

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. VIII. No. 2

DECEMBER, 1940

Price One Cent

EASY ESSAYS

By

Peter Maurin

Not Jewish Wealth But Irish Culture

I. Job or Mission

1. By grabbing Jewish wealth the Christian Mobilizers hope to be able to give jobs to everybody.
2. By grabbing everybody's wealth the Bolshevik Socialists hope to be able to give jobs to everybody.
3. What everybody needs is not a job, but a mission.
4. When the Irish were Irish, they were missionaries.
5. By grabbing Irish Culture, as it was done, by Irish missionaries, we hope to be able to give a mission to everybody.

II. Land of Refuge

1. After the fall of the Roman Empire, the scholars, scattered all over the Roman Empire looked for a refuge and found a refuge in Ireland, where the Roman Empire did not reach and where the Teutonic Barbarians did not go.
2. In Ireland, the scholars formulated an intellectual synthesis and a technique of action
3. Having formulated that intellectual synthesis and that technique of action, the scholars decided to lay the foundations of Mediaeval Europe.

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Paragraphs From Father Boland's Labor Speech

By Father John P. Boland, Chairman N. Y. State Labor Board

The Holy Father asks us to be valiant in the face of sacrifice and criticism. Sometimes the fight is with our own. Leo was once called a "Socialist Bishop". The campaign of name-calling to which Bishop Von Ketteler was subjected is a classical instance in point. Blinded by the fact that unionism was largely in the keeping of anti-Christian leaders in Germany and in France, some of his own brethren labeled his encouragement of workingmen's associations as pure Marxism. They refused to believe that the Church had any ethical message for industry and its component parts. He answered them by insisting that the just claim of men who toil warranted united action. He had justice and charity in mind when he said, "It would be a great folly on our part if we kept aloof from this move-

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Peace Prayer Of Pius XII

O Jesus, our Saviour, speak to Thy Father for us, intercede with Him for us, for Thy church, for all men who have been won by Thy blood. O peace-bringing King, O Prince of Peace! Thou who hast the keys of life and death, grant the peace of eternal rest to the souls of all the faithful who have been swept to their death in this whirlwind of war and have been known and unknown, wept and unwept, and buried beneath the ruins of cities and villages destroyed, or have met their death on gory plains, on war-torn hillsides, in gorges and valleys or in the depths of the sea.

May Thy purifying blood descend on them in their pains, to wash their mantles and render them worthy and bright in Thy blessed sight. Do, Thou, O loving comforter of the afflicted, who didst weep at the tears of Martha, and the many desolate for their brothers, grant peace and consolation, resignation and health to those poor people who are overcome by the sorrows and tribulations of war's calamities, to exiles, to refugees, to unknown wanderers, to prisoners and to the wounded who trust in Thee.

Dry the abundant tears of wives, mothers, orphans, of whole families of so many left destitute; heavy tears falling on the bread of sorrow, eaten after long fast in cold hovels; bread divided between children who often have been brought to Thy altars in a little church to pray for father or elder brother, dead perhaps, or wounded, or missing.

Console them all with divine gifts and with those helps and that effective charitable relief which is our task. Suggest to kindly souls who recognize in the afflicted and unfortunate

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Winter Arrives, Work in House And Trip to West

(Day After Day)

These have been days of snow, sleet, gales at sea. It promises to be a hard winter—hard for the poor, for the nine million still unemployed; hard for the breadlines, and hard for us to some degree, too, in our Houses of Hospitality and on our Farming Communes. Yes, thank God, we can share to some small extent in the woes of our brothers.

The floors in the old house on Mott street are cold under foot, and knitting wool socks has become the order of the day. There'll be no let-up until everyone in the house and on the farm has two pairs. Kate Smith and Tamar are doing mufflers with odds and ends of wool. Miss Harada and Miss Lavin say their oil stoves don't work, and there is continual tinkering and repairing going on. Mrs. Daley, aged seventy, had to go to the hospital with pneumonia last

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Pope Pleads For Truce This Xmas

Pope Pius XII has raised his voice to the warring nations of the world in a plea for a 2-day "Truce of God" Christmas and December 26.

To the cynical of the world the idea will seem utterly preposterous. What—a holiday from war! The notion is absurd.

Maybe—but still not impossible. There's the precedent of the Good Friday Truce in the Spanish War, when not a shot was fired along the Madrid front during that solemn day. That fact was mentioned in a feature story in the New York Times. Two simple cablegrams had been dispatched by The Catholic Worker to the leaders of the belligerent sides in that war. Two cablegrams pleading for a truce—backed with prayer.

In this latest Great War the Pope has marshalled all the spiritual forces of the Church to besiege Heaven with prayers for Peace. We are bound in faith to believe in the efficacy of that force—against the forces of enmity and hatred. And we have the reasonable right to hope that a Christmas Truce would be at least a step in the direction of permanent Peace.

Indifference

That, admittedly, is the logic of faith, not of the world. The cynicism of the world is well exemplified in the editorial reaction of the New York Daily News, which, while confessing it couldn't see "what harm could be done by a 2-day Christmas truce," couldn't see what good could come of it either.

As the News sees it. "By consenting to it, the warring powers would be throwing a sop of recognition to Chris-

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Racism In Baltimore

On December 9th, a feast of our Blessed Mother, the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality in Baltimore was raided by the police and the three young men who are the leaders of the work there were arrested on the charge of running a disorderly house. The young men are John Thornton, Frank Smith and Harold Keane.

Over in Europe the most horrible war of all time is being waged and racism is one of the vital issues of the conflict.

Here in the United States we have race discrimination, and racial persecution. One tenth of the population of the United States is colored and in the social, economic and educational field they are consistently discriminated against.

In Baltimore a house is considered a disorderly one where Negroes and whites live together,

sleep in the same room, sit down to table together.

Poverty is disorderly. Destitution is, we admit, a menace to health. Here is the story as Arthur Sheehan, head of our peace group in New York, wrote it to us today:

Investigation

Am sending this story just as it happened. A sort of a round by round description.

There are eighty men sleeping here in beds and another hundred sleeping on the floor. Thornton has been against refusing shelter to anyone, except the drunks.

A week ago last Friday, two of the negroes here got into a fight and one pulled a knife on the other. Ralph, the cook here tried to separate them and was arrested with the others. The police let the others go and held Ralph overnight. The next day

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Crime and Punishment

Odell Waller, 23-year-old sharecropper, is scheduled to die in a Virginia electric chair December 27. Last month an all-white jury, ten of whom were planters, found him guilty of first degree murder as a result of the shooting of Oscar Davis, the white landlord, who had cheated him out of his share of the wheat crop and had evicted his sixty-five-year-old mother while he was away looking for work.

Waller had been working behind the mules since he was a small child, on their own land at first, and then after his father died, and the farm lost, on shares on Davis' land. The government cut down the tobacco allotment and Mr. Davis pocketed the check. Then he took Waller's share of the wheat crop, and after that came the eviction. When

Waller started to argue the case, Davis reached for his gun, but Waller had gone armed and shot him first. The Workers' Defense claims that Waller didn't have a fair trial, what with the poll tax which keeps thousands of poor people from voting and being on the jury lists, and the landlord jury which was selected. Money is needed to appeal the case, to be sent to the Waller Defense Fund, 112 E. 19th St., New York.

Punishment Without Crime

Out on the west coast. Earl King, E. G. Ramsay and F. J. Conner, former officers of the Pacific Coast Marine Firemen, Oilers, Wipers and Watertenders' Association are serving long sentences in San Quentin

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Church's Stand Not Enough Known Workers Report

We went out to Lackawanna, outside of Buffalo, to see what was going on in the Union Hall of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee. Mr. Smoile Chatak, the representative of the S.W.O.C., was there and he was the one we went to for information. First there was the question of the strike which had ended several weeks ago. The workers were not getting wages comparable to those given in spring companies for the same work in other cities. During the three-day strike, two warrants were served, one on Frank Cole, employment manager, whose car struck Leslie Corby, picket, and the other on Anthony Constantino, S.W.O.C. attorney charged with assault by John Richon.

Organization Needed

Differences were settled over the conference table and a contract was signed between the company and the union. Union officials did not seem exuberant over the success of the strike. They seemed embittered because strikes were necessary. They burn, you can see it in their eyes, with the desire to have every plant organized. Only then, they say, will cheap labor markets be abolished and men treated as human beings instead of slaves. One of them compared the industrial slave to the black slave of the old South who dares not exert his rights as a free man. Several of the men expressed enthusiastic appreciation of Father Rice and said they wished that the attitude of Bishop Duffy and the Catholic Church toward labor were better known and better understood by Catholic people.

But this, we thought, is our job. The message of the workingman must be brought to all and the workingman must be brought to Christ.

Long Strike

As I write, the Ontario Bakers employees of Locals 431 and 264, teamsters, are going into their seventh week of strike. Negotiations are under way. Scabs have been making the crackers and driving the trucks for weeks. According to George Erden, secretary of Local 431, the company refused to negotiate. When 91% of the workers had signed up with the A. F. of L., a company union was organized. Many of the men joined both unions and much confusion followed. Ontario Bakers is one of the 36 plants subsidiary of United Biscuit Company. Better wages and hours and a closed shop are sought by the union men in Buffalo. They have been cared for by the union so far but are hopeful of getting back to work soon. It has been a long, and trying six weeks.

St. Martin remained in the army two years out of love for his captain, then he laid down his arms, saying that in future he would only be a soldier of Christ.

—Acta Sanctorum,

Chicago Worker A Live Paper

How many of our readers know THE CHICAGO CATHOLIC WORKER, which is published by the staff of St. Joseph's House of Hospitality there? The address is 868 Blue Island Avenue, and the subscription price is 25c. a year, as is our own. Their circulation, so far limited to Chicago and its environs, is about ten thousand, and we are hoping that it will grow to cover the entire Middle West. We have hesitated to talk about it before for fear we would seem to be boasting. But many a month we look at it with mingled pride and pain because it is better than our own New York CW. Usually it is a four-page sheet, but occasionally in a burst of enthusiasm and an increase in faith, there is an eight-page issue. The last one was particularly good. We've often thought we'd like to move the whole headquarters from Mott street to Fort Smith, Arkansas, let us say, because that is just half way across the country, and quite a bit south and perhaps warmer! Maybe we'll do it some day when we get run out of New York. Meanwhile the CHICAGO CATHOLIC WORKER is published from nearly the center of the country and has a true Chicago flavor—Halstead street, Stock Yards, lake front, loop, prairie, windy, smoky, vast and American, Mexican, Chinese, Polish, Negro, Italian, Slav slum flavor. You had better subscribe.

Peace

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tianity. And it is well known that planes have to be serviced, inspected, etc., before setting forth on an air raid. The two days of the truce could be devoted by the belligerent air forces exclusively to such work, so that at midnight, Dec. 26-27 most if not all the planes would be ready for some record-breaking bombing of people, houses, factories and ships."

Prayer Only

Now that may be intended to be all very realistic, and a little smart in the bargain. Conceivably it could be a quite precise prophecy of events as they will materialize. But it is hardly uttered in the spirit of Peace, and hardly conduces to that end. And certainly it is not a well-considered commentary on the deliberate efforts of a Sovereign Pontiff seeking to promote Peace.

But England stands adamantly opposed to a Truce, expressing through its Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, a curt "No, sir!"

Prayer alone, as the Pope has so insistently affirmed, will break the obstinacy that stands in the way of a Truce, and Peace.

We call to our readers' attention the astounding fact that the English and Italians permitted a truce a few months ago during the Mohamedan holy days for the simple reason that the Mohamedans keep a strict fast and would have been no good as fighters on those days.

Workers Tell Of Speed-Up System At Ford Plant

I am working on the open hearth at Ford's, dismantling junked cars on an average of one hundred and ninety a day, where previously we did one hundred and thirty cars. The bosses are going wild trying to speed up to two hundred and twenty-five cars a day. Two workers must take off all door handles, hardware inside and out, also all glass, in seven and one-half minutes. A second's delay, due to rusty screws and bolts, jams the conveyor line. Before we get through to the inside of the car, the acetylene men are at work blazing away, cutting off drive shafts, motor hangers, steering column, etc. Once a worker had trouble removing glass and found himself surrounded on all sides by torch and sledge men, and he could not get through the doors. He had to break the rear glass and crawl out head first, and was lucky his head was not crushed open with a sledge. The boss never lets a worker stop at Ford's. After a day's work we are not only tired but we can't read or concentrate. Our mind does not work. We are becoming more and more worse slaves than the ancient slaves when they had no machinery to work with.

Still Not a Living Wage

These are the workers once envied throughout the world. Newspapers through their news columns, and many by editorials, helped to spread the misinformation, always supplied by his publicity department, that Ford's workers are the highest paid and enjoy the most ideal working conditions in the automobile industry. When it is announced throughout the nation that Ford has raised the wage scale in his plant, the statement is really a clever non-paid advertisement. Press associations plaster every newspaper front page in the country with such announcements as that Ford's minimum wage scale has been increased to five, or six, or seven dollars a day. No mention is ever made of the fact that in order to cover the raise in pay, Ford had instituted a new speed-up on the conveyor and assembly lines, had increased the hourly production schedule, and had laid off enough men in every department to more than save himself money on the new wage scale. This non-paid advertising scheme appears about once every year, and for a decade or longer it has been swallowed by a gullible public from Maine to California.

But not even the workers who retained their jobs were always the highest paid in the industry. The Ford worker as a matter of fact, receives a lower scale of pay than do workers in other auto plants. When Ford was paying a worker on



Racism In Baltimore

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they preferred a charge of disorderly conduct against him and gave him twelve days.

The remark was made to him then that the next one's the police were going to get after were the heads of the house.

The police have been coming in and looking the men over. As no charge is made for beds and meals, there is no obligation to take out a license from the Health Department. Consequently the police were unable to bother them on that point.

Our Brothers

The main issue is really the race issue. The house is on West Barre Street and this street is considered exclusive for whites. Negroes may live in the back alleys, such as Welcome Alley, behind the house.

One of the neighbors went among the other neighbors, getting names to have the place closed. A number of the neighbors registered complaints. It seems that the police have instigated the complaints but it is difficult to prove.

This is certain, namely that the police have been determined to close the place from the start after they learned of the feeding and housing of colored and whites together. One of the police on the block, bluntly told Smith that they would not permit this to go on, but would see that the place was closed.

The police led up to the thing by rounding up colored men on the street and they have been doing this for days in batches of fifteen, twenty and even forty. The charge is vagrancy.

Police Wagon

Saturday, forty were picked up. One of the men at the house, on his way to the market heard the sergeant on the beat say to the officer on the beat that "niggers never were on West Barre Street and they weren't going to let them be on it."

I arrived Saturday night and everyone was stirred up over the business.

The next morning, Harold Keane, on his way from church was informed by a friend that the Worker could easily forego trouble if they would just settle this colored question.

At noon, three warrants were served on the men. Thornton asked me to take charge of the house which I did. I asked the police to read the charges, which one did.

The men were accused of running a disorderly house, in a noisy fashion, which was a menace to health. The date referred

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the final assembly line five dollars a day, in the same department in the Hudson plant the worker doing the same operation received six dollars and eighty cents a day, and in the Plymouth plant, seven dollars.

In addition to this, the Ford worker is the victim of the most inhuman system of extracting labor known in any industry. The speed-up system, of which Ford is the proud inventor, drives men insane. Others are so wrecked physically that they can never work again. After having invented the speed-up which was later introduced into cotton mills as the stretchout, Ford is still the leader.

From Some American People
By Erskine Caldwell.

Assertive Stand Trying to Others

"... All challengers suffer, of necessity, the temptation of pride. They are of the breed of certitude and of simplicity; being simple and certain they will brook no contradiction; they are as it were blindly convinced of the right—and the right is their right. Now to make certain you are always right is to put yourself in the position of God, and in so far as you put yourself in the position of God you are suffering from the weakness and nastiness of pride. These protagonists have always been accused of that fatal flaw in themselves. What is much more important for the comprehension of their very selves, they have always been at least tempted to it: now a permanent temptation is part of character, but by the grace of God it is not necessarily a mastering part.

It is true, then, that all the great protagonists have had pride for a companion. To yield to it is their temptation, but it is a constitutional tendency and not a motive of their energy. They are sure. None shall deflect them. Yet their object being something outside themselves, they have in them a solvent of the evil thing and I will believe that those who appear before the throne of God after heavy battles in the right cause, yet clouded with too much opinion, will have it easily forgiven them; especially if they have been defeated in the battles of the Lord.

Yet let this also be noted: that the instruments which are chosen for work of this kind, those of the Tertullian spirit, cannot but be of that human sort which is imperfect through aggression and assertiveness and edge. They are sent out to dig like chisels; they must of necessity offend on that against which they act; for every permanent work is done in hard material and against the grain. Were they not what they are, nothing would be achieved for the kingdom—or, at least, all would be only half done."

Hilaire Belloc in *St. Thomas of Canterbury*

The false simplicity of a world divided into States, each supposedly containing a single race, a national language, a national religion—or irreligion—and a national economy, has supplanted in men's minds the ideal of the organic and perfectly articulated unity of which the Mystical Body of Christ is the archetype.—J. Eppstein, "The Catholic Tradition of the Law of Nations."

Not Afraid to Say Things... Christian Social Action

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The January issue:

CIO Looks Forward

by PHILIP MURRAY

Truth About Vultee

by RICHARD DEVERALL

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WRITE TO

29 Thame St., Newport, R. I.

A House of Hospitality (Excerpts from Buffalo Letters)

Sept. 27

"Dear Fellow Workers:

How you'd love our new house. It's on Church and Terrace streets, an Italian section, handy to St. Anthony's Church, the Old Cathedral, buses, railroad tracks, factories and ambassadors. Right across the front door is a firescape, then the sidewalk, then the street, then, miracle of miracles, the bathhouse. We have a courtyard sort of like Mott street, but smaller. The pigeons have made it their own but we hope they'll realize we're nice Christians and let us in; we can't wait to build a shrine in it. We're wondering what to call the house and Father suggested Catalengo House, but he's so wrapped up in essentials he's paying no attention to details. Honestly, it would do your heart good to see him at work with the broom in his hand and the fire in his eye. The cellar would positively intrigue you. To get there you must either disrupt the guitar shop next door to open the trap door, or go outside down rickety steps into a dark, damp, skinny, earthen passage until you get to the third door. It's nice inside though, no windows but dry and quite large. Judging from the many holes up and downstairs I think our constant companions will be rats. I gave Mr. Gugino, the landlord, ten dollars and said I would pay the other two a little later. We all got on so well and had such fun that he called me aside and said I didn't owe him anything. He'd only charge ten so he could buy a new sink for us and pay his taxes. God has been so good to us. If He wants to send us trouble now we won't mind. If any of you people are coming up this way be sure to stop and see us. We're so near the railroad. In fact, it cuts right in front of the door—too close for comfort. But of course we're not looking for comfort. Keep us in your prayers as we keep all of you in ours."

Sept. 30

"Enthusiasm seems to mount rather than wane with each new day. Mr. Gugino is stalling around about the sink he promised to put in but we have started a campaign and every time we see him we inquire about it. Tomorrow we get our stove and then we start painting."

Oct. 1

"... We're painting the place. The ceiling and walls are light blue and the doors and windows yellow. We have to leave the back room as it is because the plaster is almost off and it makes a delightful contrast. We're going to point it out as Before and After. ... We've made many friends in this neighborhood among which are the owners of the Electric Co. next door, who are going to give us some fixtures, the drunk of the parish who instructs us in painting, the parking lot boy who gives us gasoline to clean the paint off ourselves, and the delicatessen owner who builds us salami sandwiches a foot high. Father Bosch makes everyone feel at ease. In fact, up to now everyone thinks he's ridiculous in his raincoat and derby climbing the firescape brush in hand."

We realize that to be truly charitable one must be crazy so the crazier the better for us. ... The permanent name of the house will be Casa Frangipane, House of the Breaking of Bread. ... Father Magee came in and after getting covered with yellow paint and uncovered again said the rosary for us as we worked. ... Most pressing now is our need of equipment. We have nothing but a broken down pool table and the funeral man's chairs (borrowed of course). ..."

Feast of St. Francis

"All week everyone scurried around like mad begging furniture, dishes, food, etc., and today Father blessed the house and we had the great joy of serving a spaghetti supper to about 70 ambassadors. ... We have four men living with us now and they are all just as nice and enthusiastic as can be..."

October 20

"A dear friend of Father Bosch came in today and presented us with fifty dollars. Imagine! We bought a '29 Pontiac for thirty-five dollars and paid for liability insurance on it. ... This morning we had about sixty for breakfast and forty for lunch so there's no rest from the perpetual search for food. ... We cannot repeat often enough our gratitude to God Who has seen us through this difficult period of beginning. ... Now we have an open meeting every Tuesday with a guest speaker and guests galore. ... We have small irregular meetings every other night of the week. ... The floor space is well occupied at night; about twenty men in for a 'flop' the night Dorothy spoke here. ... The ambassadors have meetings every Friday night and confessions afterwards. ... We have lots of magazines, a last for fixing shoes, a sewing machine, and Pat Ryan is on his way now to pick up a barber's chair. Where we'll put it I don't know. ... We sell the paper and distribute it as widely as possible. ... Last night we ended our meeting by saying Compline. We are trying to place as much emphasis on prayer as possible; group attendance at Mass, the rosary, visits, meditation and so on, for of course that is the most important thing..."

November 7

"... We are flat broke. Coffee is consumed on an average of eight pounds a day, which means about a dollar a day for that alone. ... We are caring for many now and the burden is heavy. But as St. Dominic said to St. Francis, 'Truly God has special care of these holy poor little ones'..."

Day After Thanksgiving

"... Yesterday we gave the ambassadors a good chicken dinner with potatoes, turnip, dressing, and pie. We even had celery and salad and it was wonderful to see them all dig in. There were about 150 of them and each was more grateful than the other. I wish we could have a real meal every day..."

November 27

"... The fire and building departments have been investigating and said we couldn't use the upstairs for sleeping quarters."



ters. Today they called up and said we could if we get the Health Commissioner's okay. We came back from the City Hall feeling very low. They tossed us about from one department to the next while we listened to the laws of each. The commission was very serious and they have laid down so many restrictions that it would cost a mint to comply. Next problem is a new house, I guess. We shall have to stay here for a while with only a few beds. ... Somehow or other I have much more Faith now than before. It doesn't sound a bit far-fetched to say God will provide us with what we need. He will if we do our best for His poor..."

Pray for us. Yours in Christ,
Adele Butler.

We exhort you... to contribute of your goods, according to your means and willingness, to purposes of charity, that ye may be able to win that blessedness in which ye shall rejoice without end, who considereth the needy and the poor.—St. Leo the Great.

Appeal for Lepers

Every year the Society of the Propagation of the Faith asks all Catholics to remember the most pitiful of all humans, the leper. Through the Society, these unfortunate men and women can subsist for a day on ten cents. The heroic missionaries who give their lives ask you to give a little from your substance.

The Catholic Worker urges its readers to give generously to this worthy cause. You have been generous to us; we beg you to consider, now, those far away.

Send gifts to the Propagation of the Faith, 109 East 38th Street, New York City.

Round Table Discussions

The speakers at the regular Wednesday night meetings at Mott street have been most interesting.

Father Gallagher, S. J., former president of Boston College, made a strong plea for the sending of food to Europe. He related his experiences after the last war when he assisted in the Papal Relief work in Russia. He had thousands of children to feed each day and

this work extended over months.

Persons who opposed the sending of food to Europe had no understanding of the problem, he contended. He told of seeing long lines of persons in hospital wards who were isolated and studied for the effects of their having eaten human flesh. This more horrible news had been kept back at the time from the world, he stated.

Father John Rawe, S. J., described the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, held at St. Cloud, Minn., this year. In a long question period, the matter of starting farming-communes, a Catholic agricultural school and propaganda for a return to the land and for biodynamic farming was gone into at great length.

Other speakers in the last month were Miss Mary Arnold who described the work of housing study clubs which she initiated in Eastern Nova Scotia.

Daniel McIsaac, who is doing coop work in Newfoundland, related some of his experiences in developing credit unions and buying clubs.

Miss Elizabeth Lynskey, professor of politics at Hunter College gave a very scholarly address on the subject of the World Court and the League of Nations.

Parts of Father John Boland's address is given elsewhere in this issue.

Clearing House

Peter Maurin, Carl Bauer and Arthur Sheehan paid a visit this week to the new Institute of Social Order started by the Jesuit fathers on West 16th street, next door to St. Francis Xavier's College.

The purpose of the visit had been to discuss with the fathers there the feasibility of starting a clearing house for Catholic thought. Carl had had this idea in his mind. The strange thing was that the Jesuit Fathers had taken the same phrase to describe the work they are getting under way.

Father John Delaney, in charge of the Institute, gave a picture of what they hoped to do at the center. First class library on social and economic thought and activities is being gotten together. Every worthwhile advance made anywhere in these lines will be studied and the detailed description of the work will be kept on hand for the benefit of any study groups or parishes that might wish to make use of it.

Parish Plan

"We are trying to work out plans for parishes because anything that is successful in this line must be based on the parish. Hence, we are aiming at the creation of parish credit unions to give financial help to married couples particularly. It is surprising the number of marriages that fail just because of the couple having to borrow money, generally from money sharks. Co-op. activities of all sorts will be encouraged."

We spoke to him of the need for Houses of Hospitality and hospices. We described Father Curran's hospice in Athol, Mass., and told of his conviction that every parish should have one. Father Delaney asked for more detailed information on the running of a house of hospitality.

The Institute has been started opposite Margaret Sanger's home and headquarters. Maybe that is symbolic.

Letter from Seminarian

This is a letter of apology for neglecting the Catholic Worker during the summer.

The one thing that I am afraid of is that people will think that I am not interested in the work now that I am advancing toward the priesthood. Of course I should not worry what people think, but it might be an occasion of scandal to some or a cause of laxity to others. People are strange animals at times. Besides all this I feel that I have a personal debt to the Worker for all the inspiration I have received and for the lessons in pastoral theology that it has taught me. If I learned nothing else I was shown the value of a human soul and the necessity of perseverance.

Indoctrinates

But while I could not help physically in the actual work around Mott Street, I think that I made good use of the opportunities that were so plentiful at the job ahead this summer for spreading the spirit of the movement. Of all the summers that I have spent working, this last was by far the most maturing. I think that now I have met every conceivable type that can be imagined. Of course I really haven't, but that is how I felt when I quit work. From the lowest kind of meanness to the highest form of sacrifice and courage and all the intervening mediocrities I learned what a great heart Christ must have. For He loves them all.

Protests

Naturally, the treatment that we received from the company that we worked for was not the best. I told them this before I left and they were very surprised that I put my "beef" on a moral plane. If I didn't know that I was right I would have given up this idea of social reform long ago. No one seems to know what it means.

Well, I could write much more but I don't want to take up your time or mine. This year I am beginning to study theology and our schedule is more strenuous than it has been. Say a prayer for me and be assured that I remember you and all the "Workers" in my daily Mass and Communion.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM: "No one must do his neighbor a wrong or meet injustice with injustice, but wrong must be willingly endured, nor must we hate the wrongdoer—rather must we love him, do him good and pray for him."

ST. AMBROSE: "Those who would live after the Gospel ask not for revenge. They leave it to him who has said: 'Vengeance is mine.' It is unfitting for Christians to pay back evil for evil."

CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly.
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Peace! Christ's Birthday

A New Year Begins—

Stanley, Teresa and I were walking home from the library down at Chatham Square on East Broadway. It was one of those cold sparkling evenings with a bright moon and crackling stars. You could eat and drink the air it was so good.

"There used to be a well in the middle of Chatham Square," said Teresa, "where everyone came for water."

"There are still two wells on Mott street from which factories get their water," Stanley said.

"There used to be a stream on Canal street, and Mr. O'Connell used to fish there," Teresa went on, longingly.

"And there used to be a twenty-acre lake just off Canal street, but they filled it all in," Stanley added.

Times are changed since those days in old New York, but I was thinking as they chattered on either side of me, that the Catholic Worker had not changed much these last eight Advents. The work goes on, the paper comes out, the most important thing seems to be meals and beds, and people who need them. This very evening before we stopped at the library we were looking for another House of Hospitality, not too far away from Mott street, to take care of an overflow of women in need, one of whom will have a baby by the time we get the new house.

Our days are the same. Mass and Communion, breakfast, and people all the day, people in need, and people who want to help, trying to know God, to love Him and serve Him in their fellows. And that is all that life is. The writing, the traveling and speaking flow out of it. The reading and study are to enable us to do it better. The moments that we have now are what count. The past is gone and the future we cannot know, thank God.

"This is My Refreshing!"

And how important is the work of each one of us! The men in the kitchen, the men who run the breadline, the fellow who keeps the yard clean, old Pop who straightens up the fifth floor. They are working for each other. They are working for the movement all over the country. And they are doing the most important work. "This is my rest, refresh the weary, and this is my refreshing," the Lord said. (Isaiah 28.12.)

Last month a Daily News reporter wrote a story about missions and places where a down-and-outer could get something to eat. He came when we were lowest in food in the summer, and he came at the end of the line that night, so all he got was hot boiled cabbage (he mentioned that it was hot) and black bread. He said that one was treated well at the CW, but he said that "150 a day were fed." This hurt Peter Clark and John Cannan, who have charge of the breadline in the morning and the lunch and supper at night respectively. There are 900 or so to breakfast and a couple of hundred for both lunch and supper. None could criticize Peter's coffee and John's meals have been so good, so often—soup for lunch and meat, potatoes and salad for supper—that he thought it was too bad the world should have been informed otherwise. Never mind, these fellow workers of ours are refreshing the Lord, and not just a Daily News reporter.

Ask any of these men if we should feed the hungry in Europe and they know only one answer, because they are the poor, they are the little ones of Christ. They know poverty, they have been on breadlines, they have heard talk of the undeserving poor. They are not teachers, scholars, diplomats. They have been the destitute, and now they are the poor. "Those who are in honor are without understanding."

Our Father Compassionate

Pius XII warns us against "the peril of moral depression, a want of confidence consequent upon the weakness of Faith, Hope and Charity. Now, these three theological virtues, rays of light and bonds of love between man and God, gain fresh fire from the flames darting from the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. In contemplating this Heart and its open wound, men would come to understand that God is for them not only the Lord who must be served and before whom one must tremble, but He is also the compassionate and tender Father, who is to be loved and who loves. Then the most depressed heart would beat high again and the most perturbed spirit be calmed."

Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

week. A young woman who came to us destitute a month ago left for the hospital last night to have a baby. Shorty is sick with a cold; so is Dwight; Leonard is being bothered with his malaria. Ed and Mike are in bed with asthma. There are no other ailments.

Ready for Christmas

In preparation for Christmas the coffee room where our nine hundred guests are being served every morning is painted a bright buff. Also five of the bedrooms, the dining room and the halls in the rear building are painted. It's quite a job, keeping up with twenty-eight rooms and the halls and the two stores where the activities of THE CATHOLIC WORKER go on. But thanks to the tireless work of Mike Monaghan and Jim Braizel, the work goes on. It's like painting Brooklyn Bridge—as soon as it is finished the painters must start over again.

Circulation

During the past month there has been a ruthless revision of our mailing list, cutting it way down. All those who have not been heard from the past two



years have been cut off the list, so if you don't get your January paper please renew your subscription. If we have made a mistake, let us know, please. Remember, all the single subscribers' addresses are individually typed, and all the work is volunteer work, so there are always mistakes and complaints of not receiving the paper.

Reporting a Trip

For three weeks of the last six I have been traveling through the Middle West. I visited Utica, Rochester, Buffalo, Detroit, South Bend, Chicago, Lisle, Davenport, Iowa City, Mason City, St. Meinrad's, Pittsburgh and Atlantic City. Here are some notes copied from my looseleaf book:

Rochester

One of the men works for Bausch's plant, where they make lenses, gunsights for bombers. (Germans hold the patents!) Five thousand are employed there. The young fellow we know who took a job there had been unemployed for a long time. Tonight, he said, Communists were giving out campaign literature at the gates.

Detroit

Lou Murphy's St. Francis House gets on splendidly. The
(Continued on page 7)

Charity

Ah, Justice has a cool nobility!

It measures time and seasons like the sun
That stays in summer on the Arctic shore
The day's full round as compensation done
Or balance for the equatorial more.

It is the mode to censure charity

Whose dear, haphazard, overflowing heart
Breaks alabaster seals to spill its nard.

Stand off this virtue, for it will endure

As long as Christ: and there is no dispart

'Twixt it and justice, saving when the poor

Are fobbed off with a mealy-mouthed dole

Till independence drops a sturdy guard.

You reave their right to give as well as take

And none can give an alms with brighter will.

Learn from the ant that never had a soul

But has a heart; it will the beetle slake

And let the feckless cricket share its hill.

Ah, not for naught the bee supports the drone!

The lesser lives confute us day by day.

Justice is level-eyed, aloof, alone,

But charity finds comrades all the way.

—Eileen Duggan.

(Reprinted from AVE MARIA)

Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

III. Salons de Culture

1. In order to lay the foundations of Mediaeval Europe, the Irish Scholars established Salons de Culture in all the cities of Europe, as far as Constantinople, where people could look for thought so they could have light.

2. And it was in the so-called Dark Ages, which were not so dark, when the Irish were the light.

3. But we are now living in a real Dark Age, and one of the reasons why the modern age is so dark, it is because too few Irish have the light.

IV. Free Guest Houses

1. The Irish Scholars established Free Guest Houses all over Europe to exemplify Christian charity.

2. This made pagan Teutonic rulers tell pagan Teutonic people: "The Irish are good people busy doing good."

3. And when the Irish were good people busy doing good, they did not bother about empires.

4. That is why we never heard about an Irish Empire.

5. We heard about all kinds of empires, including the British Empire, but never about an Irish Empire, because the Irish did not bother about empires when they were busy doing good.

V. Agricultural Centers

1. The Irish Scholars established Agricultural Centers all over Europe where they combined:

cult,
that is to say liturgy,
with culture,
that is to say literature,
with cultivation,
that is to say agriculture
and the word America,
was for the first time
printed on a map
in a town in east France
called Saint-Die,
where an Irish scholar
by the name Deodad
founded an Agricultural
Center.

3. What was done
by Irish Missionaries
after the fall

Pope's Prayer

(Continued from page 1)

their brothers and love them as Thy image. Give to the combatants, together with heroism in full token of their duty, even to the supreme sacrifice, in defense of their native land, that noble sense of humanity by which they will not, no matter in what circumstances, do to others that which they would not have done to themselves or their country.

Thou hast words which penetrate and overcome hearts, which enlighten intellect, which assuage anger and extinguish hates and revenge. Break that word which will still the storm, which will heal the sick, which is light to the blind and hearing to the deaf and life to the dead.

Peace among men which Thou desirest is dead. Bring it back to life, O divine conqueror of death. Through Thee at last may the land and sea be calmed. May the whirlwinds that in the light of day or in the dark of night scatter terror, fire, destruction and slaughter on humble folk cease. May justice and charity on one side and on the other be in perfect balance, so that all injustice be repaired and the reign of right restored, all discord and rancor be banished from men's minds, and may there arise and gather strength in contemplation of a new and harmonious prosperity true and well-ordered peace that will permanently unite as brothers, through the ages, in the harmonious search of higher good, all peoples of the human race, one in Thy sight.
Amen.

Christ who was stretched out on the cross is crucified at our gates and tortured in the person of the poor. In this man, either wholly naked or half clad, Christ languishes and shivers—in the person of the poor.—Peter of Bloise.

The hospital of today owes much to scientific progress, generous endowment, and wise administration, but none of these can serve as a substitute for the unselfish work of the men and women who ministered to the sick as to the person of Christ Himself.—Dr. Walsh, Catholic Encyclopedia.

of the Roman Empire
can be done today
during and after the fall
of modern empires.

Book Reviews

Modern War and Basic Ethics, by Father John K. Ryan. (Bruce Publishing Co. Milwaukee.) 142 pp., \$1.75.

In this one-hundred-and-forty-two-page work the general theology on the question of war is stated succinctly and then is applied to the question of modern war.

The author's main conclusion is "that modern aggressive war, war used as an instrument of national policy, cannot be justified in the light of the traditional Catholic ethic of war."

He has divided his book into ten chapters, dealing with the Thomistic conception, first of peace, then of war, the gradual development of this by the Scholastics and clarification of principles. He then studies the question of a modern war, its nature, distinctions and limitations, with the impossibility of assigning a just cause to modern wars at the time of their initiation.

The attack on civilian populations, an essential part of modern war, "waged to break a nation's morale is gone into at great detail and the intrinsically evil nature of this method of warfare is pointed out. Emphasis is laid on the fact that the essential distinction between the non-combatants and the fighting forces must be retained.

The book, which was originally a thesis for a degree at Catholic University, is written in an easy, flowing style with examples taken from the first World War and the present war to illustrate the points.

The summation of the book is best stated in the following words: "A war, completely modern in character and universal in scope," is as Pope Pius XI has said, "so monstrously murderous and almost certainly suicidal" that for a statesman or government initiating aggressive war to attempt to assign to it a proportionate cause is vain even to the point of folly and malice.

The Story of Tompkinsville, by Mary Ellicott Arnold, the Cooperative League, New York, 1940, 102 pp., with illustrations and diagrams. \$1.00.

This is a good practical book on Cooperation, specifically that phase of it dealing with cooperative housing, in all its details, from planning and financing all the way through every stage of construction.

But it is more than just an eminently practical book—it is a glowing record of the

Racism In Baltimore

(Continued from page 2)

to was December 7th. They were taken away in the police wagon.

I immediately got in touch with Father Bradley. Smith had telephoned to him and when I arrived at the priest's rectory he was already on the phone, talking to the magistrate, a Catholic by the name of Daugherty.

MORE FRIENDS

When I came back, about thirty members of a Friends' pacifist group came to the house and asked to be shown around. When I explained matters, they immediately wanted to help. John Thornton had mentioned Roland Watts as a lawyer. When I mentioned Watts' name to the Quaker group, they said they would get in touch with him at one of the Friends' meeting houses. In a few minutes they found him and he came to the house, got the story as best he could, then went to the jail at Light and Ostend Streets.

Judge Daugherty had set bail at five hundred dollars a man and it had to be in property.

One of the Friends' group had mentioned the fact that a negro neighbor had stated that the house had been an improvement on the former place, which had been a sort of combination dance hall and dive, and notorious for the prostitutes who hung around the place.

Watts got in touch with the colored woman, a Miss Suzy Jones, and he is going to have her and others testify to this effect.

Finally, Father Roy went down to the station and gave a strong speech against race

courage, the initiative and the push of that small group of miners in Reserve Mines, Nova Scotia, who led the way in that part of the world in showing what plain, ordinary people can do for themselves, by working together, to provide better homes.

It is not just a handbook on house-building (although it is that, too), but a guide to doing that job under the specific conditions of Cooperation, all the members of a group working for the whole group. As such it embraces a much wider range of topics, including the philosophy of that movement and its social and cultural implications.

The book is an answer to the question that Miss Arnold herself poses in an early chapter: "Would you have strong, free, self-reliant people? Then put tools in their hands and let them build."

The men of Reserve Mines did just that—they built, although they had never been builders before, only miners. And to become builders they had to study, to plan and to work. Theirs is the story of ordinary men learning to do the extraordinary by dint of hard work and application.

There are charts, diagrams, plans, outlines and suggested reading, to cover every phase of the work. It is an invaluable book to any group embarking on a similar endeavor and good reading regardless for all interested in the progress of Cooperation.

prejudice, with the result that the men were let out on their own cognizance. As most of the police there are Catholics, Father spoke right from the shoulder.

WORK GOES ON

Meanwhile at the house, meals and everything else went on as usual. The police continued to pick up the colored men as they left the house. One policeman stood right at the police box and grabbed each of the negroes as he came down the street. Charge: vagrancy. It was the crudest bit of work I ever saw.

This morning the case was heard by the magistrate, Daugherty. Roland Watts asked for a trial before the regular court and grand jury. The three were allowed out on their own cognizance again.



Father Roy stood with the men in court and while he didn't testify as none was taken, he did make his mind clear to the police.

After the fellows had signed for their own appearance, Daugherty remarked "Your house is all right, but your regulations aren't."

It all boils down to this Jim Crow business. It is a policy and the Catholic police and police magistrate are backing up the race prejudice.

The date of the trial is not yet known.

SOME CONCESSIONS

This morning after the hearing Thornton and I were discussing the question of men sleeping on the floor. My opinion was that it does more harm than good, that you cannot create a good atmosphere in the house with so many. John felt that the thing was getting out of hand and that he was not getting anywhere but was losing the battle by having so many men here. However, he felt that he had to take in everyone. I contended that he shouldn't take in more than could be given a decent accommodation, that the physical limits of the house had to determine where you draw a line. I told him to give money for a flop when the beds were filled up, or if you have no money send them to some other place. He agreed that something had to be done and so a few minutes ago he announced that in future only enough will be taken in who can be bedded.



Crime and Punishment

(Continued from page 1)

on framed murder charges. As is usual with labor leaders, they are regarded as "dangerous radicals," and every attempt made to get a pardon for these men is met with inferences that it would be detrimental to national defense! (Will you wire Governor Olsen in regard to the pardon for these men?) They have been in jail four years now.

Here on the east coast three more seamen, Brown, Panchelli and Woodworth, are serving fifteen years in Trenton penitentiary for being drunk and getting mixed up in a fight on New Year's Day with a longshoreman on the Jersey waterfront. They were also accused of robbery, the longshoreman saying that they had taken a wallet with some money from his windbreaker. Though the three men were arrested at the scene of the fight, no money was found on them. They have already been in jail for four years.

Where Is Justice?

And here in New York City there is wandering loose somewhere a drunken degenerate who was paroled last week after serving two and one-half years for beating and raping his five-year-old daughter! While he was in jail his wife and four children were getting \$70 a month, but now that he is released (presumably to return to his family?) she is being given the run around from relief bureau to charity organization with a dispossess notice in her pocketbook. She is in mortal dread that her husband will find out where she is living and come in to revenge himself upon her for having him put away for even those two and a half years. She barricades her door at night and walks with fear during the day. For some two weeks now the family have been subsisting on what THE CATHOLIC WORKER could send over in the way of potatoes and onions, coffee, sugar, milk and bread. The three oldest children go to parochial school, so probably they get a hot lunch there. But the family need steady and more adequate help. We're hoping that one of our readers may decide to adopt this family for the coming year.

Justice! This man was guilty of beating his wife, cutting her throat on one occasion so that five stitches were necessary, of beating and attacking

St. Joseph's House London, England

Dear Friends:

It is lovely to be able to send a greeting from one House of Hospitality to the other in times when communication is so difficult. Mrs. Gibbian, who has promised to bring you our love, and this letter, is a good friend of our house and Father Peter Whitestone, O.P. She will tell you what life is like here—at least when it is normal.

We are thankful to God, our Lady, and all our guardian angels and patron saints that they, so far, have kindly watched over us. Everything that happens inside and outside the house throws us all the more back on God. That is the one great lesson. We struggle on, having to adjust our plans from one day to the other, but being completely united with "all men of good will," particularly with those of "the household of the Faith." One great drawback—at least in our human eyes—is the lack of helpers, which has delayed the production of our magazine, "The Vine and the Branches," more than duly. We have just tackled the next edition and hope that with God's help it may come out before long. Let us hope it will carry a message, learned these bitter days of trial. May God bless you for all the inspirations you have given us and may He grant one day that we may work again in undisturbed communication. Please ask all our friends in the other Houses of Hospitality to pray for us and for a future cooperation in the full understanding of this "Apostolate of Christ the Worker."

Love

Anyone can sign himself with the sign of the cross, may say "amen," and sing "alleluia," may present himself for baptism, visit churches and help to build them. The only thing which distinguishes the children of God from the children of the devil is love. —St. Augustine.

a five-year-old child—and for this he has served two and a half years. We wonder, thinking of Brown, Panchelli and Woodworth, how many of those who read this were ever drunk and disorderly on New Year's Day.

These are three of our "hundreds of neediest cases!" What can you do to help?

For Christmas

Two Books by DOROTHY DAY,
Editor of the CATHOLIC WORKER

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Blessed Martin Craft Guild
2305 Franklin Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio

Needed—A Philosophy of Labor

Atlantic City, November 18-23.

It was the last day of the CIO convention and one of the last warm days of the year. All week it was like this, mild and sunny, just enough of a breeze to send the waves pounding on the beach. There was a lavender haze in the air. The seagulls congregated along the beach, their white breasts gleaming. Sea foam in scalloped patterns bordered the beach with the receding tide. Between sessions of the convention everyone was on the boardwalk, early morning, noon and at sunset.

The Chelsea hotel was almost a mile down the boardwalk from the station. The auditorium was not large enough for the guests and the delegates. So the people were jammed in behind the railing and remained there every day, every hour of the convention. It was a packed balcony in more ways than one, packed with left wingers, right wingers, followers of Lewis or followers of Hillman. They all seemed in accord about Philip Murray, which is probably baffling to him as well as to the rest of the country. He realizes that one aspect of this popularity is scarcely complimentary.

INTENT INTEREST

Dramatic moments of the convention were the ovation for Lewis led by a brass band and evidently staged, but taken up by everyone most wholeheartedly. One could not be present for almost the entire week at such a convention without realizing that even Mr. Lewis's enemies have a sincere affection and loyalty to him though they may no longer desire him as leader of the CIO. The ovation for Murray, led by bagpipes; the Hillman speech, to which two thousand listened as one man in a deadly silent hall. Moreover, this silence was marked whenever Lewis or Murray spoke. It was as though each delegate and each listener in the gallery were studying to find other meanings, to hear what was left unsaid as well as what was said. There were many speakers and many good ones. The business of the convention was to elect officers, formulate policies, make resolutions for the coming year. It all seemed direct enough, but there was a conflict and the whole country knew there was a conflict, and it was scarcely ever openly stated. Everything was glazed over.

AGAINST COMMUNISM

There was a resolution opposing Communism, Fascism and Nazism, all forms of totalitarianism, and for the first time, this resolution was not only not fought, it was passed unanimously. It was recognized as a compromise. The right wingers wanted all Communists debarred from holding office. The left wingers were so afraid the issue would be fought up to the breaking of the CIO, that they welcomed the other resolution.

But somehow it always did seem strange to me, this reluctance to pass these resolutions inevitably proposed at every annual convention of every union. When they are labor leaders, Communists consistently and conscientiously deny

that they are Communists; they cannot be pinned down to a confession of faith, but up to this time they have refused to deny communism by passing resolutions against it on convention floors. A curious contradiction. And now at last they have done it. To them the issue seems clear cut enough. But to us it is not clear cut at all.

The trouble is, the Communists have a philosophy, a philosophy of history, a philosophy of labor, a philosophy of life. And the trouble also is that the majority of trade unionists who are not Communists, do not have a philosophy of history, a philosophy of labor.

STATEMENT OF FAITH

The Communist believes: (a) that man is conditioned by his economic conditions. He believes: (b) that man is important as a worker, derives his dignity and his worth from the fact that he is a producer. He believes: (c) that scientific progress has marvelously enabled man to use machines to produce for millions; for the common good, so man must be sacrificed to the machine as an individual. He believes: (d) that man is part of the state, part of the whole and must be sacrificed to the common good. He believes: (e) that religion has taught man to be meek and patient and subservient and to look for pie in the sky, robbing him of his dignity and joy. He believes that religion is a relic of barbarism and although it may have been a solace in the past to the poor and down-trodden, it has been the tool of the rich and the justification of the rich. (f) He believes that the Church and her priesthood which has kept this myth alive must be wiped out eventually. He believes (g) that trade unions are essential to educate the worker as to his rights. (h) And when he says fight for better conditions he means fight, because he believes in the use of force. So he intensifies and dramatizes the struggle, and trade unionism epitomizes class war. He believes: (i) that revolution is inevitable.

On the other hand the right wingers in the union believe also in a, b, c, d, g, and h, and those who are not Catholics believe in statement f.

RIGHT WING ALSO

Those of the workers who have no religious affiliations believe that religion is important and should not be actively combatted, but that when persecutions of the Church do arise, it is the fault of the priests who are too comfortable anyway and are against the worker, and besides the Church owns too much property.

From this over-simplified analysis, it may be seen that there is not a great difference between the viewpoints of all the trade unionists who have not a Catholic outlook on life. So it is easy for the Communist to say that "red-baiting" is insinuated by the capitalists into trade union discussion in order to get rid of the most militant and hard-working organizers.

ALSO MARXIST

There are Communists and there are Socialists in the trade union movement. The Socialists are looked upon as respectable and are not com-

batted. But their point of view (except that they hate Stalin) is essentially the same as that of all other followers of Karl Marx. They differ on points of tactics (which seems a mild word to use in connection with the directing of revolutions) but their answer to the vital question "what is man?" is the same as that of the Communist. Hillman is a Socialist and has an honored place in the administration, on the defense board.

USE OF FORCE

And when it comes to "national defense," to the use of force who are Christians, Catholics, to talk? Do they not endorse it as a means to be used to maintain a status quo, if not to change it?

No, when it comes down to it, the Christian, the Catholic, the Communist, the Socialist in the trade union movement, look pretty much alike today. That is the great difficulty. And that is why *The Catholic Worker* maintains that the great job in the trade union field is not "to fight Communism" but to bring to the worker a philosophy of labor, to de-proletarianize the worker, to make him an owner and thus endow him with responsibility, to restore to him his tools in order to make him a whole man and thus more capable of loving and serving God and his neighbor as himself.

MEET OLD FRIENDS

As to further news of the convention: Father Rice and I talked to Harry Bridges about conscription here and in Australia where it was defeated in the last war owing to the efforts of Archbishop Mannix; about education and about the Church... Ran into Thomason, whom I last saw when I was speaking to the steel workers in a southern Illinois town four years ago. One of the Negro workers fell asleep while I spoke and his chair tipped backward and he fell on the floor. Thomason is a miner and is now organizing lumber mills in the Northwest... Saw Bob Travis, who is organizing farm equipment workers in Davenport and Rock Island. Last time I ran into him was during the sit-down strike of the auto workers at Flint, Michigan, where I had to climb through the window to get into the plant which had been held by five hundred workers for forty days... Baker, vice-president of the Longshoremen's union in Portland had dropped by New York on his way to the convention "to see Joe Curran and the Catholic Worker," he said. Last met him on a platform in the Northwest when I spoke to a few thousand longshoremen and warehousemen last spring... Mary Heaton Vorse was there, and we reminisced of the days in Pittsburgh when they were organizing steel, four years ago, and the gains made since then. She is the author of "Labor's New Millions." Martin Kyne, a New York neighbor, friend of the CW and official of the Retail Clerks, was a friendly face. When we brushed against each other coming out of the crowded hall after Phillip Murray's acceptance speech he said joyfully: "Just heard the name of God mentioned at least a dozen times! Bringing religion into the labor movement!"

Brutal Treatment Of Conscientious Objectors

Holy Family House In Milwaukee Has New Site

Francis Bates is number 15 in his local draft area. He has mailed in his first questionnaire, registering as an objector opposed to non-combatant service. At this writing he is preparing his answers for the special conscientious objector's form, and he plans to refer to you and to the Catholic Worker in it.

No doubt you will remember him as the chairman of your meeting the last time you were in town. He's a substitute postman who has organized the St. Gabriel's League here, a vocational group of Catholic postal employees.

Frank has been a member of our group almost from the very beginning and he's given generously of himself, his time and his earnings (his parents have been dead for four years and he and a younger sister keep house). Since Frank Gallivan left us, Francis Bates and Margaret Schmidt and I have been trying to function as a board to keep our house going.

New Quarters

His first form was due last Wednesday and up to now he has not been mailed the c.o. blank. However, it probably will arrive any day now and then it will be due five days later. Francis is such a sterling character that we know he will be able to meet this test.

Outside of Francis the big news here is our moving to 115 West Seeboth street next week. Everybody is not happy about the move because we are really going to "Alcohol lane".

Julia's five days with us were fruitful and stirring. She made some new friends for us—Belle Bates arranged a talk for her at the Notre Dame mother-house—and she talked at our Wednesday forum. Julia's a good propagandist, so please send her again. Come yourself, when you can, too.

We're also trying to organize two chapters of the league for the diverts office in our group. It'll probably be around Christmas time when we really start functioning.

I'll keep you posted about Bates. You will pray for him, won't you.

'Nina Polcyn.

Labor

(Continued from page 1)

ment merely because it happens at the present time to be promoted chiefly by men who are hostile to Christianity. The air remains God's air though breathed by an atheist, and the bread we eat is no less the nourishment provided for us by God though kneaded by an unbeliever. It is the same with unionism. Is it an idea that rests on the divine order of things and is essentially Christian, though the men who favor it most do not recognize the finger of God in it and often turn it to a wicked use? ... We are shocked by the cynical, un-American failure of some employers to cooperate. Like the emancipation of our Negroes two generations ago, the policy of collective bargaining is looked upon as an interfer-

The brutal and inhuman treatment accorded fifteen conscientious objectors, as reported in a dispatch from Liverpool in the October 11th issue of *Peace News* (London), calls to mind proceedings of the Nazi concentration camps.

Ordered to non-combatant service, they determined to resist all military orders and as a result were systematically beaten up, drenched with cold water, prodded with rifle muzzles, their hair shaved completely off. Although all gave in at the time, eleven again refused on October 9 to appear in parade and were taken out on the parade ground and given another beating.

All this was done despite the fact that they had made an appeal direct to the War Office.

DEMOCRACY

A charge of mutiny was eventually preferred against them—the penalty for which, they were warned, was death. They were then sent under arrest to a camp in South Wales to await their court-martial.

Referring to the first beating when the fifteen had to give in under the punishment, one of them said, "I do feel I have let things down but I could not go on. Bread and water diet had weakened me terribly and yesterday I and four others were taken to a hut and subjected to heavy fatigue, running around for just over an hour, being pounded, kicked, tripped up until we dropped from sheer exhaustion.

"I was the third to pass out, but I was dumped into water and stood up again. This continued for the best part of the morning. We were taken back to the guardroom for about ten minutes and then fetched out for more of this treatment. I passed out twice.

MORE DEMOCRACY

"What made me give in more than anything else was the fact that the colonel promised we should never get a court-martial. Such treatment can be endured for a definite period, but where there is no end in sight the fight becomes useless."

Concerning this case, *Peace News* stated that this evidently had been deliberate policy to reduce the conscientious objectors to such a state of physical weakness and misery that they could not hold out for the court-martial to which they were entitled.

Those who believe that brutality belongs solely to Nazis have reason to do some thinking when this case is considered.

ence with property rights and we conclude that time will heal the hurt. But we had reason to hold that the benefits of workmen's compensation, after twenty-seven years of orderly procedures, were universally accepted and granted. To a degree, we were wrong in so holding. We have word from the New York Department of Labor that in July of this year and in the City of New York alone, there were 236 convictions, in the courts, of employers who refused to carry workmen's compensation insurance. To end such incidents laws are not fully adequate. God must be brought back into American life.

Day After Day

(Continued from page 4)

place is comfortable, the basement has been made into a laundry and sitting room, and there is a Nazereth shop in the back yard, an old shed which has been turned into a work shop. A shoemaker was at work there mending shoes when I called. Our meeting began with a holy hour down in the Church, conducted by Father Kern, who is spiritual adviser to the group and a faithful and understanding friend of the C.W. Visited the Ford River Rouge plant with Marie Conti and Lou. A terrifying experience. I felt faint and dizzy from the speed-up I witnessed there. See the story on Ford in another part of the paper. Visited Paul St. Marie and had breakfast with his family (six young ones) after Mass one morning. Paul is a tool and diemaker and is now one of the organizers at Ford's. Marie's St. Martha House made us realize the need for more houses for women.

Notre Dame

Here I spent my birthday, and a pleasant one. Fr. O'Donnell, the president of the college, let us have the use of his car; the boys arranged a meeting at Washington Hall; had a good interview with the president afterward; then a little supper before the train left for Chicago. It was good to see Mooney and Merdzinsky (they spent part of the summer with us in New York and at Easton) and Julian Pleasants and Michael Grace. Saw Sister Madeleva again and had lunch at St. Mary's.

Chicago

A crowd from Milwaukee was down for a Sunday meeting; also Marty Paul from the Minneapolis house and Herb Welsh from the St. Louis house.

I stayed in Chicago for several days and so was there for the sudden change of weather from warm to icy blizzard which occurred on Armistice Day. (November 11 is also the feast of St. Martin, the pacifist.) Had breakfast with Father Carrabine and later in the morning drove out to Libertyville to visit the Ladies of the Grail from Holland, who have just come over to start a house here in this country. We wish every girl who works with us throughout the country could serve an apprenticeship with them. They have a philosophy of labor and a philosophy of poverty, as all nuns have, but they are using it as a foundation of a way of life for the laity, too, and inculcating these ideas into the minds of the young high school boys and girls and college students who spend weekends and summers at the camp. Their headquarters is little more than a summer camp but they are going to continue the work through the winter there. Although the place is gayly painted and comfortably furnished, it is little warmer than our make-shift buildings at the farming commune at Easton. The young people are going to learn to grow their own food, prepare it and conserve it, and they are also going to be taught manual labor and the crafts. A good start was made this summer.

Lisle

A meeting at St. Procopius and a terribly stormy night. The Abbey is that of the Bo-

hemian Benedictines and they conduct a college for boys, a big building right out on the prairie, farm lands all around. They are noted for their hard work and it delights me to see the austere poverty of these communities.

They work hard, these monks and brothers and sisters. The nuns put us women to shame. I love most especially those little foreign sisters who work in kitchen and laundries, who wear away their youth and beauty for Christ, their Spouse, and who are so completely happy.

I had wanted to stay at St. Procopius for the night, but Joan Quilty, a young crippled girl, very active in the youth movement in spite of spending her days in a wheel chair, invited me to her home, and I had a most comfortable sleep and breakfast there.

Davenport, Iowa City and Mason City, Iowa

Since Gerry Griffen the head of the New York House of Hospitality comes from Iowa, we are well acquainted with its beauties. We tease him about the fewness of our subscribers there, and he tells us they do not need the paper. Be that as it may, I did indeed enjoy my visit in these three cities and the priests and lay people I met there. Fr. Burke, the president of St. Ambrose told me of his plans for a summer social action school.

At Iowa City I attended my first concert of the year with Father Hayne (I had to go all the way to Iowa to hear Nathan Milstein, the New York violinist.) After the concert, Father Neuzil invited us over to his rectory. We talked of books (he has a splendid library) woodcarving and foods and seasonings. This over a supper table. We talked of cheap cuts of meat and foreign delicacies and having read an article in the New Yorker on the war and foreign and domestic foods, it set me to thinking with nostalgia of the farm and the culinary arts and crafts to be developed there.

Mason City Meeting

Leaving the next morning at six for Mason City, there was a full moon setting over snow clad fields just as the sun was tinging the sky in the east. I felt very far away from New York. Father Kurt's meeting was a good one, some of our Minnesota friends driving down to be there. People don't think anything of driving one hundred and fifty miles to make an evening meeting out here... Dialogue mass for the children at seven the next morning. A splendid choir. Later we visited a sugar beet factory which was in full swing at this time of the year. There are 350 workers employed and one of the men tried to explain the whole process to us. One of the men stood by his gigantic cauldron and as I passed told me how much he had enjoyed the meeting the night before. But he didn't agree with us on unions, he said. He didn't think they were any good. We argued the point as best we could over the noise, but there was not time for a round table discussion, unfortunately. The American crystal company owns eight plants and at this one 1,852 tons of beets a day are handled, making 5,700 bags of sugar a day. Only about ten percent of the workers are skilled. The Mexicans work in the fields and the Americans in the factories. About 11 tons of beets can be raised to an acre.

(Continued in next issue)

Julia's First Journey—A Long Story But It Was a Long Trip

Today I received a letter from our good friend in Trenton penitentiary who says both he and his best friend are "tickled over my successful speaking trip, not forgetting the financial help for the Catholic Worker." And then John says most of the credit is due to his friend's prayers, not to his.

Left New York October 20, arrived Tell City, Ind., 12:25 Monday by bus. While stopping a few minutes in Harrisburg and Pittsburgh I thought of the groups there and wished I had time to visit them. Alice Lautner, who arranged my speaking engagements met me at the station. She is interested in the C. W. and has been reading it the past four years ever since her brother was at the Seminary at St. Meinrad. Alice has been the Santa Claus for the Giogas family of nine girls (whom we have been taking to the country these past five years). Every year on Christmas and their birthdays



she remembers them as well as helping the work in other ways.

October 22 I spoke at the Old Cathedral Parish in Vincennes, Ind., and at St. John's the following night. Then Thursday afternoon to the Altar Society. That evening to three classes at St. Vincent's School. I enjoyed my visit with the children and the nuns and the lay workers at St. Vincent's where I was for three days. They put me in the infirmary, which also served as a guest room since the children rarely were sick. Sister Rose, who is a Franciscan, was very hospitable and kept introducing me to many who came to see her. Among them were a group of seminarians from St. Meinrad, who invited me to visit them and two sisters from Indianapolis. Sister is an Adjutorian member of the Legion of Mary so we had long talks about the Legion. The Sisters were very gay and one deaf sister heard you through a horn like Veronica, but they all were very happy together. One night the Sisters put on masks of Charlie McCarthy to play with the children and everyone laughed so. Then the last morning I was there, Father

Lautner offered up mass for the Catholic Worker, as did the 100 children, the nuns and lay women in the Chapel. Wasn't that a wonderful gift? And they promised to continue to pray for us.

October 25, spoke at St. Joseph's Parish at Jasper. Several women promised to send clothes to Mott Street as I had told them of the great need for warm clothes for men especially.

October 27. Alice and her two sisters drove me to Louisville and back to Tell City, a distance of about 200 miles, so I could speak to the St. Cecilia's Sodality. Father Hartlage gave us some altar linens for the Chapel in Easton, that the girls had sewed as part of their Catholic Action.

October 28. Because several who heard my talk in Tell City became so interested in the movement, we were offered a farm by one and a goat by another and then was invited to speak to the parochial school children. I enjoyed my session with them for they had never heard about the Catholic Worker but took home copies of the paper and offered to get subscriptions. They were eager to hear about how children in the city live and of those we take to the country in the summer. Many asked questions. At St. Vincent's one little boy wanted to know if "did we feed any animals?" And I was happy to tell them of Tamar's pets. Steve's woodcarving impressed many and I hope encouraged some to do likewise with ordinary fruit boxes.

October 29 I had the joy of seeing St. Meinrad. Met a seminarian who used to come to the meetings at Charles Street and sell the C. W. on the streets with Larry Delaney. It was a complete surprise finding him so far from New York and after four years. It was very impressive to hear that the Benedictine Monks had built the Church and most of the College and Seminary buildings with stone they had quarried themselves. In seeing a glimpse of their farm land and thriving community, sufficient unto themselves with the towers of the Church above all, I thought this is what Peter has in mind when he points out how on the land we can live a full Christian life. And I thought too someday there will be farming communes living on their own produce, making all they need in the way of furniture, clothes and with their own Chapel. And I felt such peace.

That evening we visited the Academy of the Immaculate Conception and I spoke to the students, novices and the Sisters, at Ferdinand. These Benedictine Sisters were so interested in the C. W. that they ordered 50 copies of the paper and back issues for the novices to read. They are praying for us constantly, too, as they have perpetual adoration day and night.

November 4 I took the bus from Evansville, Indiana, to St. Louis, Mo., where I was met by Cyril Echele. It was good to see him, his wife, Herb, and the rest of the group, as well

as the House of Hospitality on Pine Street. Spoke to the St. Francis Xavier High School and to St. Mark's. The students there at these schools sacrifice part of their lunch as their contribution to the work each day. On Thursday Herb Welsh drove me to Webster College, where I spoke. I can understand why Herb has such a strong Faith for his car has no doors, hardly any back and yet it goes.

November 8. Mignon drove me to O'Fallon for six o'clock Mass. Afterwards I explained what we did to the nuns and novices. They were most interested in the pictures I had of the Houses and people in the movement. Had a delicious six-course breakfast here. Later we drove to Blessed Mother Duchesne's shrine and school in St. Charles. I touched the watch she used so I guess that makes me a third-class relic.

November 9 arrived in Chicago and met you just in time to wish you a belated Happy Birthday. On Monday night in that terrible storm Mrs. Grace and I reached Rosary College in time for my talk. The students were most interested in hearing about Mary Grace and her husband building their own home in Ronkonkoma and of their little farm. Sister remembered when Mary was a student there four years ago and told the girls more about her.

November 13 Nina met me in Milwaukee and that evening I met the group and told them of the trip.

George Simon drove Peggy Bates and me to the Notre Dame Convent where I spoke to the candidates and novices who all read "House of Hospitality." They were most interested in the C. W. and offered to collect much needed linens, towels, soap and whatever they could for the house in Milwaukee. At present they help with food.

Yesterday Catherine Lahr of Denver came in with the two Barrett girls. You recall wanting to visit their mother, whom you wrote about in "From Union Square to Rome," well, I have her address now. They took me to the National Catholic Charities Convention to see Mary Duffy, the Legion of Mary organizer. As if this surprise meeting wasn't enough but who should I meet but the two ladies from the Grail, whom we had visited last week. They invited me to spend Thanksgiving Day with them at Libertyville, so I won't be leaving for Detroit until Friday.

All of this trip has been wonderful, to meet old friends and to make new ones for the work. Altogether now I have received \$134 in subscriptions and donations and about 100 subscriptions. Everyone has been very hospitable. But it looks like I won't be home for at least two weeks. After I visit Detroit, I go to Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Rochester, but as these will be brief visits with no more speeches, I may even be home sooner.

Pray for me. Affectionately your fellow worker in Christ,

Julia.

CW Reader Tells Of Living by Barter

Dear Catholic Worker:

I've not earned a cent in seven years! And I am not lazy, nor have I left a stone unturned on the road toward work. No, I am not on relief. I've been living by barter.

I am 34, single, a graduate of a Catholic college in Chicago, and was secretary for seven years to a BIG executive. Then the business went SMASH. That was in 1933. I stayed in Chicago, hoping against hope, answering the FEW ads in the papers, and when ads were no longer printed, I visited employment offices.

THREE MEALS AND BED

"Nothing . . . nothing . . . nothing." Finally I got a job for my room and board. It was out in the university district. Got it myself. Stayed eight weeks, and worked 17 hours a day, had no time off, and the lady of the house was a nagger.

So, taking my total savings, \$120, I started out, no destination in mind. I couldn't be worse off. I walked about six miles and then two cameo-faced ladies asked me to ride with them.

TWO SAMARITANS

Where was I going? No-where? Oh, my dear, a girl couldn't be going nowhere! They brought me home with them. I had no luggage. Their home is a village in Wisconsin (I will not name it), seven miles north of the Illinois state line. Yes, in Wisconsin. They kept me five days. Everyone in the village over 18 years of age was working, earning their way. No strangers came to this placid place.

My benefactresses owned vast orchards, strawberries and raspberries in patches. Their market was laid before the fruits blossomed. Their pickers, packers, drivers, craters, timekeeper and seasonal stenographer had been with them for years. In the orchard were two houses—one furnished with old, old things. It had been the office when the old orchard was bearing. Now there was a new office and a new orchard, new strawberry beds and raspberry patches.

WAGES IN BARTER

I was told I could have my rent free in the little house, and Miss Melissa would get me work one day a week at the general store, IF I'D TAKE MY WAGES IN BARTER. I said I would. Then Miss Martha, the other sister, said I could help her every Tuesday when she plucked her chickens for market. I was pretty slow at this so she put me to cleaning house while she tended the birds. She paid me in wood, butter and milk, and a dressed chicken.

Two days a week! Saturday was a busy time at the store. I liked it, and I liked Tuesdays at Miss Martha's. For ten months I used my Saturday earnings right up. Food, kerosene, shoes—it is a general store—and sundry ate it up. Then I began to save. Had a due bill at the store. And with the due bill came more work, tutoring a junior in English. I didn't receive money. Her mother gave me canned peaches, strawberries, raspberries and cherries. Loads of them. And she also gave me two cords of cut wood. I have

a huge woodpile, as I get my wood from Miss Martha, and between times I pick up "dead" sticks in the woods.

STILL SEARCHING, WHY?

I have tried to obtain a job that would mean money, but have failed. Answer ads in both the Milwaukee and the Chicago newspapers and always someone is ahead of me. It may be my life is to be lived here.

I have all the milk I can use and enough for my dog—who came to me hungry, exhausted, and his feet bleeding. I have fifty chickens and trade my eggs to the drug store proprietor for magazines and trade some more to the moving picture proprietor that I may take in the weekly movie.

TEN CENTS A GALLON

I was ill last winter. Called Dr. Schmidt. Paid him in eggs. I never butcher my own chickens as Miss Martha gives me a dressed chicken every week, three pounds of butter, and every day I go up to her house for a gallon of milk. She figured the milk at ten cents a gallon and I use seven gallons a week. Drink it like I used to drink water. She figures the butter comes to 75 cents (25 cents a pound), and the chicken at 75 cents. I get my dinner and supper the day I work for her.

I have soap, soap chips, sugar, salt, baking powder, flour, tea, coffee, raisins, dates, even candy in my pantry. Full and plenty are mine, but money is not used in my mode of living.

HOSPITALITY

Last week a woman came to me. She is old and she is a widow. She had been at the Poor House—yes, Wisconsin still has her poor houses—and she ran away. Once this woman had a good farm, five children. The children died. She lost the farm. I am going to keep her. Why not? Only yesterday I was asked to tutor two seniors in English, and that means two dollars in barter every day. This lovely old lady, who came to my door as did the homeless dog, will have full and plenty. Just imagine two dollars worth of groceries a day! I'll take some of it out in sewing. Already I call my guest Mother, and she will have bright print house dresses. I'll get the cloth at the store and the mother to one of the girls I tutor will make Mother some dresses.

We will ride to Rockford sometimes, too, paying our way with the hours I tutor.

YOU HAVE SECURITY!

Awfully independent, we two women? Yes, and happy. You never saw so much wood piled around a little house and you never saw such beautiful chickens as our Hamburgs. I've not told the name of the village as the oldtimers try to discourage newcomers. However, the editors know it, as is just and right. They will withhold it, I hope.

Yet, were another roofless woman (as I once was) to stop I'd keep her. And now, in two months the candidates for county superintendent of schools will declare themselves. I've half a mind to run. I have the qualifications. If I



An Earth Picture Of Runaway Greed

FARMERS OF TOMORROW, by Rev. Urban Baer, the Monroe Publishing Co., Sparta, Wis. \$2.00.

FARMERS OF TOMORROW is a down to earth picture of the unbridled greed and selfishness and corresponding injustices of our economic system as it affects not only the farmer producer but also the laborer and the city consumer. More stress is placed upon the evils of our present set-up than upon the remedies, principally because the great majority of people seem to be unaware of these evils. Father Baer supplements his own conclusions with well-chosen factual material from many sources; farmer editors, speeches of farm leaders, government reports and papal writings.

Farmers Must Share Blame

The author shows that farmers must share part of the blame for their conditions by their refusal to help themselves through the mutual help of worthwhile farm organizations, whose history he outlines in the first chapter. Another factor at fault has been rural education. Both private and public schools have prepared farm youth for city life instead of for rural living. City minds were developed in rural bodies, resulting in a conflict which drew many potential farm leaders to the city. The Smith-Hughes Act of 1917, providing direct subsidy for agricultural study in the high school has helped to remedy the situation but the act should be extended to private high schools as well. Father Baer shows that rural education must also stress farming as a way of life; land as a trust from God; the dignity of agriculture; the dignity of labor; and the danger of setting class against class.

Cause of Swollen Gains

Two chapters on "monopolistic practices" and "monopolies and the people" reveal that the early lumbermen and fur merchants were not the only robber barons. Their ruthless greed set a precedent which has been and is widely imitated. How else explain the excessive profits of corporations dealing in farm and related products or salaries of their officials exceeding that of the President of the U. S.? These salaries are realized at the expense of producer and consumer when both are living a hand-to-mouth existence. Tenancy receives a chapter of attention with mention of the constructive work by the Farm Security Administration toward restoring ownership.

Points the Way Out

Father Baer points the way out of the farmers' economic

were elected, Mother and I would have security. Pray for me. J. G.

P. S.: I have \$100 of my original \$120. It is on deposit here. I call it my funeral fund.

Family Folk On Farm Digging In For Winter

Maryfarm R.F.D. No. 4,
Easton, Pa.,
December 1, 1940.

A few issues back, you wrote a tribute to Mr. O'Connell. I shall try to do justice to Mrs. Buley.

Mr. Raymond Buley had humbly, and even blushing I think, in spite of his hugeness of size, asked me to come to his house so I could write of the accomplishments he'd made by working at the dump.

This first Sunday of Advent at noon I went to their humble abode of wood and tar-paper. Mrs. Anna Buley met me at the door and invited me into see what they had done to the inside of the house. They'd changed the kitchen to the central part and made a ceiling with cartons to keep the heat down in the living part. It was real warm with their rubbish burner doing its job of burning hunks of well seasoned oak roots with a big pile of oak hunks beside it. Mr. Buley was peeling little boiled potatoes and Nancy was mashing hers. Nancy is their daughter of about twelve years of age. Potatoes, bread, oleo, chocolate pudding, and coffee was their Sunday dinner.

NOT CHARITY

Mrs. Buley said: "We came out here from New York. We didn't want charity and I don't want relief. I wanted my children to be where they could put seed in the ground and learn something useful. In New York they would come home from school crying because they were insulted for being backward."

The Buley's had moved quite a bit previously, thus the children's schooling had been hindered. Now the two youngest, Raymond and Billy, receive several hours, five days per week of school from Mrs. Ruth Ann Heaney, including prayers, religious instruction, counting, the alphabet, reading, writing, coloring, drawing, and arithmetic and a little history.

Mrs. Buley went on: "I only wanted a place partitioned off in the barn where I could be with my children and I wished that a priest would be here and I could work and earn my bread by baking bread. Then there would be a good atmosphere both for Raymond and the children. Now I thank God every night that I have this place." She said she wanted an acre of land where they could raise their own vegetables and give to the commu-

wilderness; the curbing of destructive individualism, and an application of the guild idea to modern society in the setting up of vocational groups. Farming is a vocation; it has a place in the organic structure of society which the establishment of vocational groups would mean. Lastly Father Baer shows that our "longed for social reconstruction must be preceded by a profound renewal of the Christian spirit. Otherwise our efforts will be futile and our social edifice will be built, not upon a rock, but upon shifting sands" (Plus XI). Father Baer has given a valuable guide to rural life leaders and a readable survey of his plight to the farmer producer and the consumer.

nity. Also she would like it if others had the same.

SALVAGING

Nancy Buley has started baking bread (three batches to date). Raymond has picked coal out of the dump, and actually used the coal two months, which saved on cutting wood. Raymond had picked tin from the dump and bought a rubbish burner, shoes, rubbers, socks, cap, gloves, and four dollars worth of groceries.

Mr. Buley adds: "But we are still trying to get a hold of enough money to buy a 50-gallon drum of kerosene and Billy and Nancy a pair of shoes and rubbers."

They gave me a crucifix which was broken to mend with glue; one that Father Brown, a young priest of a church in the Bronx, gave Mr. Buley when he was baptized a year ago.

—Hazen Ordway.

French Return To Land Once Rated Barren

CLERMONT, FERRAND, France—One of the first results of France's crushing military defeat was a land boom. With more than 10,000,000 refugees from the northern half of the country now crowded into the small unoccupied zone, there has been a rush back to the land.

For many years, France has had a growing problem of abandoned villages, due to the trek of farm workers and farm families to the factory cities. There were thousands of villages wholly abandoned, which fell into ruin, and weeds invaded thousands of farms whose land was so poor that factory wages were more attractive to farmers. After 10 years of rest, the land has regained its lost strength.

The first attempt to repopulate the abandoned farms and villages took place at Sarlieve, on a nude plateau of the Auvergne highlands near here. In all 2,800 acres already have been reclaimed, split into 16,000 pieces of workable farmland and 2,500 new owners have been installed in six villages where after a long silence, there again is the hum of activity. The whole highlands are so poor, however, that many owners have to farm as many as 10 or 12 scattered parcels of soil.

A COUNTRY'S DEATH

"For supposing a country is victorious in the conflict and hence becomes swollen with pride, then the victory it has won involves its own death; and even if in the very tide of victory it stops to reflect on the general fate and condition of all human affairs, views things as they generally turn out, and is in consequence more distressed at the thought of adversity than puffed up with pride at the thought of prosperity, then the victory it has won will, though not involving the death of the victor, at all events result in grievous wounds to himself. For since he cannot last forever, the conqueror cannot hope always to keep in subjection those whom he has vanquished."—St. Augustine, *On Peace and War*.