What a strange name, come to think of it. We refer to Jesus Christ as true God and true Man. Truman is a true man of his time in that he was jubilant. He was not a son of God, brother of Christ, brother of the Japanese, jubilating as he did. He went from table to table on the cruiser which was bringing him home from the Big Three conference, telling the great news, "jubilant," the newspapers said. *Jubilant Deo*. We have killed 318,000 Japanese.

That is, we hope we have killed them, the Associated Press, page one, column one, of the Herald Tribune says. The effect is hoped for, not known. It is to be hoped they are vaporized, our Japanese brothers, scattered, men, women and babies, to the four winds, over the seven seas. Perhaps we will breathe their dust into our nostrils, feel them in the fog of New York on our faces, feel them in the rain on the hills of Easton.

*Jubilant Deo*. President Truman was jubilant. We have created. We have created destruction. We have created a new element, called Pluto. Nature had nothing to do with it.

"A cavern below Columbia was bomb's cradle"; born not that men might live, but that men might be killed. Brought into being in a cavern, and then tried in a desert place, in the midst of tempest and lightning, tried out, and then again on the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ, on a far off island in the eastern hemisphere, tried out again, this "new weapon which conceivably might wipe out mankind, and perhaps the planet itself."

"Dropped on a town, one bomb would be equivalent to a severe earthquake and would utterly destroy the place. A scientific brain trust has solved the problem of how to confine and release almost unlimited energy. It is impossible yet to measure its effects."

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in

history and won," said President Truman jubilantly.

("UNRRA meets today facing a crisis on funds. It is close to scraping the bottom of its financial barrel, will open its third council session tomorrow, hoping to get enough new funds to carry it through the winter.")

(Germany is told of Hard Winter by Eisenhower.)

(Pall of Apathy Shrouds Bitter, Hungry Vienna.)

The papers list the scientists (the murderers) who are credited with perfecting this new weapon. One outstanding authority "who earlier had developed a powerful electrical bombardment machine called the cyclotron, was Professor O. E. Lawrence, a Nobel prize winner of the University of California. In the heat of the race to unlock the atom, he built the world's most powerful atom smashing gun, a machine whose electrical projectiles carried charges equivalent to 25,000,000 volts. But such machines were found in the end to be unnecessary. The atom of Uranium 235 was smashed with surprising ease. Science discovered that not sledgehammer blows, but subtle taps from slow travelling neutrons managed more on a tuning technique were all that were needed to disintegrate the Uranium 235 atom."

(Remember the tales we used to hear, that one note of a violin, if that one note could be discovered, could collapse the Empire State building. Remember too, that God's voice was heard not in the great and strong wind, not in the earthquake, not in the fire, but "in the whistling of a gentle air.")

Scientists, army officers, great universities, (Notre Dame included) and captains of industry,—all are given credit lines in the press for their work of preparing the bomb,—and other bombs, the President assures us are in production now.

Great Britain controls the supply of uranium ore, in Canada and Rhodesia. We are making the bombs. This new great force will be used for good, the scientists assured us. And then they wiped out a city of 318,000. This was good. The President was jubilant.

Today's paper with its columns of description of the new era, the atomic era, which this colossal slaughter of the innocents has ushered in, is filled with stories covering every conceivable phase of the new discovery. Pictures of the towns and the industrial plants where the parts are made are spread across the pages. In the forefront of the town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is a chapel, a large comfortable looking chapel benignly settled beside the plant. And the scientists making the first tests in the desert, prayed, one newspaper account said.

Yes, God is still in the picture. God is not mocked. Today, the day of this so great news, God made a madman dance and talk, who had not spoken for twenty years. God sent a typhoon to damage the Carrier Hornet. God permitted a fog to obscure vision and a bomber crashed into the Empire State building. God permits these things. We have to member it. We are held in God's hands, all of us, and President Truman too, and these scientists

who have created death, but will use it for good. He, God, holds our life and our happiness, our sanity and our health; our lives are in his hands.

He is our Creator. Creator.

... And I think, as I think on these things, that while here in the western hemisphere, we went in for precision bombing (what chance of precision bombing now?) while we went in for obliteration bombing, Russia was very careful not to bomb cities, to wipe out civilian populations. Perhaps she was thinking of the poor, of the workers, as brothers.

I remember, too, that many stories have come out of Russia of her pride in scientific discoveries and of how eagerly and proudly they were trying to discover the secret of life—how to create life (not death).

Exalted pride, yes, but I wonder which will be easier to forgive?

And as I write, Pigsie, who works at Secaucus, New Jersey, feeding hogs, and cleaning out the excrement of hogs, who comes in once a month to find beauty and surcease and glamour and glory in the drink of the Bowery, trying to drive the hell and the smell out of his nostrils and his life, sleeps on our doorstep, in this best, and most advanced and progressive of all possible worlds. And as I write, our cat, Rainbow, slinks by with a shrill rat in her jaws, out of the kitchen closet, here at Mott street. Here in this greatest of cities which covered the cavern where this stupendous discovery was made, which institutes an era of unbelievable richness and power and glory for man...

Everyone says, "I wonder what the Pope thinks of it?" How everyone turns to the Vatican for judgment, even though they do not seem to listen to the voice there! But our Lord Himself has already pronounced judgment on the atomic bomb. When James and John, (John the beloved) wished to call down fire from heaven on their enemies, Jesus said,

"You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of man came not to destroy souls but to save." He said also, "What you do unto the least of these my brethren, you do unto me."

NOTES BY  
THE WAY

The last line of the last Notes By the Way announced that we were going to make a pilgrimage for peace. And now peace is here, thank God, and our pilgrimage will be in thanksgiving as well as in penance for having used the atomic bomb.

We heard the whistles blow when we were on the farm, and all the group gathered together to sing the Te Deum.

In New York, on Mott street, the joyful festivities continued for several weeks. We thought at first that there would be an octave of rejoicing, as the noise, the confetti, the street dancing went on and on. It began on the Feast of the Assumption, continued during the feast of San Rocco, and block after block had dancing and parties. There was no drinking, no disorders. Grandmothers and two-year-olds danced, and the juke boxes were pulled out into the streets, and firecrackers were set off from housetops, and bands played, and the atmosphere was one of joy.

The flags are still flying in the streets right now because within a week another feast, that of San Gennaro, not celebrated during the war, will begin and continue for five days. Then the Chinese down the block will have some more victory parades, as they did during the first rejoicings, and it is hard to see how the feastings and parades can be any more elaborate. By the end of September we will begin to settle down hereabouts for the fall and winter, digging ourselves in, one might say, to face coal shortages, more unemployment and the illness and hardship that come with poverty and breadlines. The poor know how to rejoice, we are glad to say, just as profoundly as they know how to suffer.

It is September 14th, and quarter of 9 in the evening. All afternoon it has rained cats and dogs, pitchforks and hammer handles. Our work went on as usual—men filled the hall and

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## Peace Without Victory

By Fr. John J. Hugo

They are over at last. All these years of terrible death—of slaughter, rather. The end of the war, although bringing also fresh causes for sorrow, is reason for genuine thankfulness—quite apart from all the jingoistic glorying in victory.

Yet it does bring causes for sorrow, at least to lovers of God and mankind, because the war has not chastened us, has not taught us the lesson that God would have us learn from it, has not brought repentance for the frantic pursuit of temporal goods, which is the cause of war. With the coming of peace, too many see only an opportunity—as one editorialist put it thankfully—to go back and live as they please again, that is, to return to the kind of living that causes war.

Yes, there is much reason for sorrow.

Nevertheless, we should be thankful. For the cessation of hostilities at any rate; for the end of the insane killing; for the coming of peace, even such as it is.

"Such as it is." At the end of First World War, Pope Pius XI wrote:

"No one can fail to see that neither to individuals nor to society nor to the people has come true peace after the disastrous war; the fruitful tranquility which all long for is still wanting. Peace was indeed signed between the belligerents, but it was written in public documents, not in the hearts of men; the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society." (*Ubi Arcano Dei.*)

Cannot the same be said after the second World War? Arms have been put down, documents

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## Program for Spain

By Fr. Clarence Duffy

At the Potsdam Conference it was decided, among other things, that Spain, because of the nature and record of its present government, is not fit to associate with the members of the United Nations.

It is not the purpose of this article either to attack or to attempt to defend the Franco regime in Spain. Rather it is proposed, in all humility, to put forth a few suggestions, based on Christian teachings and some knowledge of Spain, which might, in the author's opinion, bring peace to the people of that country.

The aforementioned suggestions follow:

- (1) Resignation of the Franco government in favor of an interim, or provisional, regime agreed upon by and representing ALL major existing parties.
- (2) Return of all Spanish politi-

cal refugees to their homeland without fear of punishment or reprisals.

- (3) Free, secret (and honest) elections to be held as soon as possible to provide Spain with a representative government, and to determine whether it shall be a republic or a constitutional monarchy; all parties to be represented in the new government.

- (4) Abolition of landlordism; breaking up of the large farms and estates and distribution of them to landless people who wish to become farmer-owners; retention by the present holders of an equitable amount of land, and just compensation for improved or developed lands taken from them to be given to others.

- (5) Abolition of private and foreign ownership of mines and other natural resources created

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## Peace Without Victory

(Continued from page 1)

have been signed; but where there is so much bitterness, hatred, sullen submission, and desire for revenge, can there be said to be true peace? Even so—for the cessation of hostilities we should be thankful.

But not for the victory. Let us not thank God for that. National pride urges that we should; but then national pride has sung *Te Deums* for many victories that must have been odious to God. *Te Deums* were sung for the victories of Napoleon; they were later sung for the victories of the Prussian militarists. No doubt *Te Deums* were also sung for the victories of Hitler: would it not have been the "patriotic duty" of Catholics thus to give thanks?

It is the religion of militarism which believes that God is with the big battalions. It is the same religion (proper to ancient barbarism and modern nationalism) which regards victory as the unfailing mark of divine favor. Do we not every day see that God does not invariably give temporal prosperity to the just, but rather afflicts them grievously, while very often allowing sinners to thrive?

To thank God for the victory is to claim God's approval of the victory. It is to assert that He willed the victory—not only permissively, as He wills evil, but positively and directly, as He wills good. It is also to assert that He approved and willed the means whereby the victory was won: flame throwers, jellied gasoline, burning oil to destroy enemies like rats in a hole, incendiary bombs, the terror bombing of civilians, the obliteration bombing of great cities, and, finally, the use of the atomic bomb, by which the war was so dramatically shortened and won. Did God positively will all these things? Is it not blasphemy to say so? Say, if you will, that God, permitting the evil, was able, by the magic of His providence and omnipotence, to obtain good from it: that much is to be admitted, even affirmed. But that God directly willed and approved the horrible and cruel methods used to conduct and win this war, even when used, as alleged, in a just cause—this is inadmissible; the very thought is an abomination. These horrors were of man's devising, and their use would be criminal in any cause.

### A National Crime

Here, however, let us confine our attention to the atomic bomb. What is to be said of it? That its use against those Japanese cities, regardless of the pretense, was a great crime, surely the greatest crime ever committed against humanity by man. It was the culminating crime of that fierce and frantic nationalism that is rapidly making the earth uninhabitable. Above all, from the Christian point of view, the most terrible crime ever committed by a "Christian" nation against the Mystical Body of Christ.

True patriotism—which is to love one's country within the order fixed by God, not excluding the other nations which form part of that same order—does not require that we give thanks to God for a victory obtained by

violating His law. True patriotism requires us rather to acknowledge the crime, to weep over it, to do penance for it. And so great a crime will require much penance, patriots! As long as there is crime, unrepented and even unacknowledged, on our national conscience, how can we hope for God to bless our country? And shall we be guilty of the further blasphemy of thanking God for our crimes as though they were His responsibility? Shall we demand that He approve them and claim His favor for them?

To do penance for the victory—that is, for the means whereby the victory was won—this would be more appropriate than thanksgiving for it.

Of course there are some, even Catholics, who see no evil in the use of the atomic bomb—who, in fact, look upon its use as good since it hastened the end of the war and saved many American lives. Such a view only reveals, however, how our consciences have been corrupted by war. There is no sound moral argument to justify the use of the atomic bomb: those ethical principles which are brought forth in the attempt to effect such a justification are revealed, upon examination, to be themselves immoral. The theological principle of double effect, which is used in times of war to justify the indirect and unintended killing of the innocent has no relevance where the deliberately intended effect is to kill non-combatants and terrorize an entire civilian population. We have now arrived at that advanced stage of spiritual development in which the very system of morality to which we appeal is positively immoral. Let us consider some of its arguments and principles.

### Does the End Justify the Means?

The chief argument set forth to defend the use of the atomic bomb is that given by President Truman when he first announced its discovery and use to the nation. He justified it by emphasizing the crimes of the Japanese. Yet, even as he spoke—remarked Dorothy Thompson—his voice sounded hollow. Well it might. For this moral principle is the immoral principle which says that the end justifies the means.

So also the New York Times: "By their own cruelty and treachery our enemies had invited the worst we could do to them."

This same crooked thinking was to be found among Catholics. For example, it was a Catholic editor who, seeking to resolve the doubt, and torn between "patriotism" and the statements of certain theologians who condemned the bomb, settled the matter in his own mind, and for his readers, by the observation that critics of the atomic bomb seemed to forget that it was used in a just cause! Such is the ethics of nationalism.

### Tribal Morality

Another argument used to defend the atomic bombing is traceable to what may be called tribal morality. This is the code found

among barbarians and primitives, reappearing in modern militaristic nationalism. Its ethical teaching may be summarized in the axiom, "Love your friends, and hate your enemies." The foundation of this morality is the blood ties that exist among the members of a tribe (or nation). A characteristic expression of it is the blood pact, which binds every member of a tribe to avenge injuries committed against a fellow tribesman. In this code anything is justified against an enemy—morality and decency need be observed only towards friends, i. e., towards the members of one's own tribe. Whatever is done against our tribe by the enemy is necessarily a crime by the mere fact that it is done against us; honor and blood, therefore, demand that it be avenged. Whatever we do, on the other hand, is necessarily right, for the sufficient reason that it is we who do it; and it is a crime for them to oppose us. By such a code you can of course provide a moral (!) defense for obliteration bombing, or atomic bombing—or in short, for any means of

LET IT STAND THIS YEAR TOO  
SO THAT I MAY HAVE TIME TO  
DIG & PUT DUNG AROUND IT:  
PERHAPS IT  
MAY BEAR  
FRUIT



ST. LUKE  
13: 6-9

Ade Bethune

killing no matter how cruel or barbarous, as long as it is directed against the enemy tribe.

Thus we were supposed to consider it a crime (as indeed it was) when the Germans bombed London; and all the American press showed their righteous horror and indignation at that time. But when the Allied airmen obliterated Hamburg and Berlin, and dozens of other German and Japanese cities, this was part of a great crusade, morally justified and supremely heroic; to question its morality would open one to the suspicion of being "unpatriotic." Again, it was a crime for Germans and Japanese to starve and abuse prisoners in their camps. On the other hand, it was an act of great patriotic virtue, doubtless very pleasing to God, when our flyers murdered countless thousands of helpless non-combatants with the atomic bomb.

The rules of tribal morality are thus determined, not by the principles of laws of reason (or revelation), but by membership in the tribe. What you believe in the matter of war morality depends on what tribe you happen to belong to. Thus the Germans and the Japanese treated our flyers as murderers, their own as heroes and crusaders.

On the other hand, by the principles of true natural morality (to say nothing of the Gospel), what is a crime for Germans and Japanese is also a crime for Americans. Natural law and the eternal law of God are not respecters of persons or of nationality: crimes against them cannot

be changed into virtue by membership in any particular tribe or nation. That Nazis and Japanese militarists should live by the rules of tribal morality is not to be wondered at. But were we not fighting for human justice, for civilization, for Christianity itself?

The same tribal morality lies behind the assertion, meant as an ethical defense, that the atomic bomb saved American lives. As though American lives were the only lives worth saving; as though they were intrinsically more precious than other lives; as though any measures are justified to save American lives, including the cold-blooded slaughter of those whose only crime is that they are not Americans; as though Germans and Japanese were not to be included within the unity of mankind and the higher and holier unity of Christ's Mystical Body, where there is "neither Greek nor Jew," i. e., where national differences are of no importance.

Again, tribal morality is implicit in the statement, so frequently made, that, if we had not first discovered and used the atomic bomb, they would have used it against us. And we are horrified (certainly not without reason) at what would have happened to us if they had found it first. For them to have used it would of course have been a crime. Nor would we have had any trouble seeing the enormity of their crime. It would have been against us. On the contrary, in dropping the atomic bombs, we were using a legitimate means of saving American lives and ending the war.

Here is why use of the atomic bomb was a crime against humanity and the mystical body: nothing could be more opposed to true natural morality and the mystical union of all men in Christ than this code of tribal morality. Incidentally, the maxims used to justify the atomic bomb were also invoked formerly by the Prussian militarists to explain and defend their brutalities: these apparent inhumanities, they said, are really an act of humanity, since by means of them an enemy is more quickly overcome, wars are swiftly ended, and peace is the sooner established. But were we not supposed to be fighting against Prussian militarism? How truthfully did Robert Maynard Hutchins speak of Hitler's conquest of America! We conquered his body; he conquered our soul.

### The Obliteration Bombing of Moral Distinctions

A third justification for atomic bombing was offered by a theologian. He said that such means are justified because modern conditions have changed the character of war and rendered obsolete the old distinction between combatant and non-combatant. In total war, all the people of the belligerent nations are more or less involved, are therefore to be considered combatants, and may accordingly be killed by those who fight in "a just cause."

It does not, apparently, occur to this theologian that there is an alternative to his view: effacing the distinction between combatant and non-combatant, with the elimination, consequent upon such step, of all humanity from war, is a condemnation of modern total war and an admission that talk about just warfare under modern circumstances is a tragic joke.

In any case, before adopting this theologian's opinion, it should be known from him whether in his view total war has also obliterated another deeper distinction, the one upon which the distinction between combatant and non-combatant is based, namely, the distinction between innocent and guilty. For in the theory of just war, it is only moral guilt on the one side that permits the side of justice to take life. To kill innocent men is murder—whether this is done by individuals or by

governments. This is the reason for the distinction between combatant and non-combatant. The combatant in an unjust cause may be presumed guilty and therefore punished by death. But the non-combatant may not be presumed guilty. On the contrary, he is to be presumed innocent; hence, to kill him is murder, at least if it is done directly and intentionally. Moreover, as Father Stratmann pointed out, in modern conscript armies even the combatants cannot be presumed to be guilty, for they are not free. How much less can be considered guilty those conscript laborers who, compelled by propaganda, economic pressure and actual force, while being guilty of no crime except the desire to make a living, are caught by circumstances in an economic system that has been requisitioned by total war.

Is it to be presumed, then, that the thousands of non-combatants in Hiroshima and Nagasaki were guilty? Aside from the labor conscripts, what of the women and children, the unborn infants, the invalids, the aged and helpless? Are these to be considered combatants and guilty? What of the Catholic priests and sisters, since Nagasaki was the seat of Catholicism in Japan? Were these combatants, too? To obliterate the distinction between combatant and non-combatant we must also obliterate that between guilty and innocent; and when this has been done, we will have arrived at the final moral ruin of the world. Meanwhile, as long as human conscience affirms this distinction, the use of the atomic bomb against the two Japanese cities stands condemned as a monstrous crime.

These are some reasons why the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki must be condemned as a crime. And not only as a crime, but also a great crime: the greatest crime ever committed by a nation against humanity and the Mystical Body.

### Why is the crime so great?

Even the numbers killed by the atomic bombs make it great, absolutely great, in comparison with the most terrible methods used by the Germans and the Japanese. Nothing that they did could approach the magnitude of this slaughter.

But it is not only the amount of physical destruction and death that make it so great. The attendant circumstances increase its horror.

There is the fact that this was done, not by Nazis or barbarian militarists, but by a nation that claimed to be acting in the very name of civilization, of moral justice, of civilization itself.

There is the fact that it was done deliberately and coldly by men who had in conscience condemned the Nazi principles that alone could justify such an act.

All the crimes of the Nazi horror camps do not add up to this. What a fearfully ironical commentary is it on the trials of war criminals! One set of criminals executing another!

There is the fact that it represents, in the best Nazi tradition, the abuse of scientific truth. We were horrified at the way in which the Nazis bought out scientists and perverted science to serve their ends. Yet we did not fail to learn from them, even to out-Nazi them. And how proud we are (the tribal morality again) of the scientific learning and co-ordinated research on our side that produced this horror.

There is the fact that, acting in the name of civilization, our country has given an example to other nations for all time. We have set a precedent to all the future international gangsters. They will point to the conduct of the American idealists. They will adopt the same pose of virtue—as they drop their atomic bombs, in all likelihood, on us.

Finally, there is the fact that our nation is responsible for un-

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## The Village of Mary Ridge

By ARTHUR T. SHEEHAN

Out in Missouri there is a real estate man who isn't afraid of large numbers of children romping around the houses he is building. His name is Vatterot, and he has "fathered" a most unusual project—a village of a hundred homes, dedicated to the encouragement of large families.

The village is a little to the northwest of St. Louis, out along St. Charles Rock Road. The families live in six-room houses, each set in a half-acre plot. The huge sign that shows the location reads, from the main highway: "MARY RIDGE: A Subdivision Devoted to Large Families!"

### Children Required

A large family (or the beginnings of one with the intention to complete the job) is the first qualification for membership in this community in which the roomy houses with their half-acre of ground were sold for \$3,000 to \$3,500, with the original down payment of only about \$250, and monthly payments of \$27 covering taxes, insurance, interest and a portion of the principal.

Each six-room house (and all 100 of them are six-room houses) has a large living room, an ample kitchen, three good-sized bedrooms and bath, and basement including furnace and garage. All houses are planned with a view to enlargement at the owner's convenience, with additional bedroom or sunporch on the rear. They are not built to a single standardized pattern, but, with brick- and asbestos shingles, in a variety of color and design, they make a pleasing prospect as they are distributed along the winding lanes of the village.

This project grew out of the experience of a Catholic real estate man, who designed the whole project in order to give to parents who are "brave enough, God-fearing enough and unselfish enough to have large families" the opportunity to own homes in which they can raise their children comfortably and look with confidence to the future.

Families with four or more children bought their homes at cost, about \$3,000. Those with fewer children paid an additional \$500, which went into a community fund to provide a playground, school buses, etc.

### Initial Difficulties

The Federal Housing Administration, to whom Mr. Vatterot first applied for funds to "activate" his project, turned him down flat. The officers of the local Building and Loan Society,

to whom he next presented his plans, told him they thought he was crazy. But he was not to be so easily disposed of. For one thing, he knew that several members of the board were Catholics, and after two hours of discussion and argument he got the necessary funds. In addition he signed up several members of the board to go with him on a closed Retreat a short time afterward.

So here are 100 families who have that necessary elbow room for which the Pope is pleading,



OUR LADY OF MERCY

Ado Bethune

and they are well launched along the route projected by the French Cardinals and Archbishops.

Pius XII has said: "He should give to the family... space, light and air so that it may attend to its mission of perpetuating new life and of educating children... He should take care that the place of work is not separated from the home." "We contend that not only higher wages are needed for the family, but we assert that the family must have its being in a surrounding which is in keeping with the demands of natural law," says Msgr. Ligutti.

### Property for All

The French Cardinals and Bishops have said: "We demand the gradual rise of every worker to the enjoyment of private property, and the establishment of living conditions which allow the worker to develop his personality and raise his family in a decent and healthy home, corresponding to his needs."

"A parish," says Msgr. Ligutti, "should be a sociological unit. Its members should know one another." These hundred families are enough to offer opportunities for rebuilding a parish in the historical Catholic sense, in which there is a natural basis and understructure for the supernatural building that should follow "zealous, efficient, tenacious" pastoral work.

### Constructive Action Needed

Why could not such projects be developed all over the country through the promotions of Parish Credit Unions in the great, congested Polish and Italian communities of "stranded peasants" who compose such a large part of the Catholic population of the great cities of the country? It would furnish a safe investment for surplus funds which are at present dribbling away, through lack of right planning, in movies, and taverns.

It would afford to the more vigorous and independent of the younger generation that opportunity for strenuous action along constructive lines that, when it is denied, turns the energies into channels less advantageous for the Church. It couldn't be done over night, or perhaps easily, but it could be done. The formula is there and the example.

When sorrow seems to press most upon us, it is Christ pressing us more firmly to Himself.

Charity: pardoning the unpardonable; loving the unlovable.

## OUR VISITORS

Juan has visited us twice. He is a young man from Colombia, come to New York to study at Columbia. Juan is interested in Catholic action, with all the serious intensity of his race. He was an amateur bullfighter at home. Now he is a mathematics student. But he assured me that he is not interested in either bullfighting or mathematics for its own sake. "I discovered," he explained, "that it is useless to try to talk to young men about Catholic action alone, but if I can interest them by being a good bullfighter, then they will listen to me when I talk about the things a Catholic should do and the things a Catholic should not do. The same is true when I am a mathematics student. It is something which gives me prestige, so young men will listen to one who has the prestige of scholarship." The last time he came in, Juan was preparing to sail on a freighter for a visit to his family in Colombia. I hope he will return soon; for Juan is a most earnest and interesting young man, and I am anxious to see what he is going to accomplish in Catholic action.

A grand old Monsignor from North Carolina was a visitor on a recent Sunday. He was most grateful for the hastily prepared lunch we set before him, and explained while eating that he was from a very poor parish. He was hunting for a man and wife who would serve as sexton and housekeeper. This struck me as a glaring example of the lack of co-operation among members of our faith, for why should it be necessary for an eighty-year old priest to travel so far afield looking for two servants of God?

George Mathues, of the Alexian Brothers Hospital Conscientious Objector unit, brought in a group of three students from Union Theological Seminary. They were deeply interested in the story of the origin and growth of the Catholic Worker, and expressed a desire to have Miss Day address their class some time during the winter. Soon after this group left we had a visitor from Brisbane, Australia, who stopped in on his way to England. He is connected with a food importing firm, and several friends in Brisbane had commissioned him to arrange for subscriptions to the paper and whatever literature we might have. His friends are interested in publishing our pamphlets in Australia.

Two men interrupted my breakfast this morning because one of them needed a shirt very badly. The rag he was wearing was filthy. His friend explained that they were going to work in a restaurant kitchen, "but the bum needs a shirt, you can see that. They won't let him in a kitchen the way he looks." His own clean sweat-shirt was lettered with the name of an army camp in Texas, and the man said he was recently discharged from the army.

I found a pajama shirt in the clothing room. It was a brilliant green-striped one, quite capable of doing its own singing in the bathroom. The gaunt little fellow, who called himself "the bum," was overjoyed with it, and also pleased with the heavy undershirt I gave him. He put the undershirt on backward, "so it will look like a sweat-shirt under the pajama shirt," he explained. They had coffee with me, and offered to do some work to pay for the shirts, but I said there was nothing to be done. We don't ask anyone to work for the few things we are able to give them, and anyway it was Sunday morning. They were profuse in thanks, and finally "the bum" pulled a folded news-

## We Make a Pilgrimage

When Fred Brown was taken very suddenly to Columbus Hospital from St. Joseph's House of Hospitality in 1937, I first heard of Mother Cabrini. It was a shock to all who loved this tall, shy, handsome and oh so blond young man with only one fault—common to most seamen. He had been celebrating, so he missed his ship, and he hung around the Catholic Worker trying to do what he could. When we said the Rosary evenings he usually hesitated, but came after a little persuasion. One night I happened to be standing near him during the Rosary and I realized why, for Fred did not know what to do or say. He was only 24 but had been at sea (in more ways than one) since he was 14, and ever since had not been to the Sacraments. It wasn't all his fault, for seamen don't have chaplains on boats or even in ports, and they have no opportunity to hear Mass when they are on trips for many months at a time.

I will always remember the first Friday in December when Fred entered the back office and I nodded a greeting without stopping my work. He teased me for not saying hello to a friend, and so I stopped to talk when he startled me with, "Don't I look different?" All I could say was, "Well you seem more cheerful and you're talking more than usual." "I RECEIVED HOLY COMMUNION this morning," Dorothy stayed up till 1:00 a.m. convincing me. We went to the 7 o'clock Mass and I went to Confession to one of the Salesian priests. It wasn't as hard as I thought.

paper page from his hip pocket. "Here's something I'll be good for you," he said, handing me the paper. It was a household page from the Daily News, with a recipe for cooked salad dressing and one for mock mayonnaise. You may not believe in coincidence, but it is a positive fact that when the two men walked in I had been sitting at the table wishing I had a simple mayonnaise recipe at hand, because someone gave us a quantity of head lettuce yesterday, and I wanted to fix it up so the men in the bread line would be able to eat it. Mayonnaise is



something I have never learned to prepare. Now here was a good recipe, placed in my hand by the little clock who called himself "the bum."

So the unending stream of visitors runs on. They are the high and the lowly, the well-off and the destitute, and the latter are still far in the majority. Their need for clothing is more desperate than at any time in the history of this house of St. Joseph, and we have less to give them than ever. The need is so widespread and urgent that I feel moved to shout it from the housetops, but perhaps this faint whisper will serve to move a few of our friends to send whatever they have of men's clothing. It could not go to a better cause.

D. M.

To all his friends he told his happy tale. He was no longer shy, inarticulate, but busy making plans. He wasn't going to drink anymore, therefore he was not going to sea again. He would get a job on shore, in New York near us. A few days later Fred went to Columbus Hospital with pneumonia and within the week was dead at 24. Before he died, he told Joe Hughes, his best friend that if he lived, he would go daily to Holy Communion.

Many times I thought, what if Dorothy had not given him that push into the Confessional, and I thought of the people who need a push and of their friends who are too timid to give it to them.

Joe handed me a little pink leaflet with the story of Mother Cabrini on it, and because I never wanted to forget Fred, I wrote his name and the date of his death on top, carefully placed it in my Missal at the Mass for the Dead.

After that many Catholic Workers went to be nursed by Mother Cabrini's nuns, and I thanked her on the day we made the Pilgrimage. This hospital was founded for the Italians, but we live in an Italian neighborhood. Mother Cabrini did not want to run a hospital but she dreamed she saw the Blessed Mother with her sleeves rolled up, making the beds of the sick patients, saying to her, "I am doing what you don't want to do." So Mother Cabrini took over the hospital with all its debts and became a nurse.

And I am sure she was, because everything went so beautifully. Father Wendell, O.P., celebrated the Mass of the Holy Ghost at St. Mark's Church in Harlem and all of us prayed we would be filled with love so the Holy Ghost could renew the face of the earth. About 50 came, young and old, white and Negro, seminarians and priests, meeting at Friendship House after Mass for a simple breakfast of coffee, whole wheat bread and peanut butter. We used the whole wheat flour from the bakery at the Catholic Worker, and so after not baking bread for a year, I baked seven loaves, praying it would be enough and edible. As few had told us they were coming we did not know how many to prepare for, but there was plenty to eat, especially as others brought bread too.

We said Prime after breakfast, then started walking to Mother Cabrini's Shrine, led by Father Gartner. Sometimes it was hot, but then a cool breeze cooled us. It was a perfect day for a pilgrimage, the air was so sweet and the sky beautiful (what you could see in between buildings). We had lots to think about on the walk and all had a chance to get acquainted. After we went in to greet New York's little saint who lies in a glass coffin beneath the altar, the nuns graciously let us use their lovely grounds for our lunch. We ate sitting in a wide circle so all could see and talk to each other. We sang hymns and practiced Compline in the sunshine (and we sure needed practice!) At 3 we prayed in the Chapel for a half hour, then recited the Rosary. There was so much to pray about and so many reasons to thank God, to praise Him; so much to atone for, so many things to ask for all our sick friends and relatives, but following the example of the Little Flower we just mentioned their names and let the Lord bless them.

After Benediction we gathered under a tree and someone from each group spoke a little of their work and then there was discussion. Friendship House, Young Christian Workers, the Maternity Guilds, the A. C. T. U., Race Relations Bureau and the Legion of Mary were represented.

JULIA PORCELLI

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

by The Catholic Worker staff artists

20 assorted cards & envelopes: \$1.00

Write to: St. Leo Shop, RFD 4, Upton, Mass.

by Carl and Mary Paulson

50 Cards for \$1.50

St. Benedict's Farm, Upton, Mass.

by Dorothy Gauchat

25 Cards for \$1.25

Our Lady of the Wayside, Conrad Road, Avon, Ohio

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2 Fenwick Street, Rochester, N. Y.

# Letter to a GI Joe

Dear Joe:

In the very near future you and a few million other men now in the Armed Forces of the United States will be returning to civilian life, to the job of providing food, clothing and shelter for yourself and for your family, education for your children that will prepare and equip them for their journey through life, security and reasonable comfort for yourself and your wife in your old age.

For some time past the Government has been taking care of you and your family. You know that can't last, any more than Bill's job in the defense plant can last after the war. Both you and he and millions of others whom war provided with employment are going to be faced again very shortly with the same problem which faced you before the war, the problem of a JOB, of how to make an honest living as a peaceful citizen and a free man in the richest country in the world.

You had a Christian training, Joe. So, too, had Bill. You know, therefore, that we all come into this world to prepare ourselves for eternity, for eventual union with God, and that our sojourn here is merely a temporary proving ground in which, with His help, we make ourselves fit to enter into the presence and share the nature of God.

We have not here a lasting abode, but while we are here preparing for eternity we need certain things for our physical existence and well being. We have to eat, to clothe and shelter ourselves, to secure and enjoy certain things which our complex nature calls for and which God intended us to have. Not only did He intend us to have them, but He, for His part, made ample provision for our needs.

God did not and could not, because of His love and justice, send us into this world to serve Him and then make no, or insufficient, provision for those needs. The fact that we are here means that, as far as God is concerned, there is and always will be enough of everything for the people in the world as long as it lasts, or as long as He wants it to last.

## Man's Fault

If you, Bill, and the millions of other Joes and Bills, don't get your share of those things that are necessary for you, or the opportunity to acquire them, then rest assured that the fault lies not with God but with men.

The things that you need are here. All that you require is the opportunity to go to work on them. You won't get that, however, until you have changed, in a constitutional manner of course, a few of the laws and practices of this country which govern the ownership of land and natural resources (from which your most important needs come) and which prevent you from having and enjoying the things which God created for equitable distribution among and for the use of all men.

You know that all men are greedy. Greed, or covetousness, is, with six other human frailties, one of the results of the fall of Adam. You are more or less greedy by nature. So am I. So, in varying degrees, is every human being who comes into this world in any and every part of it. We can overcome it (and the other six) only with the help or grace of God and through the practice of the charity, or love towards Him and our neighbor, which He demands from us.

## "Capitalists"

There is no use, therefore, in you or I fulminating against any class or strata of society, against "capitalists," for example. Greed is not peculiar to any particular group or class. It is common to all men everywhere, irrespective of any tagging classification. It is true, though, that in most parts of the world, and disgrace-

fully so in our western civilization, human laws made by greedy men to protect their plunderings have legalized greed and the injustices that result from it.

Those who are powerful, greedy and aggressive enough can, with the aid of law, deprive you and millions of others like you of access to the things which God intended you to use for your needs. If you were powerful enough and had the opportunity to satisfy your greed, you, too, would be protected by that law, and you, too, would be a capitalist, unless you had previously decided to adhere to the teachings of Christ, control your greed, love "your neighbor as yourself," and, as far as you are concerned, permit him to have his share of the things God made for all of us.

## "Communism"

"Capitalism" deprives a lot of human beings, millions of them, of some of their most important rights. "Communism" deprives, or would deprive, everyone of his human dignity and all his rights, including the natural right to own, either individually or collectively, as one chooses, the things on which and with which he works for a livelihood, to call his own, and freely dispose of, trade or exchange the product of his labor.

Controlling greed is a very necessary thing for the welfare of human beings everywhere. It can be done—and men can everywhere retain their freedom—without depriving them of economic independence, making them slaves and tools of the government, destroying human initiative and enterprise, and compelling the children of God to worship the Government and the State, and thus lose not only their birthright here, but the very thing for which God created them hereafter, and lose it forever.

I'm sure, Joe, you won't fall for "Communism" or for any other "ism" which defies the State and makes the human being created by and for God subservient to it. Wherever that deification exists, irrespective of what it is called, it is un-Christian and destructive of human freedom. I am sure you do not want it in the United States. You, and Bill, and a few million of other Joes and Bills, can not only prevent its growth but plant something fine and good, something Christian and at the same time truly democratic in the post-war United States.

## Christianity

You and your generation have a wonderful opportunity for laying the foundations of a culture, or way of life, based on Christian charity and on the justice that stems from it. I hope you realize it and develop it to the fullest extent.

But you will first of all need the help of God and His guidance at all times. It was He Himself who told us: "Without Me you can do nothing." Men forgetting that, relying on themselves and ignoring Him, have reduced this world to a state of chaos and confusion. If you forget it, you will only make the confusion worse confounded. If you remember and put it into effect, you will, in His words, "move mountains," not the ones

# EXODUS

By Fr. VINCENT McNABB, O.P.

1. The "Flesh Pots of Egypt," which must be given up, are to be left, not for milk and honey of Palestine, but that the "people may go and worship God."—(Exodus vi 1.)

2. To cease to live in the town while continuing to live on the town may be serving Mammon rather than God; indeed, may be serving Mammon under the guise of serving God.

3. The area of production should be as far as possible coterminous with the area of consumption. The utilitarians were wrong in saying, "Things should be produced where they can be most economically produced." The true principle is: "Things should be produced where they can be most economically consumed."

4. Farmers should farm primarily for self-support. They should sell as little as possible.

5. "Big" farming is mass production applied to the land. Agricultural mass production is based on the Market, depends upon Transport and, together with these, is controlled by Finance.

6. A man's state is not measured by his wealth. Hence, as state is social position based on social service, it follows that a man's wealth is measured by his social service.

7. The Divine Right of Property means, not that some men shall have all property, but that all men shall have some property.

8. The natural defense of Freedom is the Home; and the natural defense of the Home is the Homestead.

9. As Political Economy is the child of Domestic Economy, all laws that weaken the Home weaken the Nation.

10. The Family, not the Individual, is the Unity of the Nation.

He made, but the mountains of hate, injustice, pride and prejudice made by men.

## A Challenge

Before all else come love of and trust in God. We must seek "first the kingdom of God and His justice." Then all the other things will be added unto us according to His own promise which you will find in St. Matthew, VI, 25-33. Some of it is quoted herewith for your convenience:

"Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on. Is not the life more than the meat and the body more than the raiment?"

"Behold the birds of the air, for they neither sow, nor do they reap nor gather into barns; and your Heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of much more value than they?"

"And for raiment why are you solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they labor not, neither do they spin."

"But I say to you that not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these. . . ."

"Be not solicitous, therefore, saying, What shall we eat: or, What shall we drink: or, Where with shall we be clothed?"

"For after these things do the heathens seek. For your Father knows that you have need of all these things."

"Seek ye, therefore, first the kingdom of God and His justice: and all these things shall be added unto you."

These words of Christ are not only a promise but a challenge. Have you the faith, love, trust and courage to put Him and His promise to the test? If you have, you will move those mountains.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) CLARENCE DUFFY.

# CULT :: CULTIV

## A House To Live In

IT seems to me that I am always house hunting. It seems to me I am always looking for a home. Women are like that. There is a terrible hunger in their hearts for their own hearthstone, a place to cook, a sheltering bush. Men too, of course, but they seem to be able to make a home in a fox-hole, in an irrigation ditch, in a shanty town. Women want more. There are the children, of course. Invariably, it is the women who want more. And with all our talk of voluntary poverty, holy poverty, the acceptance of poverty as a technique by which we may attain for ourselves and others the more abundant life here below as well as above—in spite of these columns we have written and written again, we have a great sympathy for the woman looking for a home for herself and her family.

It seems we are always moving. If we are not changing the beds around to accommodate more guests, "moving the upstairs beds downstairs and the downstairs beds upstairs," as my son-in-law has facetiously said, accommodating people on the way to a home of their own—then we are househunting.

We started the Catholic Worker during a wave of evictions, and spent our days in moving furniture down five flights, and looking for apartments up one

five flights up, airy and sunny. But what a climb. Twenty dollars a month without heat. There was one little place for twelve, with one room, kitchen and bath. There were two rooms for eight dollars. There were rear tenements. There were vast, deep, high, narrow, dark tenements. Some smelled good, but most smelled very bad. There were good smells of bread and olive oil, and spaghetti and chicken, and there were damp smells of rats, and cats and disinfectants, all mixed up together.

Some people have to live and work in the city, but they can have a pot of herbs, a good smell of bread in the house. There are



flight to save ourselves work. And now in 1945, thirteen years later, we are doing almost the same thing.

The tenements are lousier, bugger, rattier, than ever and the rents are higher. And there are nothing but tenements. Anything decent is taken and held onto. Anything decent does not want children.

"How many children have you?"

"Oh, I am sorry we do not take families with children."

"Children are so destructive." "Families have no sense of property,—they don't take care of anything."

How true it is. There is no private property in America; we are a country of renters, or we are paying on the instalment plan over such a long term of years that often homes are lost before they are paid for, on account of loss of job, or because of non-payment of taxes. You can't go on relief if you own a house. If you can't pay your taxes and lose your house, then you go on relief, and the taxes of others are raised to keep you on relief, and then the others in turn lose jobs and houses and go on relief.

But I forget. We are not talking about relief these days. We are talking of unemployment insurance. We are talking about reconversion and 60 million jobs, including jobs for women, so that they can park their children in all the nurseries or movie houses and keep on working. So that some day they can buy a home.

A House to live in.

The other day Barbara and I went looking for a house. There were plenty of flats available,

some lovely fire escape gardens around here.

But people with children long for dirt and sand and green; they would like a few chickens, a rabbit or two, and perhaps a goat. The place to look for such joys is in Staten Island, a proletarian island on the whole, and filled with rolling hills and long beaches and shacks and shanties.

We went house hunting there too, but there was nothing to be rented. Of course we did not look for places that were for sale. Who has the down payment necessary to buy a house, a down payment of five hundred?

It would be good to live in Father John Monaghan's parish, where he has built up a library

(Continued on Page 8)

## At Blessed Martin Cent

IN MY beloved's eyes there was The lilt of summer's joy was in Tonight I knew that song could j

To God and me. So let me then The sweet, white ribbon in her turn

The quaint gold pin she wore on blouse;

Only one pair of hands could put t The fingers that will one day house.

Those timeless moments that we s Were sacred with the hope of f When love will make us one, fo known

The Charity of Christ in many Our promised faith so tranquil an Lord, make me less unworthy of

# CULTURE VATION ::

## Mother Cabrini

By JULIA PORCELLI

"Difficulties, my children, are children's toys; imagination, that 'fool of the house,' is what makes them big."

—Mother Cabrini.

IN READING Father Martindale's little book of Blessed Mother Cabrini's life, we learn of her many difficulties. She was born prematurely, was very frail and ill all her life, but worked always, notwithstanding. She was very shy, had a strong bossy sister to whom she confided at 13 her dreams of being a missionary some day. (She played with her dolls, made believe they were missionaries, put them in little boats of paper sending them to China.) Her sister Rosa laughed, "What—you, so ignorant, so tiny—you be a missionary?" This silenced her but still the Holy Ghost inspired her to do great things. She was refused by a convent because of her ill health. Then one day a Bishop who was trying to help her get settled ordered her, "I know of no missionary institute for women. Found one yourself." So she who was too frail to be a nun founded the Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

She went to Rome with another Sister for approval of her rule without money or credentials and found hospitality with Mother Mary of the Passion, foundress of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (who herself is about to be canonized). A Cardinal who interviewed them finally was so unsympathetic he left them in tears. After they had prayed for him, he ordered them to start two houses in Rome.

Her rule was approved. Later she was asked by the Archbishop of New York to go to New York and work with the Italian emigrants.

The Sisters were put up in the slums of New York and were appalled by the dirt. When the Archbishop realized how humbly she was willing to begin he became her good friend. In four months she had 400 orphans and the love of the Italians. Katie, who sells vegetables on the corner of Mott and Hester Streets, knew her, and so did John Erit, who thought she was an extraordinary woman but did not suspect she was a saint.

The Institute flourished, although Mother Cabrini was often ill, having to remain in bed. In 25 years she had over 1,500 nuns and 50 houses all over the world caring for 5,000 in hospitals and schools. The sisters visited Italians in mines, as they came off the boats, in non-Catholic hospitals, in Sing-Sing prison, and they helped prostitutes to reform.

Someone said to Mother Ca-

brini once, "Do you suppose God is going to ask you for only what is possible?" And her life and that of her sisters proved they could do the impossible too with God's grace.



At 60 she wanted to hand over her job as Superior to another, but her nuns petitioned Rome that she remain head as long as she lived. All her nuns loved her and told her they would willingly die, if her life could be prolonged.

She said, "What good would that do? I would then have to do all your work! Better stay alive."

She encouraged a liturgical spirit among her sisters, and good art too. On Dec. 22nd, 1917, she died in Chicago at the age of 67, and all the world mourned.

Fr. Martindale writes: "And Christ was able to work through her. Partly, if I may say so, because she always loved Him, and partly because in proportion as He worked through her, and as she saw what a lot of good He did, she loved Him more and

(Continued on Page 8)



## BOOK REVIEW

TRAMPLING OUT THE VINTAGE, by Joseph A. Cocconouer. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. \$2.75.

"A national foundation is only as strong as its agriculture." SINCE a minimum of security and a minimum of comfort is necessary to the practice of virtue, one burns with the desire, in this period of reconstruction and rehabilitation, to be able to pour the contents of Mr. Cocconouer's book into the hearts of all farmers and their children, first, and after them into the heart of every human being.

First into the hearts of the farmers to make them realize "the dignity of the farm home"; to make the farmers and their children realize that in spite of their hardships the farm is superior to anything the city might offer. Their brilliant boys and girls would use their talents in improving their farm homes and making each homestead a veritable paradise instead of looking beyond the farm for a desirable life calling. With that realization other problems would take care of themselves.

The book furnishes rich meat for thought to teachers, business men, 4H clubs, chambers of commerce, boards of education, co-operatives, and the slaves of mass production ought to be especially interested when they read that a plot of earth not bigger than a man's hat is an important item in the supply of food in some countries, and that as many as four crops can be grown in the same field at the same time.

"Whoever loves the soil loves God."

One of the most valuable phases of the book is the practical lesson in demonstrating the necessity of rousing a sense of pride and responsibility in the sons of farmers and partnership in father-son relations. When tillage begins, other arts follow.—Daniel Webster.

When gold and gems adorn the plough  
To peaceful arts shall envy bow.  
—Blake.

Sister MARY NORBERT.  
From the same place:  
"Plowman's Folly" by Edward H. Faulkner—\$1.00.

Leonardo da Vinci: "Let nothing obscure the face of Christ."

It does not require much time to make us saints; it only requires much love.

## Labor's Dignity

"Workers... It is not by chance but by the deep, ineffable design of God that you find yourselves just simple workers. Mary, the virgin mother of a working family, Joseph, the father of a working family, the shepherds guarding flocks, and finally the wise men from the East—they are all workers—manual workers, watchmen by night, students. They bow down and adore the Son of God who, by His own sympathetic and loving silence, more telling than speech, explains to them all the meaning and the worth of labor.

"Labor is not merely the fatigue of body without sense or value; nor is it merely a humiliating servitude. It is a service of God, a gift of God, the vigor and fullness of human life, the gage of eternal rest. Lift up your heads, and hold them up, workers! Look at the Son of God who, with His eternal Father, created and ordered the universe; becoming man like us, sin alone excepted, and having grown in age, He enters the great community of workers; in His work of salvation He labors, wearing out His earthly life.

"It is He, the Redeemer of the world who, by His grace which runs through our being and our activity, elevates and ennobles every honest work, be it high or low, great or little, pleasant or tiresome, material or intellectual, giving it a meritorious and supernatural value in the sight of God and thus gathering every form of multifarious human activity into one constant act of glorifying His Father who is in heaven."

—PIUS XII.

## Eric Gill Said—

### SAFE FOR CHRISTIANITY—

What indeed is war today? In primitive times it might have been said: the hero is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of hero! But not now... the only hero left is the "Brave young airman," and what is his job? As Mr. Baldwin said (Lord Baldwin, I mean): "We must kill more men, women and children more quickly than the enemy"; and who's going to do it? Why, the brave young airman. Fine chap, pretty good sport he finds it, I dare say. And what are we Christians doing about it? Well, the Archbishop of Canterbury says: "England will draw the sword"—that is, throw incendiary and gas bombs. And an American priest-professor has invented a new kind of poison gas which not only burns, but poisons the burns.\* And I saw a photograph a little while ago of a Catholic priest saying Mass with a tank for an altar. How glad the armament profiteers must be of our support.

\*Rev. Julius Arthur Nieuwland (Belgian born), professor of organic chemistry at Notre Dame University. Researches on acetylene line led to the development of synthetic rubber. His researches also led to invention of Lewisite—"superior to mustard gas because it not only burns but poisons the burns". See "Time", 25 May 1936, also 16 November 1931.

Editor's Note: We print this because a Catholic editor of one of the picture strips now being published in Minneapolis recently issued one entitled, "Heroes All," in which he tells of the invention of the new poison gas. In the picture the inventor nobly refuses for himself the Dupont royalties but accepts them for his Order.

### YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS

—(Old Style): Simple Simon met a pieman... and, as you know, in the absence of a penny there were no pies for Simon. (New Style): A simple enthusiast invented a beautiful machine for shaking down bananas. So whereas before the beautiful invention one man could pick 1,000 bananas in one day, now one man can pick a million bananas with the beautiful machine banana-bruise (for of course the machine lacks the tenderness of the human hand—but what does that matter—working men aren't really men, they are the lower order and don't really appreciate Picasso), now one man can pick a million bananas in one day, i.e., he can do the work of 999 men as well as his own share. I don't know how many men it takes to make the beautiful machine, or how many clerks to do the accounts, but not all the nine hundred and ninety and nine, otherwise there wouldn't be any profit in it. So quite a lot are out of work—unemployed—and haven't any money to buy bananas—so we must sell them to the Eskimos and we must lend the Eskimos some money to pay for them. Then we shall have a "favourable balance of trade!" Why buy Argentine beef? Well, I mean to say, the South Americans must have railways. And what about the stockholders? It breaks the heart to think of stock-brokers starving.

## TWO SONNETS

Center

### First Communion

was a song,  
as in her voice.  
ld just belong  
hen rejoice.  
tumbling hair,  
e on her white  
ut them there:  
day rule our  
ve spent alone  
of future days  
for we have  
ny ways.  
l and serene  
of my queen!

WE KNELT this morning at the altar rail  
My love and I, to eat of Christ's own Bread.  
This trembling joy we shared will never fail  
To lift our hearts should sorrow's wheat instead  
Of fervent wine become our daily food.  
His mercy has anointed us with hope  
Though broken days may rend this happy mood  
His peace enfolds us. May we never grope  
Along the way of pleasures that are vain.  
And may no worldly ferment that is ours  
Be mixed with this sweet, strong, life-bringing grain,  
In these bright, charity-awakened hours.  
Lord, give us always of this sacred Bread  
On clear or storm-swept days that lie ahead.  
—JAMES ROGAN.

## Sunday Morning

By SISTER MARY NORBERT, R.S.M.



Early Mass is over  
Holy Communion has filled  
the soul.  
A cheery breakfast left contentment,  
The shining house is restful,  
Sunday clothes are bracing.  
Quiet and peace are in the air;  
An inviting desk at the open window  
Where foliage makes a lacey shadow;  
The uplifted soul takes easily to the books—  
When bim, bam, bim; bim,  
bim, bam  
From the bells of St. Vaclav  
Is answered with bam, bam, bum  
Of the bells of St. Mary's,  
And St. Patrick's sings:  
Bim, bim; bim, bim; bim, bim.

# Peter the 'Materialist'

(Another chapter from a biography of Peter Maurin, lay apostle, founder of the Catholic Worker movement.)

Peter is always getting back to Saint Francis of Assisi, who was most truly the "great personalist." In his poverty, rich; in renouncing all, possessing all; generous, giving out of the fullness of his heart, sowing generously and reaping generously, humble and asking when in need, possessing freedom and all joy.

Without doubt, Peter is a free and joyous person. And it is the freedom and joyousness that comes from a clear heart and soul. There are those who might say it comes because of his anarchistic nature, his refusal to enter into political controversy, his refusal to use worldly means to change the social order. He does not indeed refuse to use material means, physical means, secular means, the means that are at hand. But the means of expediency that men have turned to for so many ages, he disdains. He is no diplomat; he is no politician. He has so thoroughly discouraged in his followers the use of political means that he has been termed an anarchist by many, especially by our dear Jesuit friend, Father Dowling, who has often come to us and talked to us of proportional representation.

To give up superfluous possession! Peter has no income so does not need to worry about income taxes. He does not worry about rationing. He uses those things he needs, in the way of clothing and food, "as though he used them not." He has no worries about style, fit, fashion. He eats what is put before him, and if he prefers anything he prefers vegetable stews to meat, a hot drink to a cold, oil to butter. He does not smoke; he does not drink wine only "because it causes his brother to stumble." Otherwise, he believes in feasts as well as fasts, and there are, after all, many feast days, days of rejoicing, weddings, baptismal feasts, name days, and all the Saints' days.

Saint Francis desired that men should work with their hands. Peter enjoys manual labor. He used to tell the late Father Virgil Michel that if Benedictines had kept to their early ideal of manual labor, there would not be so many breakdowns from mental over-work. "We must use the whole man," says Peter, "so that we may be holy men." He may be quoting—it sounds like Eric Gill, but it also sounds like Peter.

There is nothing he likes better than building fires, and to get down and poke a grate fire until it is all but out, and poke kindling wood in under the coals, and shake it down, and finally dump it, and rebuild it all together—that is fun! Then to laboriously go over the coal—(we have no sifters) getting out the pieces so none will be wasted, and to empty the ashes—and usually the wind blows them all over Peter, his grey hair, his iron grey suit and shoes.

I've seen him setting out like that, to give a lecture somewhere all unbrushed and uncombed, and run after him to refurbish him a bit for company. "It is for the sake of others," I tell him.

But Peter is oblivious of appearances. There is not much in the way of manual labor he can do around Mott street except to help keep the fires going and to mend chairs. We are always short of chairs, so each one is a treasure. Since people live out of doors, a good part of winter as well as summer, the women in the tenement on either side of us, back and front, come down on the sidewalk when their work in the house is done, and

just sit. Usually they come into the store, which is the office, and take the chairs. If they like the chairs they bring them upstairs with them to their homes, leaving us the old broken-down ones.

"That is the way the voluntarily poor are treated," I tell Peter. "How long does it take Christianity to work, anyway? Because of our generosity in letting them borrow our chairs, because we believe that when someone takes our coat we should offer him our cloak, too, then the argument is, 'they do not appreciate good things, they don't value what they have, so we might as well take them. We take care of them.' I've seen that argument working in people's minds hundreds of times. They justify themselves cleverly. The poor don't know the difference, they say. 'Them as has gits,' and from them who have not, what they have shall be taken away. That's us."

Peter does not answer, but takes the broken-down chairs, or those too heavy to be moved,

and my burden light." "The meek shall inherit the earth." But these things are not understood until practiced. Saint Francis said, "You cannot know what you have not practiced."

A Jewish convert, who had been making a Retreat with us at Maryfarm, said some weeks after, "It is hard to live in the upside-down world of the gospels." Truly it is a world of paradoxes, giving up one's life in order to save it, dying to live. It is voluntary poverty, stripping oneself even of what the world calls dignity, honor, human respect.

For truly it must be admitted that one does not always have the respect of the poor, of the workers. There was Smitty who gave out clothes in the basement store room every day, and for three hours he took the abuse of the women and men who come for underwear and socks and sweaters and coats.

"These clothes are sent in here for us. You're holding out on us. You gave it to him yes-



which they have left us, and mends them uncomplainingly.

On the farm there is plenty of work for all; another reason why Peter was always extolling the land. People cannot live without working. Work is as necessary as bread. But what is needed was a philosophy of work. Work is a gift, a vocation. Before the fall, Adam was given the garden to cultivate. It was only after the fall that all nature travailed and groaned so that man has to work with the sweat of his brow and combat earthquakes, floods, droughts, boll weevils, Japanese beetles, fatigue and sloth. We have to recognize work as a penance, but we must also recognize work as a gift. Man has talents which God has given him, and he must develop these talents. He must find the work he can do best, and then learn to do it well, for his own sake and the sake of his fellows.

Peter's indoctrinations about scholars and workers has this practical result around the houses of hospitality. When the scholar starts scrubbing and cleaning house, the cooperation from the worker is more willing, more spontaneous. Everyone wants to help. The labor and exercise tends to relieve the discouragement that often threatens to encompass the scholar. He understands better after a bout with a mop, the discouragements of the poor man, his slothfulness, his hopelessness. He begins, too, to understand what Christ meant when He said He came to minister, not to be ministered unto. He begins to understand the humiliations of the very poor, and by seeking them voluntarily he finds peace and rest in them. "My yoke is easy

terday and now you have nothing for me. You're selling the stuff yourself," Smitty meekly accepted all rebukes. He was in rags himself, down at the heel, wearing his clothes until we begged him to find something else in order to wash the things he had on. He was so poor, and looked so poor, that the miserable ones who came suspected him of their own vices. He must drink—he must steal—it is beyond reason that anyone voluntarily should stay down in that dingy rat-ridden hole, under the five-story tenement and give out clothes and bits of literature, and keep on taking abuse as meekly as he did.

And already he had been up since five o'clock in the morning, getting the coffee ready for the breadline, slicing the bread, which the men soak in their coffee. There were over a hundred men every morning. There used to be many times that number, but in war time, there were not so many unemployed. There are the old, the crippled, the unemployables in the neighborhood. They are served in one of the two stores which front our St. Joseph's House of Hospitality. The store is long and narrow and there is not enough room for tables and chairs. The men must come in on a line, be served their coffee and bread at a counter, drink it and eat their soaked-up bread, and then go out and let another batch of thirty or so come in. They can go back on the line again and take their turn on second helpings, and they can take all the bread they wish in their ragged pockets.

Smitty had helpers, of course—Alex, the Russian, who was torpedoed in the last war, and afloat

for hours. There is a little Swiss fellow, very critical of the men he is serving.

Peter says, "people learn the art of human contacts by living in a house of Hospitality."

Many a time Peter makes what he calls "points," but I do not understand for months. He builds up a program of action, his listeners concede the necessity of working out such a program—and then he expects them to guide their lives thereby, readjusting themselves to these new ideas which he has presented. If he fails; to influence others as he has hoped, he shrugs his shoulders and goes on propounding social doctrine. He is content to wait until circumstances arise which will be more favorable for the working out of his ideas. Certainly through the fifty thousand readers of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, (that is its present circulation) he has found for himself many readers, many listeners.

He had invitations to speak at colleges, seminaries and groups throughout the country. Through the Houses of Hospitality which have been established, he has built up groups for round table discussions. Through the farming communes, he has directed attention to fundamental economic ideas.

To him there is a synthesis about all his ideas—they fit together; as blue prints for a new world they are unsurpassed, idyllic. But, when it comes to working them out, given the human material, the lack of equipment, the vagaries of human nature—there is the rub! Do they work? Does Christianity work? If it fails it is glorious in its failure, the failure of the Cross.

I do know this—that when people come into contact with Peter Maurin, they change, they awaken, they begin to see, things become as new, they look at life in the light of the Gospels. They admit the truth he possesses and lives by, and though they themselves fail to go the whole way their faces are turned at least toward the light. And Peter is patient. Looking at things as he does in the light of history, taking the long view, he is content to play his part, to live by his principles and to wait.

As Pascal said, "It is not ours to see the triumph of truth, but to fight in its behalf."

I have always thought of Peter as an apostle to the world. In the essays printed in THE CATHOLIC WORKER, many of them contain an outline of history, a criticism of history, an outline of simple solutions. They all have to do with the world, this life which we know and love, with the needs of our bodies for food, clothing and shelter. His philosophy, his sociology, his economics have a truly religious foundation. There is a synthesis in his instructions to us all, and it is not just to use the catchy phrases that he lists his quotations under the headings, *Cult, Culture and Cultivation*.

Father Furfey of the Catholic University, in his book, "The History of Social Thought," brings out in his first chapter how long the history of the human race is. Richarz, he says, has summarized the evidence which proves that 30,000 years is the absolute minimum, and then he goes on to talk about early human remains of the Pleistocene period, which began from 300,000 to a million years ago, with the weight of opinion inclining more and more to the larger figure. Thomas Mann, in the prelude to Joseph and His Brothers, says that experts estimate the age of the human species as 500,000 years, and calls it a scant reckoning. By the side of these figures, the 1,945 years of Christianity seem relatively an instant in the history of the world.

With this fresh point of view, Peter does not find it at all extraordinary to expect people to

try to begin now to put into practice some of the social ideas, not only of the New Testament, but of the old. Unless we try to put these ideas into practice, we are guilty of secularism, so tersely condemned by Pope Pius XI. Unless we are trying to put the social ideas of the Gospel into practice, we are not showing our love for our neighbor. "And how can we love God Whom we have not seen, unless we love our brother whom we do see," as Saint John wrote. Unless we are putting these social ideas into practice, recognizing the correlation of the soul and body, we are using religion as an insurance policy, as a prop, as a comfort in affliction, and not only is religion then truly an opiate of the people, but we are like men who "beholding our face in a glass, go away, not mindful of what manner of men we are."

Peter does not talk subjectively about religion. He brings to us quotations and books and ideas that, by stimulating the mind to know, will encourage the heart to love.

Three quotations from the first letter of Saint John epitomize Peter's religious attitude for me.

"No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God abideth in us; and His charity is perfected in us . . ."

"If any man say: I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. For he that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how can he love God whom he seeth not? . . ."

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

And there is that sentence of Saint James, "If a brother or sister be naked and want daily food, and one of you say to them, Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled; yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit?"

And, of course, to sum it all up, there are those never-to-be-forgotten words of Our Lord, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

It is the above quotations that point the reason for Peter's preoccupation with the material details of this world, with the social order, with the need of rebuilding as he says, "within the shell of the old, with a philosophy which is so old that it looks like new."

And this preoccupation of his with business, with economics, with agriculture, with labor, with capital, with credit unions, maternity guilds, with cooperatives, his unceasing emphasis on the fact that these are the vital concerns of religion, have led people to think of him as a *materialist*! "Laying too much emphasis on the material!" they say, piously, and return to their prayers. "After all, we must use our spiritual weapons, we must devote ourselves to religious service, and all these things will be added unto us." And withdrawing themselves, "keeping themselves unspotted from the world," they again are guilty of secularism, of using religion as an opiate.

DOROTHY DAY

## PRAYER OF ST. AUGUSTINE

Great art Thou, O Lord, and greatly to be feared; great is Thy power, and of Thy wisdom there is no end. And man, being a part of Thy creation, desires to praise Thee,—man who bears about with him his mortality, the witness of his sin. Thou movest us to delight in praising Thee; for Thou has formed us for Thyself and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee.

Be angry with sin, but kind with sinners.

# + From The Mail Bag +

## Condemnation

Chimney Farm,  
Nobleboro, Maine.

Dear Editor:

Had some towering archangel of the power of evil set visible foot upon the earth, standing malignant above the terror and the helplessness of men, the portent of his appearance could mean little more than the coming of the atomic horror into what is left of the world based on a natural order. Setting aside at once all questions of the use of this atrocious engine in politics and war, what the religious and civilized mind must immediately consider is the significance of the invention and use of such an iniquity at this moment of human history. What does it mean? It means this:

For some three generations our western culture and education has been under the leadership of "Science," the world tamely acquiescent to its seizure of authority. We have had our benefits, yes; we have had our comforts and remedies; we have had our atomic bombs, and now what has their light revealed? Not only a culture in full disintegration, but a culture malignant with a destructionist ethic such as man has never known; a culture of the slaughterhouse and jellied gasoline; a culture of abstract phraseology without a trace of human warmth or human meaning. The great values of justice, intellectual integrity, and Christian compassion, where are they now? And without these, what is man and who is to be "mindful of him"? Be sure of this, only such as have ceased to be men, *fili Dei*, could ever have loosed so fiendish a contrivance on other human beings! When the willed, planned, and eager effort of knowledge is perverted to the annihilationist massacre of entire cities, men women and children and the unborn child dissolving in a cruellest instant into nothingness, man is man no more. This is the adversary.

The perversion of the spirit of man—it is the mark of the age and its leadership. Could there be a more hideous wickedness than the tampering with the secret and ultimate energies of the universe to produce an engine of massacre? Yet without "pietas," without religious reverence for the sources of his being, man is again man no more.

So such for Science and its leadership! Let those "on the side of life" be alert. The bomb has been used; the secret of its assembly is being politically juggled, and the horror will be used again. If man is not to perish, a new leadership of the human spirit is a necessity beyond all metaphor; a leadership of the human spirit serving God; a leadership of "pietas" and religious awareness; a leadership ever pensive before the Divine Mystery and its revelation in the universe and human life.

HENRY BESTON.

## Handicapped

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day:

Could you help me to secure a four (4) hour part-time job?

I have long experience as an electrician, and worked in that capacity in the U. S. Civil Service for seven years.

I am physically handicapped owing to a serious illness from which I am now recovering. My wife and two children are dependent on me.

Can you do anything for me? I am,

Yours truly,

H. A. G.

## Bread

Toledo, Ohio.

Dear Editor:

Your readers are getting hungry for some of the nourishing whole wheat bread you are telling about. In the Catholic Digest of this month it tells about the famous whole wheat bread made by the Trappists in Kentucky. Would you, therefore, kindly publish a recipe for about four loaves? It would be nice to have the Maryfarm recipe, the de Hueck recipe and the Trappist recipe. You are doing an invaluable service in getting the world interested in making whole wheat bread. It will be a life saver.

(Miss) VIRGINIA C. MAY.  
WHOLE WHEAT BREAD  
RECIPE

For Four One-pound Loaves

Ingredients:

One yeast cake.

Four pounds whole wheat flour. Half to one level teaspoonful salt dissolved in one glass of water. Four tablespoonfuls of vegetable oil (olive, peanut, etc.). Four tablespoonfuls of honey (brown sugar or molasses).

Dissolve yeast cake in cup of lukewarm water. Mix well (adding more lukewarm water if necessary) with one pound of flour. Knead, and when feel of dough is right, neither too dry nor too watery, put in a container or deep dish, wrap with a clean cloth or discarded blanket, and place in a warm but not hot place, and leave undisturbed for at least three hours.

After three hours add three pounds of flour to the dough which has by now raised considerably. Add lukewarm or at least not too cold water, and mix all well together. When the mass is knitted and resilient roll on table or mixing board, divide the mass into two or more sections and knead well for several minutes. Roll again, and again knead, and knead, and knead. When well kneaded, put the "baby" to bed again (this time in four sections) and leave in a warm place for at least two hours, longer if possible. The longer the better. Always be careful to avoid draughts.

Get other ingredients ready. Bring dough to table or kneading board. If divided into sections, roll all together, make a deep hole in the center of the mass and pour in the salt water, the oil and the honey (or sugar or molasses). Mix all well together. Sprinkle a little fresh flour on surface of kneading board so as to take up all the ingredients. Divide mass into four sections. Knead and roll until surface of mixing board is dry and the rolling has taken up all particles, and then roll and knead some more. Put in a warm place, covered as before, and leave undisturbed for about half an hour.

Prepare oven and heat up to 450 degrees. Put the four loaves in heated baking tins smeared with oil or lined with oiled paper. Cut oven heat down to 350-375 degrees and place loaves in oven. Bake for about three quarters of an hour.

(Butter may be used in lieu of oil; day old or older milk, or buttermilk, in lieu of water for mixing.)

[This recipe was contributed by Father Duffy.—Ed.]

St. Augustine writes of peace: "Who can have peace unless with one whom he really loves? Who is good except he be made so by loving? Who continues to persevere in good unless he be fervent in love?" Dom Graham writes that failure to make frequent acts of love of God prepares the way for mortal sin, and the total destruction of the supernatural life of the soul.

## English House

Carmelite Convent,  
Berkhamsted,  
Hertfordshire, England.

Dear Dorothy Day:

The last of the few letters I received from you, found me at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, 129 Malden Road, London, where I have lived, prayed and worked from May, 1938, to May, 1945; seven years. During those years, that place had become more to me than a house, or the house of others: it stood out more and more for a symbol that enshrined all the mysteries of the Sacred Humanity and Divinity of our Blessed Lord. You must know.

But I loved to have them enshrined there, is that drab street, in the heart of so many a wonderful friend, who also lived in such a drab street. You know them. The wives of consumptive husbands with a courage and patience through which our Lord's cross is radiantly shining. I never can end, once I talk or think of them. The 88-year-old Mrs. Harris, Father Vincent's oldest friend, Bessie, crippled, both through raid—days and nights chained to bed or chair. Unable to "take cover," and braving it all—although it almost broke them to pieces. The callers who bade "God bless you"—the lovely meetings at which not much was done visibly, but which befriended scholar and worker—their spirit, our Lady's message all the time helping where we failed. The tiny kitchen with primitive equipment—but filled with prayers of thanksgiving for what God and our patrons (in heaven and on earth) bestowed on us. The priory (Dominican) with the Rosary-Chapel, where every morning at 11 the dear friends joined me for the Rosary, one a cripple, a lovely soul, Scotch, with humor and always feeling herself in the role of the publican (the good publican), very poor of course, only living on relief.

This all I loved and love and shall always love more and more. And this I left—after God had thrown me into trials, the outcome of which I could hardly guess at the time. But now I see it all clearly—and all is consistent. By His grace I shall enter the above convent coming Sunday, the Feast of the Most Precious Blood—and shall take with me all I wrote above and much more.

The Prioress and Novice Mistress are very wonderful and have a full understanding for the causes you live and suffer for and the Catholic Worker at large. All this I hope will be before mind and soul here—but more than this at the foot of the cross. Pray also for a friend of mine, whom the Holy Ghost blows the same way; a great artist, whose "Pieta" is hanging in the Academy, who painted the Miracles of Christ, His Washing of the Feet, the Last Supper. She will be Sister Teresa of Jesus—I shall be Sister Magdalen of Jesus. She is a great soul.

Write some time. We shall love to hear from you. With abundant love in His Sacred Heart.

CLARA SPITZ.



## Alcun Farm

McGuire General Hospital,  
Richmond, Va.

Dear Fellow Workers:

I think I should say, first of all, that I am going back to the farm next spring, I hope. It is too early to say what the extent of my land operations will be, but the scene of them will be Alcun Farm in the rolling hills of western Pennsylvania.

If I were not an agrarian before I saw France and the French farmer, then I decided I am one now. If God gives me the grace, I think we can give Pennsylvania (our corner of it) the fertility of France.

I'm undergoing an assortment of treatments here. Excuse the left-hand writing. It will improve. Kindest regards to all.

Yours in Christ,

BOB SUKOSKI.

(Ed. note—Bob lost his hand.)

## You Are Right

C.Y.O.  
31 East Congress St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Dorothy:

I have a few more sonnets which I shall correct and send to you as soon as I can make them better. I like your paper very much and read almost everything in it. I thought, though, that the title of Doebele's article was misleading. There is no sign of Negro segregation ending because a few judges and liberals here and there have condemned it. Besides, people who are determined can always find a way to get around the law. For many years there have been laws in New York and Pennsylvania that Negroes should not be discriminated against, and when the cases go to court, the judges fine the offenders one cent without payment of costs! Restrictive covenants may be fought and eliminated, but that cannot prevent whites from moving out of a district or street when Negroes move in. The whites do it among themselves, Jews and Irish, and Polish and Italians. I don't see why the masses of them would act differently toward Negroes.

With warmest regards,

CLAUDE McKAY.

## Detroit House

Detroit, Sept. 15, 1945.

Dear Miss Day:

Every Friday a talk is given by Father Clement Kern at St. Francis House, 1432 Bagley street, which will benefit the group in their work. The present series of talks is being given by Father Kern and is on the Works of Mercy. After a discussion of the corporal and spiritual works as a whole, each work will be discussed. The series will continue for about twelve weeks.

Father John Coogan, S.J., gave a talk in July on Inter-racial Justice.

I am deeply interested in the Hospitality—House and the CATHOLIC WORKER. I adhere to the main principles that man is not a machine and the tyrant machine is to be conquered if humanity is to be saved. Christopher Dawson has discussed this brilliantly in his "Judgment of the Nations." I also intensely dislike the crass materialism of the day and age.

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA ROHR.

## On Gheel

Dear Editor:

I never had sufficient justification for undertaking such a formidable task as writing to an editor, but on reading your proposed plan of publicizing the "Gheel" system of boarding out patients to private families as a big step toward some "decentralized" system in caring for American mentally sick, I feel a suggestion is in order.

The "Gheel" system (as I gather from your article) is a Belgian effort, and you hope to influence the American scene. It strikes me that "tactically" you might better appraise American endeavors in the same direction—for in them you might judge the value or possibility for good which is within the realm of possibility under our peculiar conditions.

I have little to offer you except my own observations of the work of one of my friends in our own New York State Hospital System. Dr. Charles L. Vaux, superintendent of the Newark (N. Y.) State School for mental defectives, died in 1938. In the comparatively few years of his tenure, he changed the institution radically. Before, it was a place of incarceration and always filled to capacity. At his death he had living out in relatively normal circumstances as many as 600 of his charges and, as one slight consequence, was always prepared to accept as many patients as his district supplied.

I remember his work as coming under the head of experimental, and that it was written up for the edification of fellow workers in like institutions. But it was done in New York, and with the exact same conditions with which we are concerned. To my way of thinking, a first article on this effort and then, if you will, an article on the Belgian system for greater clarification, will be more effective in capturing the notice and the concern of your readers.

I think your concern for the mentally sick is a very happy and very Christian endeavor.

I should hate to see it made less effective by jumping to the conclusion that a Belgian system should be inaugurated in the States (I have not the least conception of what the system may be).

Any evidence that can be adduced to show that decentralization is possible under our own peculiar conditions, is real grist for our mill.

I know that there is such evidence as witness the Newark State School Boarding-Out Plan and Colonization Scheme.

Sincerely yours,

FR. L.  
Chaplain.

## Mexican Problem

Dear Editor:

Please won't you give me advice on how to integrate the Mexicans into our parish? They stand in back of the church kneeling in the aisle and slip out at the end like scared children as if they felt they weren't welcome. Yet they are an example to our young men who continuously toss the coins in their pants pockets during Mass. The Mexicans have their faces bent over prayerbooks, all of them, and they bow to the floor in mute adoration at the Consecration.

Yours,

JOAN QUILTY.

Naperville, Ill.

## Spain

(Continued from page 1)

by God and which should under Him, be the property of the people of Spain for whose use, primarily, God intended them.

- (6) Recognition of private enterprise (individual and cooperative) for the development, or preparation for use, of natural resources; recognition and encouragement of the exercise and reward of individual initiative, ingenuity and inventiveness justly exercised.
- (7) Governmental greed-checking supervision and control by law of private enterprises (individual and cooperative) in the interests of justice and the common good.
- (8) Autonomy, or self-government, for each Spanish province in matters of provincial concern and in the local application of federal laws enacted for the welfare of the Nation as a whole; a Spanish central or federal government for matters solely of national concern.
- (9) Eventual representation of the people in their legislative assemblies, not according to meaningless political divisions imposed upon them by self-seeking groups but according to the economic classifications of the people, according to their occupations, professions and trades.
- (10) The extension of the principle of private ownership so that every one, where possible and so desired, may own, either individually or cooperatively, his or her means of livelihood; the right of individuals to form cooperative groups or unions for their individual and collective welfare; the right of every person to work freely for his livelihood without tribute to or hindrance from any one.
- (11) A just living wage and a just price for all commodities (interpreted by local legislation); legalized maximum working hours, decent and proper housing and working conditions.
- (12) Complete freedom for all in all matters (including religion) that do not involve the violation of the rights and do not militate against the welfare of others; the equality of all human beings in the sight of God, the provision of equal opportunity and of appropriate facilities for all.

The above is far from comprehensive. It is, however, a sincere and humble attempt to contribute something constructive and helpful to a situation which at the present time is fraught with many dangerous possibilities.

\* The author's views on this subject were stated during the Spanish Civil War and are contained in the pamphlet "IT HAPPENED IN IRELAND," published by The Christian Press, 115 Mott St., New York, 13. Price 35c.

## FR. HUGO

(Continued from page 2)

loosing on the world a horror so enormous that all coming generations will live under a constant fear.

No doubt, as the apologists of the atomic bomb affirm, the principles of atomic energy can be used for good. In fact they have already been used for good; Almighty God has been using them for good these countless centuries. President Truman said that the atomic bomb harnesses the basic energy of the universe. Of course the scientists who discovered this energy did not put it there. God put it there in the beginning. Sometimes we forget this. So great is the childish pride of scientists at their discoveries that

it almost seems as if they had created, at least in their own opinion, the energies of nature, and had not merely discovered what had been present in the universe for uncounted aeons, silently working for man's benefit and God's glory. The discoveries of scientists are much more a witness of the wisdom of God than their own wisdom.

And to His goodness and love. When you think of the immense energies of the atomic bomb, remember too that these energies have been here from the beginning of the world and have been used by God to sustain our life on earth.

But "My ways are not your ways, and your thoughts are not My thoughts," God says to us. Never was this truth clearer than now. That power which God, out of love, has been using all these ages in secret beneficence, man uses, even in his very act of discovery, out of hatred, to destroy. In truth, Lord, our ways are not Your ways! And oh, unhappy we, that they are not! What a revelation of the goodness of God! What a revelation in the iniquity of man! One thinks of those terrible words of the Gospel concerning man—still true in spite of all the oceans of grace that have meanwhile flooded our world: "But Jesus did not trust Himself to them, in that He knew all men, and because He had no need that anyone should bear witness concerning man, for He Himself knew what was in man." (Jo. 2, 24-25.)

## PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

education is only information, plenty of facts and no understanding.

5. When religion has nothing to do with politics, politics is only factionalism. "Turn the rascals out so our good friends can get in."
6. When religion has nothing to do with business, business is only commercialism. "Let's get all we can while the getting is good."

### 3. Liberalism

1. Cardinal Newman and Pius IX thought that liberalism was the greatest error of the nineteenth century.
2. The present would be different if they had made the past different.
3. The future will be different if we make the present different.
4. But to make the present different one must give up old habits and start to contract new habits.
5. But to give up old habits and start to contract new habits one must be a fanatic about something.
6. But liberals are so liberal about everything that they cannot be fanatical about anything.
7. And not being able to be fanatical about anything they cannot be liberators, they can only be liberals.

## Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)

our neighbors had a hard time getting up and down stairs while the bread line went on between 4:30 and 5:30. Gerry (yes, he is back for good now) and Dave Mason and Charlie O'Rourke were working in the backoffice and Jim and Joe in the front. Jane was baking bread upstairs and I went out to visit the sick. And all the while we worried about the rain and the pilgrimage which is going to take place tonight, beginning at twelve midnight. We are going to walk from Hester and Mott street, up to Mother Cabrini's shrine at 190th street and Cabrini avenue. Quite a few have been calling up to find out if we are going to have the pilgrimage just the same, and we have said yes. Now as I write, the rain has stopped. Every now and then there is a cool breeze but it is generally muggy. It is the time, after all, of equinoctial storm. Last year at this time there was a hurricane which tore up trees all over Manhattan and just skirted the farm at Easton, where the first retreat of this year of retreats was taking place.

We need to make pilgrimages. Catherine de Hueck Doherty's article on pilgrimages in a recent CATHOLIC WORKER, aroused widespread interest, and many wrote in telling us how much they enjoyed it. Then we wrote of the pilgrimages of the Italian women in the neighborhood—good sturdy pilgrimages, of 116 blocks, and barefoot at that. Every year they make such a pilgrimage to our Lady of Mt. Carmel's shrine. Friendship House had a pilgrimage which Julia writes about for this issue, and we announced in our last issue this pilgrimage of tonight.

We need to make pilgrimages, and this one, starting on a feast of the Holy Cross and ending at Holy Mass on the Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows, is in penance for our use of the atomic bomb, for our sins and omissions in this war, in thanksgiving for the ending of the war. We are starting at midnight, and when we stop to rest on the way up, we will sing as the chimes sing at Lourdes—

"Parce Domine, Parce populo tuo, ne in aeternum irascaris nobis."

### At the Drop of a Hat

When I called up this evening to find out how Maryfarm was getting on (it costs forty-five cents for five minutes), I found that another retreat was going on that I knew nothing about. An army sergeant had arrived, desirous of a retreat, also Mrs. Ellis and a friend from Cleveland, also Mary Jennifer from Wilmington, Delaware, and John Daly from Georgia, not to forget Jack English, who had just finished Fr. Ehman's retreat and was quite ready to make another. Fr. Pacifique Roy, our chaplain at Maryfarm, had just come back from a visit to Montreal and as he is always ready to give a retreat at the drop of a hat, he started giving another retreat after a short rest, and it was still going on when I telephoned tonight. At midnight they were going to have a holy hour and they promised to remember us on our pilgrimage.

The next retreat that I know of at this writing will begin the Monday night before Thanksgiving and last for the week.

### Cooking

Down at the farm, praise God, we have had wonderful help for the summer, with a Pittsburgh contingent helping us—Mildred Petty, Cecilia Hugo, and quite a few other girls, not to speak of Hans Tunneson, Duncan Chisholm and Joe who came down to recover from some broken ribs, made a retreat and stayed to help, and others besides.

In town, on the other hand, we have been very short-handed

in the kitchen. I'm hoping later to get some steady help for Chu and Shorty. When one or the other take a day off, Bill Duffy and Rumanian John help. And Dave Mason also is pretty regular in cooking for the house at night. There was one week there when Dave was making a retreat that I had to enter in on the KP job and I learned a lot. How to make a stew for one hundred and fifty, for instance. Fifteen pounds of kidneys, ten pounds of macaroni, five pounds of onions and a bushel basket of broccoli makes a wonderful meal. And what a job the bread slicing is when it is for one hundred and fifty twice a day! A bread slicing machine might be the "extension of the hand of man" in this case.

I can never say enough in praise of Chu and Shorty. They always move with such alacrity to help any late comer, to pass the salt, to get extra silver. They never whisk the plates away as though they wished to get through. They not only cook, they clean up afterward, and sweep out the coffee room and polish the pots. And they always stand to eat their own meals, and no one can persuade them to sit down to the table.

Later...

Yes, we made the pilgrimage, and there were nine of us, four men and five women. We started out at one a. m. and what with a few rest stops, there was just time to get to the shrine in time for the six-thirty Mass, Saturday morning. In fact, Dave Mason and I had humbly to admit defeat at 168th street, and make the last mile on the subway in order to be there on time. The others, with younger legs, were able to speed up their pace and arrive just as we reached the door of the chapel. It was a long walk, we all agreed, probably over ten miles, but it was a good night for walking, so warm that we did not need wraps. We stopped in Union Square, in Columbus Circle, at 100th street, 125th and 150th, and at each place there were convenient benches to rest. We said the fifteen decades of the rosary, and the beads also for the seven sorrows of our Lady. Also we sang—The Ave Maria, the Pater Noster, the Salve Regina, besides the other seasonal hymns to our Lady. Also the Parce, Domine, and the Attende, Domine.

It was a happy pilgrimage, though painful, too—but that is the way penance is—difficult but most satisfying.

## Mother Cabrini

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more. Our Lord was never afraid of her. He never had to say to himself: 'But if I allow this dear little nun to succeed in so and so, she will begin to imagine she is St. Teresa, the Pope and the President rolled into one.' He could always trust her. And always she trusted Him.

"May many a soul experience her attraction, and may the Church soon set a supernatural sanction upon her life and work."

I hope many of you will visit the Shrine of Mother Cabrini in New York City and pray for more saints. We need them.



## A House

(Continued from page 4)

and school and where the church is bright and beautiful and happy in its glowing colors and wood carvings and stained glass. The people themselves have been working at it during periods of unemployment and during their spare time. There is a garden and a fountain and a game field, and all around are tiny houses, with trees and bushes around them which look, oh, so comfortable and cosy and homelike. Just the place, that little tree, to put a play pen under. And wouldn't Joanna have fun playing in that forest of hedge inside the picket fence? And not far away you can hear the surf on the white beach, and smell the seaweed.

As I write these pages the labor papers throughout the country carry headlines on the unemployment situation which is growing. And in today's papers are reviews of Henry Wallace's book, "Sixty Million Jobs." Headlined too are the President's recommendations — ONE AND A HALF MILLION HOMES A YEAR — TRUMAN BACKS PROGRAM.

But years pass by, and for the last twenty or so I have been helping my friends hunt for places to live. It seems to me I wrote an article in The Commonwealth some fourteen years ago on househunting on the east side.

This very week, Harry Lorin Binsse in the Commonwealth, writes of the subject, as he has written many times in the past. And what he has to say this week is not very cheering. Even if we have the land, even if we have the materials,—we do not have the men to do the work, he points out. His masterly analysis points out why this is so, and makes recommendations for the future.

But what to do right now? Again we have to come back to our usual recommendation. We have to accept poverty because it is forced upon us. We have to accept poverty because we have to strip ourselves to serve others and to serve Christ. We have to accept poverty and do without many of the comforts with which we try to sustain and comfort ourselves for our lack of real necessities, because if we save enough we may be able to buy a prefabricated house and put it up ourselves with the help of our neighbors, just so that we will have a roof to shelter us until we raise again a generation of children who can use their hands and build a decent home of their own.

Of course it would be wonderful if our richer brethren would each make themselves responsible for starting off a family in a home of their own. If they would give them outright the couple of thousand dollars necessary to buy a little place. Just give it to them and forget about it.

But since this generosity is not general, and scarcely to be expected in this greedy world, where all, rich and poor alike, are grasping, it is necessary for us to recommend once more voluntary poverty, an acceptance of deprivation, not only for the sake of self-discipline, not only to strip ourselves in order to serve Christ better, but to have a better life for our children.

Peter Maurin says that we need to live with a vision. We need to try to make better surroundings so that people can live better lives. People need space, privacy, sunlight, quiet, so that they can meditate in their hearts and love God.

So,—even though our columns on poverty and security may seem to disregard these needs, we are most conscious of that greatest of all needs in this life here on earth, and that is a house to live in,—preferably a home of one's own.

D. D.