

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

The Sixth Column

I. Christianity Untried

1. "Christianity has not failed," said Chesterton, "for the very good reason that it has not been tried."
2. Christianity has not been tried, because people thought that it was not practical.
3. And men have tried everything except Christianity.
4. And everything that men have tried has failed.
5. And to fail in everything that one tries is not considered to be practical by so-called practical people.
6. Men will be practical when they try to practice the Christianity they profess to believe in.

II. An Ethical Problem

1. Lincoln Steffens says: "The political problem is not a political problem; it is an economic problem."
 2. Peter Kropotkin says: "The economic problem is not an economic problem; it is an ethical problem."
 3. Thorstein Veblen says: "There are no ethics taught to people in modern society."
 4. R. H. Tawney says: "There were high ethics taught to people when the Canon Law was the law of the land."
 5. How has society passed from the high ethics of the Canon Law
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The Gospel of Peace

By Father John J. Hugo

In the seventh Beatitude Christ said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." In view of these words, it is difficult to understand the assertion that there is nothing in war incompatible with Christianity. What could be clearer or more direct than this? In the very Beatitudes, which have a special importance among the sayings of Jesus, is this praise, not only of peace, but of peacemaking. Christians are called not simply to enjoy, but to make peace: This is to be an important characteristic of their special religious activity.

If all Christ's utterances are oracles of Him Who is the Truth, these Beatitudes enjoy a special preeminence because they summarize the most essential features of the divine pattern of living which Our Lord imposed on all mankind in the Sermon on the Mount. They comprise, in fact, the Christian Manifesto to the world. Why is it that eight particular acts and practices are singled out from all the other elements of the Christian life for a special blessing and beatitude? Because, answers the Angelic Doctor, they are peculiarly well fitted to bring men to their eternal beatitude and indeed give them already in this life some beginning and share in supernatural blessedness. (I, II, 69, 2, c.) Peacemaking is one of the actions so singled out and blest by Jesus. This, the culminating Beatitude, reveals that His followers are to be, not warriors, but peacemakers.

Highest Beatitude

Indeed, not only is beatitude attached to peacemaking, but even the highest beatitude. For, as St. Thomas teaches, the rewards attached to the several Beatitudes are stated in a cumulative order (I, II, 69, 4 ad 3.) each adds something new to the promise contained in the previous one. Thus, as a Christian passes from one Beatitude to the next, perfecting



himself in each one as he goes, he merits increasingly great spiritual privileges. The possession of eternal goods in security and tranquillity, which is promised in the second Beatitude, is better than merely holding or having

such goods, as is promised in the first; for we have many things of which we do not have firm possession. It is still better to enjoy consolation among the goods of eternity, as is promised in the third Beatitude, than it is both to have them and possess them; sometimes possession brings but sorrow. Again, to be filled with abundance of consolation, as the fourth Beatitude pledges, is better than simply to be consoled, just as it is better to have the fullness of knowledge than merely some knowledge. The fifth Beatitude adds still more when it promises mercy; for this means that those who accept Christ's law will be filled, not according to their own desires, which would be very limited, but according to the infinite mercy of God. The sixth contains the promise to see God, and this is more wonderful still, as it is a greater honor to live with a king and enjoy his presence than it is to enjoy plenty in his court, but at a distance from his person. The next reward, the climactic promise of Our Lord, is granted to the peacemakers: "They shall be called the children of God." Not only shall they see God, but, be-

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Our Friend Joe

Since I last wrote I have had several jobs, and the most interesting one—a job with a small circus—will give you some idea of my versatility.

It all happened when the aroma of good coffee came drifting out to the highway from the direction of some fancy colored trucks which I quickly perceived to be a small circus outfit. When I approached the cook he suggested that I hook on with the outfit and, after feeding me, he directed me to the boss, who was undoing some canvas.

I spent a week with this outfit, and did everything from putting up the canvas to ushering. After the second night I was hooked to ride one of the horses through the tent while the boss lassoed me. He had a minimum of equipment, and his big stock in trade

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NOTES BY THE WAY

By DOROTHY DAY

I began to write this article on the Feast of our Lady of Lourdes when I went to my bookshelves to find something about our Blessed Mother to read. I picked up two books, opened them for a bit and closed them both with horror and sat down with my missal instead. I'm not going to mention the names of the two books nor their authors. I'd prefer to talk of the splendid hagiography of Fr. Thurston and Donald Attwater (the revised Butler), Gheon, Ida Coudenrove, Margaret Monroe and other modern writers.

In the first of the two books aforementioned, the saint-writer declares that the Blessed Mother, with lighted torches, was seen setting fire to a dance hall, where couples were carousing, and burning it to the ground with 400 people therein! The second book had a little chapter about eating: "The saints went to their meals sighing. St. Alphonsus, when sitting down, would think only of the sufferings of the souls in purgatory, and with tears would beseech Our Lady to accept the mortifications he imposed upon himself during meals. Blessed de Montford sometimes shed tears and sobbed bitterly when sitting at table to eat. If such have been the feelings of the saints what shall we say of those of Mary? ... St. Jerome (in a letter to Heliodorus) said that this wonderful child only took, toward evening, the food which an angel was wont to bring her."

No wonder no one wants to be a saint. But we are called to be saints—we are the sons of God! Thank God for the missal! I turned for refreshment to the Mass for the day.

Springtime

"The flowers have appeared in our land, the time of pruning is come." (That is literally true. Down here on Long Island they have been pruning the fruit trees and grapevines the early part of this month.) "Arise, my love, my beautiful one and come; my dove in the clefts of the rock, in the hollow places of the wall. Show

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An Editor Speaks Out

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

The London Catholic Herald is a great and courageous Catholic paper and even though it has taken the stand of most Catholic papers of backing the prosecution of the war, nevertheless, at times, there is evidence that the morality of modern war disturbs its editor.

When you consider how little other editors are disturbed, this adds up to something remarkable. St. Thomas has said that an act to be good must be so in its beginning, in its means and in its end. How anyone can justify the means of modern war as being conformable to Catholic teaching is one of the matters that remains a deep mystery to us.

In the issue of February 18, the editor of the Catholic Herald considers the remarks made by Lord Fitzalan in the House of Lords, in London. Lord Fitzalan is, to quote the editor, a "Catholic peer who has long enjoyed something of a representative Catholic character in the country."

Lord Fitzalan described himself in the speech made in the House of Lords as "an out-and-out

bomber," and went so far as to suggest that the killing of the Holy Father would not be so bad, since "we can get another." Loud laughter, according to the reports, greeted his remark. He then asked that the city of Rome be spared, not only because of its religious character, but also for cultural reasons.

Ashamed?

Of this, the editor said: Many—we hope most Catholics—felt ashamed last week when they read the press reports of the Lord's debate on bombing policy.

The Anglican Bishop of Winchester had courageously initiated the debate and a Dr. Bell had roundly stated that the policy of obliteration of cities was not a justifiable act of war.

"We may take differing views of the moral justification of area bombing," said the editor, "but is it possible for any Christian not to feel the deepest moral anxiety about the ruthlessness, weight and hideousness of total war? Is it possible for such a person not to have troubled

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Pius XII

Whatever We can do to hasten the day when the dove of peace may find on this earth, submerged in a deluge of discord, somewhere to alight, we shall continue to do, trusting in those statesmen who, before the outbreak of war, nobly tolled to avert such a scourge from the peoples; trusting in the millions of souls of all countries and of every sphere, who call not for justice alone but for love and mercy; above all, trusting in God Almighty to Whom We daily address the prayer: "In the shadow of thy wings will I hope, until iniquity pass away" (Psalms lvi: 2).

Pray then, Venerable Brethren, pray without ceasing; pray especially when you offer the Divine Sacrifice of Love. Do you, too, pray, you whose courageous profession of the faith entails today hard, painful and, not rarely, heroic sacrifices; pray you, suffering and agonizing members of the Church, when Jesus comes to console and to heal your pains, and do not forget with the aid of a true spirit of mortification and worthy practice of penance to make your prayers more acceptable in the eyes of Him Who "lifteth up all that fall: and setteth up all that are cast down" (Psalms cxliv:14) that He in His mercy may shorten the days of trial and that thus the words of the Psalmist may be verified: "Then they cried to the Lord in their affliction: and he delivered them out of their distresses" (Psalms cvi:13).

Epistle to the Irish

By BOB SUKOSKI

I was born on the eve of St. Patrick's Day and the following week my good mother and father, running down the list of nice-sounding saints' names, paused for a moment at the name of Ireland's great saint, musing on both the appropriateness and humor in the possible union of the Christian name with my family name. That was thirty years ago, and today I thank the same good parents for launching me with another name than Patrick's. I think the saint is busy enough as it is interceding for the more rightful bearers of his name—and for all those Irish non-Patrick Catholics who capitalize for good, bad and indifferent reasons on their purebred, grade or plain-ordinary scrub relation to the great Saint who lived a thousand years ago. In a few days it will be St. Pat-

rick's Day, especially in New York. And since this is written for the New York Irish, the city-Irish, it is just as well that the special clause in Mrs. George Bernard Shaw's will was printed (along with the text of the will) a couple of weeks ago before the excitement, the green flags and neckties on Fifth Avenue this March 17th obscure a very important criticism of and consequent counsel for the Irish. G.B.S. himself and Mrs. Shaw are only the occasion for this criticism. After all, Mrs. Shaw's testamentary gift of \$400,000 is marked for the resident Irish, the good people of Eire across the sea. And, according to the headline in the New York Times, "Eire Is Calm; Even Sees Some Good." Not so the New York Irish, who (the

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To A Catholic Worker

Dear Friend:

It seems that when Providence brings us together in those rare and happy intervals that our conversation inevitably turns to that subject which is so close to our hearts, the understanding of the implications of the law of love in the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ.

You mightn't have realized it but it was you who opened to me a better understanding of the place of Mary in the marvelous plan that Providence had decreed. Those thoughts have been with me often since, in those contemplative hours before falling asleep, in those awakening moments of the day when the mind tries to orient itself to its place in the scheme of things.

The subject is inexhaustible and haven't you noticed that when the discussion swings to this theme, thinking becomes wonderfully clarified and you find yourself pouring out thoughts that never before struck you and how you find suddenly the links that bind the former truths you have contemplated. It must be that it is the Holy Ghost that takes hold of you in these thrilling moments to help you penetrate the deep wisdom of God's plan.

Since we both have tried to love His spouse, Mary, we probably have won some affection from Him and He has given us brief but life-breathing inspirations into the essential meaning of things. For that, much thanks.

The Central Figure

The very complexity of the world which so baffles the scientists who try to atomize it and study it piece by piece, often to their own intellectual destruction, all this complexity becomes ordered and in place like pieces in a jig-saw puzzle when we study and talk about the central figure of the universe, Christ, living and breathing and giving life through Mary in His Mystical Body.

The Works of Mercy

We have worked together in this work which places so much emphasis on the spiritual and corporal works of mercy, those fourteen paths to sanity. Through them we have recognized the unity of mankind.

It is as if humanity were a large, large man lying helpless by a roadside, beaten down by enemies and we had learned the secret of coming to his aid in fourteen ways. We grasped why it was so important that we should feed him when he was poor and desolate, why we should clothe him and nurse him and console him and finally bury him. We knew why we should visit him when some unrealizing policeman should have jailed him. We knew these things because we knew who that Man was and we knew how we could recognize Him, this Man who came into the world each minute as a thief to test people to find if they would recognize Him.

We knew these things and we talked of them and we tried in some small way to do something about the Man for we knew that He was the Man of Sorrows waiting to be received and loved. We knew and still know that our Lord liveth and we have only to reach out our hand to touch Him in the person of the poor.

NOTES BY THE WAY

(Continued from page 1)

me thy face, let thy voice sound in my ears, for thy voice is sweet and thy face comely."

Filled with joy at this so different address to the Mother of Christ, I went on reading that chapter in the Canticle of Canticles—"Behold my beloved speaketh to me: Arise, make haste, my love, my dove, my beautiful one, and come. For winter is now past, the rain is over and gone. The fig tree hath put forth her green figs; the vines are in flower with their sweet smell. Arise, my love, my beautiful one and come... Catch us, the little foxes, that destroy the vines."

The little foxes—it is about the little foxes I wish to write—the

little foxes that destroy the beautiful vines that prevent the grapes from coming to fruition. In other words, the little misconceptions of feasting and fastings that keep us from rejoicing in true devotion during this season of Lent.

In the Mass of this very day there were two prayers, begging for "health both of soul and of body" and "that physical and moral health which we desire." I want to write about feasting and fasting and the joys and beauties of both, because, although this is a feast day on which I begin this writing, the Septuagesima season has begun and we begin to gear ourselves for Lent.

How much there was about food in the Old Testament.

Adam raised food for himself and Eve, and did it with pleasure. After the fall of Adam, ploughing and seeding and harvesting, earning one's daily bread either as a husbandman like Cain or shepherd like Abel, was a difficult and painful affair. Sacrifices of food were offered to the Lord, whether of beasts, or of bread and wine—food because it represented our life—what we live by. We offered our lives to the Lord. We also lust after food as Esau did when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage. The Israelites complained of their food in the desert and yearned after the flesh pots of Egypt even with the bondage and slavery it entailed, even though the Lord fed them bread from heaven and water from the Rock, food that had every delight and taste.

Who can forget the widow's cruse of oil which was never diminished; Ruth gleaning in the corn; Daniel and his three companions living on "oats, pea beans and barley corn"; and the meal that was served Daniel in the lion's den by the prophet Zacharias? St. Bonaventure said that after the long fast of our Lord in the desert, when the angels came to minister to Him, they went first to the blessed Mother to see what she had on her stove, and got the soup she had prepared and transported it to our Lord, who relished it the more because His Mother had prepared it. Of course.

Fasting

How many times fasting is enjoined in the Old Testament. Whenever there was war, a penalty for their sins, the Jews were told to fast, and to fast joyfully, not with long faces. Over and over again the chosen people were urged to do penance, to fast, even their cattle, not only as a sign of sorrow for sins, and offering to God of their life, but also to have the means to show their love for their brother who was afflicted.

How shall we have the means to help our brother who is in need? We can do without those unnecessary things which become habits, cigarettes, liquor, coffee, tea, candy, sodas, soft drinks, and those foods at meals which only titillate the palate. We all have these habits, the youngest and the oldest. And we have to die to ourselves in order to live, we have to put off the old man and put on Christ. That it is so hard, that it arouses so much opposition, serves to show what an accumulation there is in all of us of unnecessary desires.

The Way to Freedom

Instead of quoting Fr. Lacouture or Fr. Hugo, I'd like to quote Fr. Zossima, that very much alive character in Dostoevsky's Brothers Karamazov:

"The world says, You have desires, and so satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the most rich and powerful. Don't be afraid of satisfying them and even multiply your desires... I knew one 'champion of freedom' who told me himself that, when he was deprived of tobacco in prison, he was so wretched at the privation that he almost went and betrayed his cause for the sake of getting tobacco again! And such a man says, 'I am fighting for the cause of humanity.'"

"How can such a one fight, what is he fit for? He is capable perhaps of some action quickly over, but he cannot hold out long. And it is no wonder that the people instead of gaining freedom have sunk to slavery and instead of serving the cause of brotherly love and the union of humanity, have fallen on the contrary, into dissension and isolation."

"The monastic way is very different. Obedience, fasting and prayer are laughed at, yet only through them lies the way to real, true freedom."

And Feasting

I have always meant to go through the New Testament to

THE DOLL

"What a lover sees in the beloved is the projected shadow of his own potential beauty in the eyes of God."—Coventry Patmore in "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower".

It is said that when, in reverent embrace,
St. Francis the Bambino held, the image smiled,
Coming to life and finding in his face
That love which glows when child discovers Child:

And when, my little-one, from me you took
The doll—by loving arms received from loving hand—
Methought I saw a miracle and shook
With awe; as one whose tired eyes had scanned

Long years the horizon and seen at last
Some longed-for vision or a hope come true,
For as in loving gaze your eyes were cast
Down at the doll, she had smiled back at you!

Thus it had seemed, "A fancy," some will say;
And yet last night, my dear, you told me this—
"She grows more lovely every time I play
With her, more lovely with each kiss."

I know, and more than this I know, my own,
She is more lovely—let those sneer who dare—
She is more lovely with thy love alone,
Thy own child's—loveliness reflected there!

Louis A. Dessurne.

Winchester, England.

see how many times food is mentioned, how many times Christ dined, supped, picnicked with His disciples. He healed St. Peter's mother-in-law and she rose to serve them. He brought the little girl back to life and said, "Give her to eat." He broiled fish on the seashore for His apostles. Could it possibly be that Mary was less solicitous for the happiness and comfort and refreshment of others?

It is a part of woman's life to be preoccupied with food. She nurses her child, she has nourished him for nine long months in her womb; it is her grief if her breasts fail her; she weeps if her child refuses to eat. Her work as food provider is her pleasure and her pain, pain because of the monotony and because right now the cost of food has gone up 43 per cent.

There are many ways to write about the problem of food. The heretical attitude of mind which feels shame of the body, disgust at its functions, distaste at supplying its necessities, fear of its joys, has resulted in a most exaggerated attention to food. First we neglect it because we think of eating as a gross pleasure. Then we lose interest in preparing foods for the family, then we turn to store and factory foods with all their talk of vitamins and calories.

Books on Health

From the standpoint of health, there are two good books which stimulate many thoughts on food. Dr. Price's Nutrition and Physical Degeneration, and Alexis Carrel's Man the Unknown. We eat to have strength in order to serve God. If there are pleasures of taste to oil the heavy labor of production, we should take them gratefully from the good God. I'm sure the Blessed Mother did not neglect her family duties. I am sure St. Joseph provided a good piece of wood which Mary kept scrubbed and perhaps waxed, and she who "with her bosom's milk didst feed her own Creator, Lord most high," must have seen to it that suitable meals were served on that board to Him who was like unto us in all things save only sin.

I have been getting an idea as to what was eaten in those days by what is eaten now by people in the same region. Reviewing a book for the Commonweal, "In the Footsteps of Moses," led me to T. E. Lawrence, and then to Doughty's Arabia Deserta. At the same time I was reading Bazin's life of Fr. Charles de Foucauld. And, of course, the Desert Fathers.

Wheat, butter and honey, dates, wine and oil, mutton, calves, fish and quail—these are all mentioned in the Bible. Aside from feasts there was a monotony of diet that we should get back to for the sake of simplifying our lives, for the sake of being more truly poor with Him, for the sake of fasting, and for the sake of

health. A handful of ground wheat with honey and milk on it makes a most delightful collation. A slice of whole wheat bread makes a fast day breakfast. You can buy a sack of wheat, a hundred pounds, for \$3. You can live this way in city or country. Not only this is war time, but this is Lent, and Lent is a wonderful time to begin again.

The Pope Said:

Back in May, 1741, Pope Benedict XIV said: "If this observance of Lent comes to be relaxed it is to the detriment of God's glory, to the dishonor of the Catholic religion, and to the peril of souls; nor can it be doubted that such negligence will become a source of misfortune to nations, of disaster in public affairs, and of adversity to individuals."

As in the days of the Old Testament, that prophecy of Pope Benedict XIV has come true with us.

Rural Parish Provides

Acreage for Small Farms

Cincinnati.—The parish of Queen of Peace, Millville, has laid out a 140-acre tract of land near the church in acre and half-acre plots which will be developed into small farms for future parishioners. The object of the plan is to encourage Catholics to find the social stability and economic independence that come with home ownership in a rural community.

The project is called Queen's Acres, and several sites of two or three acres have already been acquired by prospective home owners, who are now supplying their food requirements from the produce of the soil.

The Catholic Rural Life Bureau of Queen of Peace parish has a long-range plan for the future development of the rural community and parish. It will establish a Catholic school which will, in addition to providing a religious education for the children, offer training in home arts and crafts for young and old. It will form a thoroughly Catholic community, where even the roads will be named after Our Lord and the Blessed Mother.

Moscow, Tokyo, Washington, London Papers

Please Copy

From the writings of Napoleon, reprinted in the American Friend:

The more I study the world, the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable. Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I myself have founded empires; but upon what did those creations of our genius depend? They depended upon force. Jesus Christ founded His empire upon love and to this very day millions would die for Him.

Quoted in The Reporter, Feb. 15, 1944.

From the Mail Bag

Friendship House Needs Your Help

Dear Friends:

This is the season of penance, when the liturgy of our Church centers on the sufferings of Christ, His terrible Passion, His ignominious death. Yet already we can hear the bells ringing for the Resurrection, hear the Alleluias rising from thousands of throats. Pain and joy... how easily they blend into one. So it is with most of us; our lives are a mixture of pain and happiness, some more, some less. And it is for those who have more suffering and less joy that I appeal. Whose lives are a continuous battle, spiritually and materially... the Negroes of America.

Friendship House in Harlem, which has thousands of Negroes passing through its doors a year, needs your help... to continue serving this ghetto of misery and humiliation. So overcrowded, so shabby that some five-room flats house three families. There are more than 300 children on our block alone. These people need your help for they need Christ and it is He, Friendship House tries to bring them—through its clothing room with free clothing—through its clubrooms where kids can play safely—through the library with its books and magazines, where all can rest and read. Surely, in the modern economic

and social scheme these are the least of His brethren and what you do for these, you do for Him, and extend His Kingdom on earth. He will reward you as only He can. Please, in the name of Justice and Charity and the common Brotherhood of Man, help us serve these little ones of Christ. No amount is too small, we need whatever you can give. Christ in the Negro is suffering. Thank you for helping us ease His pain a little.—Nancy Grenell, Director, Friendship House, Harlem, 34 West 135th street, New York 30, N. Y.

For the Parish

Feb. 22, 1944.

The Catholic Worker,
115 Mott St.,
New York 13, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

Kindly send the parish 185 copies of your paper for one year and I will try to distribute them. I think the time ripe for a trial now. When I first came to D—I know it would have been impossible because your paper was greatly misunderstood. I hope this year will not prove just a visit but rather a permanent establishment in the parish.

Enclosed please find check for \$50. I wish it were more.

Gratefully yours in Christ,

Rev. _____

To the Irish

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headline again) are "Aroused by Shaw Will."

Meyer Berger, who wrote the story for the Times, says, "Oddly enough, reaction in Eire was generally milder and indicated greater amusement and tolerance than reaction among the Irish folk transplanted to the United States."

Waiting for the Irish

I am somewhat ashamed to confess that I am one of those who have waited too long for the Irish in this country to take the lead in social reconstruction. I do not say that I have sat on the sidelines all this time doing and darning nothing against this half-immoral, half-cockeyed economic system. But I must say that in the presence of an Irishman, or at the entry of an Irishman on the scene, whether that scene be an outfield or a forum, my inclinations were always to retire and let the Irishman speak or do. Now I know that this was very foolish of me and can probably be partially attributed to that old devil Inferiority Complex. But this unconscious reverence or admiration for the Irishman goes way back to my grammar and high school days. It goes back to some of my old superiors who formed the attitude that was later to grow into what was until very recently an insidious state of mind.

Reverence Gone

Most of that reverence is gone now. After high school it began to wear off, but it was still a long time before I began to accept fellows on their merits and before I could make clear distinctions between the Holy Roman Catholic Church and the Irish, as they are represented on this side of the Atlantic Ocean. Yes, I think it is good for the Irish as well as for myself that the reverence is no longer heaped upon them. The people who protest the wording of Mrs. Shaw's testament talk too much about the glory that was Ireland's and the great things done—a thousand years ago!

The New Sod

You need not read Roman history to know that the human race decays and dies in the cities. Uprooted shamrocks are no exception. Let Al Smith and the Irish make a cathedral out of the Empire State Building. Put a good steel Cross 108 stories above Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. But get out of the tenements, get out of the suburbs and pent-houses before you perish! You can see that skyscraper from a distance—so get out of Manhattan. There is no topsoil under the asphalt—no life left outside of Central Park. But there is good sod, good soil, north, east (even on Long Island!), south, and west of Gotham. Not the "Old Sod," which is the life of the good people of Eire—but the New Sod on this side of the sea. New sod! and more than enough for all the digging sons of St. Patrick.

"Pick Up Your Plows"

I know. Irishmen who have lived on the land a few short years and left it for an assortment of reasons, none of them impressive. God knows, some of them may be running elevators in New York's skyscrapers, reading their short breviaries and pamphlets as they go up and down. I say to them, pick up your plows, spades, hammers and saws and build for Christendom again. I say to them, swallow your pride; forget that you are "Irishmen," but remember that you are still the sons of God, with a "way about you" that goes back to something greater and deeper than Dublin; something that goes back to a special kind of cross planted in a special kind of land called Ireland.

Book Reviews

Bookless Lessons for the Teacher-Mother by Ella Frances Lynch. National League of Teacher-Mothers, Minerva, In-the-Adirondacks, New York; price \$1.00.

Every parent should read this most excellent book. Mrs. Lynch believes that "within each child's environment lies the means of educating him, and that with the parents, whether rich or poor, learned or simple, rests the privilege and responsibility of so ordering the home that it becomes for their children the greatest educational institution in the world," be it religious, moral, physical or mental. Mrs. Lynch deals with these headings separately, then in relation to each other. From the general theory she proceeds to the specific practice. There is a chapter on teaching children to observe which is a masterpiece. There are chapters on work, play, discipline, habits, language—in fact, for every aspect of the child's life. Each chapter has concrete, practical methods for putting into practice the suggestions offered. No unusual knowledge or equipment is required. Just common sense, willingness and patience. Parenthood becomes a full-time job if you mean to fulfill your responsibility to educate as well as to feed and clothe the child. But, certainly, it is a rewarding one. M. C. H.

Democracy, as a theory, is based on the fact that, since all human knowledge is in the final analysis the result of experience, "the composite mind" of the group contains more knowledge than the mind of any individual. "There is somebody that knows more than anybody," says the proverb, "and that is everybody."

If, in any given group, all the knowledge pertinent to a given situation, is "shared" in an atmosphere of good will, democratic theory holds that sound decisions will generally be arrived at.

If, therefore, Democracy is to function effectively, conditions conducive to mutual good-will in the group must be developed and maintained, and better

techniques of communication must be developed.

Rachel Davis-DuBois has spent a good part of her life in experimental work in these fields, and her new book, "Get Together Americans" (Harper, \$1.75), is a report in considerable detail on these experimental projects.

Handbook for Leaders

It is really a handbook for potential group leaders. One of its most valuable features is the extensive bibliography of the best books in all related fields. "Through books we experiment vicariously." Father "Jimmy" Tompkins, who has been so uniquely successful in developing group action at Antigonish, considers the library the most important single element in the success his groups have achieved.

Although many of the methods Dr. Davis-DuBois has developed will work even with those who cannot read at all, the process of developing a group or community spirit can be speeded up enormously through books. In order to make books available to those who cannot read, Father Coady (also of Antigonish) has developed his own methods by which he can teach illiterates to read English in three weeks, a much shorter time than has usually been required in the past.

"The Silent Billion Speak" (Association Press, 60c) tells the story of a method developed by Dr. Frank Laubach, a Protestant missionary to the Moros, which has been almost incredibly successful not only in the Philippines but also in India and South America.

By means of this almost foolishly simple method (much of it resembles nursery rhyme technique) "raw savages" have in some cases been taught to read in a single day! If you think you're confronted by problems hardly capable of solution, read this book and see how simple the answer to the "insoluble" problem finally turned out to be!

Like Dr. Davis-DuBois' book, "Get Together Americans," it is easy to read, and leaves the reader with a conviction that any interested person could "go and do likewise." S.D.N.

Must Open Doors to Negroes

A warning that unless Catholic institutions of higher learning are opened to Negroes, the followers of Lenin, specially trained at Moscow, will reap a harvest and pour out "the vials of their wrath upon the Catholic Church, accusing it of being indifferent to the wrongs of the Negro," was made by the Rev. Claude H. Heithaus, S. J., of St. Louis University, in a sermon at a Mass attended by the student body.

White Students Object?

"Now some people say that if the Society of Jesus gives Catholic Negroes the Catholic education which the Church wishes them to have, our White students will walk out on us. Is this true? I deny it. I say it is a lie and a libel. I challenge the whole world to prove that even one of our Catholic students will desert us when we apply the principles for which Jesus Christ suffered and died," said Father Heithaus.

"I will go further and prove the opposite. I will prove that here and now, Catholic students to whose welfare I have dedicated my life and all that I have, listen to me. St. Louis University admits Protestants and Jews, Mormons and Mohammedans, Buddhists and Brahmins, pagans and atheists, without looking at their complexions. Do you want us to slam our doors in the face of Catholics because their complexion happens to be brown or black?"

Father Heithaus declared: "I

hate this snobbery against the Negro because it springs from the pride and prejudice which Christ hated." He compared the plight of the Negro to the prejudices and persecutions of the White Catholics of Ireland during the time of Cromwell. He pointed out that in educational institutions such as Harvard and Yale, Oxford and Cambridge, the University of London and the Sorbonne, "the world of scholarship there is neither White nor Black, Brown nor Yellow."

During the course of his sermon, the student body rose and repeated after Father Heithaus the following prayer: "Lord Jesus Christ, we are sorry and ashamed for all the wrongs that white men have done to Your colored children. We are firmly resolved never again to have any part in them and to do everything in our power to prevent them. Amen." —Catholic Herald-Citizen.

Pius XII on Negotiated Peace

Dangers are imminent, but there is still time; nothing is lost through peace, everything may be lost through war. Let men again understand each other, let them resume negotiations; by negotiating with good will and with respect for reciprocal rights, it will be shown that honorable success has never precluded peaceful and purposeful negotiation.

Produce, Pushcarts and Pants

Downstairs in the office Joe, Steve, Duncan and Hans have just finished getting everything ready for the big job of mailing the paper. Back in the kitchen they are putting the finishing touches on the dinner; two more Joes there, and Shorty Smith. On any other day there would be three Joes in the kitchen, for even our Chinese helper bears the name of the patron saint of this house. It does seem as though St. Joseph is paying special attention to us in sending good helpers who have his name.

Beneath me, in the coffee room, I can hear the voices of the men waiting for dinner. Tonight they will have rice cooked with peppers, onions and ground beef. The house will have stuffed peppers and carrots. We have so many peppers today because I happened to go down to the corner of Grand and Mott streets yesterday afternoon just as a dealer was selling off a big wagonload of them for 5 cents a pound, and he gave me a thirty-five-pound basket for a dollar and a quarter. This was amazing, for all winter long they have been so high, 20 or 25 cents a pound.

Our Good Fortune

It is cause for unending thankfulness that we are located in an Italian neighborhood, for the food supply is so much better here than anywhere else in the city. That is because most of the Italians still prefer to cook raw produce, so we are in the midst of an array of stands and pushcarts piled with many things that are not to be had in other parts of the city. The piles have not been so high this winter, and the prices have often been prohibitive on many things that are essential to good Italian cooking, but we have still been far better off than people who must depend on canned and processed foods.

Spaghetti Is Cheap

There is the spaghetti factory down the street, too, which is a real help for our limited budget. There we can get a big box of

mixed and broken spaghetti for only six cents a pound, an assortment of many sizes and shapes which would cost as much as twelve cents otherwise. Thirty pounds of it is enough for a good meal for the house and the breadline.

Besides what we get from them, we have found that we can learn much from our Italian neighbors. A simple thing like the use of pushcarts, for instance. You wouldn't think that that was something we would have to learn. Perhaps relearn would be a better word. Anyway, it is a fact that as long as we had Franklin Smith's truck or our station wagon we paid no attention to pushcarts, except to wish that they would get out of the way when we drove around. But now Smitty's truck is passing its last days amid the green pastures of Maryfarm, like a retired firehorse, and the station wagon is in storage for the duration. So we have had to learn all about pushcarts.

Bread From St. Francis

They are extremely handy vehicles, and wonderfully economical. We can rent one whenever we need it from the pushcart garage down the street, in our own block. It costs only thirty cents for several hours (fifty cents is the regular price, but there again we receive special consideration from a neighbor). Now, when we get a call from the good Sisters at St. Francis Home on East Fifth Street, we can get a big cart and go for the most welcome load of bread and rolls they give us from their surplus. It doesn't take more than an hour, and a good hour's work it is, saving us a lot of money.

The carts are useful for taking mail to the postoffice, too. Last month Hans and I carted the last four sacks of the February paper on one. It was on that trip that an old man came running after us about five blocks away from the house to ask me whether I could give him a pair of pants. So I began to think that I must be getting well known as a distributor of old clothes. D.M.

CULT

CULT

An Artist Looks at Work

By ADE BETHUNE

(Continued from last month)

Human beings are like that, too. They each have their own qualities. You cannot expect them to act against their nature. You can make excellent things out of each one. We will have more kindness and patience toward people if we think of them with the same love that we have for materials, if we think of them for their real qualities and do not expect them to have the qualities which they haven't and which we can find in someone else. Each person can be used in his place.

Love of Tools

While we are working with materials we are also working with tools; we must also have the proper tool for each work to be done, and we must take care of that tool. If it is a knife, we must keep it sharp. If it is a brush, we must not let paint dry on it. If it is a cooking pan, we must keep it clean. There is a lot of symbolism in the use of tools. Each tool must be used for its proper job and in the proper order. When I am making a thing, I use the tool that is fitting. That is very much the way we are in relation to God. God uses us as tools in His providence. He takes us by the scruff of the neck and puts us where He needs us. We are tools in His hand. We are extensions of Him, as a hammer is an extension of my arm. As we do to our tools, so He does to us. A knife is dull—we sharpen it. He wishes to use us for a certain purpose, so He keeps us in good condition too. He even sharpens us by adversity when we become dulled.

The third important way of thinking about work is from the point of view of the plan. Before we can make anything we must have a plan in mind. We make up a plan according to the purpose we have in mind and the material at our disposal. This image in our mind must be clear and distinct—it cannot be blurred. When I am in front of a big piece of wood, I can see the piece of wood, but with my mind's eye I can see the statue. Nobody else can see that statue because it is inside my head only, and nobody knows what is inside my head.

Discouragement

One of the things that discourage us when we are working is that we cannot have the thing finished the moment we visualize it. So we must keep the vision we have clearly in our mind. This is an image of the virtue of faith. "Faith," says St. Paul, "is the evidence of things unseen." When we know something, we know it because we have seen it. But, when we cannot see a thing, then we can only believe it exists. We believe God exists although we have not seen God. We believe in the resurrection although we have not seen it. The same is true in a certain sense with things we are making. In my mind's eye I have a picture of the statue I will make, and yet I do not see it with my eyes. That picture or idea is like faith; it carries me through to the finished statue. It is hard to preserve the idea in the face of reality. Until the reality can be shaped to the idea, it is not at all like it. It is so different that it almost kills the idea. We do find ourselves face to face with the reality. We must be "idealists" in one sense and yet "realists" in another. We

must really see the thing as it is and yet not let the discouragement get ahead of us so that we lose the original idea. We must keep clearly in our minds the idea of the thing we are going to make, and yet accept the material we are dealing with, such as it is.

The idea carries us through all the troubles of beginning. In the beginning the wood doesn't look at all like the statue so we have no trouble. We can keep the log and the idea distinct. But gradually the log becomes less and less a log and more and more a statue. We do not recognize it as a log any more but it certainly does not yet look like a good statue. It looks all wrong. It looks more wrong than when it was a log. Then it was at least a good log. This is the time when we must close our eyes to the bad looking thing in front of us and concentrate on the good looking idea (we have in our mind) of the finished statue. We must keep faith in the vision we have.

The Fourth Point

And now we come to the fourth point of view of work. It is the energy and skill and patience and perseverance that go into the thing we are doing to bring it to a successful conclusion. There is no point in having wonderful ideas and good materials and a purpose for the finished work, if we do not do the work. We are being traitors if we have ideas and do not bring them into being. But instead we must see a thing through to completion. Here we have something like the virtue of hope. We must stick to it with the hope that we can finish. Things don't get finished unless we start and labor at them, persevere. Take the example of walking to the dining hall for dinner. It sounds like a joke, but it is as good an example as any. We start walking there with the hope that when we get there we will get something to eat. But we have a lot of walking to do to get there. So we start. At first it is not hard to use our energy, but it gets more monotonous and more difficult to manage. But if we don't keep walking, we won't get there and we won't get anything to eat. We will not arrive at the day of Resurrection unless we keep on going, so we must have hope. I can't think of any way of presenting drudgery as being pleasant, and yet it has a wonderful pleasure of its own. We cannot live on excitement all the time. The Holy Family lived quietly for many years. God has a plan for us. Our lives will have much that is dull in them, but that will give us time to come in contact with the things He has made. These things in turn will help us to see God. And we cannot get our work done quickly. But in time we gain skill. And when we become skillful our work becomes beautiful.

Purpose

Now let us go back to where we began—to the purpose. The purpose of any work is the beginning of it. And it is also the end. It is the end for which we do all that we do. Here we exercise the virtue of charity. When faith and hope have done their work, charity remains. We kept faith with our idea, and with hope we stuck to the work. When the product is finished we do not need these any more. We



have the finished product. We use what we have made and we love it. That is charity. If I am going to build a house I collect the materials, I make a plan, and I do the labor. Then when I have finished the house, I live in it and love it.

Charity pushes us to do the job in the first place and it makes us happy when we are finished. We do not do anything except for a need. That need involves our loving somebody who needs the thing. Every work we do goes to fulfill a need, and it should be a work of love. We love the people who have the need. And also, we want to do things for the people we love. Yet the more wonderful charity of God enters into it. I think, then, that when it comes to making a thing, the difference between making a thing well or badly will depend on the quality of our love. We do a better or a worse job depending on how much we love the person for whom we do it. We find it easier to do things for those we love. To do something for our enemies is very hard. But at least we can remember to do these things for Christ. If we had lived while He was here we would have made everything beautiful for Him. So now we can make things beautiful because we do them for Him living in all of us.

Peace Pledge

"We will not take part in the war. When they tell us that it is for our country, we shall not believe it, because we know that we cannot serve our country by destroying that of others, nor for our honor, because modern warfare is the lowest of dishonorable things; nor for our women and children, because we shall remember the women and children of Ethiopia, Spain and China; nor for democracy, because war involves an absolute military dictatorship; nor against communism (or fascism or nazism for that matter), because a movement for the spirit cannot be destroyed by force and because the sword has never converted anyone.

"And above all, when they tell us that it is for God, we shall not believe it, because we know that God is love, and that in war every means is used except love."
—Manifesto of the Catholic Youth Peace Action of Holland and Belgium.

Gospel of Peace

(Continued from page 1)

ing adopted by Him as sons, they come to resemble Him in holiness, as children resemble their parents, thereby entering in the most intimate way into His love.

The Peace of Christ

Who are these peacemakers to whom so glorious a privilege is extended? Those, replies St. Thomas, who make peace either in themselves or in others. (II II, 45, 6, c.) What is this peace? That has already been answered: "Let the Peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts." (Col. 3, 15.)

How are men to make this peace? In accordance with the axiom of modern statesmanship, "If you wish peace, prepare for war"? By military victory? By guns and airplanes and bombs? This is the way in which the men of the world set out to make "peace." The Christian, however, works in a different manner. Knowing that peace is the act and effect of love, he knows also that it can be made only through the use of those spiritual means which increase divine love in the soul.

To realize as fully as possible the force and meaning of the seventh Beatitude, we must grasp its connection with the others and also with the whole Sermon on the Mount. The fundamental idea, or theme, of this Sermon is that henceforth men are not to act like mere human beings, following the inclinations of their fallen nature as the heathens do, but, having been divinized by grace, they are to act as divine beings, seeking after the things of God. "Lay not up to yourselves treasures on earth where the rust and the moth consume and where thieves break in and steal. But rather lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven where neither rust nor moth consumes and where thieves do not break in nor steal." (Matt. 6, 19-20.) Dead to the world, living only for God, Christians are expected to live their lives in the world of the divine. "Mind the things that are above, not the things that are on earth. For you have died and your life is hid with Christ in God." (Eph. 5, 1.)

Children's Prayers

And you, white legions of children who are so loved and dear to Jesus, when you receive in Holy Communion the Bread of Life, raise up your simple and innocent prayers and unite them with those of the Universal Church. The Heart of Jesus, Who loves you, does not resist your suppliant innocence. Pray every one, pray uninterruptedly: "Pray without ceasing" (I Thessalonians v:17).

In this way you will put into practice the sublime precept of the Divine Master, the most sacred testament of His Heart, "That they all may be one" (St. John xvii:21), that all may live in that unity of faith and of love, from which the world may know the power and efficacy of Christ's mission and of the work of His Church.

The early Church understood and practiced this Divine Precept, and expressed it in a magnificent prayer; do you associate yourselves with those sentiments which answer so well to the necessities of the present hour: "Remember, O Lord, Thy Church, to free her from all evil and to perfect her in Thy Love; and sanctify and collect her from the four winds into Thy Kingdom, which Thou hast prepared for her, because Thine is the power, and the glory for ever" (Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles, C. 10). PIUS PP. XII.

After the A

By EILEEN

MARY, the maiden, walked out
Telling the wheat what the
The bees tumbled out of the
The birds stopped their fledgling

A woman in blue with wheat
Mid a silence of birds and a still
Singing, "Golden, ah golden, wit
Ripen within me, O wheat of th

Mary, blue-hooded, walked out
Telling the vine what none oth
The butterflies flew to her hems
The flowers and bushes shook g

A woman, gold-wet, with rainbo
And a border of living butterfly
Singing, "Purple, ah purple, with
Ripen within me, O vine of the

[From "Poems," by Eileen Duggan (\$1.50)]

Monte C

By DOROT

MONTE CASSINO! To most
papers these days, the nar
the Germans as an observation
sons or relatives are fighting. In
5 General Clark said that the rel
Shell church property held up—
the advance in Italy since the
famous monastery was being
used by the Germans.

To those of us who are oblates
of St. Benedict, Monte Cassino
means the holy place where St.
Benedict composed his rule which
has been used for the last four-
teen hundred years and is still be-
ing read and pondered on by tens
of thousands this present day.

St. Benedict started living a
hermit's life at Subiaco, in a cave,
forty miles east of Rome, but
after a few years, when disciples
began gathering round, he re-
moved to Monte Cassino, a moun-
tain half way between Rome and
Naples. It was in 529 that he
built there, on the top of the
mountain, the monastery which,
according to my oblate's manual,
"was destined to become the most
famous in the history of the
Church."

A great deal has been written
about the destruction of famous
cathedrals, shrines, churches,
monasteries, libraries, works of
art, these last 25 years. But the
work of destruction goes on.
Probably Monte Cassino will fall
again, as it has fallen in the past.

The fact that it has happened
many times before does not help
much to assuage the grief at its
happening again. I was thinking
as I read about it yesterday that
three members of the Catholic
Worker staff are over there in
that very section, one of them a
Benedictine oblate (Joe Zarrella),
one a Franciscan tertiary (Louis
Murphy) and Gerry Griffin, who
is probably doing all the gripping,
for he is a dour soul. His last let-
ter tells me that he is working
in the mountains in Italy, and in
just as much danger from the
muddy, mountainous roads as
from the shelling. All three of
them love the Benedictine tradi-
tion, and so I am going to give
the following quotation which I
have just come across in Newman
for their consolation, as well as
for the solace of other readers of
The Catholic Worker

It is from an old volume pub-
lished by Longmans, Green & Co.,
in 1891, volume two of Newman's
historical sketches, and the one I
quote from is called the *Mission
of St. Benedict*. It is reprinted
from Atlantis of January, 1858,
and is sixty-five pages long. What
long essays they wrote and pub-

FUTURE

Annunciation

N DUGGAN

out in the country,
the angel had told her;
flag-flowers to listen,
kings and told them to heed her.

to her knees,
illness of bees,
with seedsprays unfurled,
the world!"

in the country,
her must know yet;
as as to harebells;
gold rain upon her.

ow eyes,
ies,
th tendrils close curled,
world!"

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Cassino

THY DAY

st of those who are reading the
ame means a mountain held by
a post over in Italy where their
n the Catholic News of February
eluctance of the Allied armies to

lished then, how solid, how lei-
suredly and how comforting!

He is writing, Newman is, of
the repose of the life of the
monks, "intellectual and moral."
The complete lack of "effort, bus-
tle and excitement." A life lived
for the day without solicitude for
the morrow." In speaking of their
work of reconstruction, he writes
magnificently of what they have
accomplished.

"When the bodily frame re-
ceives an injury, or is seized with
some sudden malady, nature may
be expected to set right the evil,
if left to itself, but she requires
time; science comes to shorten the
process, and is violent that it may
be certain. This may be taken to
illustrate St. Benedict's mode of
counteracting the miseries of life.



He found the world, physical and
social, in ruins, and his mission
was to restore it in the way, not
of science, but of nature, not as if
setting about to do it, nor pro-
fessing to do it, by any set time or
by any rare specific or by any
series of strokes, but so quietly,
patiently, gradually, that often,
till the work was done, it was not
known to be doing. It was a
restoration rather than a visita-
tion, correction, or conversion.
The new world which he helped
to create was a growth rather
than a structure. Silent men were
observed about the country, or
discovered in the forest, digging,
clearing, and building; and other

silent men, men not seen, were
sitting in the cold cloister, trying
their eyes, and keeping their at-
tention on the stretch, while they
painfully deciphered and copied
and re-copied the manuscripts
which they had saved. There was
no one that "contended or cried
out," or drew attention to what
was going on; but by degrees the
woody swamp became a hermitage,
a religious house, a farm,
an abbey, a village, a seminary, a
school of learning, and a city.
Roads and bridges connected it
with other abbeys and cities,
which had similarly grown up;
and what the haughty Alaric or
fierce Attila had broken to pieces,
these patient meditative men had
brought together and made to live
again.

"And then, when they had in
the course of many years gained
their peaceful victories, perhaps
some new invader came, and with
fire and sword undid their slow
and persevering toil in an hour.
The Hun succeeded to the Goth,
the Lombard to the Hun, the Tar-
tar to the Lombard; the Saxon
was reclaimed only that the Dane
might take his place. Down in
the dust lay the labor and civil-
ization of centuries — churches,
colleges, cloisters, libraries — and
nothing was left to them but to
begin all over again; but this they
did without grudging, so prompt-
ly, cheerfully, tranquilly, as if
it were by some law of nature
that the restoration came, and
they were like the flowers and
shrubs and fruit trees which they
reared, and which, when ill-
treated, do not take vengeance, or
remember evil, but give forth
fresh branches, leaves, or blos-
soms, perhaps in greater profu-
sion with richer quality, for the
very reason that the old were
rudely broken off.

"If one holy place was dese-
crated, the monks pitched upon
another, and by this time there
were rich or powerful men who
remembered and loved the past
enough to wish to have it re-
stored in the future. Thus it was
in the case of the monastery of
Ramsey, after the ravages of the
Danes. A wealthy Earl whose
heart was touched, consulted his
Bishop how he could best pro-
mote the Divine glory; the Bishop
answered that they only were
free, serene, and unsolicitous who
renounced the world, and that
their renunciation brought a
blessing on their country. 'By
their merit,' he said, 'the anger
of the Supreme Judge is abated;
a healthier atmosphere is granted;
corn springs up more abundantly;
famine and pestilence withdraw;
the state is better governed;
prisons are opened; the fetters
unbound; the shipwrecked re-
lieved.'

"He proceeded then to advise
him to give ground for a monas-
tery and to build and endow it.
Earl Alwin observed in reply,
that he had inherited some waste
land in the midst of the marshes,
with a forest in the neighborhood,
some open spots of good turf, and
others of meadow; and he took
the Bishop to see it. It was in
fact, an island in the fens, and
as lonely as religious men could
desire. The gift was accepted,
workmen were collected, the
pious peasants round about gave
their labor. Twelve monks were
found from another cloister; cells
and a chapel were soon raised.
Materials were collected for a
church; stones and cement were
given; a firm foundation was se-
cured; scaffolding and machinery
were lent; and in course of time a
sacred edifice and two towers rose
over the desolate waste, and re-
newed the past."

It all sounds very serene, writ-
ten from back in 1858 and read
3,000 miles away in my own quiet
hermitage on Long Island. But
down here there are maneuvers



in the woods, and the sound of
guns at night, and the constant
sound of airplanes during the day;
set up in a Catholic cemetery
nearby are anti-aircraft batteries
(we too use church property
as I have seen not only in Seattle
on the west coast, but near at
hand on Staten Island, for sol-
diers and their camouflaged huts
and trenches and guns.)

And I cannot help but think of
Monte Cassino and all the coun-
try round about ravaged and laid
waste by opposing armies, and
wonder what escape is there for
the monks at Monte Cassino? Are
they packing their belongings like
the peasants and trying to save
them from the devastation of the
world?—those manuscripts copied
by monks these past fourteen
hundred years—works of St. Je-
rome, St. Augustine, St. Bede, St.
Leo, the Acts of the Apostles and
the Gospels, the epistles, the
classics.

Difficult as it is to take the
long view, to look on events in
the light of history as that apos-
tle to the world, Peter Maurin
does, I am sure that the monks
of Monte Cassino as they have
done for so many thousand years,
will see things in the light of
eternity. Monte Cassino will stand
as the church will stand, and the
gates of hell shall not prevail.

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CATHOLIC WORKER

115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.

A Parish in Ireland

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

(Following is Chapter XIII in a
booklet by Fr. Clarence Duffy short-
ly to be published. It will include
the chapters on "A Farm in Ire-
land," which have already appeared
in The Catholic Worker. This ex-
tract refers to a parish to which
the author was assigned in 1934.)

I WAS agreeably surprised at the
extraordinary amount of mu-
sical talent in the parish. In al-
most every family or home there
was one person, sometimes two
or three, who could play a musi-
cal instrument, and in most of the
homes there was either a violin
or a melodeon. It was extremely
easy, therefore, to get musicians
to provide the music for the
dances held at first in a school
and later in the hall.

Music and Dancing

The young men who provided
the music were also able to take
part in the dancing, for there
were so many of them that they
were able to take turns and re-
lieve one another. They got no
payment and expected none. The
young man in charge of musical
activities appointed a certain
number to play every Sunday,
or other, night on which there
was a dance. The players, or mu-
sicians, were treated to refresh-
ments of a substantial kind in a
neighboring house. The expenses
for the repeat were taken out of
the proceeds of the dance:

Ancient and Modern

The dances were performed to
the strains of traditional Irish
music and to modern dance tunes
transposed into time suitable to
the Irish country style of danc-
ing. In the United States I have
heard classical music murdered
by exponents of jazz and swing.
In that parish I heard jazz music
given a peculiar Irish twist that
made it almost classical. The style
of dancing was for, the most part,
traditional. The men lined up on
one side of the hall and the girls
on the other. They made a few
preliminary steps either to the
side or to the front and then, at
a signal from the master of cere-
monies, each man took as a part-
ner the girl nearest to him, and
they both went into their indi-
vidual dance for four or five min-
utes, after which the process was
repeated. It this way there were
no "wall flowers"—every one got
a chance to dance. To prevent
monotony the master of cere-
monies interspersed reels with
waltzes and fox trots, ancient
with modern, the "Walls of Lim-
erick" and the "Waves of Tory"
with a peculiar but pleasing Irish
adaptation of modern jazz.

Great Success

The dances played a great part
in bringing people, especially the
young men and women, together.
Many of the older people came to
watch the dancing and to partici-
pate in the fun and fellowship
that prevailed. They all thought
and said it was "great," and all
went home at a reasonable hour,
happy and exhilarated. I was
present at the dances and got the
reaction which was so encourag-
ing that I decided to take an-
other step in developing the so-
cial life of the parish and in
brightening still more the lives
of the people.

Dramatics

I asked all those who would be
interested in the formation of a
dramatic troupe to come to the
hall on a certain evening for the
preparatory reading of plays, for
the choice of a play and for the
selection of players. I expected
about twenty or thirty people.
About half the parish turned out.
I had purchased three comedies
which I thought were all good,
and I read two of them. The first
one contained a lot of subtle
humor which was, however, ap-

parently too subtle. The humor
of the second one was more easily
appreciated; the reading of it was
punctuated with roars of laugh-
ter. It was entitled "The Lad
from Largymore." Its author is
Seumas McManus, who is not
only a writer of popular comedies,
but the author of one of the best
histories of Ireland, "The Story
of the Irish Race" (Devin Adair
Co., New York).

A Parish Entertainment

By general consent it was de-
cided to produce McManus' com-
edy, and I proceeded to get play-
ers suitable for the parts. People
in the audience who knew local
people and their talents, or repu-
tion or wit better than I did,
suggested and confirmed names.
I tried them out with the script,
and in this way we got the most
suitable persons, who turned out
to be amazingly gifted. They
went into rehearsal almost at
once; and the comedy was pro-
duced in the parish hall the last
Sunday before Lent. In conjunc-
tion with it went a concert con-
sisting of songs, individual danc-
ing (hornpipes and jigs), instru-
mental music, and a black-face
comedy skit improvised by two
natural born comedians. It
brought the house down, as did
also a presentation of the famous
reputed dialogue between Dan-
iel O'Connell and Mrs. Moriarty,
the Dublin fishwife, who bested
the famous orator and Liberator
in the use of polysyllabic words.

Repeat Performances

Every one who took part in the
entertainment was a member of
the parish. None of them had
been on a stage before in their
lives. Every one agreed that they
gave an amazing performance.
Almost half as many people were
turned away as got into the hall,
because there was not sufficient
room for the crowd. For those
turned away and for others who
could not come that night I an-
nounced that there would be a re-
peat performance the following
Tuesday, when the hall was
crowded again. Later in the
Spring we repeated the entertain-
ment for the benefit of those who
lived in a remote area of the pa-
rish where it bordered the neigh-
boring parish of Ballinamore.
Many people from that town came
to see the combined concert and
play and were so impressed by
it that arrangements were made
to have it produced in Ballina-
more, where it was also a surpris-
ing success. The people from
Drumreilly, the clod hoppers
from the country, hitherto re-
puted as uncouth and uncultured,
had surprised themselves and
others by their capabilities and
achievements which, incidentally,
were no greater or less than those
existent or possible in any other
rural parish.

Other Activities

After the payment of expenses
incurred in the production, in-
cluding refreshments and treats
of various kinds for the active
participants, there was a profit,
which was placed in the fund
referred to already. Some of it
was used to help destitute people;
more of it went to improving the
hall, to equipping the football
team, the dance band, the parish
fife and drum band, and to pay-
ing expenses incurred by them,
including a sports tournament,
to which outside athletes and a foot-
ball team from another parish
were invited. The parish band
provided the music at this and
other sporting events, as it did
also on another occasion when
it led, on St. Patrick's Day, a pil-
grimage to a local spot of histori-
cal interest and spiritual signifi-
cance.

We Are All Brothers

In a pamphlet entitled *Humans in Bondage*, published by Social Action, the author, Lillian E. Smith, discusses racism and discrimination, and suggests ways in which they may be overcome. She concludes as follows:

"Get rid of segregation in our churches and our pulpits. Whether slowly or quickly done, we must get rid of it. We must preach for brotherhood and against white pride. We must destroy racial superstitions and take our stand against discrimination. We must insist that anyone, of whatever race, be welcomed. We must make the church once more a sanctuary for those who need peace . . .

"The church must dream a new dream. But before this dream can become a reality, not only the preacher must dream it, but the congregation also. The struggle between conscience and culture is too severe for men to bear alone. But together men of good conscience can change this culture which denies that all men are brothers. Together they can dare to preach again of a love which Jesus Christ made so compelling that no man, once hearing it, can forget."

I do not think that the author is a Catholic, but I do know that she is announcing Christian teachings which every Catholic, who realizes what his or her religion means, should practice at all times. She is referring to color discrimination. The scope of her subject does not include other kinds of discrimination to which her words are as applicable as to the one she discusses. There are prejudices and discriminations based on national origins, on race and on religion among white people themselves which are as un-Christian as the attitude of some of them toward the colored children of the same God and common Father.

The Cause

At the bottom of all this prejudice and discrimination is one common cause—failure to appreciate the fact that we are all, everywhere, here in the United States, in Germany, Italy, and Japan; in Britain, Ireland and France; in Russia, China and Peru; in every country or part of the world, members of the same human family, descendants of Adam and Eve, who were created by God to share in His eternal happiness and to procreate the beginnings of a long line of human beings who would people the earth and, if faithful to His commands, share, too, in that happiness. We are all, through Adam and Eve, children of God.

Universal Failings

Furthermore, we all have the weaknesses of Adam and Eve, which were and are the penalties of their disobedience. None of us are, or can be, naturally perfect, so there is no use in saying that any of us in a natural way, individually or collectively, is any better than anyone else, that the people of one country or of one race are better than the people of any other country or race. We all have the same fundamental weaknesses or failings.

The Remedy

The only way in which we can overcome these weaknesses and eventually attain the happiness which God intends for all of us

Lectures in N. Y.

A series of lectures on the Lay Apostolate and Catholic Action will be held at the Cathedral High School, Lexington avenue and 50th street, on the evenings of March 7, 14 and 21. The lectures will be given by Father Wendell, O. P., author of *The Formation of a Lay Apostle* (Third Order of St. Dominic Press, 141 East 65th street, price 50 cents). There is no admission fee and the lectures will begin at 8:30 p.m.

is through the means and by the way instituted or pointed out by Christ, the Son of God, Who came down to earth and took upon Himself a nature like to ours in all things except in the penalties of Adam's sin. He was God as well as man. His message and His mission were for all men who, by His becoming man, became thereby His brothers. In addition to the Fatherhood of God, which we all have in common, there was added by Christ and through Him the brotherhood of men. We are all children of a common Father. We are all, everywhere, brothers of and in Christ who instructed His apostles to go forth and preach His Gospel to all nations or peoples.

Christian Charity

Part of that Gospel is the mandate of Christian Charity which directs us to love all mankind, to do to others as we would wish them to do to us, to love even our enemies, to do good to them who hate us, to look upon and treat all men everywhere as our brothers without any distinction of any kind. If we do not do that we cannot call ourselves Christians, and any other acts on our part are worthless in the sight of God. We, too, are worthless in His sight. "By this shall men know you are My disciples if you love one another as I have loved you," Christ said that. And St. Paul said that "if I have not charity, it profits me nothing."

Opportunities for Its Practice

Everyone has his failings. The different nations and races have their failings and differ in various ways from the peoples of other races and nations. God permitted these failings and differences. Most of the latter developed through natural causes, climate and economic conditions. Some of them introduce a note of variety which relieves what would otherwise be a very monotonous picture. The good artist knows how to relieve monotony. We should be thankful for the relief, and, in things that prove irritating or annoying, use those very things as opportunities or occasions for the practice of charity which, among other things, "is patient, kind" and is "not puffed up" with racial or national pride and prejudice.

"Judge Not"

Many people are deploring the evil effects of racism and discrimination. They are natural things that proceed from natural men and women who either know nothing about or make no attempt to practice the central teaching of Christianity, the Fatherhood of God and the honor and obedience due to Him from His creatures, and the brotherhood of men with and through Christ. The fact that some are, apparently, unworthy sons of God and unworthy brothers of Christ is no excuse for their being discriminated against or mistreated by others whose Christian duty is always to treat them in the true spirit of Christian charity. It is not our place to pass judgment. God will do that. Our duty is to treat everyone, irrespective of race, color or creed, riches or poverty, whether he attracts or repels us physically or otherwise, as an actual or potential member of what we call the Mystical Body of Christ, a doctrine of the Church recently the subject matter of an Encyclical letter of the present Pope.

The Only Way

That letter and the doctrine explained in it have been described as "dynamite" in present world conditions. It is easy to understand why it has been so described. If people everywhere realized and put the fundamental teaching contained in it into practice we would soon see an end to wars, racial, religious and national discriminations and prejudices. In their stead we would have the Peace of Christ in the Kingdom of Christ. We will not and cannot have peace any other way.

C. D.

The Country Store

The hustings and the public stage
Have heard debates galore
But for discussion, keen and sage,
Give me the country store.

The men folks gather there at nights
To share their different views
On politics and peoples' rights
And what's the current news.

The tobacco pouch is passed around
Till pipes are all aglowing
For comfort there must first
abound
Ere arguments get going.

Then someone drops a chance remark
Anent some situation
The tinder needed but the spark
To start the conflagration.

The arguments fly thick and fast,
No point is left uncovered
Each "pro" is argued till the last
"Con's" finally been discovered.

The daily paper's closely scanned,
Each page is well perused
For argument to be kept at hand
And later to be used.

No statesman in a parliament
Puts arguments to the fore
With half the logic evident
Within a country store.

It seems to me and always will
That democracy'll hold the floor
As long as there's discussion still
As in a country store.

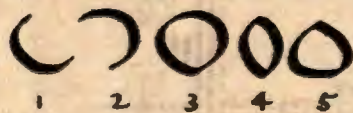
A. T. S.

Writing

VI

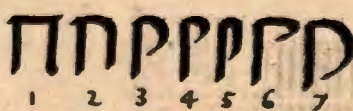
By ADE de BETHUNE

O is like the sun. Or it is like an eye. It should be good and fat and round. Start it by making a sloped crescent somewhat as in C and G (1). Then go back to your starting-point again, make a wide top and come down in a round belly to meet the bottom of the crescent (2). A perfect O is a beautiful letter. When you make one you can hardly keep yourself from saying "Oh!" and catching your breath. Pretty soon you will find yourself making O's in tune to your breathing. On going down



with the crescent you will find yourself waiting until you are breathing out. Then you'll go up to the top again and take a deep breath while you make the top arc bridging the expanse of the heavenly immensity. Then you will let your breath go out again carefully as you round out the belly to the bottom (3). It is difficult to put one's finger on what makes a bad O. You will probably keep on the right track if you avoid making it too narrow (4) or broad-bottomed and narrow-topped (5). For the rest you will have to figure out for yourself when the O is not right.

P comes from the Greek letter "pi" (1). When it is done fast, the last two strokes are done at one go, so that they look like a curve attached to the first leg (2). That explains why the Roman letter P is never closed (3). It is not, as one would think, a pole with a small belly, but instead it is a pole with an upside down crescent (3) attached at



the top. So the first thing to avoid in making a P is to close it. If you closed your P, it would look just like the Greek letter for R, which is called "rho," and looks exactly like our Roman R without its tail. You must also

Our Friend Joe Writes

(Continued from page 1)

was the six-spotted ponies. They were old and broken down, but when we put on the rigs for their "liberty" act we had to pull their heads down with a hackamore, and they looked like young colts with a fine spirit.

Most of the equipment was quite antique. We had to get kids from the town to help us with the canvas. They were given passes to the show for their wages. The tent poles were all shot and the canvas was so old it sagged, no matter how tight we tried to make it. The seats were in a worse condition, and were in constant danger of falling through. The trucks also were ancient and made a loud racket and steamed like locomotives along the highways.

Each morning when we arrived on the new lot our first job was to unload the animals and set them out to graze. We then dumped the canvas, poles, seats and other equipment and got some kind of lunch a-cookin'. The cooking equipment consisted of two big, round galvanized tubs turned upside down. There was an opening at the bottom for a draft, and there were also two stove pipe lengths stuck through a hole in the top. A standard meal was boiled beans with a generous amount of salt pork cooked in with them.

You can imagine the rapid turnover of personnel. The second day on the job I was appointed foreman. I had to direct the kids or whatever help we could pick up, and for all our late arrivals and other delays we managed to get the thing set up for an afternoon performance. The boss was the whole show. He put his dog through some paces, ran the horses through their various acts, lassoed yours truly, did some whip snapping tricks, rope tricks and some ventriloquy. Every time the boss was half-stewed he wanted me to act as a target for his whip act, but I managed to talk him out of it.

After we tore down at night we usually ate a little and made our bunks under the trucks, wrapping ourselves in small tarpaulins. We picked up floaters to help in each town, but usually had trouble finding help who carried driver's licenses or knew how to drive. I am now a qualified truck driver. My first lesson took all of ten minutes, but before the week was out I was quite proficient. Some days we had to double back to get one of the trucks. There was a small truck with the kitchen and rope supplies, a larger one for the canvas and poles, the boss's car and the horse truck.

I got to like the horses. The boss had a nasty way of treating them and he took a sadistic delight in beating them. But when we rode the horses through the streets of the town he displayed a great kindness to the poor beasts. We had to go shopping in the towns and the boss saw to it that we lingered to mix with the townspeople and give them a phoney buildup of the show.

When the regular acts were over the boss gave a red hot announcement in regard to the "concert" or after show. He didn't lie, but he did blow up the idea that the concert was worth the measly 35 cents charged. The tent was then cleared and the "suckers," as the boss liked to call them, stayed to see a horse jump over a fairly high hurdle and the dog go through some of the same tricks he did earlier in the show. The audience usually were pretty hot about being stuck this way, but the boss didn't mind. He ex-

plained that's the way "wildcat" shows had to work.

Getting my pay was a bit difficult. The cook warned me that the boss was poor pay, and would try to stall me along in order to keep me working. I got it by threatening police action. When the cook saw me get my pay he immediately put in a claim for his and got it. Together we quit the show and caught a freight train to no particular destination. Arriving in a small Ohio town we were greeted by a railroad bull and threatened with jail. I separated from the cook. He said he was going to try his hand at some harvesting work.

As usual, I made my way to the jungle and met some company there. I donated enough money and three good gentlemen and true set out to the town to buy the makings of a good Mulligan stew. After they failed to return—I waited about four hours—I went to the town myself to pick up some grub. In the rear of a lumber place and sitting on some boards and passing the bottle were my companions. I passed near enough to hear something of their conversation. They were talking about the surprising amount of intelligence to be found among the hoboes. One of them said "Yeah, we're all 'road' scholars."

I am finishing this in the loneliness of the jungle. You will have to excuse the brown paper, for it's all I have on hand. The fire is blazing away nicely and it's very quiet. A nearby poplar has a board nailed across it, a sort of coat rack. However, it makes a well-proportioned cross, and I am in a good environment for my evening prayers. My supper consisted of some fried bacon ends and a couple of scrambled eggs. I regret that my friends were not here to share in this good feast.

Now I don't feel like writing any more. The green wood in my fire is sending up fascinating blends of color and I am tempted to just sit and stare at this fire and its reflections on the cross till I fall asleep. However, the demands upon my prayers are heavy and there are many intentions I saved up for just such a time as this. I will do a stint from the Little Office and stroll up by the lumber place to see if I might spare any of the three friends from being picked up by the local police. Maybe I won't find them, but if they should show up early in the morning they will find some good coffee awaiting them.

I have a church picked out, and I notice they announce a 6 o'clock Mass, at which time I will remember all the Catholic Workers. I hope you won't envy me my nice bed made of sweet smelling pine needles and my cozy fire. I have prepared my fire and got it to the right size. It is a small fire and I can cuddle close to it. Someone once told me the Indians were critical of white men and their big fires. The whole secret is in this saying "White man make big fire, freeze to death. Red man make small fire, keep warm." In spite of my promise to stop I am still writing. Please construe this as proof of my yearning to get together with all of you again and talk with you. Until such time as I can realize this pleasure I will continue to remember you in my prayers.

In Christ the Worker,
Joe.

For Thoughtful
Comment on
Public Affairs Read

The Commonweal

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

\$5 a year 10 cts. a copy

avoid making the crescent of the P too small (4), too narrow (5) or too wide and high (6). If you make it too low (7) it will make people mistake your P for a D; so avoid that also.

VERY popular among the faithful are the devotions of the Stations of the Cross. Since the days of the Crusades, representations of the holy places of Jerusalem have existed here and there in the West, and penitential processions have been held in imitation of the sorrowful journey of Christ to Calvary. Later the Franciscans, as "guardians of the Holy Sepulchre," obtained the privilege of erecting Stations of the Cross in suitable places, and numerous indulgences were attached to them by Supreme Pontiffs. The devotion of the Way of the Cross is especially suited to remind the faithful of the Passion of our Lord and excite in them a penitential disposition.

Catholic Liturgics, Stapper-Baier.



THE WAY OF THE CROSS



THESE REPRESENTATIONS OF THE STATIONS ARE THE WORK OF ADE DE BETHUNE, CATHOLIC WORKER STAFF ARTIST.

TRADITION asserts that the Blessed Virgin used to visit daily the scenes of Christ's Passion, and St. Jerome speaks of the crowds of pilgrims from all countries who used to visit the holy places in his day.

* * *

It may be safely asserted that there is no devotion more richly endowed with indulgences than the Way of the Cross, and none which enables us more literally to obey Christ's injunction to take up our cross and follow Him. A perusal of the prayers usually given for this devotion in any manual will show what abundant spiritual graces, apart from the indulgences, may be obtained through a right use of them, and the fact that the Stations may be made either publicly or privately in any church renders the devotion specially suitable for all.

Catholic Encyclopedia.



VIII. Women of Jerusalem Mourn for Our Lord

AT the sight of the sufferings of Jesus some holy women in the crowd were so touched with sympathy that they openly bewailed and lamented Him. Jesus, knowing the things that were to come to pass upon Jerusalem because of their rejection of Him, turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children."

IX. Jesus Falls the Third Time

JESUS has now arrived almost at the summit of Calvary; but before He reaches the spot where He is to be crucified, His strength again fails Him, and He falls the third time, to be again dragged up and goaded onward by the brutal soldiers.

X. Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

ARRIVED at last at the place of sacrifice, they prepare to crucify Him. His garments are torn from His bleeding body, and He, the Holy of Holies, now stands exposed to the vulgar gaze of the rude and scoffing multitude.

XI. Jesus Is Nailed to the Cross

THE cross is laid upon the ground, and Jesus is stretched upon His bed of death. At one and the same time He offers His bruised limbs to His heavenly Father in behalf of sinful man, and to His fierce executioners to be nailed by them to the disgraceful wood. The blows are struck! The blood gushes forth!

XII. Jesus Dies Upon the Cross

FOR three hours has Jesus hung upon His transfixed hands; His blood has run in streams down His body, and bedewed the ground; and, in the midst of excruciating sufferings, He has pardoned His murderers, promised the bliss of paradise to the good thief, and committed His blessed Mother and beloved disciple to each-other's care. All is now consummated; and meekly bowing down His head, He gives up the ghost.

XIII. Jesus Is Taken Down From the Cross

THE multitude have left the heights of Calvary, and none remain save the beloved disciple and the holy women, who, at the foot of the cross, are striving to stem the grief of Christ's inconsolable Mother. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take down the body of Her divine Son from the cross and deposit it in her arms.

XIV. Jesus Is Laid in the Sepulchre

THE body of her dearly beloved Son is taken from His Mother and laid by the disciples in the tomb. The tomb is closed, and there the lifeless body remains until the hour of its glorious resurrection.

Text from the St. Andrew's Missal.



Can We Win the Peace?

Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph.D., LL.D. the University of Notre Dame

In the summer of 1939 I knelt in the Vatican at the feet of the Vicar of Christ to receive his blessing. A look of anxiety was upon his care-worn face as he perceived from his watch tower the darkening clouds and the ominous rumblings of the approaching storm. A few weeks later, just before the thunderbolts of war were released, he addressed a moving plea to the rulers of Europe, begging them not to plunge the peoples of the Old World once again into the miseries and the horrors of war. In that address he uttered a sentence which ought to be inscribed over the portals of every school and every government building, and placed in illuminated lettering upon the desk of every ruler in the world. "Nothing is gained by war," said the Pontiff, "that cannot better be achieved by peace. In war all is lost."

In those solemn words, His Holiness epitomized the lesson learned in the blood and agony of the World War. In those simple words were reflected the aspirations of the peoples of every land. In those words there echoed the voice of Christ, who said: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," and whose proudest title was The Prince of Peace.

Did any ruler or statesman doubt the truthfulness of the Holy Father's utterance? A few weeks later I sat in a sidewalk cafe in Paris and read in the Echo de Paris the exchange of letters between Daladier and Hitler. Both ended with substantially these words: As an old front-line trencher, I ask you to yield, as the only victors from recourse to arms will be death and destruction. In his appeal to Hitler and to Mussolini not to attack other countries, President Roosevelt had echoed the same sentiment, declaring a military victory to be sterile.

That Sunday morning I said Mass at the main altar of the Church of the Madeleine, where the people were praying for peace. That afternoon I went up to the Great Pilgrimage Church of the Sacre Cœur, standing on Montmartre like a white sentinel watching over the capital of France. Cardinal Verdier was leading a vast assembly in prayers for peace. Their prayers were echoed by some 10,000 people gathered on the outside.

Got War—Why?

They wanted peace, peace, peace. They got war. Why? Because the Nazi ruler invaded Poland and set Europe and the world in flames. True. But I ask: Why was it possible for one man or a group of evil men to set the world in flames? The answer I would like to write across the skies of America and of the world. I would like to weave it into the consciousness of the people of every land. The answer is: Because of the complete lack of international machinery that would compel rulers to submit their controversy to a court for adjudication and to abide by the decision rendered. A state of anarchy in international relations prevailed. There was no world court with mandatory jurisdiction.

tion. There was no world sheriff with power to enforce the verdict.

In the twenty-one years that had elapsed since the World War, we had nullified the League of Nations and had erected no effective machinery to lubricate the frictions which lead to the catastrophic explosion of global war. We had been asleep at the switch and had been caught napping. We had ignored the most obvious lesson that we should have learned from the blood and agony of the first World War—that war cannot be averted by words, no matter how eloquent. It can be averted only by the establishment of an adequate alternative—an international organization with legislative, judicial and executive powers.

No Sanction

Why, you will ask, have we any more reason to believe that any such organization would be more effective than the League of Nations? We know now the reasons for its failure. They were the failure to provide effective sanctions for its decisions, the failure to use it to adjust growing grievances and inequalities instead of using it as Britain and France did, merely to perpetuate the status quo, and lastly the failure of America to join it. By correcting these errors we have every reason to believe that it can remove the frictions that lead to war. In fact, the human mind can think of no other way out.

The establishment of such an international organization will necessitate a modification in the traditional concept of sovereignty. In the past a nation has claimed to be the sole and supreme judge of the rightness of its acts affecting other nations. It constitutes itself the judge, jury and sheriff. It undertakes to impose its decision upon other nations at the point of the sword and the bombing plane. This concept of absolute sovereignty has spawned the characteristic nationalism which issues in such slogans: *Deutschland, Ueber Alles; Ueber Alles in der Welt*—Germany above all—Britannia rules the waves, Our country—right or wrong. That concept, with its brood of fanatical and irrational loyalties, must go. In closely interwoven world, where nations are brought side by side through the marvels of modern transport and communication, nations now occupy the place of states in a federal union.

A Few Illustrations

Let me use a few illustrations to show you how reasonable, how practical, and how essential is an international organization with judicial and executive powers. Let us suppose the courts in any county as well as the sheriff and police forces were abolished. How long would you have peace and order? If two citizens have a disagreement and have no court to settle the dispute, they would take to their shooting irons, and soon the whole county would be a bedlam of strife and disorder.

What would happen to cities like Chicago or New York if the agencies of law and order were removed for one month? Al Capone or Roger Tuohy would vamoosh with much of the wealth of Chicago and the scalps of many of its citizens at his belt. If we cannot expect a city, or even a small town, to preserve peace and order in the absence of all the machinery for peace, how can we expect a community of nations with two billion citizens to preserve peace and order in the complete absence of peace enforcing agencies? I can summarize a hundred volumes on the theme of international peace by saying: As the peace and order of a county demand a county court and a county sheriff, the peace and order of the world demand a world court and a world sheriff.

Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

to the lack of ethics of modern society can be found in the book of R. H. Tawney: "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism."

III. Roman Law

1. In a book entitled: "A Guildsmen's Interpretation of History," Arthur Pentty has much to say about the revival of Roman Law.
2. To the revival of Roman Law must be attributed the historical disputes between Kings and Popes.
3. Jacques Maritain told us that Machiavellianism is the modern heresy.
4. By refusing to mind the Popes the Kings allowed Machiavellianism to become their guiding principle.
5. "Divide to rule," is their slogan.

IV. Minding the Pope

1. Voltaire used to say: "If God did not exist He would have to be invented."
2. If the Pope did not exist he would have to be invented.
3. Because they refuse to mind the Pope modern nations are now busy cutting their own throats.
4. In time of peace modern nations prepare for war.
5. In time of war modern nations do not find time to prepare for peace.
6. If modern nations listened to the Pope when he talks about peace they would not have to worry about being ready for the next war.

V. We Catholics Believe

1. We Catholics believe what Dualist Humanists believe, that there is good and bad in men and that men ought to express the good to get rid of the bad.
2. We Catholics believe what Orthodox Jews and Quakers believe: the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Men.
3. We Catholics believe what Fundamentalists believe, Virgin Birth and Redemption through Christ.
4. We Catholics believe what the other believers believe plus beliefs that the other believers don't believe: Papal Supremacy and the Universal Church.

VI. The Catholic Worker Isms

1. The Catholic Worker stands for cooperativism against capitalism.
2. The Catholic Worker stands for personalism against socialism.
3. The Catholic Worker stands for leadership against dictatorship.
4. The Catholic Worker stands for agrarianism against industrialism.
5. The Catholic Worker stands for decentralism against totalitarianism.

A Study In Ethics

By Robert C. Ludlow

The bourgeois estimate of personal worth is made in terms of economic value. There is no such thing with them as regarding life as its own justification. Personal value in a community is commensurate with wealth added to the community by the individual. Regarding those termed feeble minded this gives rise to two views. That which looks to sterilization to eliminate all the feeble minded as being economically useless and that which draws distinctions—wishing to eliminate lower grade feeble mindedness, yet retain a sufficient number of high grade morons for exploitation in the routine jobs of the factory or doing drudgery tasks unpleasant to the bourgeois.

Society has condemned a percentage of the feeble minded into institutions where little respect is had for them as individuals, where they are regimented, brow beaten into submission, where their labor is exploited where they are given somewhat the guidance they need but only too often at the violation of any personal wishes they might have. They are forced into involuntary celibacy and made to curb any heterosexual inclinations they have. This is sheer tragedy to the high grade cases.

The bourgeois outlook on this is no more in conformity with Catholicism than is the bourgeois outlook on almost anything else. Man, in the ideology of the Catholic can never be evaluated primarily as a production factor. Life is a primordial thing—its justification is intrinsic. Ultimately life is God as it is to God as Prime Mover that anything oscillates or informs matter. Only by assuming omniscience can anyone determine purpose in this or that particular aspect of life. And no human person is that, since omniscience can reside in nothing that does not ante-date beginnings. There is no social order, nor scheme of things, nor ideology, nor cultural pattern acceptable to Catholicism that does not postulate the inherent sacredness of life. This is why Catholicism can square neither with bourgeois democracy, Marxism, nazism or fascism. Nor with that type of eugenical mind which in laying the ideology for sterilization violates life in pursuance of a superior race type.

Sterilization means, for one thing, the isolation of the venereal element in the subject, in that sexual indulgence is possible without the responsibility that integrates it in the totality of the person. And the isolation of the venereal in man ruins him psychologically—for to become the invaluable thing it is to us it must permeate all our actions, entering into the very worship of God.

In the bourgeois democracies as well as in the totalitarian states we see the results of wedge morality. We give small things to the State and eventually we deliver ourselves body and soul to the State. To place the weapon of sterilization in State hands might well develop from the objective of eugenical betterment to the application of a peculiar definition of those "unfit" to propagate—a definition already indulged in by the national socialists and already contained in the outlook of capitalist society.

All this might well be casuistry—but that is merely the application of psychology to logic—the recognition of reality, the realization that human nature is complex, that subjective morality is complex, that judgments cannot too easily be made nor categorical imperatives accepted at face value. Acceptance of the Church's attitude on sterilization may rest more on an allowance to prescriptive reasoning than to any clear demonstration

of its practicality. Yet when the philosophical implications of sterilization are realized the case against it seems to hold the greater weight. And it leads us to respect life in its totality and to the conservation of life and not to its destruction and finally it leads us to look for social betterment rather to the establishment of justice in place of capitalist democracy than to any eugenical panacea.

An Editor Speaks Out

(Continued from page 1)

thoughts about the material, psychological, moral consequences to the Europe which we profess to wish to rebuild."

The CATHOLIC WORKER has been saying that a long time, and we do not think that the use of the so-called indirect voluntary principle can correctly be used as something to justify the means of modern war. That principle, as we understand it, says that it is permitted to lay down an action which has two effects, one good which is willed and the other bad, but not willed only when the good act comes first or at least simultaneously with the bad act. Otherwise we are saying that the end justifies the means and are acting on the wrong principle.

Not the Way Out

We sympathize deeply with the victims of oppression and we believe that we should take these victims into our country as fast as it is humanly possible, but we do not think that modern war will do anything but cause deeper bitterness and greater suffering. We are mindful of the words of Pius XI in *Atheistic Communism*:

"Everywhere today there is an anxious appeal to moral and spiritual forces; and rightly so, for the evil we must combat is at its origin an evil of the spiritual order. From this polluted source the monstrous emanations of the Communist system flow with satanic logic. Now the Catholic Church is undoubtedly preeminent among the moral and religious forces of today. Therefore, the very good of humanity demands that her work be allowed to proceed unhindered."

"Those who act otherwise, and at the same time fondly hope to attain their objective with purely political or economic means, are in the grip of a dangerous error. When religion is banished from the school, from education and from public life, when the representatives of Christianity and its sacred rites are held up to ridicule, are we not really fostering the materialism which is the fertile soil of Communism? Neither force, however well organized it be, nor earthly ideals, however lofty or noble, can control a movement whose roots lie in the excessive esteem for the goods of this world."

That last sentence, we believe, should be read again and again and again—and pondered. It will explain why we have insisted on the spirit of voluntary poverty as so necessary in trying to work out a Christian solution of the problems of our day.

Katharine P. Brian, of Lowell, Mass., requests us to "ask every poor soul that comes to pray that my sister may regain her speech, and I'll let them know if it comes to pass." Please remember her intention.

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