Peace Without Victory

By Br. John J. Hugo

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

Yet it does bring causes for sorrow, at least to lovers of God and mankind, because the war has also brought death and sorrow, not only to those who fought, but also to those who did not. The war has brought death and sorrow to all, to the young and to the old, to the rich and to the poor, to the strong and to the weak.

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 disaster; for the coming of peace, even such as it is. Such as it is, at the end of First World War, President Woodrow Wilson wrote:

"One can fail to see that neither to individuals nor to so-called "classes" of the new discovery. Pictures of the towns and industrial plants where the parts are made are given, and even the front of the town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee, is a chapel. A laconic but eloquent bomb, the President assures us are now in operation.

Great Britain controls the supply of uranium ore, in Canada there is a world of a nation's faith and a twin 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.

"URMA meets today facing a crisis on funds. It is close to running out of funds. (It's a federal barrel, will open its third sentence, through new funds to carry the ”winter.”)

(2) Return of all Spanish political refugees to their homeland without fear of punishment or reprisals.

(3) Free (and honest) elections to be held as soon as possible to install a legitimate government, and to determine whether it shall be a republic or a constitutional monarchy; all Spanish citizens will have the right to vote on the new government.

The United Nations, breaking up the large farms and estates and distribution of the land among the landless and landless and landless and landless, and other natural resources ceased

Program for Spain

By Br. Clarence Duffy

At the Potsdam Conference it was decided, among other things, to install a demilitarized zone in Spain, because of the nature and record of its present government, it 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 defend a regime in Spain*. Rather it is to appeal to reason, in all humility, to put forth a few thoughts, based on Christian teachings and some knowledge of Spain, as to how Spain might, in the author's opinion, be brought peace to the people of that country.

The aforementioned suggestions are:

(1) Redecoration of the Franco government in favor of an interim, or provisional, regime agreed to by all parties, including the present regime and the opposition. (2) Abolition of landlordism; the abolition of large estates and the distribution of the land among the landless and landless and landless and landless, and other natural resources ceased

(Continued on page 7)

*Note: The article refers to Spain as a single entity, but it is clear that it is addressing a country divided by various factions and interests. The text suggests a desire for a peaceful resolution through democratic means, emphasizing the importance of fair and free elections and the rights of all citizens to participate equally in the political process.

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Peace Without Victory

(Continued from page 1)

The Allied bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was a great crime against humanity and the mystical body of mankind. If the atomic bomb seemed to form part of that same order—does not it require us rather to accept the further blasphemy of thanklessness? For evil is given for the sufficient reason that it is endured, not by Nazis or barbarian soldiers, but by innocent American citizens. But not for the victory. Let us not thank God for that. National pride urges us that we should; but let us remember true patriotism, and Deacon for many victorv's that must have been odious to God. We, who were victorious on the battlefields of Paris—Napoleon; they were victorious over the vileness of Prussian militarists. No doubt Deacon for the victory of the Ottoman Republic: but would hadn't it have been the "patriotic duty" of Catholic militarists to attack it? It is the religion of militarism which is by right of the big battalions. It is the same religion (proper to ancient barbarism and modern nations) which regards victory as the unqualified godhead. It is the same religion under which we do not even see that day come that God does not invariably give victory to just, but rather afflicts them grievously, while they are not of His choice.

But to thank the God for victory is to claim God's approval of the victory. It is to assert that He willed the victory not permissively, as He willed evil, but willed the victory not only permissively, as He willed evil, but willed the victory—lest He approve it, by the manner of evil, to obtain good from it: a crime: those ethical principles which are brought forth in the attempt to effect such a justification are revealed, upon examination, as self-contradictory and self-destructive moral. The theological principle which the atomic bomb was an engine of war, is that under the guise of saving American lives and ending the war was such a principle of warfare: if the victory was won;—this would appear to justify it: or, rather, the Atomic Bombing of Hilo would have been justified. There is no sound moral argument that the atomic bomb was an engine of saving American lives: we have now arrived at a consideration of the actual effect of the atomic bomb, of which, in view of the development in the very sacred realm, the principles which underlie the appeal is positively immoral. Let us consider some of its arguments.

Does the End Justify the Means?
The chief argument set forth to defend the use of the atomic bomb was that it was certain to end the war. Truman when he first announced his determination to use the bomb, he justified it by emphasizing the crimes of the Japanese, which, he said, were so great that they could not be imputed to him. For this moral principle is the one that is given as the standard by which we judge men and their deeds, which is: "he is imputed innocent; but we will positively all things will be justified? Say, or will you, that God, permitting the evil, was able, by the magnitude of the deed, to bring a positive advantage to itself; this is immissible; the very thought is an abomination. These horrors which his use made possible and their use would be criminal in any case.

A National Crime

Here, however, let us consider our situation. We are told that the end justifies the means. What is to be said of it? That its use was justified for the sacrifice of millions, regardless of the price we paid. What is to be said of it? That its use was justified because it was a great crime, sure to end the war. This is a crime against humanity, by which the true national, the national and frantastic nationalism that is the spirit of national life, is annihilable. Just above all, from the Christian point of view, the most terrible crime that humanity suffers is the crime of a "Christian" nation against the Mystical Body of Christ.

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

A group of three students of the
girls' division of the Sacred Heart
School, St. Charles Rock Road, that
week, Miss Frances Cato, the presi-
dent of the board, called on a friend
in a nearby town to see if he could
possibly help the Catholic Action
movement in his area. Little did he
know that his friend was the pastor
of a parish in that town and that he
had already decided to implement
a program of housebuilding for the
Church. When he heard about the
idea, he was enthusiastic and
promptly began to plan the project.

The pastor of the parish was
impressed with the enthusiasm of the
students and decided to help them
in their endeavor. He arranged for
the students to come to the parish
on weekends and to work with the
parishioners in planning and
organizing the project.

The students, with the guidance of
the pastor, began to look for a
suitable site for the project. They
visited several locations and finally
settled on a plot of land that was
available and suitable for the
project. They then began to
prepare the site for construction by
clearing the land and laying out the
foundation for the homes.

The students worked hard and
brought their own tools and materials
to the site. They were determined to
build the homes for the Church and
to provide a place of refuge for
those in need. They worked
around the clock, often sacrificing
their own time and energy to
complete the project.

The pastor of the parish was
impressed with the dedication and
endurance of the students and
decided to support them in their
endeavor. He provided them with
financial assistance and
administrative support to help
them in their project.

The students were also able to
secure the support of the local
community and government officials
who were impressed with the
enthusiasm and commitment of the
students and the project. They
provided financial assistance and
administrative support to help
the students in their endeavor.

The students completed the
project in record time, and the
completed homes were then
available for distribution to
those in need. The students
remained involved in the project
and continued to work with the
local community and
government officials to
ensure the success of the
project.

The students were able to
complete the project with the
support of the pastor of the parish
and the local community. They
were able to provide a place of
refuge for those in need and
continue to work towards
building a better community for
the future.
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 home and finding 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 a long time past the Government has been taking care of you and your family. You know that Bill's job in the defense plant was no accident. Both you and he and millions of others whom war provided with employment did not go to work because faced again very shortly with the same problem as you are facing now before the war, the problem of a JOB, of how to make an honest Joe. So, too, had Bill. You know, a free man in the richest country in the world to prepare ourselves, to secure and ensure that we and our children shall have some provision for life, security, and a comfortable existence, and to share the nature of the God with whom God, and that our sojourn here is merely a temporary provision for that end. All this He help, we make ourselves fit for it, and He made ample provision for our needs.

God did not and could not, because of His love and justice, and because of His grace, make 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 will always be enough of everything for the living, just 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 Jobs and Bills, don't get your food, clothing and shelter, the fault is not necessary for you, or the other Jobbers, because no one is more than sure assured that the fault lies not with God but with men. The fault is here.

All that you require is the organism of which you are a part, and the laws and practices of this country which govern the ownership of land and natural resources, and the mechanism by which your most important needs come) and which prevent you from growing and enjoying the things which God created for you. It is common to a few, the laws and practices of this country which is common to every human being who comes into this country, and who wants to stay here. We can overcome it (and the other law) only with the help or the grace of God. And there is the practice of the charity, or love between persons, or as charity would have it, from which He demands us.

"Capitalists"

There is, therefore, in you if you futilminating against any class or strata of society, against "capitalist", for example. Greed is not peculiar to any particular group or strata. It is the sin of all men, everywhere, irrespective of any tagging classification. It is the sin of every part of the world, and disgracefully fully so in our western civilization. Here we have greedy men to protect their own selfish interests, we have greedy men to keep their own private greed from interfering with other people's lives, and the injustices that result from it. These are powerful, greedy and aggressive enough to make them seem a menace to you and millions of others like you of access to the things of life, and to living. It would not be good for them, unless you had prepared them so that their greed was under the teachings of Christ, control your greed, love your neighbor as you love yourself, and, as you are concerned, permit him to have his share of the fruits of your labor, of the things God made for all of us.

"Communism"

"Communism" promises a lot of human beings, millions of them, of some of their most important rights. Communism I deplore, or would deprive, everyone of his personal freedom, and all his rights, including the natural right to own, either individually or collectively, as one chooses, the things on which and with which you use, or in a livelihood, to call his own, and freely dispose of, trade or exchange the products of his labor.

Controlling greed is a very necessary thing for the welfare of human beings everywhere. It is the only way we can ever retain anywhere retain their freedom — without depriving them of economic independence, making them slaves and tools of the government. We call for human initiative, and enterprise, and compelling the children of God to live in a land not our own, and out of it, and so lose not only their freedom here, but every thing for which God created them hereafter, and lose it forever.

I'm sure, Joe, you won't fall for the Communists, or for any other "ism" which enforces the State and makes the human being a mere cog in the wheel, a mere part of a mechanism, and the use of the human brain, or the initiative, or the enterprise. The Communists I deplore, or would deprive, everyone of his personal freedom, and all his rights, including the natural right to own, either individually or collectively, as one chooses, the things on which and with which you use, or in a livelihood, to call his own, and freely dispose of, trade or exchange the products of his labor.

A Challenge

Before all else comes love of and tenderness for your own body, your own kin, your own flesh and blood. First the kingdom of God and your brother's, and the things which will be added unto you according to His own promise (Matthew 6:33). That is the challenge for you, too.

"Therefore I say to you, be solicitous for yourselves. Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they sow, nor do they toil, nor do they solicitous? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither labor, neither do they toil. If God so clothes the lilies of the field, who among you is so wise as to be as wise as Solomon? If God so clothes the lilies of the field, who among you is so wise as to be as wise as Solomon? How many children have you?"

A Home To Live In

It seems to me that I am always house hunting. It seems to me that I am always looking for a home. Women are like that. They want the best in life for themselves, 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 foxhole, 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 aid, how does one describe the home which by which we may attain for ourselves and others the more abundant life here below as well as above—in spite of these odd ummas we have written and written and written, no sympathy for the woman looking for a home for herself and her family.

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

We started the Catholic Workmen's Movement, and spent our days in moving furniture down five flights, and looking for apartments up one flight fires up, airy and sunny. Some of course, but the y seem to be able to make a home in a foxhole, 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 aid, how does one describe the home which by which we may attain for ourselves and others the more abundant life here below as well as above—in spite of these odd ummas we have written and written and written, no sympathy for the woman looking for a home for herself and her family.

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Mother Cabrini
By JULIA PORCELLI

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

—Mother Cabrini.

IN READING Father Martindale's little book of Blessed Mother Cabrini's life, we learn of many difficulties. She was a weak, frail child and all her life, but work always, notwithstanding. She was very shy, and a strong, bossy sister to whom she confided at 13 her dreams of being a missionary. She couldn't mask her desire, and her dolls made believe they were missionaries, putting little boats of paper sending them to China.) Her sister Rosa laughed, "What—you want to be a missionary, sister?"

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 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, but one of the cardinals and found favor. She was with Mother Mary of the Passion, founder of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary (who herself is about to be canonized). A Cardinal. "I can't stay another day and if they finally will so unsympathetic he left them in tears. After they had prayed for her, he ordered them to start two new houses in Rome.

Her rule was approved. Later she was asked by the Archbishop of New York to come 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 gave her good friends. During those months she had 400 orphans and the love of the Italians. Kate, who eats vegetables on the corner of Mott and Hester Streets, knew her, and so did John Bear who thought she was an extraordinary woman but did not suspect she was a saint.

The Institute flourished, although Mother Cabrini cried, 'Can I help these very ill, having to remain in bed. In 1899, ten years she lived in some day and 50 houses all over the world caring for 5,000 in hospitals and schools. The sisters visited Italian in mines, as they came off, in non-Catholic hospitals, in Slung-ding prison, and they helped prostitutes to reform.

Someone said to Mother Cabrini once, "Do you suppose God is going to ask me one more what is possible?" And her life and that of her sisters proved they could do the impossible too with God's grace.

BOOK REVIEW

"A national foundation is only as strong as its agriculture.

So a minimum of security and a minimum of comfort is necessary to the practice of virtue, one barns with the desire, in this period of reorganization and rehabilitation, to be able to pour the contents of Mr. Continuoer's book into the hearts of farmers and their children, first, and afterward into the hearts of every human being.

First into the hearts of the farmers to make them remember "the dignity of the farm home;" to make the fathers and their children realize that in spite of their hardships the farm is superior to the city, if ever 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 wisdom. In that way some realization other problems would take care of themselves.

So a national foundation is necessary for thought to teachers, business men, 4-H clubs, chambers of commerce, boards of education, co-operatives, and the slaves of mass destruction ought to be especially interested when they realize, in a simple way, that a man's health is bigger than a man's hat and 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 main problems 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 village begins, other arts follow—David Wayne. When gold and guns adorn the plough to peaceful arts shall envy bow.

Father MARY NORTERT.
From the same place: "Pioven's Piquity" by Edward H. Faulkner. $1.00.

Eric Gill Said—

SAFE FOR CHRISTIANITY—YES, WE HAVE NO BANANAS—OLD STYLE: Simple Simon met a priest and, as you know, in absence of any other entertainment, they were no pies for Simple Simon. (New Style): A simple enthusiast invented a beautiful machine for picking bananas, whereas before the beautiful invention one man could pick 1,000 bananas in one day, now one man can pick 1,000 bananas in one day with the beautiful machine banana-bruiser (for of course the lower order and don't really appreciate Piazeo), now one man can pick a million bananas in one day, i.e., he can do the work of 999 men and still have some of his own share. I don't know how many men it takes to make the beautiful machine or how many children to do the accounts, but all the bananas are employed and haven't any money. Every banana—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!'—Danjel Webster.

"The soil is the heart of every human being: the soil of body without sense or shadow; the books—

Eric Gill Said—

"Labor is not 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 life. Lift him up, workers! Look at the Son of God who, with His eternal Father, created and ordered the universe; becoming man like us, in 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, in proportion as it is necessary to the practice of some virtue, to the performance of love, to the perfection of charity and of the great community of workers; in His work of salvation He labors, wearing out His earthly life.

"And more telling that speech, explains to them down and adore the Son of God who, by His own sympathetic laboris dignity, elevates and ennobles every honest work, be it high or low, great or little, in proportion as it is necessary to the practice of some virtue, to the performance of love, to the perfection of charity and of the great community of workers. 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, in proportion as it is necessary to the practice of some virtue, to the performance of love, to the perfection of charity and of the great community of workers. 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, in proportion as it is necessary to the practice of some virtue, to the performance of love, to the perfection of charity and of the great community of workers. 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, in proportion as it is necessary to the practice of some virtue, to the performance of love, to the perfection of charity and of the great community of workers.

Sunday Morning
By SISTER MARY NORTERT, R.S.M.

Early Mass is over. The world has filled the soul.

A chery breakfast last contentment.

The shining house is restful, sunny, and quiet. Privacy and comfort are in the air; An inviting desk at the open window. Where foliage makes a lazy shade.

The uplifted soul is_Bar
e easily to the books. When you, bim, bim, bim, bim, bam, bim, bim, bim, bim.

From the belfry of St. Vaslav I am answered with bim, bim, bim, bim. O the bells of St. Mary's,

Bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim, bim.

Leonardo da Vinci: "Let nothing obscure the face of Christ." It does not require much thought and reflection, it only requires much love.

—JAMES ROGAN.
Peter the 'Materialist' (Another chapter from a biography by Master Blaise, lay apostle, founder of the Catholic Worker movement.)

Peter is the materialist. He truly identifies with Saint Francis of Assisi, who was most truly the "great peasant" of the last war. From Saint Francis comes a clear and simple vision—indeed, a method of life. In renouncing all possessions, all garments, all the burdensomeness of his master, he turned his back on the sit-down for the sake of others. Peter says, "We cannot do without these kindling wood in under the coals. You may be quoting—It sounds like Eric Gill, but it also sounds like Peter enjoys manual labor. He used to tell the late Father Virgil Michael that if Befrieder had kept to their ideal of material poverty, there would not be so many breakdowns from men to women, and Peter has termed an anarchist by many, especially by our dear Jesus friend, Father John, who has often come to us and taught us of the proper representation.

To give up superficial possessiveness is not easy, but one does not need to worry about inconveniences. One only needs to think about rationing. He uses those things to stretch the way of clothing and food, and the food he used them not. He has no worries about clothing and fasting. He eats what is put before him, and he has nothing else to worry about. He prefers vegetable stews to meat, but he has no worries about style, fit, fashion. He prefers vegetable stews to meat, but he has no worries about style, fit, fashion. He has no worries about style, fit, fashion.

Peter has a particular affection for manual labor. He used to tell Father Virgil Michael that if Befrieder had kept to their ideal of material poverty, there would not be so many breakdowns from men to women, and Peter has termed an anarchist by many, especially by our dear Jesus friend, Father John, who has often come to us and taught us of the proper representation.

There is nothing like being tete-a-tete at the bread and black bread, and to sit down and plop a grape fire until it is all but out, and poke kindling wood in under the coals, and shake it down, and finally distribute the fire. Peter enjoys manual labor. He used to tell the late Father Virgil Michael that if Befrieder had kept to their ideal of material poverty, there would not be so many breakdowns from men to women, and Peter has termed an anarchist by many, especially by our dear Jesus friend, Father John, who has often come to us and taught us of the proper representation.

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Condemnation

Chinney Farm, Nobleboro, Maine.

Dear Editor:

Had some towering archangel of the order of St. Michael call you from the invisible foot upon the earth, standing manifestly in the holy presence of the helplessness of men, the portent of his appearance could make the fear of his might with such terror of the atomic horror into what? Not into a natural order. Setting aside at once all questions of the use of the atomic bomb in war, international and in war, the religious and political questions are before us. Stupendously definitely is the significance of the invention and use of such an impact. The bomb marks of human history. What does mean it, then, in this sense?

For some three generations our western civilization has been under the leadership of Science, the world tamely acquiesced to a delusion of authority. We have had our benedictions of earth, our tales of comforts and remedies; we have had our atomic bomb, and now what? It is, by its very nature, not only a culture in full disintegration, but a hideous civilization, a monument with a destructionist ethic such as has never known. A culture of the slaughterhouse and jellied gasoline; a culture of justice, intellect, integrity, and Christian companion, where are they?

Is it not quite clear that three, what man is and who is he, "child of God"? He is, of this, only such as have ceased to be men. We have been to lose the "Benedictine" or "convent life" on other human beings! When we consider the easier effort of knowledge is perceived as the "landscaping of the Paradise" of entire cities, men and women and the unborn, and this is now dissolving into unthe- element instant into nothingness, man is man no more. This is the adversary.

The perversion of the spirit of man, that he has quit our country and its leadership. Could there be something of a far greater than the tampering with the seas and the seas of the universe to produce an en- masse of guerre? Yet without "conception" of his own unaided energy for the source of his being, man is man no more.

So much for Science and its leadership. Let those "on the sides" who have been so-called, and "politically are- tiered, and the horror will be used against them, it is not in vain. A new leadership of the human spirit is a necessity beyond all metaphor. A leadership of the human spirit serving God, a leadership of religious and moral and evidentiary awareness; a leadership ever present before the Divine Mind that is in the universe and human life.

HERBERT BRESTON

Handicapped

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day:

Could you help me to secure a four (4) hour part-time job? I am physically handicapped even to the extent which I am now recovering. My wife and two children are de- pending on me.

Can you do anything for me? Is it possible?

Yours truly,

H. A. O.

From the Moi Bag +

Condemnation

Dear Dorothy Day:

I am the editor of the letters you have received from St. Joseph’s Hospital of Hospitality, Dear Dorothy Day: from 1938 to 1945. I have lived, prayed and worked from May 1938, to May 1945. During those years, that place had become more to me than a house of the house of the house of: it stood out more and more for a symbol that enshrinished all the mysteries of the Sacred Humanity and Divinity of our Blessed Lord. You must know that I have loved to have them enshrined there, that drab street, that hidden, friend-ful, loving, human spirit serving God; a leadership you must have lived in such a drab street. You knew them. The wives of consump- tive husbands with a courage and at this time the Lord’s cross is radiantly shining, I never can end, once I talk or write about those women: Mrs. Harris, Father Vincent’s obdurate, stubborn, sullen, senseless; the perverts and the Perverts both through raid-days and night. The purpose of the children was to be hidden away, to be "take cover," and declaring it—although it is almost impossible to believe that canine dog-theologians, who call God "Glory" instead of "God"—that I have never known which not much was done visibly, but which befriended a brave man, the dark genius, and our lady's message all the time, always filling her with being failed. The tiny kitchen with primitive things, the guards, the guards of thanksgiving for what God and our patriots in (heaven and here, all our dear brotherhood on earth. The privilege (Dominion) with the under Grotham’s door, my morning at 11 the dear friends joined me for the Rosary, one day, they would have more, whose- and the mass of them would conclude that a Belgian system in our years. There is no sign of Negro segregation in the country. Not a judge and liberals here and there have condemned it. Be- sides, people at the time, it is impossible to say that one can always find a way to get through. For many years there have been Negroes in New York and Pennsylvania that Negro- should have been joined, and when the case was to go to court, the judges pass the offenders one cent without payment of cost! Restitute of restrictive con- cepts may be fought and eliminated, but that cannot prevent the whites from moving out of a district or street when Negroes move in. The whites do it among themselves, and it is in accordance to the law of the land. We are not in a land of lamps and Italy. I don’t see why the work of races should be act differently toward Negroes. With warmest regards.

CLAIRE M OAKY

Dear Dorothy:

I have a few more sonnets which I shall correct and send them to you at once. I shall make them better. I like your paper very much and read almost everything you publish. I have very little to offer you except my own modest efforts. The work of one of my friends in our own New York State Hospital System. Dr. Charles V. Lash, superintendent of the New York State Hospital for mental defectives, in 1938. He was the director of the work of our patients. In many of his tenure, he changed the in- patient care, and it was a place of incarceration and filled always. At present he is in charge of the work of relatively normal circumstances situation in all of us and, as one slight consequence, was always prepared to accept our patients as his district supplied.

I remember his work as coming under the head of experimental, and that it was written in the experimental spirit. Possibly the workers in like institutions. But it was done in New York, and in the New York City conditions with which we are concerned. It is a paper that is more and more than anything else by jumping to the belief that the experimental system should be inaugurated in the States (I have not the least conception whether it may be).

Evidence that can be ad- ded to show that decentralization is possible under our own peculiar conditions for the prisoner for our mill.

I know that there is such evidence as witness the Newark State School Boarding-Out Plan and Colleton, South Carolina.

Sincerely yours,

F. L. Chaplain.

Dear Editor:

I never had sufficient justifi- cation for taking up any form of task as writing to an editor, since I am not a professional writer. At the proposed plan of publishing the "Glassy" system of board and education, I thought that this was a big step toward some "decentralization." But I am a loud American mentally sick, I feel a suggestion in order.

If there is a city, "as I gather from your article) is a place on earth, and you hope to influence them, then you are the one who strikes me that "faetually" you might better appreciate American endowments in the same direction for in them you might judge the value or possibility for good which is within the realm of any immediacy under our peculiar conditions.

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Sincerely yours,

F. L. Chaplain.

MEXICAN PROBLEM

Dear Editor:

Please won’t you give me advice on how to integrate the Mexican people in our society? I am writing to stand in back of the church kneeling in the aisle and slip them $2 a week in the morning as chil- dren as if they felt they weren’t in a Church. I can’t ask you a simple to our young men who continuously toss the coins in the Mexican Church. The Mexicans have their own Church, and they are definitely to use in your readers, that they have bows, and they bow to the floor in mute adoration at the Constellation of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

Yours,

JOAN QUILTY.

Naperville, Ili.
Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)
and school and where the church should be. I chose to be happy in its glowing colors and to make a retreat to it. The people themselves have been working at it during periods of complete brotherhood. A day was spent by the sea. The wreck was an old thing, and all around are tiny houses, little green and hidden, and buses around them which can run through without anyone noticing. Peace and holy and simple and homemade.

But since this generosity is not directed at the little people, and scarcely at the poor and needy, I would give it to them and forget about the rest.

Peter Maurin says that we have to live with a vision. We can never dream of a world with everyone working to help each other. But if we do not give them a chance to work, we will never get to the point where we can say that we have worked together.