

CATHOLIC WORKER

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ONE CENT AT C. W. OFFICE
Two Cents at News-stands and Stores

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

Unpopular Front

I. Four in One

The Unpopular Front
is a front composed of:

1. Humanists
who try to be human
to man.
2. Theists
who believe
that God wants us
to be our brother's keeper.
3. Christians
who believe in
the Sermon on the Mount
as well as
the Ten Commandments.
4. Catholics
who believe
in the Thomistic Doctrine
of the Common Good.

II. They and We

1. People say:
"They don't do this,
"They don't do that,
"They ought to do this,
"They ought to do that,
"We ought to make them do
this,
"We ought to make them do
that."
2. Always they,
never I.

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OUR FRIEND JOE

Dear Friends:

Have just cleared through the last issue of the C. W. and I must say it was one of the best yet. It was a welcome respite after a heavy diet of "funny" papers. A friend of mine gave me a tip on some jobs in a printing pressroom where they turn out the colored comics. The fellow at the union hall asked me was I a boy or a man. I told him my age but that wasn't the idea. It turned out that full-fledged pressmen were called men and fly-boys and other flunkies were called boys.

As a boy my first job was to empty paper baskets, bale paper and be available for "breaks", which means that when the paper going through the presses breaks there is a general tearing up of paper and I have to clean it up. Another day I was sent down into the pits beneath the presses and had to sop up a lot of oil with rags, and after I had this done I had to lay a cushion of new rags to absorb the drippings of oil. There was another "boy" working with me for a couple of days. He was about 60.

The pressroom is a very noisy place. I think I have said that of nearly every industrial establishment I have worked in. I couldn't understand all the shouting and the terms used. Most times when people shouted I grabbed a broom if only to show a willingness. On occasions I would act as a fly boy and take papers from the conveyor as fast as they came off the press. They came out pretty fast and every fiftieth paper was turned at an

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Western Bishop Pleads For Morality in War

Bishop Shaughnessy Reminds Knights of Columbus that
"Murder Is Murder, War or Peace"



"Murder is murder whether committed in war or in peacetime," said the Most Reverend Gerald Shaughnessy, S.M., condemning reprisal killings and the bombing of open and undefended cities, in a discourse on moral problems of war times delivered before Seattle Council Knights of Columbus.

"The air raid that is an indiscriminate bombing of an open, undefended city is a violation not only of the moral law but also of the international law," Bishop Shaughnessy reminded.

"As long ago as 1904, the nations agreed to this and the initiative in the matter was taken in the Hague Convention by the United States. The principle was solemnly affirmed in a covenant, which is today just another 'scrap of paper,' said His Excellency, and he called the roll of devastated and harassed cities: Antwerp, London, Coventry, Rome, Berlin.

"The difficulty with precision bombing," said His Excellency, "is that it is not precise."

The Bishop classified as "common murder" the "reprisal" type of air raid and the shootings of hostages and of those who surrender as prisoners.

Virtue of Patriotism

Bishop Shaughnessy opened his discourse, which dealt in general on the moral theology involved in problems arising in any war, with a definition of the virtue of patriotism and a stirring tribute to the manner in which Catholic men and women exemplify the virtue in their country's hour of need.

"Patriotism is a virtue and it may be called a part of justice and a part of the virtue of religion. It calls upon us to sacrifice, even life itself, for the nation. This brings us to the question of 'Nationalism.' In its good sense, 'Nationalism' may be synonymous with 'patriotism.' Nationalism run rampant, disregarding and despising the rights of other nations and races, is a vice. And to wild nationalism we

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NOTES BY THE WAY

By DOROTHY DAY

Just as in Lent and Advent there are Gaudete and Laetare Sundays, to ease the strain of the self-discipline of those holy seasons—so in the midst of "my year," there has come an important and joyful interim, to prepare for and celebrate my daughter's marriage to David Hennessy, bibliophile, roofer and farmer, and these last two years a resident of Maryfarm, Easton, Pa. The nuptial Mass was celebrated at eight o'clock, April 19th, at St. Bernard's Church, by Father Holahan, and later Father Magee and Father Gibson were honored guests at the wedding breakfast at the farm.

The young couple will make their home on two acres there. Guests at the wedding included the mother and three of the sisters of the groom, the mother of the bride, Peter Maurin, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Johnson, David Mason, Arthur Sheehan, who was best man; Maureen Egan, Tamar's former roommate at Farmingdale, who was bridesmaid, and of course the neighbors on Maryfarm were there.

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A Few Vignettes

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Broadway Rose almost became the subject of our editorial this month. This lady is quite a personage in the mid-town area. She likes to walk up to people, preferably celebrities, and ask them for some spare change.

We had been sitting in an Automat when she came in, walked across to the water cooler and dropped a handful of coins into a drinking glass and proceeded to wash and shine them.

In this less charitable day, some persons might be inclined to say that she is sub-normal but we prefer the phrase of a more Christian time. Such persons, they used to say, were touched by God.

The sequel to this incident came on Good Friday. We were walking down Canal Street when we read about her arrest and imprisonment for begging. The writer had described her begging as in techni-color, evidently referring to the multi-colored rags she was wearing.

Somehow the article irritated us a whole lot and made us think of the very uncharitable way this day and age looks on beggars. We remembered the shock with which we read how Mussolini had driven out the beggars, and thereby Christ from the eternal city of Rome. We wondered when Christ would decide to drive Mussolini out of the temple that is Rome.

And we thought of a priest who chased a beggar from a church door, only to have his

bishop reprimand him with a wonderful statement, where there is no beggar, there is no cathedral.

We were thinking and feeling very strongly on this subject as we entered the nearby church to kiss the Cross on this day of all days. Soon we were coming out again and there against the church steps was a man holding out his hand for help and immediately we felt less strongly, for things seemed right again.

Lou Murphy, former head of the Detroit Catholic Worker houses and farms, was in town recently. He had just come back from service with the American Field Service in Italy, attached to the British Army.

We were interested in getting his reactions to events. They were sort of depressing. He had seen plenty of "dirty" service. The work of the ambulance drivers was certainly worthwhile but the whole picture of the war was disillusioning.

We piled him with questions. Were the Italian people interested in the war? No, they just wanted to be left alone. How were things religious in the army? He could see no evidence of any religious spirit in the army over there. The British chaplains were quite frank about this. He had asked one if he intended to have a midnight Mass at Christmas and the reply was

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Pastor Begins A Soil Club

West Union, Minn.—Farms in this vicinity weren't producing enough a few years ago and the Rev. Henry Retzek, pastor of St. Alexius Church, decided to do something about it. In the belief that care of the soil is one of the world's greatest needs, he investigated the subject, then set to work.

One Sunday he announced that he would like to meet, after Mass, any of the farmers who might be interested in testing the soil on their farms. To the half dozen who accepted his invitation he demonstrated ways of taking samples. That was the beginning of the West Union Soil Club.

The farmers learned that most of their soil showed acidity and needed lime. Lime was ordered and spread on the fields. Since then crops have increased by leaps and bounds. One farmer, for example, increased his corn yield from 45 to 60 bushels. Stories about results spread and more and more farmers, Catholics and non-Catholics, became interested. Today over 50 farmers are members of the club.—Catholic Herald Citizen.

God's Secret Weapon

He lay there in the New Guinea jungle, wounded in the arm and hip, unable to move. A few yards away were the Japanese. Around him the decaying bodies of some of his companions.

For days rescue parties tried to drag him to the American lines. But sniper fire, wounding and killing, always turned them back.

Finally, the battle line moved up. In his hand, stiff and cold, was a sheet of paper on which was scratched a letter home: "... I don't know why God lets me suffer so. I am so young. I have tried to be good. ... I know now what it means to be nailed to the Cross. ..."

"I don't know why God lets me

suffer so." Men have always wondered. Questioned. But never more than today, when all the world is a Calvary of pain and suffering.

Is there an answer? Some have thought so. They would regard suffering as an accurate and just payment for evil and sin. "A tooth for a tooth." But the bombs rain down on the just and unjust alike, upon the nun in her cell and upon the sinner in his den.

Others would have it that the good receive interior consolations and rewards that make up for their pains and sufferings, that they are happy and joyful despite appearances to the contrary. But then it was found that the good are far more subject and sensitive to interior anguish and pain than those hardened in evil. It was noted that all

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A Little This—A Little That

The paper is too heavy with philosophy and theology, a friend said. It needs something light. In our heart we agreed with her, but how to do it.

What should we write about?

Feature stories, she said, little things about people around the neighborhood, the honesty of daily toil, the dignity of labor.

And we agreed again, but how to do it.

Maybe, we said, we'll write about Charlie. Charlie is a Chinaman and he has a little candy store next to THE CATHOLIC WORKER. When we say little, we mean little because when we are in this store and six other children wish to get into it, a conference must be held at the door to see who will stay outside.

Charlie is a symbol of honest toil to us. He is always on the job, rain or shine, gloom or joy. He symbolizes those small shopkeepers who have been England's glory (cf. Napoleon) and Belloc's pet subjects in the Servile State.

Charlie has a cosmopolitan touch about his store. When he goes out to eat he puts up a sign which reads, "Will be back shortly." It is in three languages, Italian, English and Chinese.

This sign gives us a rosy glow, for we feel honored to be in a neighborhood where the people speak so many languages, not to mention Brooklynese.

Of Children

If children are close to the intimate heart of things, then we are too, for we are close to children. The neighborhood abounds in them and they all know how to shriek. It is a pleasing sound, a very healthy Christian sound, much more satisfying than those anemic little barks that come from the small dogs that parade down Fifth Avenue. But then we are prejudiced.

There are many churches near here, and you don't have to walk for many minutes without coming to one. The Church of the Transfiguration is right in the heart of Chinatown, only a block or two away.

Chinatown is a part of New York that has probably been written about more often than any other part. Even as a youngster, we can remember crawling through subterranean passages there in the wake of a fabulous character named Nick Carter. We were in search of opium dens and whodunit.

Since living here, we haven't discovered a single opium den or one suspicious Chinaman, except that one that did look at us out of the corner of his eye one day but he, we are sure, was only in the number racket.

Marvelous Stories

People like to dream up marvelous stories about crime in this neighborhood, but we can remember the deskman at the Elizabeth Street Station saying that the police blotter there showed not even one homicide in that year.

Not far away is the Center Street Station, the heart of New York's police system. It is a place where, reporters tell us, all sorts of fantastic things happen—only after the Police Commissioner has gone home. Such things as well-dressed drunks coming in at midnight with bouquets of flowers for the Commissioner and telling the deskman to tell the Commissioner that he is absolutely right: crime doesn't pay. Or those odd women who come down to consult the deskman as to the best way to attract such and such an officer on such and such a beat, intentions matrimony.

We could write of many other persons and things, but time is short and the printer is imperious. We could write of Tina, the semi-Argentinian who lets the chips fall where they will and thereby creates very beautiful statues. And there is Kay, who dabbles in the finer arts, one of which is drawing and two of which is painting. We have affectionately dubbed her St. Catherine of raw sienna. There is Dwight with his cultured Oregonian accent and Eleanor who bubbles and tells us that Monsignor Fulton Sheen is awfully, awfully good at dramatic theology. And there is another Charlie who makes witty remarks.

You'd Need Imagination

We could write reams and reams about the place, the people and the locale. If we told you everything, you wouldn't

Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)

John Filliger cooked the wedding breakfast. It was a beautiful, sunny day after much rain. A kind neighbor who had come for the loan of a horse and plough, gave us the use of his car for the morning, a most-kind and unusual favor.

The church is 3 miles away and the hills steep. All of us were already breathless with excitement, so we were glad indeed for this convenience. The bridal gown and veil were made and embroidered by Mrs. de Aragon, mother-in-law of the bride's uncle, and the bride looked beautiful indeed. Thank God for brides and weddings and growing things, for spring and resurrection! Alleluia!

Feed My Goats

The first words of the bride as she got in the car after the Mass was "I must get home to feed my goats!"

Which brings us to one of the sadnesses which seems to be inseparable from the joys of this life.

My diary for the previous Friday reads:

A beautiful sunny day. Leaving Tamar to white washing and painting, I went up the hill at eight-thirty to stay with the children, Eve's two and Helen's ten months' old Celia, whom Eve is taking care of for a time. Eve and Victor had a bit of business to transact in town which they needed to do together, so I had said I would spend the morning with the children.

I stopped on the way up to rest, sitting on the hayrack which stood out in the field by the side of the road to read Matins and Lauds while I rested. These hills are steeper than I remembered them. I had seen Victor leading the goats up the furthest hill as I reached the brow of the hill between the two farms, so I knew I had time.

When Vic and Eve left half an hour or so later, the children were all fed and in their carriages in the sun, and little Catherine was running around with the chickens. I had no sooner settled to write a few lines in my note book when Father Magee (pastor of what used to be the Syrian church in Easton) came up for a visit. Peter Maurin soon followed and as they sat and drank "wheat coffee" which Victor calls "satzy," they talked of Benedictinism, the rural life movement, authority and freedom, while I sat and practiced holy silence though I felt like bursting in with disagreements as well as concordances now and then.

Eve and Victor were back within two hours and Tamar came up with them—also the professor, and in two jerks of a lamb's tail (as my mother used to say) Eve had a delightful lunch on the table. There was red bean soup, whole wheat bread and dandelion salad garnished with raw carrot.

Bread for the Wedding

Eve is doing marvellously and her tiny room in the barn is snug and as homelike as a cabin in a ship. It is amazing how many can be accommodated for lunch. Peter, the Pro., Eve and Vic, and Catherine, Tamar, Celia and I. There is a crib at the head and the foot of the bed, and a big box has been turned into another crib, by the side of Catherine's, for three months'

old Margaret. Aside from the bed and cribs there is just room for a bench and table, two chests and the kitchen range which has a vast warming oven where even then eight loaves of bread were rising in their pans. (Eve contributed the bread for the wedding feast.)

Here in this haven of peace Eve's latest baby was born on a cold February night. They had tried twice to get to the hospital, five miles away, but both times it was too soon. Finally Margaret was born at home with the assistance of the father. Eve was sitting up next morning writing a letter to her mother.

This week they are moving into the upper farm house, first floor. The Pro and Peter are upstairs now. In addition to the care of her own two babies, Eve has the Montague youngest, as I mentioned before (Helen not being well) and feeding an extra guest all winter and now two or three. There are also a dozen chickens, half a dozen doe rabbits and young ones, five goats and three kids.

Tamar and I went up the hill to the highest alfalfa field to see the goats. It was a dusty gold



all over the Jersey fields, and far down below us the Delaware sparkled in the sun. It winds in a complete and sharp circle around our Catholic Worker hill-top farm.

After we came down the hill, we worked at housecleaning in the cabin, which Dave and Tamar are to occupy after their marriage.

Then suddenly in the midst of the bright sunny afternoon, while Helen and her four other babies, and Tamar and I were resting on a sunny bank—the bad news came.

Vic arrived to tell us that wild dogs had attacked all the goats after we left, killed one outright and fatally wounded three others, which he would have to kill. The scrawniest, poorest goat of the lot was left, with a little white buck kid, and the buck and doe of our best goat, only two weeks old. Tamar is nursing these two now, feeding them from milking bottles, and though the buck eats vigorously, the doe has

to be coaxed and forced into swallowing a few drops at a time.

I feel so badly for Vic and Eve. They have been taking care of all the goats for the last winter, going to an expense in feeding them, too, and now, just when they are productive, losing them. A good milk goat costs up to \$40. I've seen two goats advertised for \$50 lately in the Rural New Yorker. So aside from the loss of loved animals, it is a heavy loss all around. What with all the babies on the farm—there are seven under five years—it would be cheaper in the long run to have a good cow. But they cost a fortune these days, too.

Sometimes it seems to us that the Easton farm is productive only in misfortunes and sufferings, but we all love it. After all, from the supernatural point of view, suffering is of tremendous value. There the ground is being worked for the entire movement. We literally, time after time, water the earth with our tears.

A FARM IN IRELAND

It is good to sit down at such a time to read Father Duffy's new pamphlet, "A Farm in Ireland," which is the story of his boyhood and how his father and his neighbors managed in their little community to raise and educate a family on fifteen acres.

St. Thomas Aquinas said that "a certain amount of property is necessary for a man to lead a good life." St. Paul so emphasized the dignity of manual labor that though he pointed out that the laborer is worthy of his hire, still he labored among the Jews and Gentiles, working with his hands as a weaver and maker of tents, to earn his daily bread. Our dear Lord Himself spent thirty silent years in the home and workshop before He went out and taught for three years.

Father Duffy, who has lived and worked with us since 1937, off and on, is engrossed with the physical details of the good life. This pamphlet is about the land (though in the last half he discusses the situation of England and Ireland). It is about the family on the land, the parish in a farm community. We have been privileged to have Father Duffy with us, sharing our poverty on Mott street, eating there at St. Joseph's house, saying Mass down the street at Transfiguration Church, confronted daily with breadlines (even in war time, when the unemployables, the lame, the halt, the blind are forgotten) sharing his room with the sick and unfortunate, suffering the cold, the dirt, the confusion of the slums.

Many have asked us about Fr. Duffy, so I am glad to be able to point to this pamphlet, "A Farm in Ireland," which gives a brief sketch of his background.

Dorothy Day.

A FARM IN IRELAND

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

Price 35 Cents

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believe it. Neither would Dostoevsky and he had no mean imagination either.

To borrow Mr. Saroyan's phrase, we live among the beautiful people and the number is 115 Mott St., N. Y. 13, N. Y.

We could write about the moon, the clouds that sweep over us and the weather in general, but you have all those things in Dubuque, dear reader, so why write about them?

And, incidentally, a good policeman watches over our block like a good guardian angel and his name, thank Heavens, is Michael.

Forward to Middle Ages

By LIAM BROPHY, Ph. B.
(Louvain)

The Truce of God was one of the most successful efforts ever made by the Church to impose peace on the turbulent nations of Europe, and was the beginning of Papal arbitration, according to which the Supreme Pontiff intervened in individual cases of dispute between warring factions. The foundation of this Truce is to be found in the Council of Elne in the Roussillon (1027). Originally it prohibited battles to be fought from the ninth hour on Saturday till the first hour on the following Monday. In 1041 the number of days in which fighting was forbidden was increased. A four days armistice, from Wednesday evening till Monday morning, was proposed to the Bishops of Italy by the abbot of Cluny, the Archbishop of Arles, the Bishops of Nice and Avignon. To these four days the Council of Montrond added the period from Advent until after the Epiphany, from Septuagesima till the first Sunday after Easter. The Duke of Normandy later added three weeks—from the Rogation to the Octave of Pentecost. The Council of Narbonne, held in 1054 added other days of peace; feasts of Our Lady, of St. John the Baptist, the Apostles, St. Justin, St. Pastor, St. Lawrence, St. Michel, the Vigils and the September Quarter Tense.

"One in the Faith"

That the Church could impose such a beneficent law on the warlike society of Europe during those troubled days of the Middle Ages was due to the fact that Europe was then "one in the Faith." That marvellous unity has been described in the glowing pages of Chateaubriand in his *Genie du Christianisme*; Kenelm Digby has described it with enthusiasm in his neglected *Mores Catholici*, the non-Catholic Novalis has dwelt on it with nostalgic longing in his scholarly *Christenthum oder Europa*. It was a time when Bishops and princes animated by the Christian spirit could take practical steps for the abolition of war when Feudal society was still in the formative state. The Spiritual Head of such a society wielded an authority which was acknowledged and respected. He became the Arbiter of Christendom. The number of occasions in which he exercised this role of peace-maker is truly impressive, reaching its maximum in the period between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries.

Pope's Role

The great Pope, Innocent III affords an example of such beneficent intervention. He compelled the Kings of France and England with censure and interdict, to force them to make a truce. When Philip-Augustus violated the truce, the Pope obliged them to lay down arms. "We are obliged," said the Pontiff, "not only to preach peace to the sons of peace, we are in addition obliged to strive for peace and make it prevail." The same Pope delineated the limits of his authority in such matters in precise terms: "We have no intention of intervening in questions of sovereignty—which concerns the King—unless owing to some special privilege or some contrary custom, these be a departure from the common law; but we do mean to concern ourselves about sin, the condemnation of which is undoubtedly within our province, and we mean to exercise that right of censure against all without distinction of persons. (Migne. *Pat Latine* CCXV)

Fruits of Reformation

One of the first fruits of the Reformation was the disintegration of European society, and a disregard for ecclesiastical authority. The fruits of that revolt

have reached a sad maturity in our time in what Pope Benedict aptly called "the suicide of Europe." Europe must return to the Faith if she is to rediscover her unity and save her culture. It was the Catholic Church, saving what was best in the Greco-Roman culture, which moulded Europe. But it must be always borne in mind, as Maritain has so often insisted, that if our culture is Greco-Roman, our religion is not. The Church adopted and adapted that culture, but she is in no ways bound to it, nor would she be compromised in its collapse. "I do not despair of Europe," says the same versatile lay apologist. "The deep springs of her life are still there, concealed, but not dried up. But I do say that no purely human means—only the Church and the Faith—can make them gush forth again." (*The Things That Are Not Caesar's*)

Signs are not wanting that the war-weary world is looking to the Supreme Pontiff for guidance. In the chaos which will follow the present terrible conflict of nations men will turn in

War Brings Atrocities

By GORDON ZAHN

The recent expose of Japanese atrocities toward war prisoners illustrates anew the ability of the war-minded government to release news for effect rather than to give honestly and promptly each citizen his rightful information. Timed, as it seems, to coincide with the 4th War Bond drive (and quite probably to divert the public attention from the shenanigans prevalent in Stalinland), the syndicated publicity, the gushy sentimentality and the fervent avowals of drastic revenge remove practically all traces of sincere grief and reduce the sad news to a strictly-business basis. This is perhaps in itself as great an insult as could be offered to the dead.

But that, mind you, is an opinion that must be read cautiously, for it is an opinion from one who has taken a peculiar position on this war for democracy and all the other wonderful things it is being fought for. I am writing as a pacifist—in fact, a Catholic pacifist. And being a member of a small minority, my views are colored by the detachment so easily assumed by one who observes events from the ivory tower to which he betakes himself (or, to be more accurate, to which he is usually pushed by the "tolerant" and "democratic" majority that wants none of him or his opinions.)

Bestiality

Still, we have these opinions; we must have them. This same majority that files us away under miscellaneous forces us to have them by their triumphal questionings, be they spoken or not, whenever some new evidence of the bestiality of the enemy is made evident. Word, look and action sooner or later combine in the ever-present question: "Well, they slaughtered war prisoners (or they bombed Coventry, or sank a hospital ship, or eventually—they used gas). Now what do you think about fighting these beasts that sometimes walk like a man?"—to use the calm, poetic phrase coined, as one would expect, by the calm, poetic publication, *Time*. "What have you, you pacifist that talks about Christianity and brotherly love, what have you to say about these barbarians now?"

This time the answer is easy. I do not look for many conversions away from pacifism because of the alleged atrocities. For pacifists expect them—they expect them as the natural expression of the one, over-all atrocity called war.

Horrible as were the reports—

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

Mark Twain said that if your opponent bested you in an argument, don't be discouraged, you could always call him names.

Which story reminds us of the way our American press in general has greeted the PEACE NOW movement. Everyone claims to be for peace, but when you put the word "now" after the word "peace," what a commotion you start!

We asked Dr. Hartmann, leader of the PEACE NOW movement, if he would care to write an article for our paper, giving the views of the movement or if he would answer the attack contained in a recent article in THE AMERICAN MERCURY. On this page we give his reply to this latest attack.

frenzy and desperation in search of stable certainties and spiritual support, and discover them, we may hope, in the unshaken Rock of Peter. But only when Europe has returned to vital Christianity and accepts the Pontiff again as Supreme Arbiter may she hopefully plan those things which are for her enduring peace.

In this article I shall assume the unlikely, that the reports were honest and in no way elaborated upon—the emphasis is misplaced. Maltreatment of prisoners, civilian pogroms, all such actions are but phases of this one super-atrocity against humanity. The fact that anyone, be he foe or ally, could commit such crimes is an indictment against us all for permitting war to exist.

Not Surprising

General MacArthur did the American public a great injustice when he warned the returning heroes of Bataan that "they'll never believe you." I cannot speak for the millions of bond-buying, defense-working or fighting Americans—although I can scarcely imagine them doubting anything they read in the newspapers. But as far as the pacifist element goes, I would say with confidence that the stories are accepted as true (even though some eyebrows may be lifted, ever so slightly, over some of the more lurid details). I know that I, for one, find it just as easy to believe that war prisoners have been mistreated as I do to believe that there is such a thing as area-bombing with its destruction of civilian homes and lives. Of course, when it comes to accepting the designation of the one as "barbarism" and the other as a legitimate action of a civilized nation, I falter just a bit—even though I realize that our dastardly enemy might possibly be emulating those patriotic Americans who have installed machine-shops in their garages or in the basements of their homes.

Total War

I think the whole thing hinges on this business of "total war." To me either everything goes or nothing goes—either total war or total peace. I have chosen total peace; therefore, my main occupation during my long day in my ivory tower is to feel very sad and ashamed of humanity when I hear of the Japanese killing prisoners, or when I hear, as I have from thoroughly American sources, of American commanding officers ordering their men to take no prisoners. I feel sad and ashamed over the whole thing; and in my more bitter moments I can see why it took a God-man to say "forgive them...they know not what they do."

But these advocates of total war for total victory to make possible a total peace (maintained by a large police force to protect it and an economic ar-

The Peace Now Movement Vs. Sadistic Journalism

By GEORGE W. HARTMANN,

Chairman The Peace Now Movement, 767 Lexington Ave., New York

Respect for the simple and solid virtues of truth and kindness does not flourish in an atmosphere of strong fears and hates such as war involves. Knowledge of this is one reason why war is fundamentally incompatible with the moral life. But unless we have directly observed unkindness and untruthfulness rewarded while persons motivated by decent impulses are held up to public ridicule and scorn, we are disposed to believe what we read in print, especially if it is repeated over and over.

These remarks are called forth by a perusal of a breezy account of the Peace Now Movement, which I have the honor to chair, in the May-number of the *American Mercury*. One would assume that a periodical edited by men of liberal professions would think twice before accepting an article so cruelly maligning generous individuals, and that the two veteran journalists who composed it would be restrained by some regard for the personalities who have literally sacrificed themselves for the well-being of their fellows.

It happens to be true that one of the early employees of the Peace Now Movement, a young man named John Collett, whose father was a personal friend of the King of Norway and who came highly recommended by the American Minister to that country, was arrested and fined for indiscreetly looking into the windows of a Cincinnati sorority house last September. Of course, his service to the organization ceased immediately. His former associates recognized this as a case of loss of control or temporary disintegration due to prolonged physical and emotional strain, and in as friendly a way as possible sought his rehabilitation by clinical treatment. His collapse was as much a casualty in the cause of peace activity as the high ratio of neuropsychiatric disorders among returned soldiers represents victims of the "war effort." Ordinary sympathy underlies the therapeutic efforts needed in both cases.

Was this how the more wolfish sectors of the American press

dealt with the situation? Not at all. They seized upon it as proof positive that the Peace Now idea itself was the creation of an unbalanced mind—as though sanity manifests itself most acceptably by clamoring for the continued slaughter of one's fellows!

A similar cruelty appears in the references to Miss Bessie Simon, whose service as office secretary for a pittance and whose contribution from her own savings to operating expenses are viewed as marks of "goofiness" instead of honest devotion to a commendable cause. To these writers, St. Francis would also be "goofy."

Accompanying this contemptuous depreciation of other people goes a persistent tendency to interpret everything in the worst possible light, regardless of factual accuracy. Thus a carbon copy of a tentative or proposed (but never adopted or circulated) Letter to the President which the Dies Committee Report misunderstood is asserted to have been sent to our entire mailing list, whereas the actual Letter which has been distributed to at least 10,000 people is improperly summarized and considered amusing because it suggests that Mr. Roosevelt might consult with the Pope in arranging for an early peace!

The ludicrous charge that "pro-fascists," "saboteurs," "Coughlinites," "Christian Fronters" or other unsavory characters masquerade behind Peace Now is repeated by the authors ad nauseam along with the boner about some prominent woman who is reported as both a pacifist and an anti-Semite, not realizing that these two antithetical attitudes cannot dwell together in the same tenement of clay.

Not having been able to argue or to smear the Peace Now Movement out of existence, the new press line seems to be: "try to laugh it to death." A century ago the advocates of slavery tried to do that with the Abolitionists. History records plainly how successful they were in that endeavor.

range that we and our friends—speaking as nations—have found very pleasant) annoy me with their sackcloth and ashes and great wailings. There can be no doubt in the mind of any honest person that if ever the Allied cause faces an emergency dire enough, no act of ours could be beyond rationalization. That is the meaning of "total war," and anyone from Winston Churchill down to Franklin Roosevelt, and his subjects know it.

Stupidity

They should also know that it is stupid to prate about "Geneva conventions," "international law" or such-and-such a "covenant" when as creatures of God we have been unable to respect and keep the covenant given to Moses and confirmed by the conventions established by Christ in His Sermon on the Mount. If Divine Law has no effect on the actions of man, the law established by the most binding of treaties and upheld by the strongest world police force will be worthless. For when man lowers his nature to the level of the beast, he cannot be expected to keep within the limits established by some beautifully worded articles of international conduct.

Hate and More Hate

So it all boils down to this: If our "enemy" has committed all the crimes of which he is charged while our forces have conducted themselves in a thoroughly Christian manner, even praying

for their adversary as the trigger is pressed (both assumptions, I repeat, being very unlikely), it is only because the enemy has developed a purer hate than ours. To remedy this situation the united forces of the Army, Navy and OWI propaganda mills are grinding away at full speed; our leading politicians have come forth with statesmanlike proposals for the extermination of the Japanese; our intellectuals call for blood; and the cry for vengeance has even found its way to Christian pulpits.

Just give the boys time, and Americans will learn to hate just as well as does our "barbaric" foe. After all, it takes some effort to free man from these ideals of "brotherhood," "humanity," "Christianity"—name them what you will—and return him to the tooth-and-claw stage of civilization.

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FAITH IN ISRAEL

The following sermon was given in St. Leo's Church, New York City, on the occasion of the Church Unity Octave, January, 1944.

By Rev. John M. Oesterricher

THE other day I was speaking with a Jewish convert, a penitent of mine. In former days she lived very near my parish in Vienna, yet we never met. She was complaining to me of not having had any spiritual help toward the Faith at that time. Whereupon, I lightly berated her: "This was all your fault for not having come to see me!" But she replied: "Perhaps it was your fault, Father, that you did not pray enough for the Jews!" And I am afraid she was right.

But do we not all deserve this reproach? The Church, being the house of prayer, intercedes for the Jews with continual love. She is, as Father Vincent McNabb said, One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Prayerful. So should her members be. As she is the house of prayer, our hearts should be cells of prayer. Yet, instead of praying for the Jews, we often blame them for not seeing the light of Christ. We cannot understand how they can do without Him. Yet is not our attitude toward the Jews a certain doing without Him? Are we not often blind ourselves to His love for them?

A burning zeal for Israel runs through the whole life of Christ. When still a boy, He left His parents for a while to be with His people. Having seen the multitude in the Temple athirst for salvation, He stayed there to teach the sages of the One Who was to come and already stood among them, though they knew it not. When they plied Him with further questions about the Messias, He could take the prophecies from the Scriptures and develop them in glowing terms. Still so young, He was impatient to open His heart to His people.

But when in later years He saw again the glory of the Temple, He wept. Here He had prayed with the congregation of Israel; here He had preached the kingdom of His love; yet not one stone of it would remain upon another, and His people would be scattered, too. Since so many refused the peace He offered, they would be dispersed over the face of the earth.

Agonizing Distress

So agonizing was this distress that it pressed His blood from every pore as He prayed in the Garden. It was one of the many agonies of that hour, that the people out of whom He was born, for whom He gave Himself, would have to live on without Him. Bowed to the earth by the guilt of Israel and of all mankind, our Lord was still not without consolation, and I venture to think that the comfort the angel brought to Him under the olive tree was Israel's final return. For so many centuries separated from Him, they will eventually be drawn to Him with eager hearts.

And Mary, His Mother, one with His desire for Israel, prays: "They have no wine!" She sees their need of Him Who is their vigor and their joy, without Whom they faint. They do not think of asking Him for this good wine, but she intervenes on their behalf, so that one day they may take the drink, together with all the faithful.

We, too, like Mary, should be one in desire with Christ for Israel's home-coming. We should intercede with her that the great rift which cut asunder the old people of God from the New Israel—that is, the Church—may be healed. Unless we be deeply anxious to see them reintegrated

into the one fold, we have not the spirit of Christ.

In order to be thus eager in our prayer for the Jews, we must see them with the eyes of faith. Too many look upon them in a superficial manner, because of unpleasant experiences or hostile gossip. We must, however, not forget the blessings God bestowed upon them—the blessings which are also graces for us.

Jews Possess the Patriarchs

To the Jews belong the Patriarchs: Abraham, who obeyed God's call with alacrity and became the father of all the faithful; Isaac, the patient victim, prototype of Christ; and Jacob, who desired God's grace with all his heart and wrestled for it with all his might. To the Jews belong Moses, the Lawgiver; David, the Royal Singer; Samuel and Solomon and the Prophets.

It is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob we adore. The Ten Commandments given to Israel are the framework of our moral life. The beautiful liturgy of the Temple is the pattern of our worship. We borrow David's psalms for our praise. The promises, made through the mouth of the prophets and repeated by the Church in her two great cycles of the year, fire our hearts with longing for Christ.

How great is our debt to Israel, yet all this is but a small part of its legacy to us! In Israel, the Word was made Flesh. He, the Image of the Father and the Salvation of the World, was born a Child of Abraham and a Son of David. This alone is reason enough for a Christian to love the Jews in a sublime manner and to pray for them unwearyingly. But they have also given to mankind St. John the Baptist, the man who had no self but in Christ; St. Joseph, the silent and diligent guardian of our Lord; and Mary, the singular wonder of grace, who, by her fiat, opened the earth to God. Israelites, too, were St. Peter, the Rock of the Church; St. Paul, the wildfire of the spirit, which no power on earth could quench; and the other Apostles, "whose sound hath gone forth into all the earth, and whose words unto the ends of the world." But for them, would we have known Christ? Without their preaching, we might still be in darkness. We cannot be truly grateful to God unless we are also thankful to the Saints of Israel, who were His instruments. And how better can we show this gratitude than by a genuine interest in the spiritual welfare of the Jews, by making their plight our deep concern.

Christians, Be Silent

Looking at them with the eyes of faith, however, we cannot ignore their guilt. Indeed, as they are the people of the greatest saints, so they are also the people of great sinners. That their leaders condemned Christ to death and that the majority of them refused Him was certainly the most grievous sin. As contrasted with their graces, it is as serious as Adam's fall. Yet, if we compare it to the record of Christian nations, I think we must be silent. And after all, did not our sins also crucify the dear Lord? But even if we were innocent, would we have the right to accuse them? Never! Israel's guilt is only another urge to our love—to that charity which covers a multitude of sins. At the Consecration of High Mass, the Religious of Our Lady of Zion chant the unequalled words of divine mercy: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

(To be continued next month)

Our First Year

By DAVID M.

THE crowds in Union Square stopped to gaze on May 1 not only at the massed parades, blaring bands and various red banners, but also at the caption, *The Catholic Worker*, being displayed and distributed everywhere. Communists, who make soapbox speeches, were frankly shocked at its appearance, refusing as it did their claim that the Church is interested only in squeezing money from the people to send to Rome. Even more surprising to them was the revelation that Catholicism has a definite social program to aid the worker.

So wrote Joe Bennett, telling the story of the first public appearance of the CATHOLIC WORKER on May Day, 1933. His story was written for the second issue. We do not have a copy of that first one. The bound volume which is our passport to the past begins with the second issue and continues through April, 1938.

There must be, somewhere, a copy of that May, 1933, paper; one at least of the edition of 2,500 copies surely has survived, but I don't know where it is. That is regrettable, for I would like to begin this comparison of the CATHOLIC WORKER's first and tenth years at the very beginning.

Yesterday's Leaves

There are many requests from students who need material for essays about the Catholic Worker, and I am afraid we don't succeed in serving them very well. That is not due to any reluctance, but solely to our inability to devote the time to it, under present conditions. I wish they could all be here, looking over my shoulder as I leaf through those early issues, for that is where the material is to be found.

They would see a smaller paper than we publish today. The first five issues had 9x12-inch pages. The number of pages was increased from eight to twelve in September, then dropped to ten in October. They are pages packed with interest.

That was a year darkened by the heaviest clouds of depression, as this one is blackened by war clouds. Depression conditions are reflected on every page of the paper. The farm revolt in the Middle West is described and its causes are analyzed in the June issue. There is a story on the Klan revival in the South, attributed to the Scottsboro case, showing the interest of the editors in interracial justice from the very beginning. That this interest has continued undiminished is demonstrated by our first-page story in June, 1943, just ten years later, on the Detroit riots. That story said, in part: "The discrimination against the Negro in housing, employment, as well as in the armed forces has been widespread and has continued through their slavery, through their freedom (brought about by the use of force) down to the present day. We must say with shame that discrimination in religion has been just as widespread. As St. Paul and St. Peter both said, 'the just will be judged first.' The just (in other words, the Christian), instead of exemplifying Christian charity and love, in their own meekness, have certainly converted the Negro by their example, not to the Christian virtues of love and peace, but to war and retaliation."

Familiar Finances

Regarding finances, an editorial headed "Progress" in that June, 1933, issue, states: "During the past month friends and well-wishers have sent in \$156.50, which has been spent for rent for the office at 436 East 15th street, for moving, for printing, mailing, telephoning, carfare, stationery and the paying of a stipend and the room-rent for two weeks of two unemployed men who have been homeless for some time and who are now selling the CATHOLIC WORKER through the city. There is not quite enough money left at the present writing to pay the next printing bill. . . ." And over the span of a decade I nod in sympathy, for our bank statement for April, 1944, which I have been checking today, shows a balance of just two dollars less than the sum mentioned in the editorial, or \$154.50. There are checks outstanding amounting to \$151.57, so we have an actual balance of \$2.97. These ten years have not witnessed the growth of the CATHOLIC WORKER into a financial institution.

It is not possible to review in detail all the material published in the paper during that first year; I can only touch on the highlights. Outstanding, of course, are Peter's "Easy Essays," which have always appeared on page one. Through the years the unswerving consistency and inexhaustible vitality of his ideas have been demonstrated in them.

Peter's Plea

Peter had been agitating for years on the subject of Houses of Hospitality, and the first page of the October, 1933, issue is devoted to his statement "To the Bishops of the U. S.: A Plea for Houses of Hospitality." This was an address originally delivered by Peter to the unemployed at a meeting held at the Manhattan Lyceum, and was printed in order that it might be sent to all the Bishops and Archbishops meeting at the National Conference of Catholic Charities in New York those first days of October, 1933.

"Where can Catholic women go who through no fault of their own are on the streets and subject to hardships and temptations unspeakable?" That question is asked by a woman described

in the November issue as "unemployed." She is staying for the present at the Salvatorian House, 100 West 12th Street. "I read Peter Maurin's letter to the Bishops of the U. S. about the Houses of Hospitality, and I thought of the women who are without shelter, open to them." That woman's plea was answered by many of her sisters, and we have since then had a room for a while, in a tenement it had to be closed because there were no more women to accept the responsibility of directing it. We could find a woman for the job if we had a tutorial basis and had salaries to maintain the ideal of voluntary poverty. We wait until St. Francis and St. Joseph come.

Circulation increased phenomenally in November, 1933, necessitating a change of format. I started to calculate what that rate of increase had continued to be. Today we print 50,000 copies a month, 1,000 of them left for possible reorders. Anti-Semitism is condemned in a

Give Freely to



Do not yourself decide who is worthy. It may happen to be quite mistaken in your judgment through ignorance it is better to give than by being on your guard against the virtuous at all. For by being niggardly you will deserve the benefit and who will select some who are beloved by God, the punishment by fire. But by giving freely you are absolutely certain to find one of them with God. Therefore, judge not, that what measure you mete, it shall be measured to you. —From "The Rich Man and the Poor Man" of Alexandria.

Country

There certainly will come a day
As men become simple and
wise,
When schools will put their books
away
Till they train the hands and
the eyes;
Then the school from its heart
will say
In love of the winds and the
skies:

I teach
The earth and soil
To them that toil,
The hill and fen
To common men
That live just here;
The plants that grow,
The winds that blow,
The streams that run

URE— —CULTIVATION—

and Our Tenth

IASON

employed and homeless, who is at the Army Shelter on 22nd Street to the Bishops asking for help of all the Catholic girls and and no Catholic institution idea is being echoed today by no women's house for them. Movement on Bayard Street, but there was no woman who would do it. I do not doubt that we have worked on the usual insti-offer, but as we are trying to poverty in our work we must ph decide to send us someone. ally to 20,000 copies by No-ge to the present tabloid for- ne circulation would be today ued, but I ran out of mathe- pies a month, and have about ders.

a boxed statement on page 1

All in Need



thy and who unworthy, for you your opinion; so that when in do good even to the unworthy the less good not to light upon ardly and by pretending to test will not, you may possibly neg- the penalty for which is eternal ely to all in turn who need, you ose who have power to save you t you may not be judged; with measured to you again. Good together, running over, shall be Man's Salvation," by St. Clement

School

a rain and sun
Throughout the year;
the shop and mart
the craft and art,
the men today
the part they play
In humble sphere;
and then I lead
bro' wood and mead
y bench and rod
at unto God,
With love and cheer,
I teach!

From the front of Agriculture-chemistry Book used at Farm- ingdale, N. Y., State Institute of Agriculture.

Used by permission of the au- thor, L. H. Bailey.

of that November paper, headed simply "Germany." "The Catholic Worker," it says, "protests against persecution of Jews by Hitler, as it protests the persecution of Jews and Negroes in the United States."

The Dispossessed

There was much preoccupation in those days with the plight of the dispossessed, those unfortunate dwellers in the city slums who were unable to pay the rent of even the miserable tenements which were their homes. "Early on the morning of August 10," begins a story headed "Neighborhood Council in Action," "Dorothy Weston, Begonia Jiminez and I went over to Mrs. N's house to see about her moving. The Marshal was due to come at 10 and put her on the street, and she didn't want her belongings exposed to the neighborhood. The unemployed Council (Communist) is interested in making demonstrations and shows up only when the furniture is on the street, so we were trying to be the first on the scene... Mrs. N. makes her living by collecting rags and iron from ash cans and selling them. She used to be a janitress and received an apartment in return for cleaning and taking care of two houses further down on the east side. But she lost her job, and she is now sixty-two years old, and there is no chance of her finding anything else."

The job of moving her few belongings was soon completed by the two boys, and the story concludes, "Mrs. N. had been transferred from one apartment to another with decency and dispatch. For another month at least she can live without a harsh agent forever at the door, bulldozing and threatening her with the streets." There were many such cases, not all of them so easy to take care of. "And the saddest part of the whole tale," says an article on "Housing," is that people cannot live in peace even in the slums without the fear of eviction hanging over their heads."

Ade and Teresa, Artists

The first drawings by Ade Bethune appeared in the March, 1934, issue. The now familiar one of St. Joseph at his bench appeared on the editorial page that month. There is a drawing of Joseph and Mary being turned away from the inn. On the same page is one lettered "Our Lady, Mother of those who suffer," and the third is the first of a series of the Corporal Works of Mercy, entitled "Harbor the Harborless." The same issue saw the birth of "Our Children's Corner." This department was headed by a drawing made by Dorothy Day's daughter, Teresa (Tamar), so the two young ladies made their artistic debuts in the same issue. It seems to me that one of them has not kept pace with the other in that line of endeavor.

Teresa received considerable notice in the leading editorial of that month. She was then approaching her eighth birthday. Three contributions had been received totaling a little more than \$100. "Freddy and Teresa helped count the money in the cash box, which had been empty for quite a few days."

"The Catholic Worker is rich," Teresa kept chortling, forgetting her theory that it is bourgeoisie to be rich. She immediately wanted to misappropriate some of the funds.

"My birthday is this month—St. Joseph's month," she said, "and I am going to think of all the things I want St. Joseph to ask God to send me." And she ruminated about a baby goat, a sheep, a pet hen and a few other things which she thought would contribute to her happiness."

And now, in this month of May, 1944, Teresa has a goat, and a husband, too. (See her mother's story in this issue for further details.)

Last week we heard from a young man who was active in the Catholic Worker in its earliest days. His name is Anthony Ullo, and there is a story about him in the November, 1933, issue which tells how he and Joe Calderon spoke and sold the paper two days a week, at lunch time, at the corner of Broad and Wall Streets. All went well for a while, but then Joe was fired from his job on the Stock Exchange on trumped-up charges. On October 26 Anthony Ullo was checked in the middle of his speech by a police sergeant, who told him that due to complaints of the Bankers Trust Company and others a new ruling had been made that there were to be no more talks on economic or social subjects at that corner.

A Birthday Gift From Mary

Anthony Ullo is now active in the Italian-American movement to combat Communist control of Italy, which is following the leadership of the great exiled priest, Don Luigi Sturzo. Father Sturzo, now living in Brooklyn, will soon celebrate his golden jubilee as a priest, and Anthony is treasurer of the committee for that observance. The committee asked for our help in mailing its appeal for funds, which we were happy to give. So last night, as if by a miracle, our office was crowded with a happy, singing group of young people, just as it used to be in the days before the war took most of our youthful helpers away. It was the night of the first day of Mary's month, May Day, and it seemed to me, as I watched and listened to them, that Mary had indeed sent them as a special gift to us, as a token that she still smiles on us, eleven years after the first issue of the Catholic Worker was published.

ROGATION DAYS

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

ON the day before the feast of the Ascension, my father, when I was a boy, usually went to Mass in the village church about a mile from our home. He brought back with him a bottle of holy water. After he had his breakfast, he took the holy water with him, and made a tour of the farm.

The crops, at that time of year, had all been planted. He believed, however, that the growth, protection and abundance of them were things which God could, and would take care of, especially if the care of them were expressly entrusted to Him. It was because of that belief, or faith, and trust in God that he went from field to field sprinkling in each some of the holy water, and accompanying his act with a silent prayer of his own which ended with a vocal repetition of the invocation: "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

The animals on the farm were later blessed in the same manner. Incidentally, at their birth, or when they were sick, when he took them to fair or market for sale, or when he or other members of the family went on a journey, or left the home, he invoked upon them, through a similar ritual, the blessing and protection of God.

Traditional Customs

In doing all this, he was following out and adhering to an old traditional custom which, with others akin to it, was common not only in Ireland but in other European countries before the days when modern "progress" and modern "science" succeeded in converting peoples' faith and trust in God into faith and trust in the findings and directions of "scientific" men whose "science" has now succeeded in playing havoc with the health of the people and of the land. Their idea of a cure for the things caused by their science is more "scientific" dope to which are attached high sounding labels that are intended to impress people, not only as to the efficacy of these wares, but also as to the omnipotence and omnipresence of their makers.

Days of Prayer

The eve of the feast of the Ascension, which occurs this year on May 18, is one of the three minor Rogation Days which precede the feast. They are days of prayer, and formerly of fasting, instituted by the Church to appease God's anger at man's transgressions, to ask protection in calamities, and to obtain a bountiful harvest. Before the Reformation, and even since it, in some parts, they were known in England as Cross Week, and also as Gang Days. Gang is an old Danish word meaning "a-going." The "a-going" had to do with processions, led by the Cross, through city streets and country ways. The crops and homes were blessed by the priest during these processions. The celebrations continued in England until the thirteenth years of Elizabeth's reign, 1571.

The minor Rogation days "were most likely first introduced by St. Mamertus, Bishop of Vienne, France, who died about 475 A.D. Repeated visitations of the plague, droughts, earthquakes, fires, and wild beasts were causing havoc in his diocese. To supplicate Heaven's aid, he ordered prayers, or rogations, sanctified by fasting and accompanied by a solemn procession. Those minor Rogations were afterwards enjoined by the fifth council of Orleans in 511, and approved by Leo III." (The Liturgical Year.)

tions, sanctified by fasting and accompanied by a solemn procession. Those minor Rogations were afterwards enjoined by the fifth council of Orleans in 511, and approved by Leo III." (The Liturgical Year.)

Modern "Progress"

To most Catholics today the Rogation Days mean nothing. In the days of faith when people were in trouble, or to avert trouble, they turned to God for relief and protection. He usually answered their prayers which were a confession of His omnipotence and omniscience and of their dependence upon Him. He was their Father; they were His trusting, even if at times erring, children. Today the faith and trust has gone elsewhere, and the world is in chaos as a result. It will remain that way, and get worse, until people return to God. He will do nothing for us, except permit us to be scourged still more, until we go to Him on our knees, acknowledge Him as our Father and our only true protector, and ask for His help. He has always let people who abandoned Him stew in the bitter juice of their own making until they came back, humble and penitent, to Him. The Old Testament stresses this fact again and again.

Necessity and Power of Prayer

The Epistle of the Mass on Rogation Days reminds us of the prayer of Elias asking God to withhold rain in punishment and afterwards to grant it, so that the earth might bear fruit. The Gospel contains the story of the importunate man asking his friend for loaves in the middle of the night. "Trouble me not," said the man aroused from his sleep, "the door is now shut, and my children are with me in bed; I cannot rise and give thee. Yet," says Our Lord, "if he shall continue knocking, I say to you, although he will not rise and give him because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needs." Our Lord then drives home the lesson of the power of prayer, importunate and repeated that does not take no for a first answer. "And I say to you, Ask and it shall be given to you; seek and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you." (Luke v.)

A Barren World

In olden days our ancestors took these things, Rogation Days, their implication and lessons seriously. They were not perfect, but they had much more peace and real happiness than we have today. Modern wisecracks may scoff at their so-called "superstitions," which were in reality their simple ways of expressing their belief and trust in God, but the new "superstitions" of the wisecracks have given us, their descendants, a very sick, confused, chaotic, and a spiritually and culturally barren world.

The Trappists have a wonderful rule. It is called the rule of simplicity. Whenever anything in their monasteries sins against simplicity, out it goes. An appointed visitor passes the judgment. He goes from monastery to monastery. It may even be a beautiful and expensive altar that has to go, one built by some abbot in an excess of zeal. Nevertheless, out it goes.

And by this drastic pruning, the Trappists claim they have helped to keep their order from getting too many material things and becoming slack in their spiritual lives.

Bishops' Plan For Labor

By HELEN HAYE

For the past several months whenever Msgr. John A. Ryan has been called upon to address a group, such as the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems in Chicago, or the more recent meeting in Brooklyn, he has pounded away at the same point: the timeliness of the Bishops' Program of Social Reconstruction issued twenty-five years ago. On this anniversary it behooves us all to re-examine the aims laid down by the Bishops, to take an accounting of how far we have come toward their realization, and to survey the road that is yet to be traveled.

Ignored during the reactionary period of "normalcy" after the last war, the goals have been approached only during the last ten years. The problem that will face us when peace comes is one of holding fast to the gains which have been made and of continuing the momentum of our forward movement rather than slipping back into the same old slough of materialism.

The Plan

Here are the eleven points proposed by the Program, with some blanks to be filled in for complete accomplishment:

1. Minimum wage legislation for all wage earners in all industries, not just in interstate commerce (valid under the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution).
2. Insurance against unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age, covering all categories (agricultural laborers, domestic servants and some others now excluded), permitting organized groups to handle health insurance when they can guarantee benefits as full as the public provisions.
3. Sixteen-year minimum age limit for working children, not just in industries engaged in interstate commerce.
4. Legal enforcement of the right of labor to organize. (Largely realized through the National Labor Relations Act.)
5. Continuation of the National War Labor Board to deal with industrial disputes.
6. National employment service.
7. Public housing for the working class.
8. No general reduction of wartime wages, this to maintain high purchasing power in the hands of the masses.
9. Prevention of excessive profits and incomes, through regulation of the rates charged by public utilities to allow the owners only a fair return on their actual investment, and progressive taxes on incomes, inheritances, and excess profits.
10. Effective control of monopolies, even through government competition if that should prove necessary, along the lines of the Tennessee Valley Authority.
11. Participation of labor in management and a wider distribution of ownership. This salient point is the one toward which least has been done, and one which should open up a whole new world of industrial relations if properly set up. As it is, "less than 1% of all American corporate stockholders are the beneficiaries of one-half of all the dividends paid in this country"; yet Pope Leo XIII long ago emphasized the state's duty to "multiply property owners." It is along these lines that our greatest work is yet to be done.

Although many regarded the Bishops' Program as too radical when it appeared, yet Msgr. Ryan says "the Bishops and the clergy regarded the program as a moderate application of Catholic moral principles to social and industrial life." And they are concrete applications, which any worker can understand in theory and recognize in accomplishment.

In these days when every newspaper and every leaflet and every radio commentator offers a plan for the world after the war, we may well move to clean up the old business first, Mr. Chairman. We have a point—eleven points—calling for thought, discussion, and legislation. They deserve your attention and your prayers.

A Few Vignettes

(Continued from page 1)

"certainly not, the men would only use the leave to go to the brothels."

He and Jerry Griffin and Joe Zarrella, the last two of the New York Catholic Worker group, were together in a unit. This helped in keeping up their spirits.

"You may have the answers," said Lou, "but I haven't."

We had stopped for a soft drink at a corner stand, just off the Bowery. We laid down our folder with its bulge of letters on the stand. A rather seedy looking man eyed it and said: "I see you are an artist. I hope you are a good artist."

"No," we replied, "we edit a paper."

"So," he said, "I was an editor once myself in a kind of way." He mentioned the name of a famous magazine.

We talked about the magazine and he asked us for the money for a night's lodging. We gave it to him and then he asked: "What is the name of your paper?"

"The Catholic Worker," we replied.

He looked at us sharply, though a trifle bewildered for a time and said: "My God, your editor, Dorothy Day, Eugene O'Neil and myself and another used to drink beer together in such and such a restaurant in

1915." We think he called the "other" Van Loon.

He turned his head away, shaking and walked down Park Row.

When this paper reaches you, the invasion of Europe may be on. We hope not but the dailies tell us that the high tides which come with the new moon may decide the time.

The moon is blamed for a lot of things. When it is full, wolves howl and horses get sick and dogs bay and disturbed people become more disturbed.

In those hours too sex sweeps in on the world and birth of children is prepared for by nature.

Looking at the moon, we often think of what the Church thinks of it. She sees in it the symbol of the Blessed Mother. Fair as the moon. And so we say a prayer to her that she stop, if it be the will of God, this mad invasion and insane slaughter.

A PLEA

Literature is being sent to German war prisoners by the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo. The Sisters publish a monthly magazine, *Tabernacle and Purgatory* (English and German) which, with other Catholic literature in German and English, they are sending or will send to war prisoners. They welcome voluntary offerings for that purpose.

EASY ESSAYS

(Continued from page 1)

3. The Common Good starts with I, not with they.
4. I don't need to be crazy the way they are crazy. I can be crazy in my own crazy way.
5. One I and one I make two I's and two I's make We, for We is the plural of I.
6. We is a community. "They" is a crowd; "They" is a mob; "They" is a gang.

III. What Makes Man Human

1. To give and not to take—that is what makes man human.
2. To serve and not to rule—that is what makes man human.
3. To help and not to crush—that is what makes man human.
4. To nourish and not to devour—that is what makes man human.
5. Ideals and not deals—that is what makes man human.
6. Creed and not greed—that is what makes man human.

IV. Jewish Jubilee

1. The Jews had a way to solve their financial problems.
2. Every fiftieth year debts were remitted, land went back to the owners, slaves were set free.
3. The Jews did that because they believed that God created the world.
4. The Jews believed in the Fatherhood of God as well as the Brotherhood of Man, for God wants us "to be our brother's keeper."

V. Let the Jews Be Jews

Ludwig Lewisohn says:

1. Nowhere in the world have the Jews made the effort they did in Germany to become assimilated.
3. They ceased to be Jews and were merely Germans.
3. What did it profit them?
4. And what does it profit anyone at anytime, to be just a second rate imitation of the real thing?
5. Let the Jews be Jews which is perfectly compatible with being as good Americans as the best,
6. By so doing they will command respect.

VI. For Christ's Sake

1. The First Christians were real Christians.
2. They died for their faith.
3. Before dying for Christ's sake the First Christians fed the hungry for Christ's sake; clothed the naked for Christ's sake; sheltered the homeless for Christ's sake; instructed the ignorant for Christ's sake.
4. And because they did all those things for Christ's sake, their Pagan contemporaries said about them, "See how they love each other."
5. The First Christians

Chicago Unit

1200 Belden Avenue,
Chicago, 14, Ill.
May 1, 1944.

Dear Editor.

I'll try to give you an account of happenings here at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital Civilian Public Service Unit since I last wrote, although I must confess that I may not be able to remember some of them accurately.

John Groel, one of the first men to occupy the original A.C. C.O. camp at Stoddard, N. H., was finally chosen to do relief work in the C.P.S. unit at Castaner, Puerto Rico. He had been trying to get into such work since he entered Civilian Public Service. His fluent knowledge of the Spanish language, as well as the experience he acquired in nursing and X-Ray technique while here in Chicago, were factors which aided him in securing this appointment. From the first letters he has written it is apparent that he is highly satisfied with his work and highly interested in the situation in Puerto Rico.

With each new ruling of Selective Service on the draft situation, the manpower situation here at the hospital becomes a little tighter. The crisis will probably occur about September, and Brother Hugh, superintendent, has requested more C.P.S. men to fill the gaps in his personnel system.

The men themselves feel that the work is highly significant. They are helping the unfortunate, the sick, those who are in need of nursing care. If the C. P. S. unit were not here, the hospital could not operate to capacity, as it is now, and would have to turn over a hundred patients away each month for lack of room and nurses.

Last month the C. P. S. unit was given a special room in the section where the men are housed for a reading room and library. Several shelves of books and periodicals, some donated by the men of the unit, others purchased from the education funds of the relief training group, and still others donated by kind friends who answered an appeal in the *Catholic Worker* several months ago, as well as many pamphlets on religious and timely subjects provide a wide variety of reading matter for the men in their off-duty moments.

In March Jim Rogan, who in the past helped manage the Catholic Worker House in Baltimore, Maryland, and also St. Joseph's house on Webster avenue here in Chicago, arranged with a priest on the west side of the city to hold a day of recollection, inviting the men of this unit to join the members of the parish social workers' group. Although the weather was bad, several members of the unit made the trip, and were well satisfied with the results.

Sincerely in Christ,
Richard A. Lion.

Assistant Director C. P. S. Unit
No. 26.

did everything
for Christ's sake
and nothing
for business' sake.

VII. Books to Read

1. A Guildsman's Interpretation of History by Arthur Pentty.
2. Post-Industrialism by Arthur Pentty.
3. Christianity and Class War by Nicholas Berdyaev.
4. The Bourgeois Mind by Nicholas Berdyaev.
5. The Outline of Sanity by G. K. Chesterton.
6. Work and Leisure by Eric Gill.
7. Freedom in the Modern World by Jacques Maritain.
8. Fire on the Earth by Paul Hanly Fursey.
9. Brotherhood Economics by Dr. Kagawa.

BISHOP PLEADS FOR MORALITY

(Continued from page 1)

may ascribe practically every evil, war-born and war-breeding, in the world today."

Criteria of a Just War

Discussing the criteria for a "just war," His Excellency outlined the teaching of Catholic theology.

"There is a just war and an unjust war; there is a defensive war and an offensive war. While there may be difference of opinion in the definition of a defensive war, it may be stated that there is no such thing as a just offensive war in the strict sense.

"War is such a horrible thing that a nation is allowed to enter into it only for the highest motives and only for self-defense. It is not permitted for the promotion of a nation's ambitions, not to gain 'living space,' not even for the spread of the Gospel.

"War must be undertaken only to defend a just right, and then only after efforts to achieve this end by arbitration and other proper means have been exhausted. A war may be engaged in only if the right defended is proportionate to the evils that the war will cause. A world war brings with it so widespread and so serious evils that no nation is justified in launching it. Engaging in a world war, once it has been started, is another question.

Pope Pius' Warning

"On August 28, 1939, just before the present world war was started, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII addressed this solemn warning to the heads of states:

"Nothing is lost with peace, all may be lost with war!"

"You can judge, today, how true were his words. Just as with previous wars all nations will come out of this one worse off and none will profit by it."

His Excellency again defended a nation's right to remain neutral in any war, and cited as an extreme example of the exercise of this right, Russia remaining on friendly terms with Japan.

"Thus we are confronted with a two-faced Janus, fighting one Axis power fiercely, now, on the west and south, and smiling on another Axis power to the east. While we cannot get at Japan effectively unless we go through China or Russia. No doubt the lives of many Americans are being sacrificed through Russia's choice of remaining neutral in the war on Japan. And, though it is an extreme case, still it is her right to remain neutral if she so elects."—The Northwest Progress.

Catholic Worker Books

By Fr. John J. Hugo

IN THE VINEYARD
Essays in Catholic Action. 10c
WEAPONS OF THE SPIRIT
Indicates the causes of War and the means to be adopted for true peace. 15c

By Fr. Clarence Duffy

A FARM IN IRELAND
Contains articles on home production, religion and education, a practical attempt to apply the Encyclicals in a rural parish, Anglo-Irish problems and solutions, etc. 35c

THIS WAY OUT

The Encyclicals and other Christian teachings applied to economic and social problems. 20c

"A Farm in Ireland" and "This Way Out"

Both for 50c

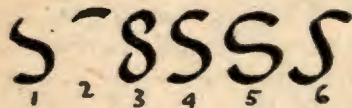
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Writing

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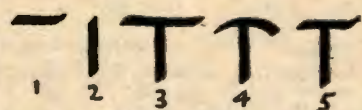
By ADE de BETHUNE

S is like a snake. Start it in the left hand corner, go down to the right in a broad sweep, and round your way back to the left, the stroke curled under (1). Then come back to the starting point and put a very slightly curved top (2) on it. Avoid making S too closed (3) as that would confuse it with 8. S should be good and open (4). Avoid also making it too wide (5) for



S is rather a narrow letter (4). Avoid especially making the S slanting (6); this is bound to happen unless you start down to the right very soon after you begin the letter. It will take you a little time to learn to direct your hand so that the top and bottom curves are about equal as you want to avoid making either the top or the bottom one much too big. Don't get discouraged if your S's look like nothing for a while. Just keep on practicing. Everyone has trouble with S's.

T is like a tree, or like a rake. The best way of making a T is to start with the horizontal bar (1) and then do the vertical trunk (2) as the second stroke.



That may seem a queer way of doing it, but it is the better way. Avoid making T too wide (3) as it is difficult to combine it with other letters when it is too wide. When two T's occur together, make them even a little narrower than usual so as to have them properly spaced. Avoid also making the horizontal bar of the T droopy (4). It should be quite straight with at most only a slight curve up at the end (5).

For Italy

The War-Relief Services-N. C. W. C. is planning a nationwide appeal for clothes for the civilian population of Italy. This will be done through the Italian parishes in the country.

God's Secret Weapon

(Continued from page 1)

saints have known Gethsemani, have been plunged into the "dark night of the soul" and have cried out in desolation.

To the Jew, suffering was a stumbling block. To him, a suffering Saviour was a contradiction, almost a blasphemy. To the pagan and worldling, it is folly, sheer foolishness. Only a fool would willingly accept it, would refuse to regard it as the greatest evil after death.

Christ's Solution

Yet the problem has been solved. It was solved by Christ. Not by words, for He never tried to explain it. Christ's solution to suffering was to suffer.

He endured physical suffering. "They have pierced My hands and My feet. They have numbered all My bones." He knew interior anguish and desolation of soul: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

In suffering, Christ solved the problem by showing three things. Firstly, he showed that suffering is a good thing, and therefore to be willingly accepted and even desired. Secondly, that suffering and love are bound together—one cannot love either God or man with a genuine love unless he embrace suffering. Thirdly, that suffering is God's secret weapon—that it is the source and means of the greatest power that a human being can wield.

Get Behind Me, Satan

Suffering is a good thing. When Christ foretold His cruel passion and shameful death, Peter said, "Far be it from Thee, O Lord; this will never happen to Thee." Our Lord's answer was: "Get behind Me, Satan; thou art a scandal to Me; for thou dost not mind the things of God, but those of men."

Suffering is to be accepted willingly. "O how I am straightened." Christ cries out, looking ahead to His Passion. "O how I long to drink the chalice of suffering." No one imposed the Cross. Christ took it upon Himself. "The Good Shepherd lays down His life for His sheep."

The Arrows of Love

Finally, suffering is God's secret, irresistible weapon in the battle against evil. Jesus preached and prayed. Jesus showed forth almighty power, worked miracles, raised the dead to life. But hearts remained cold, men refused to give up sin and follow Him, lips and tongues shouted: "Crucify Him, crucify Him!"

Then Christ shouldered the Cross. He mounted Calvary. His

hands and feet were nailed. His side was opened. With that the power of evil was broken. The rebellion of Adam was broken. The enmity between man and God was ended. From that moment Christ began to rule and to reign.

Rebuilding the Broken World
Who can rebuild the broken world? Generals and armies? No. Treaty makers? No. Sufferers? Yes.

And what is the answer for the innocent, crippled child, the Gold Star mother, the sightless veteran, the everyday bearer of mental and physical pain and distress? Be willing sufferers! Be true lovers! Use God's secret weapon that is in your hands. Suffering is irresistible. Suffering conquers!

That is God's mind for man. For the individual, there is strength in suffering. The soul is steeled as iron under the hammer. The loving heart finds pain the great purifier of all that is selfish and petty, the great liberator from sin and selfish pleasure. The joy that wells up from the chalice of suffering, willingly pressed to the lips, rises far above the happiest experience of the pagan and the worldly minded "Christian." With St. Theresa, the cross-bearer cries: "To suffer or to die!"

More than that, suffering is God's secret weapon against the forces of evil. That Christ's sufferings bear fruit, the Father wills that men share in them: "fill up what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ." Mankind hangs together, is one body. Men are members one of another. When Mary Brown and Joe Black accept their crosses gladly, all mankind profits, becomes purer, increases in love and nobility. The power of sin is lessened, greed and lust are diminished, the hands of Satan are tied. Men are brought again to their knees: "Truly this Christ is the Son of God!"

Today and Yesterday

"I don't know why God lets Me suffer so. . . . Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from Me. . . ."

"I know now what it means to be nailed to the Cross. . . . Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit. . . ."

Strong wine? Hard doctrine? Yes. But doctrine that has never failed. Doctrine preached from the pulpit of the Cross. Doctrine engraven on the pierced Heart of the God-Man.

Christ knew the answer. Lovers of Christ know it, too. Suffering is God's secret weapon.—*The Abbey Message.*

A MODERN MOTHER

I remember my mother, the first time we met,

A thing I shall never entirely forget;

And I toy with the fancy, that young as I am,

I should know her again if we met in a tram.

But mother is happy in uniform gay;

She has so much to do ere drawing her pay,

And I feel satisfaction that mother is free

From the sinister task of attending to me.

I am tenderly cared for, by somebody, who

Is neither a Moslem, a Christian or Jew,

But one who believes in sweet liberty;

Still, mother is happy, for mother is free,

For mother is dancing from kitchen to table,

For love of the new International fable,

And the flame of that faith might perhaps have grown cold

With the care of a baby of twelve weeks old.

Envoi.

Mother set a lively pace;

The family's gone without a trace.

When Dad comes home to little Winnie

He'll sure be glad he saved New Guinea.

—"Legionnaire."

From a letter to the editor in The Perth (Australia) Record.



Letter From St. Louis

Dear Editor:

Alleluia to you and the Paschal Joy with its abundance of Peace even in these days of war. May God be praised for giving us His Church! I fall more in love with Her every day.

Your card was very kind. We are glad to know the C. W. will give us a mention. This is our first book, you know, and if the Spirit be with us we shall carry on with a few more from time to time.

THE PERFECT WIFE arrived safely and I thought I'd fall over when I opened it and saw the title. Not that I don't approve of the title, just that it is a subject so seldom discussed. I think you could not have possibly known how very interested I am in the subject of woman. I have discussed it with Peter almost every time I have seen him.

M. M.

*The book mentioned is the first effort in the book publishing line of the Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Baden Sta., St. Louis 15, Mo. It is entitled OUR CHILDREN'S YEAR OF GRACE and is by Therese Mueller. It is a guide for use in the home-school by parents who wish to teach their children to live throughout the year in the spirit of the Liturgy.

Our Friend Joe

(Continued from page 1)

angle. I got wise to catching the fifties but not until after I had made a mess.

The atmosphere in the shop was not one of tension as in other plants. The men were friendly and helpful and a man didn't have to fake at working when there was nothing to do. Many bosses are very narrow that way. In most fields of industry I have found that management is not satisfied if a man is not moving. In the pressroom one didn't have to jump every time someone came walking by. Yet all the men did their work conscientiously.

A Good Union

The union covering this field is one of the oldest and best, though conservative in some ways. The wage scales are pretty good and there are many good benefits derived from the funds. For instance, when a man in the trade dies, that is, a full-fledged pressman, his widow or nearest dependent receives \$2,000. The men told me that in the tougher years the work-week was reduced by popular consent of the membership so as to spread the work. The strength of the union makes for the lack of strain in the atmosphere and a good fraternal spirit generally.

One of the workers here is an old subscriber to the C. W. and reads every issue thoroughly. I could sense this before I even mentioned the C. W. to him. One day we were eating lunch together, and he asked me to walk with him to get his shoes from the shoemaker. On the way to the cobbler's he said to me "Now, when we get to this place, I want you to look around and size up the place." This I did and it turned out that it was one of those modern places where there was a lot of machinery to do up your shoes while you wait. There were about twenty uniformed shoe repairmen lined up at the machines.

Wage Slaves

After leaving the place my friend asked did I notice the twenty cobblers "all in a row." Then he proceeded to give me a most learned discourse on the disappearance of the little shoemaker who usually owned his own tools and had his shop at or near his house. He told, too, of the willingness of a cobbler to work long hours at his own business because it was his own and he controlled his means of production.

From cobblers my friend turned to grocers, tailors, carpenters and other tradesmen and explained that all were joining the class of wage earners and the independent merchant-craftsmen were a thing of the past. Then he led me into a description of America's towns and cities and the similarity of their "Main" streets. Each Main Street was lined with chain stores and the Main Street in one town was no different than the Main Street in another. There, he said, is where the 20 cobblers should be, there is where the green grocer should be and there is where the local candy maker should be. But, no, the large number who should comprise this class of self-sufficient men are now wage-slaves to furniture trusts, chain candy and grocery stores, five and dime outfits and a host of other highly centralized monopolies.

Kindred Soul

Here indeed was a kindred soul. The C. W. poured out of him and for a change someone was trying to indoctrinate me with the stuff that I hand out. We revealed our sources of literature and enjoyed many mutual interests. For the next few days he deliberately promoted long and very interesting discussions. And he would always turn to me to clinch a point saying, "Ain't that right, fly boy?"

It seems about three years my friend was instrumental in get-

ting many of the fellows in his local to attend the Worker's School in his city. That there was much learned from the Catholic Labor Schools was very evident from the stuff brought out in the discussions. The majority of the pressmen were Catholic. They talked of their parishes, their novenas, their relatives in the religious life, etc. But their one great failing was their anti-Semitism. My friend and I did our best to reason away the prejudice that existed.

A Christian Family

Since my friend talked my language, he was easy to approach for a loan to carry me through till payday. He ran up a bill for my lunches and I went to his home a couple of evenings. This home was indeed a Catholic home and his kids said grace before each meal and after. The mother was a remarkable woman too. She told of how they lived by their Faith and during their early years of marriage joyously lived through the hard years and were blessed with four lovely children. Her arguments against the birth controllers were wholesome. Very capably she lined up all the economic arguments for child-prevention and with the logic of a Thomas Aquinas dispensed with each one of them.

The last evening I spent at this home was most enjoyable. We discussed books and authors, Catholic Action, Peter Maurin, the land and crafts programs and a whole list of other subjects. Before I left we recited a decade of the rosary. My friend gave me a complete change of underwear and socks and a clean shirt.

The attached is my friend's address and the list of pamphlets and other writings I promised to try and get for him. Try especially to forward him the stuff on anti-Semitism. He will make good use of it. I will write you there next time I light some place for a few days.

Sincerely and in Christ,
Joe.

Letter From England

129, Malden, Rd., London, N.W. S.
March 30, 1944.

Dear Friend:

Tonight, on the Vigil-night of Our Lady of Compassion, one of our special apostolate feast days, I could for the first time read your January copy. It actually had been lost and found again. And, although it is bedtime and letters still have to be written, I just ran to you to ask you charitably to send, as soon as possible, a copy of Fr. Wendell's "The Formation of a Lay Apostle." There are good reasons why I expect it to be the thing I have been looking for a long time. Being a Dominican tertiary myself and the Apostolate being in close connection with the Dominicans, also knowing the difficulties to find solid but adaptable suggestions for formation and training, I am anxious to make Fr. Wendell's work available for us. For the time being we have to rely on your charity, as book orders are not permissible at present. God bless you all.

In Our Lord and Our Lady of Nazareth,

Clare G. Spitz (T. O. S. D.)

P. S.—I would like very much to mention this book in our humble magazine, THE VINE AND THE BRANCHES.

For Thoughtful
Comment on
Public Affairs Read

The Commonweal

386 4th Ave., N. Y. 16, N.Y.

\$5 a year 10 cts. a copy

Catholic Women—Awake!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT:

- 70% of the people in this country have not received the sacrament of baptism!
- 75 million Americans do not profess any belief in supernatural life!
- 1 out of every 3 marriages in our large cities ends in divorce!
- 43% of the married women in this country have no children or one child!
- 55% is the increase in arrests of young girls under 21 during the past year!
- 20% of the population is Catholic and a still smaller percentage practicing!
- 1 convert is received into the Church annually for every 274 Catholics!

ARE YOU ALARMED ABOUT THE FUTURE?

This is the critical condition of the nation now—the majority of our American people do not profess belief in God: Christian marriage and family life are in the state of actual decay: the rate of juvenile delinquency has doubled in the past ten years: the spirit of materialism and mediocrity has affected many of the Catholics themselves—what can we expect of the America of the future?

We stand at a great transition period in human history. A new era is upon us. In our own lifetime the decisive choice must be made. The old order of worldly values and spiritual apathy is dying out. What will the coming epoch be? The reign of the powers of darkness . . . or the triumph of the kingdom of God?

Young women of America, Awaken, Arise, and Act! "Now is the acceptable time." Now young courage must break forth with bold vision and daring action! Now we must make ourselves ready to attack the spirit of the world with uncompromising Christian principle. Can we not conspire together, to build a God-centered America and a God-centered world!

The task indeed is tremendous. The young men are absorbed in the tragic immediacy of the battlefields. The responsibility for the new Christian renovation rests in large measure upon the young women left within the country who must renew the spirit of the nation.

Are we willing to answer the call of the Church to help in the transformation of the modern world? Are we eager to accept the challenge of the time?

BUILD ON A ROCK!

The lay apostolate, to play an effective part in the Christian renewal, must be built on the rock of living conviction and complete dedication. Thorough preparation and training will be demanded of every lay apostle. We cannot hope to accomplish our mission by idealism and good will alone. We need to lay a solid spiritual foundation which will give meaning and value to all our apostolic action. We must form a Christian sense of values to hold to our course in the confusion and error about us. We must make the cross the very center of our lives. We must have ever before us the all-embracing vision of the world conversion as the vital inspiration and driving force of our apostolate.

To meet this essential need for training, the Grail has organized Schools of Apostolate under the auspices of the hierarchy in the different dioceses, where young women under experienced leadership will make themselves ready for their individual and collective roles in the apostolate of the laity.

THE CHRISTIAN CONSPIRACY

The Grail Schools of Apostolate for 1944 will be open to all young women under twenty-four who are seriously interested in the Conversion of the World.

Each school will be a period of intensive study and practical application of the principles and

methods of the lay apostolate. Lectures by leading men and women will form an important part of the program of integrated Christian living. Among the subjects to be discussed are:

- The Crisis of the Modern World.
- The Universal Scope of the Lay Apostolate.
- The Cross as the Foundation of Christian Life.
- The Liturgy as the Well-Spring of Catholic Action.
- Catholic Culture as a Force in the World Conversion.
- The Psychology of Women, with special application to the apostolate.
- Mediums of the World Influence: Music, Art, Drama, Motion Pictures, Radio, etc.
- Methods and Techniques for Apostolic Action.
- The Development of Individual Talents for Leadership.
- World Problems: The Decline of Agriculture, Racism, Labor, etc.

The program is meant to give the young women who participate a general introduction and background for the lay apostolate. Every endeavor will be made to encourage individual responsibility, initiative and independent thinking. The schools will not, however, function as *automats*—in which one drops a fee, passes through the specified period, and emerges a full-fledged apostle! The formation of an apostolic character and an unwavering conviction depends on personal sacrifice, whole-hearted resolution, and steady perseverance through which the Holy Spirit will work with His Light and Inspiration.

FULL DAYS . . .

During the courses we will live together as a family of young Christians in a healthy rhythm of prayer, work, study and feasting. The Sacrifice of the Mass, as the indispensable source of the Christian spirit, will be the central reality of each day. We will join in the official prayer of the Church at Prime Vespers and Compline. We will see the value of daily meditation, and spiritual reading. We will learn to love the psalms, reciting them often, and we will lift up our hearts and voices in the clear tones of the chant.

We will discover together the joy of creative work. Through actual experience, we will gain an appreciation of the inherent dignity of manual labor and its essential place in the formation of character and the development of talent. We will spend stimulating hours on the land, in the barns, at the looms, and in the kitchen and the work-rooms.

The days will be filled with the spirit of rejoicing which wells up from intense Christian living. Our joy will seek expression in music, singing and dancing, in evenings of family recreation, and especially in celebrating the life of the Church through ceremonies and Christian feasting.

Thus, each day will be full and rich, and the weeks will echo for us in vibrant melody the beautiful theme of the psalmist: "Behold how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity!"

The Christian Conspiracy

"THE NEW LEAVEN"

June 9 to June 22

Villa Maria Academy,
Frontenac, Minnesota.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. John G. Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul.
Secretariat: Miss Rose Ceresi,
226 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, Minnesota.

"SPARKS AMONG THE REEDS"

June 29 to July 6

Rugby, North Dakota.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. Aloisius J. Muench, Bishop of Fargo.
Secretariat: Reverend N. T. Cloos, St. Therese's Church, Rugby, North Dakota.

"THE INHERITANCE"

July 18 to July 28

Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Secretariat: Miss Mary Alice Duddy, Grailville, Loveland, O.

"THE DAY IS AT HAND"

August 11 to August 25

Xavier University,
New Orleans, Louisiana.

Under the patronage of the Rev. Joseph F. Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans.
Secretariat: Miss Doris Young,
716 Salcedo Street, New Orleans, Louisiana.

St. Ann
Pray
for
us.



"THE MYRRH-BEARERS"

August 1 to August 8

Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Secretariat: Miss Mary Alice Duddy, Grailville, Loveland, O.

"WITH BURNING LAMPS"

August 21 to September 1

Holy Child Academy,
Sufferin, New York.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. Francis Spellman, Archbishop of New York.
Secretariat: Miss Mary Cecilia McGarry, 844 Perkiomen Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE NEW WINE"

September 9 to September 27

Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Secretariat: Miss Mary Alice Duddy, Grailville, Loveland, O.
A Year of Intensive Leadership Training in the Lay Apostolate.

"METANOIA"

Oct. 1, 1944, to Oct. 1, 1945

Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Under the patronage of the Most Rev. John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.
Secretariat: Miss Mary Alice Duddy, Grailville, Loveland, O.
For further information write to:

THE GRAIL SCHOOLS OF APOSTOLATE, Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

Catholic Worker Appeal

Feast of the Solemnity of St. Joseph, 1944.

Dear Friends and Fellow-Workers:

There are so many things we would like to write about in this letter to all of you, particularly to those in all the little groups in the cities and on the farms who have kept the work going through these trying war years and those who are serving and proving their faith in the C. P. S. camps, the hospital units and in jail, as well as all who are performing the works of mercy in the Medical Corps and the American Field Service. We know there are many personal items of interest to all of you whose association with the movement dates back to the days of the Retreats at Maryfarm, or even earlier, bits of news which for one reason or another so often fail to find their way into the paper. Just now, for instance, it is news that Lou Murphy has returned to the Detroit house after his long absence with the American Field Service in Africa and Italy, and Alice Zarella is keeping close vigil on New York Harbor for Joe, who will be home any day now. Joe and Lou left Gerry Griffin somewhere on the east coast of Italy, where he still serves with the A. F. S. Jack Thornton is somewhere in the Pacific with the Medical Corps, and Dick Aherne, one of the original Philadelphia group, is training with the same outfit in Texas. Jim Rogan and John Doebele, who piloted the Baltimore house through its stormy days, are still with the Alexian Brothers Hospital unit in Chicago, and the members of the Chicago group are all "somewhere in the Pacific area."

Whenever we write one of these letters we are strongly tempted to fill several pages with all those threads of events which are woven into the lives of our fellow-workers. That is because we have always in mind the fact that ours is a personal movement, which means that no matter how widespread it may become it is still the work of individual men and women so closely united by the bond of a common purpose in Christian charity that they have a sincere interest in each other's lives and activities. We are repeatedly asked why the *Catholic Worker* is not organized, incorporated, chartered and licensed, and the answer must always be the same: Our work is essentially personal; it is not organizational activity. We are not organized along formal lines because it is neither necessary nor desirable. We are working together in voluntary association, practicing the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, and to those puzzled friends who tell us, "But you can't do it that way; you must have organizations and elections, officers and committees, charters and licenses," we can only reply that we have been doing it that way for eleven years now. The houses have been able to feed and clothe the destitute, farm groups have laid the foundations for Christian agrarian communities, and the paper now has a healthy circulation of 49,000 copies a month. The war has laid a heavy hand on the houses and farms, because the workers are mostly young men and women, but the interest and the spirit still persist in a degree which unmistakably indicates a resurgence after the war.

Meanwhile, our organization-minded friends point out that we lose many possible bequests from persons who might remember us in their wills, since the *Catholic Worker*, not being a "legal entity," cannot inherit anything. This we do not regret. It is better that we remain poor and dependent on the small contributions of those of you who can send us a dollar now and then. That keeps us humble and prevents us from acquiring the expensive habits which we might have if we were receiving bequests and endowments. It keeps us mindful of our patron, St. Joseph. That way we are always in need, and our need is at times desperate when bills become pressing. Today they amount to about three thousand dollars, but we have faith that this will be made up by those who can afford to send a little. A few have already done so, without waiting for this appeal, and our deep gratitude goes out to them, as to all who help in this work of caring for the destitute men and women whom we always have with us.

Holy Thursday afternoon, when we should have been out visiting nine churches, we were giving out clothing. Three men sat on the doorstep of our rear tenement, all trying on shoes at the same time and putting on the clean socks someone had sent us. It occurred to us that this was a near approach to the humble service which our Saviour performed for the apostles on the first Holy Thursday. And you don't need to be incorporated to wash a man's feet.

With prayers for an immediate cessation of war and a just and lasting peace, we are, as always,

Yours in Christ,
THE EDITORS.

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