

CATHOLIC WORKER

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The Pope And the World

By
Peter Maurin

I. That Grey Eminence

1. In his book entitled "Grey Eminence" Aldous Huxley says that the business of theocentrists is to help the people to see the world the way God sees the world.
2. Father Joseph said he made the big mistake to help Richelieu side with Protestant Germany and Sweden against Catholic Germany and Austria during the Thirty Years' War.
3. While France was united under one king the Treaty of Westphalia of 1668 kept Germany divided in 300 principalities.

II. Worldly Empires

1. Under the leadership of the Hohenzollern the 300 German principalities became united and formed the German Empire.
2. The German Empire was first a Continental Empire but later on it decided to become a Colonial Empire like the British Empire and the French Empire.
4. The aim of the British Empire of the French Empire of the German Empire

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Labor Leaders Freed From Prison In California

Here is a bright spot of news. Our friends, Earl King, E. G. Ramsay and F. J. Connor were paroled November 27 from San Quentin where they had been imprisoned since 1937 for a crime they did not commit. The CATHOLIC WORKER has carried four accounts of the case (the editor visited the three men in prison on her trip to the coast two years ago).

Two of the men were officials of the Marine Firemen, water tenders, oilers and wipers union on the west coast. The only suggestion of graft and corruption against them comes from Westbrook Pegler, whose handling of the case

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DAY AFTER DAY

Today the CIO convention is going on in Detroit. We sent telegrams to Lewis, backing him in his fight in behalf of the miners, and for the closed shop, and also for his opposition to war. We sent another to Murray, calling his attention to the letter of Bishop Sheil in the November issue of our paper on unionism. I like Murray much, although I do not agree with him on his unqualified support of the President in foreign relations. I like Murray's robust Scotch and Catholic attitude usually. This statement is typical. He is speaking in relation to the miners:

"I insist and contend that the United Mine Workers are right in principle, they are right in good morals, they have a virtuous case, they have stated the facts, and the National Defense Board has exercised a reprehensible kind of discrimination in the recommendations which it has submitted by a majority vote." In speaking of his position in regard to the war he states that he is following his conscience.

Favor Is Fleeting

What a difference between this convention and last year's. I remember that convention particularly because Tamar came down to Atlantic City by herself on the bus from New York and joined me there. I

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In the Vineyard

There will be another article by Father John J. Hugo on Catholic Action in the January issue. Due to a misunderstanding as to date of going to press, the article has not arrived in time for the December issue.

Miners Stay in Pit One Hundred Hours In Sitdown Strike

After staying down in the pit for 100 hours, Wallarah, Australia, coal miners ended their strike on November 25, on the understanding that their grievances would be referred to a governmental tribunal.

Prime Minister John Curtin promised the miners that their grievances would be promptly redressed. In the last fortnight, he said, 90,000 more tons of coal would have been produced but for stoppages that ought not to have occurred.

Mr. Curtin appealed to the leaders of the Coal Miners Federation to cooperate in ensuring the maximum production of coal as essential to the

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Europe Is Starving, U. S. Indifferent Says John Cudahy

We Urge Our Readers to Write to President, Decrying Food Blockade of Europe

The following columns appeared in last week's issue of the *Commonweal*, and is written by one of the editors, Ed. Skillen. It appeared on the last two pages, in the midst of the ads for Christmas books and we are so afraid our readers will miss it, we are reprinting parts of it for our seventy-five thousand readers.

It is not often that an important volume brought out by a major publisher (Scribners) and dealing with the question uppermost in the public mind is ignored by the reviewers. Yet such appears to be the fate of "The Armies March," written by John Cudahy, former emissary to Poland and Eire and American Ambassador to Belgium when the nazis overran that tiny country.

He is also the only American who in 1941 interviewed Hitler for publication. Moreover, the book is superbly written and embodies expert reporting on Poland, Belgium, Germany, Berchtesgaden, Spain and Portugal.

Conspiracy of Silence

How explain then the silence of large portions of the metropolitan press, the big-circulation weekly news magazines, the literary and leftist reviews which have greeted each new volume on the subject by belligerent American newspaper men and women with showers of ticker tape and irresponsible superlatives

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BEN JOE LABRAY

Dear Fellow-Workers:

We crept into the Soo in a ghostly fog at dawn today after a perfectly calm trip over Lake Superior. We are now nearly half way over Lake Huron and it is calm and warm. Too warm for November 13, but it may wind up in rain and do nothing worse.

When the Union ships got their increase in July of this year, the phoney Lake Carrier's Association, a ship owners' company union, broke out with the news that all who shipped before August 1 would be given a \$25 a month bonus if they finished the season and laid up the ship. Those who already had the first half of the season in would get theirs dating back to the spring fit-out. It was a master stroke on the part of the ship owners. It held the crews on and greatly discouraged organization by the N.M.U., which was going forward very successfully.

Well, the boys stuck on and

the company, the engineers and mates and stewards took full advantage of the situation. No one who had already sailed five months would want to get off now as he'd be throwing \$125 away. So the abuse began. The fighting began and the trouble. The stewards began cutting down on the grub and competing with other cooks of the other ships of the line, knowing no one would dare squawk as they might get fired and lose their bonus. Fights of all kinds and on this rust pot they all seem to hate each others guts. Everyone afraid to talk to the other. The other day Shorty, the deck watch on my watch, had a cup of coffee and when finished poured the remains in the sink. The steward growled and one word got louder than the next. A battle started and while they were wrestling near the door the steward's wife walked up,

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TWO WANDERERS

A fierce wind was howling around our little house, branches cracked, windows clattered. The fire had gone out, and the cold air drifted into the bedroom, when I finally fell into an exhausted sleep after a day of scrubbing and cleaning, as if we were expecting guests. Even in my sleep the wind continued its whistling. I seemed to hear a knock at the door, but it might have been a loose window. Yet the knocking was repeated, timidly, but begging to be heard. I finally crept out of bed, wrapped my coat tightly around me and stepped out of the back-door, when the wind took hold of my coat and the cold, damp air cut with needles into my skin. At the front door really were two wanderers in this fierce winter night.

A young girl was shivering in her thin coat; she was heavy with child and in pain.

"Welcome home," I said as

we entered the kitchen in which the fire was still smoldering. "You look as if you had come a long way to find a home. Everything we've got is yours, though it is not much. You won't find money anywhere, but we can replace much of it by our love."

The man smiled gratefully. "So here we are home at last, looks like a cosy little home. We wandered through large cities, small towns, and farmsteads and there was no home for us anywhere. But we found many people, mothers and children, that had no home, that would not believe that they could ever live anywhere than in the dirty rented flats. Yet we told them we would find a home for us, the baby, and for them, too."

We had to wake one of the boys who stayed in the guest-room and send him with his blankets into the barn, where some beds were set up, so we

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News From Stoddard Civilian Service Camp

It is the season of Advent. A season of preparation—or fasting—or reparation. Pentecost is over—with its feasts and its teachings. We put on sackcloth and ashes in shame and in weeping that Christmas is approaching again and we are unprepared.

We have had all the year to put on Christ and we have not. We have lived in contention and envy. We have gone our ways and disregarded the Way of Christ. And now we must reform.

Are not these appropriate thoughts from a CO camp? May we not look at the plight of the world and of the Nation in this way? For years we have gone our own ways forgetting completely the needs and the rights of our fellows. We have been admonished and reminded—but we have persisted in our selfishness. We have refused to put on Christ.

Now we are praying; now we are preparing; now are we giving up much that we may not be destroyed. And, as in the season of Advent, spiritual preparation must come first. We who preach peaceful ways as the better ways—how shall we answer for past angers, for past indulgences? And how shall we gain strength for the tempests? "Be appeased, we beseech Thee, O Lord, by the prayers and offerings of our humility..."

Truly this time of peace and of calm in these camps is our opportunity. We must fill ourselves with our purpose and purify ourselves with sacrifice against the harder days that may come.

We don't talk of these things much—we haven't time. Our days are so full of the things that must be done merely to live. Our schedule, after several changes, has crystallized at this:

5:45 Rise
6:05 Breakfast
6:35 Make up beds
6:50 Meditation
7:15 Work project
12:00 Lunch
12:45 Work project
4:30 Free time
5:30 Dinner
6:00 Free time
7:00 Rosary
7:30 Recreation and classes
10:00 Lights out
Sundays are free as are Satur-

days, though usually there is plenty to do on Saturday.

Week before last we shoveled and hauled two truckloads of sawdust for our ice house. (By the way, last month's paper gave a slightly false impression of the ice house. Instead of the 500 pounds mentioned, we plan to store 500 100-pound cakes or 25 tons of ice). And last week we got two more truckloads of sawdust; something like 12 tons altogether. And we have hauled and spread several hundred pounds of chicken manure for our garden.

The pigs are having a new winter-house built and we are planning a chicken house, a rabbit hutch, and a cow and goat barn for use this spring. We have been offered the use of a cow by one of the boys in camp. That will help to cut the milk bill, and



the chickens and rabbits will provide inexpensive meat. And there is the never satisfied wood pile, to cut or saw or pile.

So far our educational program has not really gotten under way. There is so much manual work to do that many of us are too tired to do anything but write letters at night. Several classes are struggling along, but slowly.

Many of us, too, are far from home and are already thinking of the holidays ahead.

Our latest information is that Selective Service will allow up to fifty percent of the men to be away from camp from December 20 to January 4. That means that probably half of the men will go home for Christmas and half for New Years.

Thank You

Dear Friends:

It is with the deepest sincerity that we express our thanks to all those who have aided us. We need help, though we can hardly feel our right to ask. We are trying to live lives that may eventually lead to an enduring peace—but how short we fall, how hard it is to live up to all these ideals of which we speak so easily. Yet we are trying, and we thank those who are helping us.

We have been given a washing machine which is a blessing that is appreciated more and more. Think of washing the clothes, sheets, and pillow cases for twenty-five men by the old scrub method.

And thank you for the other gifts we have received. The food and candy and soap, the books and money and mimeograph machine, and the pig, the cat, and the magazines.

Peace Prayer Of Pius XII

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

May Thy purifying blood descend on them in their pains, to wash their mantles and render them worthy and bright in Thy blessed sight. Do, Thou, O loving comforter of

in full token of their duty, even to the supreme sacrifice, in defense of their native land, that noble sense of humanity by which they will not, no matter in what circumstances, do to others that which they would not have done to themselves or their country.

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

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

Amen.

Bread of Death

1. With more or less awareness all men feel the need to come alive.
2. But most of the methods suggested to bring this about are snares and delusions.
3. Men can of course be stirred into life by being dressed up in uniforms and made to blare out chants of war.
4. This is one way for men to break bread with comrades and to find what they are seeking.
5. What they are seeking is a sense of something universal of self-fulfillment.
6. But of this bread men die.

—Antoine de Saint Exupery.
(Wind, Sand and Stars.)

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

War and Conscription At the Bar of Christian Morals

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. B. O'Toole, Ph.D., S.T.D.

Prof. of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America

A ninety-page pamphlet complete with Study Club outline, containing all Msgr. O'Toole's articles published in The Catholic Worker from 1939-40, plus his testimony before Senate Military Affairs Committee

Price 15c a Copy

(POST PAID)

SEND ORDERS DIRECT TO:

THE CATHOLIC WORKER
115 Mott Street, New York City

We are most grateful, too, for the prayers and Masses that have been said for us. We remember you all in our Rosary each night, and we hope that we may somehow be worthy of the sacrifices you have made for us in the name of Christ and Peace.

We need still a typewriter, flat irons, sweaters, winter underwear, and sox, and we will need mittens and gloves for working. We will need more bandages and soap and perhaps some overshoes. But we have faith that what we really need will be provided—what we need, you will give.

We have received the greatest of all gifts from our Bishop, Bishop Peterson of Manchester. He has given us permission to have Mass said at camp. That will mean that at last we are really a Catholic camp.

Sincerely, in Christ,
The Men of the Camp.

THE MASS YEAR

A Liturgical Almanac

A reference booklet for users of the Missal and lovers of the Liturgy. Suitable for school, home, convent, and the individual. An Almanac limited to the Liturgical field.

Contents: An English Ordo for the Roman Missal, with a collection of things Liturgical.

Format: Four by 6½ inches, paper cover, illustrated with pen drawings. Price: Twenty-five cents a copy, \$1.00 for five copies, \$15 a hundred, postpaid.

THE ABBEY PRESS,
St. Meinrad, Indiana.

the afflicted, who didst weep at the tears of Martha, and the many desolate for their brothers, grant peace and consolation, resignation and health to those poor people who are overcome by the sorrows and tribulations of war's calamities, to exiles, to refugees, to unknown wanderers, to prisoners and to the wounded who trust in Thee.

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

Console them all with divine and with those helps and that effective charitable relief which is our task. Suggest to kindly souls who recognize in the afflicted and unfortunate their brothers and love them as Thy image. Give to the combatants, together with heroism

To a Nine-inch Gun

Whether your shell hits the target or not,
Your cost is Five Hundred Dollars a shot,
You thing of noise and flame and power,
We feed you a hundred barrels of flour
Each time you roar. Your flame is fed
With twenty thousand loaves of bread.
Silence! A million hungry men
Seek bread to fill their mouths again.

Anonymous.

This poem came to the New York World office on a crumpled piece of soiled paper. The author's address was given as Fourth Bench, City Hall Park.

God's Coward:

By Ammon Hennacy

I picked up the Bible and threw it in a corner; pacing back and forth thinking and mumbling to myself: the liars, the double-crossers, tempting me with freedom and then telling me the only way to obtain it was by being a rat. This was bad enough, but to talk the Golden Rule and religion, forgive your enemies, turn the other cheek; fine stuff, after they frame you and admit it!

The world needs a Samson to pull down their whole world of lies. Debs is arrested near my home town in Ohio and will come here to jail, I thought. He did time when he was a young man. Now he's not so bitter, but then he is older, and he won't allow the capitalist class to tramp on him either.

Dark Night

That night I was nervous and tore off the buttons from my clothing in order to have something to sew them on again. I paced my eight and a half steps back and forth for hours and finally flung myself on the bunk. It must have been the middle of the night when I awoke, I had not had a note from anyone for a month. Were my friends forgetting me? I felt weak, lonesome, and alone in the world. Here I had been singing defiance at the whole capitalistic world but a few hours before and had boasted to the warden how I would bravely do my time; now I wondered if anyone really cared. Perhaps by this time Karen might be married to some one else with a real future ahead of him instead of being lost in a jail. The last letter I had received from her was rather formal. Would she understand why I did not write; and could I be sure that some of the letters I had sent to her had been received, with the officials opening the mail I had sent to my sister? How could one end it all? The sharp spoon with which I carved poems and my calendar on the wall could cut my wrist and I could bleed to death before a guard arrived. But then that would be such a messy death. Then the warden would be sorry for the lies he had told me and the tricks he had tried to play. The last thing I could remember before falling to sleep was the long wailing whistle of the freight train as it echoed in the woods nearby.

Threatened By Flu

The next day the deputy came in my cell and said that I was looking very pale; that number 7440, a man just two numbers from me who had come in the same day with me, had died of the flu, and that thirty others were buried that week. If I did not get out and breathe some fresh air it was likely that I would die sooner than the others, he said. Why should I not tell what I knew and get out? In reply I asked the deputy to talk about the weather, as I was not interested in achieving the reputation of a rat. He asked me if it was a prisoner or a guard who had taken out my letters. I told him that I would not give any hints.

I did not know the nature of the flu but thought that this might be a good way to die if I could only get it. Fate seemed to have sealed me up in a place where I could not contact any germs. Late that afternoon I

was called across the hall to take a bath. The guard accidentally left my wooden door open when he was called to answer a telephone. I could not see anywhere except across the hall to the solid door of another cell, but I could hear Rogolowski in the next cell groaning and calling for water. He was still hanging from his hands. As the guard came down the hall he opened Rogolowski's door, dipping his tin cup in the toilet and threw the dirty water in Rogolowski's face. Then he came and slammed my door shut and locked it. How soon would I be strung to the bars? How long could a fellow stand such treatment?

Contemplated Suicide

As soon as it was dark I sharpened my spoon again and tried it gently on my wrist. The skin seemed to be quite tough, but then I could press harder. If I cut my wrist at midnight I could be dead by morning. I thought I ought to write a note to Karen and my mother and I couldn't see to do that until morning. Well, I had waited this long, I could wait a day longer. That night my dreams were a mixture of Jean Val Jean in the sewers of Paris; I. W. W. songs; blood flowing from the pigs that I had seen butchered on the farm when I was a boy, and the groans of Rogolowski.

Sun Brings Light

The sun shone brightly in my cell the next morning for the first time in weeks. I crouched again by the door and saw Berkman's bald head. Tears came to my eyes and I felt ashamed of myself for my cowardly idea of suicide just because I had a few reverses. Here was Berkman who had passed through much more than I would have to endure if I stayed here two more years in solitary. How was the world to know more about the continued torture of such men as Rogolowski if I gave up? The last two verses of the I. W. W. Prison Song now had a real meaning to me as I sang them again. I was through with despair. I wanted to live to make the world better. Just because most prisoners, and for all that, most people on the outside did not understand and know what solidarity meant was all the more reason why I should be strong. I sang cheerfully:

"By all the graves of Labor's dead,
By Labor's deathless flag of red,
We make a solemn vow to you,
We'll keep the faith, we will be true.
For freedom laughs at prison bars,
Her voice re-echoes from the stars;
Proclaiming with the tempest's breath
A Cause beyond the reach of death!"

The Armistice

Two months later I heard the whistles blow and shouts resound throughout the prison. The war was over. The Armistice had been signed. It was not until then that I was informed in a note from Berkman that November 11 was also an anarchist anniversary:

the date of the hanging of the Chicago anarchists of the Haymarket Riot in 1887. I had ceased by this time my nervous running back and forth like a squirrel in my cell and was now taking steady walks in my cell each day, and also hours of physical exercise. I was now going to build myself up and not get sick and die. I would show my persecutors that I would be a credit to my ideals.

If there had been a dictionary or a telephone directory in my cell instead of a Bible I would have read them many times. When I was asked to register a few months before I had told the guard that if they desired me to become a patriot they should give me some patriotic literature to read; perhaps I might become converted. He replied that this was against the rules, and that the idea was to make life so miserable and lonesome for me in solitary that I would give in and talk. If I had something to read this might have kept my mind off my "sins."

The Chaplains

The Protestant Chaplain was an old man, "Holy Joe" the prisoners called him. His son had married a cousin of mine. He had asked me what my religion was when I entered prison, and when I said that I was an atheist



—Add Bethune

he did not have anything more to do with me. All of this time that I had been in solitary he had never been near me or the others in solitary to inquire after our spiritual well being. I would have read anything which he had given me pertaining to religion. He would have made a success in some small town ladies sewing circle, but not among prisoners. Perhaps he was kindly and meant well, but he was afraid to try to better conditions in prison.

The Catholic Chaplain had been a prize fighter in his time and appeared more jolly and human. I had painted the ceiling of the Catholic Chapel and joked with him. He knew I was an Irishman who was not a Catholic, but he never tried to convert me, and although he knew I did not read the Irish World to gain any religious news he was always certain that I would receive a copy. In conversation with friends who were in the army during the war since my release I find that chaplains in the army were generally of the same non-spiritual calibre as those we met in prison.

Part of my self-imposed discipline was to study the Bible and see if there was anything worthwhile in it. I had now read it

through four times, and had read the New Testament hundreds of times. I had made up games with pages and chapters and names of characters in the Bible to pass away the time. I had memorized certain chapters that I liked. As I read of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Micah and other of the prophets, and of Jesus I could see that they had opposed tyranny. I had also spent many days in reviewing all of the historical knowledge that I could remember and in trying to think through a philosophy of life. I had passed through the idea of killing myself. This was an escape, not any solution to life. The remainder of my two years in solitary must result in a clear cut plan whereby I could go forth and be a force in the world. I could not take any halfway measures.

Rebel's Philosophy

If assassination, violence and revolution was the better way then military tactics must be studied and a group of fearless rebels organized. I remembered again what Slim had said months ago to the effect that one could not be a good rebel unless he became angry and vengeful. Then I heard Rogolowski curse the guards and heard them beat him. I remembered the negro who had sworn at the guard in the tailor shop and who was killed.

I had read of riots in prison over food and I remembered the peaceful victory which we had in our strike against the spoiled fish. I also remembered what Berkman had said about being firm, but quiet. He had tried violence but did not believe in it as a wholesale method. I read of the wars and hatreds in the Old Testament. I also read of the courage of Daniel and the Hebrew children who would not worship the golden image; of Peter who chose to obey God rather than the proper constituted authorities who placed him in jail; and of the victory of these men by courage and peaceful methods. I read of Jesus who was confronted with a whole world empire of tyranny and chose not to overturn the tyrant and make himself king, but to change the hatred in the hearts of men to love and understanding—to overcome evil with goodwill.

I had called loudly for the sword and mentally listed those whom I desired to kill when I was free. Was this really the universal method which should be used? I would read the Sermon on the Mount again. When a child I had been frightened through hell fire into proclaiming a change of life. Now I spent months making a decision; there was no sudden change. I had all the time in the world and no one could talk to me to influence me. I was deciding this idea for myself.

Contemplation

Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of what Jesus meant when he said: "The Kingdom of God is within you." It therefore must be in the deputy, the warden, and everyone—even in the rat and the pervert—and now I came to know—in myself. I did not bother with the hereafter. I had a practical problem that I had to work out. What was going to happen to me after so many months in solitary? How would I react to this tyranny? Would it crush me? Would I become embittered by it, or would I overcome it?

I read and reread the Sermon on the Mount, the fifth, sixth,

and seventh chapters of Matthew thus becoming a living thing to me. I tried to take every sentence and apply it to my present problems. The warden had said that he did not understand political prisoners. He and the deputy in plain words did not know any better; they had put on the false face of sternness and tyranny because this was the only method of which they knew. It was my job to teach them another method: that of goodwill overcoming their evil intentions, or rather habits. The opposite of the Sermon on the Mount was what the whole world had been practicing, in prison and out of prison; and hate piled on hate had brought only hate and revenge. Conditions had been made worse than better. It was plain that this system did not work. I would likely never have a better opportunity to try out the Sermon on the Mount than right now in my cell. Here was deceit, hatred, lust, murder, and evil of every kind in this prison. I reread slowly and pondered each verse:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also... Ye have heard that it hath been said, thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you: love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them, which despitefully use you and persecute you... Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness... Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself... Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye so to them."

New Technique

I fancied what my radical friends in and out of prison would say when I spoke of the above teachings of Jesus. I knew that I would have to bear their displeasure, just as I had borne the hysteria of the patriots and the silence of my friends when I was sent to prison and placed in solitary. This did not mean that I was going to "squeal" and give in to the officials, but in my heart I would try and see the good in them and not hate them. Jesus did not give in to his persecutors. He used strong words against the evil doers of his time, but had mercy for the sinner.

I saw if I held this philosophy for myself I could not engage in violence for a revolution—a good war, as some might call it—but would have to renounce violence even in my thought. Would I be ready to go the whole way? At that time I had not heard of Tolstoi and his application of Christ's teachings to society. Berkman might have told me if I could have entered into a lengthy conversation with him, but I never saw him again.

I could see the warden's honesty in admitting that he had "framed" me. I could even see that the deputy had only been used to violence in his years of supervising the chain gang. I did not know much about the outside world

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Conscience and Authority

(The following is the third of four instructions on conscience from "Meditations for Layfolk," by Bede Jarrett. We will run the last in next issue.)

I. It is the teaching of the Church that I must always follow my conscience. I can never try and shelter myself behind authority, and say that though my conscience objects, I have a right to put it aside and follow authority blindly. Put in this way, I am certainly wrong, for in that case I should be using authority to break up conscience; I should be using that of which the whole basis is an appeal to conscience (for the idea of duty which is contained in the idea of submission to authority is part of the very fundamental of conscience) in order to violate conscience. Yet, on the other hand, is it not true that authority once proved divine must be obeyed, that authority can even instruct conscience, teach it principles of right and wrong, such as left to itself it might never find out at all? This contradiction is sometimes, perhaps, a puzzle to me as a Catholic. How am I to deal with the situation when my conscience and the authority of the Church, whose divine mission I accept, come into conflict? This puzzle, which, of course, is absolutely simple for Catholics when they once start to examine the matter, is altogether a scandal for non-Catholics. Forgetful of the fact that during the whole of her rule the Church has been the champion of conscience against tyranny of the state, or tyranny of superstition, non-Catholics are in haste to suppose that conscience and authority are in opposition, whereas they are necessary for each other—it is impossible to find the one safeguarded without the other. Wherever authority has broken down I shall find that in effect conscience has also been overridden, and where authority has been upheld it has but confirmed the rights of conscience.

* * *

II. But I must begin by recognizing the distinction that, on the whole, conscience is rather concerned with the application of principles than with the settling of principles. Our Lord came to teach truth, and consequently, I am sure that in His creed I shall find what I want to guide me through life; but where I shall fail is that I shall from time to time be uncertain as to where or how these wide principles are to be adopted in my ordinary life. How far does self-sacrifice become an evil? When exactly am I obliged to consider my own good name? When shall I scourge with ropes the buyers and sellers in the holy places, and when meekly submit to their authority? Here, then, it is clear that in this matter there will be little possibility for opposition, for the conscience does not concern itself with principles, and the authority of faith concerns itself with little else. Faith says to me that I must not kill, and conscience has to settle which sort of killing is really murder: the two spheres are thus, on the whole, divided. Yet it is certainly possible for them actually to come into conflict. Thus I can suppose that my faith tells me of an everlasting place of torture called hell, while my conscience tells me that I cannot believe that God would be so cruel. What is to happen? First, am I certain that this is of faith? Yes, I am certain. Then why does my conscience object? Because it cannot square such a place or condition with God's mercy. Then I look back at my conscience and say: Well, first of all, our Lord uses the phrase "everlasting fire," and if we follow His words we cannot go wrong. Then the Church has never said that she quite knows what the punishment really consists of, nor can we really have any very accurate concept of eternity. Lastly, at the most, all I can say is that my conscience does not quite see how divine mercy and eternal punishment fit in, but I cannot honestly say that they do not fit in. Thus the only point that conscience blocks is merely a personal difficulty in seeing how things which faith tells me are compatible can really be so.

* * *

III. Thus it is in every case. Conscience may stick at the explanation, but it has to leave the principles alone. My con-

DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 1)

had been traveling through the middle west for almost a month and she came down to have Thanksgiving with me.

The convention was held in one of the boardwalk hotels and we had great pleasure in walking along the sea and basking in the sunlight. It was beautiful mild weather and the cries of the seagulls alone pierced the silence out of doors.

Inside the convention hall there were furious demonstrations in favor of Lewis. All the left wing unions were vociferous in their support. At the same time their leaders were not much in favor at that time. Michael Quill and Joe Curran were given half-hearted applause. When Joe Curran was elected one of the vice-presidents of the CIO he was

culties at the moment, in the way of strikes, though they voted for the President during the last election, are opposing him now in his threat to send the troops in to take over the mines. They are thinking in terms of enlightened self interest as it is called, in short-range action. I believe that Lewis is thinking in terms of long-range action, of what the future has in store.

Local Color

Today is a beautiful day, a soft haze in the air, gentle sunlight. All morning I was in my room, typing and my two windows look out on brick walls and the artificial lights in the rooms opposite. Walls, bricks, fences, fire escapes, all are dingy. The ashcans in the back yard are littered. The only bright spots are the clotheslines which hang in scallops between the buildings, laden with multi-colored clothing.

I wanted to catch Peter today at noonday mass at St. Andrews, so I left the house at noon. The sunlight blinded me as I came out, hazy though it was. There are still leaves on the trees, women with their baby carriages were lined up in the park, and all the benches were crowded with idle men. Some of them slept, their heads on the backs, their bent arms, leaning against the backs of the benches. There is no grass in this park to lie on. It is made up of trees and shrubs, and the earth is packed hard and bare from the feet of many children. Mulberry bend and Chinatown are the most congested districts in New York City.

In Between Weather.

A good part of my writing today was done sitting in front of the two stores at 115 Mott street. I dragged Margorie away from her letters to take dictation, and we sat out there in the mild air and luxuriated in the privacy of the open street. The office is always crowded, the telephone is always ringing, people are always asking questions. Besides it is stuffy, sitting inside on a day like this. The inside of dank, dark tenements is most disagreeable in the in between seasons. In the winter you settle down in your corners and try to keep warm. You keep all doors and windows closed, to treasure the heat which comes from oil stove or pot-bellied stove, or open grate. The doors are always opening and shutting anyway, letting in terrific blasts of cold air. You are refreshed when you got out from the stuffiness within, and you welcome the warmth when you get inside. In the summer all door and windows are open and it is easier to keep clean and comfortable. But spring is restless, one is comfortable neither inside nor out. And in the fall, the in-

side is most gloomy with the promise of discomfort to come, its half hearted heat. Everybody longs to be out to capture and seize and hold the last remaining hours of beauty of the dying year.

The Commonweal

Calling attention to our reprint on the first page of this issue of Ed Skillen's review from the Commonweal, we'd like also to call attention to the magazine as a whole for a Christmas gift to your friends. Some of the articles we have liked most recently are those by Don Luigi Sturzo on his Political Vocation, on The Ways of Providence; an article by Fr. Orchard, Praying in War Time and many others, too numerous to mention.

Wedding

This month the only out of town trip was to Newport, Rhode Island, where Bill Gauchat, Cleveland leader of the Catholic Worker activities which include two houses of hospitality and a farm, was married to Dorothy Schmidt, also of Cleveland, but who had been working in Newport as one of Ade Bethune's apprentices for the past year. It was bright and beautiful weather, and Peter Maurin and I went up by bus on Thanksgiving Day. Sometimes we call the Newport crowd, a Catholic Worker craft group, a cell, and sometimes it is Lion's College, of which Ade is president. At any rate, it is now a sizable crowd, what with the de Bethune family moving up this fall, and the Clendenning aunt and niece next door and Mary Krenzer, and Bridgit and Betty Finnigan there too. Present also at the wedding was Graham Carey, and Father Joseph Woods, Benedictine of Portsmouth Priory, offered the Nuptial Mass.

Sickness

One of our fellow workers, Steve Hergenhan, went to Roosevelt Hospital last month and is now doing nicely. He'd probably enjoy letters and visits from his friends. A hint.

Visitors

During the month many visitors, including Dr. Feivus, exile from Germany; Helene Iswoeski, from Paris; Elizabeth Rossi, from Switzerland.

Included in news of the month—a new baby born to John and Margaret Magee, baptized John Joseph, October 26. John and Margaret formerly of the Upton Farm, are living on their farm at Orange, Mass., not far from Athol. John has been one of the leaders of the New England Catholic Workers for the past six years.

Freed From Prison

(Continued from page 1)

last week shows ignorance of the facts and his usual prejudice towards labor. One of the reasons they were framed and landed in jail was because they could not be bought out and because they had the confidence of their union, an independent one, neither CIO nor AFL. Philip Murray, whose integrity is unquestioned even by Pegler, at the recent CIO convention in Detroit, pledged the aid of the CIO to the three men and said that there was no question in the minds of the great organized labor bodies of their innocence.

We thank all our readers who wrote to Governor Olson in regard to this case.



Our Lady of Good Counsel

not enthusiastically received. The position of the Catholic Workers was in a way, with them in questioning the defense efforts, the prolonging of the war by our aid. They for the reason that Russia was in the anomalous position of having signed a treaty with Germany and we because of our opposition to war.

This year there is hostility to Lewis. Right now he is not even present at the convention and the newspapers are doing their best to build up the impression in the minds of the public, of a break between the two men. There may be a difference of opinion in regard to the foreign policies of the President, but when it comes to labor, both men seem to trust each other, and their interest in the welfare of the workers. Undoubtedly the organized workers who are not having difficulties over the union question, hours or wages, are with the administration. Those who are in diffi-

science itself is a growing thing, quite capable of training and cultivation. For years I may consider certain things allowable, and only come to find them forbidden later in life. Many a practice which a boy has thought in no sense wrong, later years have shown him to have been, indeed, full of evil. Or, again, I have, perhaps, not realized many of the social evils to be quite so terrible as they actually are; for I have all through my life to be teaching my conscience ever greater refinement, keeping it well-informed of the decisions of the Church, being careful lest it should grow heedless or too accustomed to evil, and therefore no longer angry at injustice. Whatever the voice of conscience dictates I must fearlessly follow. But I have also to be sure that conscience itself is properly taught the correct view of life, comparing its acts from time to time with the authoritative decisions of the faith and with the familiar example of the life of Christ. I must in this way take care that I do not yield to authority in those matters where authority has no right to interfere, nor, on the other hand, erect into a principle of conscience what is really nothing else than some foolish fancy of my own intelligence.

+ From The Mail Bag +

Baltimore, Md.

St. Anthony's House
119 W. Barre St.

It must be a spirit of negligence that keeps us from reporting about our works of mercy. The more we give the greater God increases our capacity to give. It's the principle of the sowing which works as inevitably as the law of gravity.

Our breadline has picked up all during the fall so that we had to put back another table in the kitchen. In that way we can feed 24 at a time and it's nothing unusual to feed 10 tables at a meal, especially on Sunday. God has given us another source of supply—the School Sisters of Notre Dame on North Charles Street. They have grade school, high school, and college, and have been giving us all the leftover food. Smitty takes the truck out three times a week and stops at Mt. St. Agnes, another girl's school conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, on the same trip. This means that on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the soup is a little thicker. The Sisters of Charity at Jenkins Memorial and St. Agnes hospitals give us food every day.

The girls at Notre Dame Institute collected comforters, men's clothes, sheets and food for us last week and plan to make a similar collection on the 25th of each month. In the words of Virginia Elly and Jane Maynes who wrote to us, "it will be a remembrance of that most charitable day, Christmas."

Jon Thornton gave out clothes for over an hour the day we received them. The "clothes" line was almost as long as the breadline. At Notre Dame on Charles Street the girls made a collection of clothes soon after the term began and sent them down in a station wagon. There isn't a shirt around today.

Father Hugo will give the retreat at Notre Dame between semesters. He paid us a fleeting visit in October and rekindled some of the fire of the Easton retreat. We resumed saying the Rosary in the evening and Jon has been giving catechism lessons. We take turns in reading at dinner and supper. The lesson varies and our "homily" takes about five minutes.

There has been a spirit of unrest among the men. It seems to be due to the fever of sham prosperity caused by the defense program. One of the colored men was murdered last week in a cider joint several blocks away. He was nicknamed "Soldier Boy" because of the old khaki jacket he wore. The police had a difficult time finding out his name and were here several times for information. We couldn't help them and they were disgusted at our failure to "register" everyone who comes in. They insisted it was a poor way to do business and we tried to explain that we weren't doing this on any business basis. It would have been a good thing to tell them that the only bookkeeping is done by the recording angel. But they might not have appreciated it.

Well, John Doebele and I have received classification as C.O.'s. John had registered in Washington and I in Wisconsin. We were examined on October 16th at Mt. Sinai Hospital—just a year to the day on which we got started in this undeclared war. Perhaps

John and I will be sent to Stoddard but we are trying to find some alternative service which the government will recognize.

Sister Pierre was willing to take us as orderlies at St. Joseph's Hospital but it seems that a state hospital might be more readily approved by Selective Service. We didn't care whether the wages went to the Service Board for Religious Objectors, or for that matter whether there would be any wages at all. Such a work of mercy would be more in the spirit of the movement than the C. O. forestry camp. Or at least we think so.

Father Roy gave another day of recollection last Sunday. It must have done a great deal of good because the devil has been raging around here all week. As Father Lacouture wrote once, "The moment we start to give Jesus to the people, all hell is up on its feet."

Father Kunkal of St. Mary Seminary spoke here on Sunday night two weeks ago and Father Selner comes this Sunday. The Sulpicians do not confine their activities to training priests but have aided us greatly. And their seminarians help too. They have been giving us money for oatmeal to feed the morning line.

In Christ,
Jim Rogan.

Hamilton, Ont.

We wrote you a few weeks ago asking your prayers because we were being asked to leave St. Michael's House. Our prayers have not been answered directly, though I am sure that they were not wasted. We have moved our furniture to a vacant store on King Street. We are paying two dollars a month for it so you can imagine the condition that it is in.

There is no plumbing at all so no one can live there, and we have not been able to get permission yet to hold our children's class. However, if this letter is a bit disjointed it is because I have a Children's Class of my own climbing all over me, and every few words I write Patsy says: "What color should I color this?" And Jean says: "Look at this."

The family that lived next door to us had notice to get out and no place to go for a month, so I moved them in here. Seven little boys and girls, the parents, another little girl who has been sick and should be home in a week and another baby expected in December. It is rather a change from living alone.

We are holding discussions here every Sunday and have a stronger feeling of unity among ourselves than ever before.

Honestly there is so little need of a house of hospitality here now and the Bay Street house was in such miserable shape that we did not think it was worth buying. We had the first chance to buy and we had friends who might have been persuaded to put up the money but we felt that we would have been asking for it under false pretenses. We certainly have not given up the idea of having a house again and are preparing ourselves for the time after the war when there will be a real need.

As you know the Windsor house still has a soup line, but they have not a city hostel to look after any men and we have.

In Christ the Worker.
Mary Carroll.

Bordentown, N.J.

After reading your article in The CATHOLIC WORKER I want to take this opportunity to thank you for your wholehearted support in my endeavor to gain my freedom. I feel confident that others will follow your splendid example with the result that I may look forward to the day when justice will triumph over a miscarriage of justice. Up until now things looked very discouraging, and believe me, you have no idea how you and others interested in my case have given me the courage to carry on. May this interest increase as time goes on.

Being a subscriber to your CATHOLIC WORKER, you can rest assured that I will follow events very closely, especially anything pertaining to a cause that you consider to be a worthy one.

Thanking you for your kindness, I remain,

Very truly yours,
Anthony Panchelly.

P.S.—Best regards from Br. D. Brown and Br. E. Woodworth.

Boston, Mass.

Our Lady of Perpetual Help House, 328 Tremont Street.

Dec. 1, 1941.

Dear Friends:

Richard Finnigan was at the house Saturday. Helped the men serve the line. But as he had a dinner-date I did not have as much time as I would like to talk with him. From 4 to 6 is the busiest time at Our Lady's house. About two hundred men every night. Margaret Hackett and Katherine McCarron are giving one evening a week right after work. They cannot get in time for the line, but by degrees we will find enough work for them to do. There is a fine group of men at the house right now. Of course they are all looking for work and as soon as one goes there is another to take his bed. Harry and MacIntyre are, of course, the "staff." Jack Doherty is very helpful, and as his health is poor (he suffers with asthma) he will doubtless remain with us more or less permanently.

Last Thursday we had two men from the "A.A.'s" tell about that group, Alcoholics Anonymous. It was most interesting and the men, most of them, remained in the house for the meeting.

Is it early in January that you will be speaking at Bishop Cushing's parish? You know there are always so many who want to see you that we would like to let them know when you would be in Boston. Several who have learned that Peter was here are disappointed that we did not let our friends know. I did not see him myself. I have not seen Peter since before my accident. Richard said he saw Arthur in New York. And that he was looking well. I am so glad on both counts. There were two of the Catholic C.O.'s at the house one night. I missed them too. It is difficult to try to be in two places particularly when they are so far apart. Not that a mile is very far ex-

cept when one is handicapped as I am.

Sunday, December 7, next Sunday, Father Costello is giving us a day of recollection at the Cathedral. We will go to Mass either at the Cathedral or in one's own parish. Father will arrange the rest of the day for us. Breakfast also will be arranged. We had thought of having it at the Worker but that will keep some of the men from participating and we want as many as can do so to be with us at the Altar. Ade is making a Spiritual Bouquet card which we will send in to the Cardinal. All the parishes received a beautiful letter from him on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of his elevation to the college of Cardinals, last Thursday. The letter was devoted to Our Lady.

Looks as though we are going to have snow today. Hope I get to the house before it storms too hard.

Your fellow worker in Christ,
Jane.

BOOK REVIEW

The Legion of Mary
By Cecily Hallack, Longmans, Green & Co.; \$2.

"It is not the story of saints but of the most ordinary people. They argued that they had the right, as Christians, to demand much from Christ's Mother. This is an account of what they did and of what happened." So reads the last paragraph in the introduction in Miss Hallack's last book before her sudden death at the age of 39.

Seventeen poor working girls, a priest, and a St. Vincent de Paul man met in an upper room in Myra House, gathered around a statue of the Madonna, with candles, and two vases of flowers, prayed to the Holy Ghost, recited the Rosary. They then talked of visiting the wards in the Dublin workhouse infirmary. It was the eve of Mary's Nativity, September 6th, 1921. From that "single step," the Legion took a "journey of a thousand leagues" for now that same meeting is being held weekly in India, China, Africa, Australia, New Zealand, the West Indies, Canada, the United States and France.

It is a fascinating and simply written account of the laity's work among the sick, prisoners, families, in lodging houses, in club work, with gypsies, with book barrows on busy street corners, with libraries, with establishing the first retreat house for the poor and unemployed, with hostels for the unemployed, and reformed prostitutes. Country by country, each chapter points out the work, the "miraculous" results, the praise of the priests, the missionaries, of Bishops, in Africa, of the Apostolic Delegate, of the encouragement and blessing of Pope Pius XI and Pope Pius XII.

"It has opened up a new sort of life and a new idealism to thousands upon thousands of lay people, and it has been able to enlist countless other thousands in an exacting auxiliary crusade of prayer on behalf of the active workers."

We feel that every one of our readers should read this book. If possible, why not become an active or auxiliary member?

Julia Porcelli.

Windsor, Ontario

Our Lady of The Wayside
House of Hospitality

Dear fellow workers:

We continue to serve soup every afternoon, to shelter about fifteen men at night and give them tea and toast in the morning. We also distribute clothes both here at the house and through Mrs. Washington, a colored woman who looks after the women's clothes.

We were reciting the divine office more frequently than we do now, although we say the little hours, excepting prime, every day at eleven o'clock. We found that the women of the group coming in to pray frightened the men away, so since it is primarily a man's house we thought it better not to do anything that would give a different impression.

We have had visits from the C. W.'s in Hamilton and now that they have lost their house there, Mary Carroll and perhaps another of their workers will come to Windsor.

A peculiar situation had obtained here because for so long a time after Ozzie went to England the group had been trying to run the house from the outside. They were quite apart from the men in the house, although they did not wish to be. There are now two of us living in: Victor Swirzin, whom Dorothy met the last time she was here, and myself. Victor is now working at Ford's but he was a great help in getting the work under way again. Truth to tell, though, we are poor Catholic Workers, as I need only visit the Detroit gang to realize. It is a very salutary experience so I go over quite often.

Marie tells me that you have opened a women's house in New York. In fact I saw that you had in the C. W. They are having a dialogue at the farm in South Lyons on your American Thanksgiving Day. I intend to go over as I did for the Harvest Mass. They are very inspirational and they make for a sound integral outlook.

If we ever get around to this side of the work, there is a big field in the unions in Windsor. As you probably know, Windsor is the Canadian home of Ford, Chrysler, and (with Oshawa, Ont.) of General Motors. However, we have pretty well confined ourselves to house of hospitality and the development of certain Liturgical practices.

There seems to be growing, however, a work in the Inter-racial field. For a Canadian city of its size we have a large percentage of Negroes, and there is a noticeable interest in Catholicism amongst them. We have had several inter-racial meetings on a social plane which has promoted good feeling. Other things may follow.

That is about all just now, but we shall keep you in touch if there are any further developments. We hope to work in more closely with the SOCIAL FORUM and ought to be able to help them considerably, but that will depend on the number of workers we have and the time at our disposal. I should be happy to hear from anyone at Mott Street at any time.

Faternally in Christ,
Joseph O'Connor.

BEN JOE LABRAY

(Continued from page 1)

slapped Shorty so hard he nearly went over the side.

Their nerves are all on edge and they all say they'll never fall for that bonus stuff again. I take advantage of each beef to talk on the glories of a free union where nobody worries, gets fired or hungry and the wages are always ahead of the Lake Carriers, etc., etc.

Say I: "Let freedom ring"—down with the Lake Carriers' Association! Day before yesterday the steward on a steel trust ship hung himself in his stateroom. Another "bonus jittered" case, I suppose.

Next Night

A clear, sunny calm trip all the way here! Passing Detroit this P. M. was like summer. We are now running along slow speed heading into Lorain, to anchor and await orders. It's warm out and the stars are blazing and the lighthouse blinks right ahead and the fog horn is howling its mournful, weird, eerie and blood-curdling moan as though to rebuke us for throwing off the lad into the seething maelstrom near here last trip.

The ship continues to be hungry and at six tonight when I came off watch I ran into a dish of half-cooked baked beans, etc. This guy is a prize belly-robbler.

If we were living in a land without laws and without Christianity we'd all bump each other off in no time. Without restraint the race wouldn't last 3 generations. It's bad enough if one is a Christian or trying to be one.

I just had to cease writing awhile to put out a fire. I mis-cued with a cigarette butt and my partner's dungarees caught fire. He's sleeping blissfully right under me. He's a Hungarian and says I write more than anyone he ever saw. He's a patient soul—my orange fell off the nail this morning and bounced off his dome. He didn't say a word—just retrieved it, peeled it and ate it. If only all problems could be solved as easy as that. A little thing like that aboard ship could cause a murder.

As Little Children

If we only all had temperaments like that! I can see what Jesus meant when he said we should be like little children. No suspicion, no anger, quickly placated, trusting others, ready to love them. Kids are wonderful. Your appeal came this month, and you sure put it right when you said "Hell is not to love any more." That seems to be one of the Catholic Workers' favorite quotations. That, and the one from Dostoevsky, "Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams." It's harsh and dreadful because you have to keep doing violence to yourself all the time. Easy enough to talk about loving your neighbor, loving your brother. In the aggregate, collectively, in the mass. Just as long as you don't have to get too close to him. But we've got to start here and now, with the guy next to us. The cook, the steward, the captain, the fellow in the next bunk—yes, even the fink. God knows what brought him to such a pass.

I see by the papers that King, Ramsay, and Connor have been paroled out on the west coast. Everyone of the *Catholic Worker* crowd that wrote into the Governor, and talked the case to their friends and got them to write,

had something to do with getting them out. Visiting the prisoner is one of the works of mercy. When you start doing something for people, it is like praying for them. Work is prayer, St. Benedict says.

Let's ask them to pray for Wallace, the fink that committed the murder, for which the other three were framed! That'll get a laugh!

And yet, that's what Christianity means. Forgiving your brother, and there he is a creature of body and soul, a brother of Christ, and ours, too. And if we don't forgive him, how will God forgive us? He who says he loves God whom he does not see, and does not love his brother whom he does see, is a liar. That's Holy Writ. It's all very simple, and impossible. That is, according to natural law.

So let's scrap Christianity, forget about Christmas and join the Communist party. They've got more love in them than many a Christian.

Love Hitler? Love Stalin? Pray for them? That's what Christianity means. No wonder Christians are persecuted.

Please excuse the sermon, but it's Christmas; and I feel I'll be off the lakes this month, with plenty of money to last through the winter on, and I'll be walking the streets, looking in all the lighted windows and basking in the warmth of the holiday.

But come to think of it, there's that appeal of yours. Why should I think of the morrow. I'm not exactly a lily of the field, but with the help of God I'll get by. So enclosed is a hundred and fifty, no more, and no better than that dollar some young woman sent in from scrubbing floors with the thermometer up to a hundred.

Yours for the green revolution,

Ben Joe.

P.S.: Remember that poem of Chesterton's that begins:

"Oh how I love humanity
With love so pure and pringlish
And how I hate the horrid
French
Who never will be English..."

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

is to exchange food and raw materials for gadgets

5. The French Empire has gone to pieces and the British Empire is fighting the German Empire.

III. A Theocentric Pope

1. The German Empire controls much the land but the British Empire controls the sea.
3. The French Government wants to buy food in America to feed the people but the British Empire, who controls the sea, refuses to let the food pass the British blockade.
3. A theocentric Pope tells the world that God wants that the poor be fed but people in control of the British Empire tell the theocentric Pope to mind his own business.
4. But the business of a theocentric Pope is to tell the world what God wants him to tell the world.

Francis Thompson

The Blackfriar-Guild's second production of the season will open Thursday, December 11, at the Guild Theatre, 320 W. 57th St., for an eight-day run of Felix Doherty's play "Song Out of Sorrow," whose hero is as intriguing as the title.

Felix Doherty has dramatized the anguished and anxious years of Thompson's life when the poet was still a victim of the dope habit. Into Thompson's neediest hours came Flossie, the little Cockney girl of the slums. A friendship developed and it is about this grimmest period of his career that the play centers.

In its search for Catholic drama the Blackfriars' Guild is fortunate in having found such a wealth of material as the life of Francis Thompson. The strange and profound poems of Thompson could be written only by a man who suffered as he did and only a man blessed with abundant grace could have risen to the heights as Thompson.

—Alice Lautner.

God's Coward

(Continued from page 3)

and it was up to me now day by day to solve this problem of repressed hatred, and when I was finally released to see in what manner I could apply it to conditions as I found them. The most difficult animosity for me to overcome was a dislike of hypocrites and church people what had so long withheld the real teachings of Jesus.

I continued my study of the teachings of Jesus and re-read the whole Bible six times, trying to sift out the Old Testament atrocities from the real message of the prophets. I walked my miles each day and continued my physical exercises, using the chair for a dumb bell. Rogolowski was still being manhandled, but at less frequent intervals.

More Than Theory

My teeth ached much of the time in solitary; and I asked the deputy to allow the prison dentist to fix my teeth. The prison doctor gave one pint of dreadful tasting salts for whatever ailed a prisoner. Very few men would fake a sick call with this dose in view. However, the dentist could not give me a pint of physic for my toothache, and neither could he bring his dental chair to solitary. The deputy replied that I knew how I could get my teeth fixed: that was to tell what I knew; otherwise I could ache for all he cared. So loving my enemies was not altogether a theoretical matter.

Statism

In Oregon, milk must be pasteurized before it is sold to private families. The price is set by the milk commission, and it cannot be given away at all. Thus, many families go hungry because they cannot pay the price, and charitable neighbors are subject to a fine.

A PRAYER

O holy and immaculate Virgin,
with what praises I shall extoll thee
I know not: For he whom the heavens could not contain
rested in thy bosom.
Blessed art thou among women,
and blessed is the fruit of thy womb.
For He whom the heavens could not contain
rested in thy bosom.

CUDAHY'S BOOK

(Continued from page 1)

tives? The inference is obvious. John Cudahy's persuasive and documented testimony implicitly and only seldom explicitly questioning the wisdom of the Administration's present war policy is to be the victim of a conspiracy of silence, no doubt arrived at independently rather than by collusion.

Aged by Suffering

"Yet no one of the the other authors of these 'I Was There' books has inveighed against the nazis so feelingly. John Cudahy is not a professional reporter, for whom all news—crime, destruction, death, human, desolation—is grist. His testimony is all the more worthy of credence in that he has deeply suffered with the people of whom he writes. He says after going through the 1940 invasion of Belgium, 'When I came home last summer, people remarked, with the uncomplimentary candor of old friends, about my appearance—haggard, hollow-eyed, suddenly grown old. It was the truth. In great suffering and pain I had grown old during my brief day of this second war...there was no idealism, no heroics, in Belgium, only the depraved spectacle of an innocent people stricken by crude, uncouth force, the insensate brutal impact of the war machine'."

Callous America

"Moreover, Mr. Cudahy was so appalled by the lack of feeling, of concern for suffering fellow-humans, that he encountered on returning to this country that 'there was only one way of escaping more and more unhappiness and that was by returning to the unhappy continent, to the scene where no one was happy and few ever expected to be happy again.' In the face of American callousness he felt he had to go back and share the sufferings which left his self-centered compatriots cold. The testimony of such a man deserves a hearing!..."

"While the blockade is ineffective in winning the war against Germany, in Belgium it is doing a most deadly work. The sufferings are indescribable. And to think that they are unnecessary! Mr. Cudahy is an ardent advocate of the Hoover plan, and he found Cardinal van Roey, the Belgian primate, of a similar mind. The starvation of the Belgians, a crime in which over-supplied America is heavily implicated, is one of the blackest crimes of these dark hours and Mr. Cudahy paints it as just that. But it is hard to say whether he is more vehement in his

sorrow over American callousness or in his tribute to the heroism of the Belgian people in their hour of travail.

Not Isolationist

"It is easy to see, then, why a book like this is embarrassing to the administration and all advocates of interventionism, why it is easier to kill the volume of silence than by attempting to meet the arguments it so tellingly advances.

"For here indeed is no narrow isolationist, snug in the midst of well-guarded plenty and willing for the rest of the world to go hang. Here is a man whose heart is torn by the tragedy now being enacted in Europe who does not believe that the way out is another Thirty Years' War involving millions of American men, who is convinced that peace without victory, together with some powerful form of world organization is the only means of preventing the recurrence of the present holocaust. Mr. Cudahy brings many pertinent facts into his vital discussion and they cannot be got rid of by ignoring them."

Better World

"We cannot all return to the farm and the small workshop. But unless we recapture something of their attitude towards our daily work, I doubt if we shall have peace between nations or the component parts of them, nor indeed in our own souls. Unless men and women have work to do which in itself is worthy of respect, I doubt if we can build a better world than the unhappy one which has drifted into almost universal war."

Freda Derrick, Blackfriars, November, 1941.

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Spirit of Hitler

Navy Secretary Frank Knox has told the Workers Defense League he is "in thoroughgoing accord" with the "ride them out of town on a rail" method of dealing with union organizers, it was revealed here yesterday when the League made public a letter from Mr. Knox to Morris Milgram, League national secretary.

Following what it believed was an unwarranted attack on organized labor by Rear Admiral W. H. P. Blandy, in a recent Georgia speech, the Workers Defense League had sent a wire to Secretary Knox asking disciplinary action for the officer and repudiation of the statement he had made. Rear Admiral Blandy, speaking in Macon to a group of workers, had mentioned defense strikes brought about by local leaders and had said, "I am confident that no such stoppage of work can happen here, but if it should come about that any of these disloyal citizens shall approach you with any such suggestions, I hope you will ride them out of town on a rail as if they were wearing swastikas on their sleeves."

It is the opinion of the officers of the Workers Defense League, that such "incitement to violence" constituted an "openly fascist attitude" and "was especially dangerously uttered, as it was, in Georgia where the Ku Klux Klan is again openly organizing its membership for direct action of the sort that has characterized its history in the past."

The text of the Secretary of the Navy's reply to the Workers Defense League follows:
"Dear Mr. Milgram:

"I fear your telegram was based upon a misconception of exactly what Admiral Blandy said. Consequently, I am quoting an exact extract from his speech:

"Before closing my remarks, I cannot refrain from saying a few words about labor conditions in certain other parts of our country. You are all aware of recent cases in which men stopped work on defense projects, because a few misguided but determined local leaders induced them to place petty personal benefits above the security of their country. The most charitable thing which can be said about such leaders is that they are trying to fight two wars at the same time. The worst that can be said about them is that they are traitors to their country. I am confident that no such stoppage of work can happen here, but if it should come about that any of these disloyal citizens shall approach you with any such suggestions, I hope you will ride them out of town on a rail as if they were wearing swastikas on their sleeves."

"With the sentiment thus expressed, I am in thoroughgoing accord. This is no time for per-

mitting minor local differences over labor matters causing interruption in the flow of defense manufacture. Under existing conditions, resort must always be made, in my judgment, to some fair method of mediation and both sides in any controversy should be ready to abide by the result of that mediation.

"Yours sincerely,
"Signed: Frank Knox."

On the Other Hand

Governor Talmadge of Georgia refused on December 1, to grant clemency to six members of the Ku Klux Klan, convicted of flogging pro-union mill workers in 1938. The Klan members, Dan Eidson, W. T. Waltron, Walter Forster, George Cameron, Raymond Bryan and Henry Cawthon, had been convicted and sentenced to one to three years in prison and fined heavily.

Gates and Doors

By JOYCE KILMER

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessed be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveler's
feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven tonight)
He held Our Lady's bridle
And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door at evening
And let the gate swing wide?
Let all who ask for shelter
Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
What if your house be small?
There is a guest is coming
Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
His soul was full of bliss
When Jesus, on His mother's lap
Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
And keep no stranger out?
Take from your soul's great portal
The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be tomorrow
The cradle of a king.

Prayer of the Christian Farmer

O God, Source and Giver of all things, Who dost manifest Thy infinite majesty, power and goodness in the earth about us, we give Thee honor and glory.

For the sun and the rain, for the manifold fruits of our fields, for the increase of our herds and flocks, we thank Thee. For the enrichment of our souls with divine grace, we are grateful.

Supreme Lord of the harvest, graciously accept us and the fruits of our toil, in union with Christ, Thy Son, as atonement for our sins, for the growth of Thy Church, for peace and charity in our homes, for salvation to all. Amen.



Prayer

"Lord make me an instrument of Thy peace; where there is hatred, let me sow love; where there is injury, pardon; where there is doubt, faith; where there is despair, hope; where there is darkness, light; and where there is sadness, joy.

"O Divine Master, grant that I may not so much seek to be consoled as to console; to be understood, as to understand; to be loved, as to love; for it is in giving that we receive, it is in pardoning that we are pardoned, and it is in dying that we are born to eternal life."

—ST FRANCIS of ASSISI

Land Colonies

"I have just referred to 'land colonies,' and right there seems to be a fundamental fault, perhaps THE fundamental fault, of the movement. A number of people come into the country and proceed to make themselves a closed corporation, a colony, distinguished from their neighbors by their religion, by other principles and opinions, by their way of living, even sometimes by peculiarities of dress and deportment (e.g., beards. I like and defend beards, but they are not necessary to the tilling of the soil). By so doing, the colonists, whether they want to or not, cut themselves off from those around them, from their life and common interests; they form a peculiar people: a SECT.

"Degenerate and neglected as it is, offering a life of grinding insufficiency both temporarily and spiritually, there is still a rural agricultural life and tradition in England, organically descended from that of the middle ages (or wherever else you like to see our mythical golden age).

"If a man wants to go back to the land the thing to do, I submit, is to go as an individual, or several individuals together, into that living, if feeble, stream of English agriculture, as a landowner or tenant farmer or hired man, according to his circumstances.

"He is then part of the agricultural people, not cut off from them; if he has any contribution to make he makes it organically from within, and does not vainly try to teach or impose it from outside. Above all, he is then in a position humbly to learn from those who can teach him so much. All country life grew to its best from natural units, families, hamlets, villages, from a common life, not from 'colonies' and external doctrines; surely it can be restored only in the same way. Talk has been heard of establishing a 'Catholic agricultural village.' But the thing would be a freak even if it could happen: it would have no proper place in the common life. Besides, a village cannot be established: it is an organism that grows out of a variety of circumstances."

Donald Attwater, Blackfriars, November, 1941.

On Poverty By Eric Gill

The Religion of Poverty

1. Christianity is the religion of poverty.
2. Not only are we told not to be solicitous, but we are bidden to embrace poverty.
3. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" says Matthew.
4. "Blessed are ye poor" says Luke even more simply.
5. And that thought, that recommendation, pervades the whole of the teaching of Jesus —Jesus of Nazareth, son of a village carpenter, a poor man, followed by poor men.

The Only Reasonable Way

1. Blessed are ye poor —for yours is the kingdom of God.
2. And this is not only as though one should say: blessed are you poor; for your reward is yet to come —though that is true, too.
3. It is even more as though one said: blessed are you poor
4. For yours is the only reasonable way in a material world.
5. Yours is the only reasonable attitude towards material things.
6. And further, your way is the holy way and the only way compatible with holiness.

The Poor Man

1. For poverty is no privation.
2. It is indeed strictly and precisely the opposite.
3. The poor man, in the sense of the Gospel, in the meaning of Jesus, is not he who has been robbed but he who has not robbed others.
4. And it is a positive thing.
5. For the poor man in this sense is not he who has not been loved but he who has loved others rather than himself.

Enough Is Enough

1. For strange as it may seem to us in our English world of 1940, it is not possible to amass wealth without robbery of our fellow-men.
2. While there are any men, women or children who are suffering privation, who have less than what is due to them as human beings, then the possession

- by anyone of more than he needs is robbery.
3. "The bread you hoard is the bread of him who hungers," says St. Basil.
 4. And to take or to hold what is rightly another's is robbery.

Many Kinds of Robbery

1. Moreover, robbery is of many kinds.
2. To take advantage of another in order to enrich oneself is robbery.
3. And to hold stocks of goods in store, in the hope that scarcity will cause a rise in prices, is robbery.
4. And to take advantage of the economic weakness of proletarians and their inability to call upon the Armed services to support them in order to reduce their wages from rising to a just level is robbery.

Christianity and Christians

1. And whatever may be said about Christianity in other respects, this at least is clear, crystal clear, clear as the stars: Christianity is the religion which blesses poverty, and blesses the poor.
2. And whatever may be said about Christians today in other respects, it is clear that they do not keep the blessedness of poverty uppermost in their teaching or in their own lives.
3. For poverty is not only blessed, it is uppermost.

Ownership

"Perhaps the most revolutionary pronouncement of the nineteenth century was this quiet dictate of the RERUM NOVARUM that statesmen should increase the ownership system as far as possible; and therefore decrease the wage system as far as possible. Needless to say, this fundamental of the RERUM NOVARUM is even now laying great responsibilities upon us Catholics. If we accept the teaching of the RERUM NOVARUM, no projects tending to stabilize or increase the Wage System can be considered a form of legitimate Catholic action."

Vincent McNabb, O.P. Blackfriars, November, 1941

Appeal for Lepers

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

The CATHOLIC WORKER urges its readers to give generously to this worthy cause.

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

THE LAND

Two Wanderers in the Night

(Continued from page 1)

could make a fire quickly in the big rubbish-burner for the expectant mother. She ate some brown bread, a little wrinkled apple and milk and lay down for some rest. Her hour was very near. Her husband told me more of their wanderings while we waited in the kitchen and I made some hot soup.

New Slums

"Mary says she does not need a doctor," he told me as I offered to send somebody to town. "She says this is God's child and He will take care of it. We lived in New York in one of the happiest, poorest and most congenial slum district on Amsterdam Avenue, when it occurred to the city to tear down these blocks and build new apartment houses. Not for us, but for those that were making money in armament factories. Hundreds of families had to crowd downtown into the already crowded slums, and many of them like ourselves, did not have the money for a month's rent, nor for moving the few pieces of old furniture they had and they were just standing on the street in the cold with their children.

I had been fixing our friends' old chairs and tables, their stores and pushcarts, and Mary mended their clothes and knitted. But we never got paid; they had no money, and we did not want any. We got our food, and when a landlord would evict us we always found friends to put us up for a while. But now we did not know where to go, and Christmas grew near and the day of delivery. We followed the others and went to a landlord of one of the old back-yard buildings, to find us a home. I could do some work for him. His wife opened the door. "Ask if they will hire you in the factory where they make airplane parts," she answered. "They look for unskilled men, and you can just manage on what they pay. If you get the job, come back." I excused myself politely. I wouldn't make airplanes that would drop bombs on women like my wife and kill them or cripple them; rather would we freeze to death out in the streets. That money would not get us a home anyway, for some day soon we would have to stop making death weapons for other people, because they had enough of destruction, and then we would be thrown out again.

Doubling Up

"We went begging, were thrown out as bums, and I was scolded for not working for my wife in her condition. But though we were given some food and a place to sleep most of the time, we only found homeless people that could just barely meet their rent and food bills, not one of them really had a home. We met a wearied girl-typist, who gave us her bed during the daytime, but at night we had to sit quietly in the small kitchen. When we left, tears were in her eyes. She would have liked to have babies herself, but they

should not suffer poverty. So she tried to save money and put off her marriage. Mary thanked her and told her (with great confidence) 'she surely would have happy children, if she only believed that God has made a home for everybody on earth, or in heaven.'

"An old lady slept on the floor to make room for us, but we had to leave when we found out she was starving herself, too. She was worrying if her sons would ever build a home for their families and for her, after they came back from camp, or if they would be sent to war and be killed. Mary left with her the belief, that there will be peace and a home for those that have faith.

"Once we had soup with a mother and her nine children, 1 to 15 years old. She was

Engrave into their minds that there is no home in the city, that the rich farmers have no homes, just factories in the fields. They will learn from you the arts of keeping and making a home, they won't have to make money. Do not forget to show them early how to tend little plants and animals."

In the morning the mother of the three big children brought over a pot of rich soup and a loaf of her raisin bread, and she told Mary, how she had suffered in the city with the children, was chased around among sharecroppers and field-hands. She had worked in factories when still a girl and never learnt to make a home. She was in fear for her children, two of them nearly grown up, that they would have to suffer as she had, and



hardly able to move and the father seldom to be seen, the little girls did all the work. She pitied Mary, for she knew only a homeless, unhappy life was waiting for children, yet Mary told her we would find a home and come back to take all her children away from the dangers of this life.

"We finally left the city, thinking of the farmers and their big houses and large fields. But most of them had no hearts, they would not even grant us a corner in the warm stable, and Mary could hardly walk any more on the stony roads. We thought we were altogether lost, though Mary kept saying we were very close to our home now—and then we saw the little white house here gleaming in the dark winter night."

A Baby Is Born

Mary was awake now in pain and I called the other woman that had had three children herself and would be more help than I could have been. I went out to the spring-house for more water and to the barn for wood. When I came back a boy was born already. He had a calm happiness on his face and a birthmark on the left side of his chest, like a scar. It was as if a blessing hand was gliding over the house and the whole farm and all its inhabitants.

When Mary had recovered a little I heard her speak with the mother of the three little girls: "How blessed you are and your little ones. They will have a home, food to eat, and a chance to grow up in purity.

she was praying all the time that they would find a home for themselves.

Mary promised her they would, if they could only stick to the community, learn to work hard and to pray hard and to love those that live with them. She told the mother not to grieve, for Jesus calls all children to Himself, and He will not forget her three. Just then the big girl came in, she looked full-grown already, though her face was that of a child, and Mary stretched her hands out to her. She told her much of the happiness of her married life and of carrying a child for God. She promised her help and advice and a radiance lay over the girl as she left her.

The young mother from the hill-top came with her baby, laid it into the little basket with the tiny boy, while attending to Mary and preparing a dinner from eggs and the vegetables she had brought from their cellar. She told of the house her husband was building with the help of the other men, a little house that would have to be enlarged for all the children she expects to bring into this world. And Mary strengthened her in the idea that Christ needs many apostles, and that the earth will bring forth fruit for them that love it and know how to tend it, and that they all will find a home, if not in this world, surely in the next.

Security

One of the men came in with an arm full of wood. His hair was frosted and his nose was

A Begging Letter

The CATHOLIC WORKER,
115 Mott Street, New York City.

Dear Fellow Workers:

We were just reading a story of two missionaries devoting their lives to building up a village of lepers, two men working alone at a seemingly hopeless task for incurables. In other parts of the world, these sick ones would be liquidated. How little regard for human life there is these days where millions are being killed in this gigantic war, millions are being deprived of food and warmth. Yet here and there, throughout the world, there is respect shown for human personality, for temples of the Holy Ghost, for creatures of body and soul, by countless thousands of missionaries who see Christ in His poor, and minister to Him.

All happiness comes from love, and you express your love for people by the things you do for them. Our first and greatest obligation is to love God, and He has told us we can love Him in His poor, in each other.

So when we send an appeal out to you, as we do, spring and fall, we are coming to you with trust and with love, because you are our fellow workers, and we are all God's fellow workers, as St. Paul has said.

The world is filled with war and we all wish to work for peace, regardless of those terms "isolationist," "interventionist" which are being bandied around.

One way we can do it is by expressing our love for those of all nationalities, black and white, Jew and Gentile, when they come to us for aid.

Throughout the country, the CATHOLIC WORKER has thirty-five houses and ten farms. Here in New York we have Lazarus sitting at our gate every morning, not alone but with 800 others. At noon there are 250 more, at supper 250 again.

You know how food has gone up in price, and yet these older ones, these lame, halt, and blind, never cease to come for help. And our Lord has said that he who says he loves God and does not help his brother when he is in need, has no love in him.

Love is the fulfilling of the law. Love is the measure by which we shall be judged. Peace is the fruit of love. Hell, as Bernanos said, is not to love any more.

The one great job we have to do is to know God, to love Him and to serve Him, and to love our neighbor as ourselves.

Please, won't you "delight in these commandments," like the blessed man of the Psalms, and deal your bread to the hungry? The money that you send is your bread, it is your life, so you will then begin, in a way, giving up your life for your brother.

Gratefully your fellow workers in Christ,

THE CATHOLIC WORKERS.

P. S.—We owe \$3,672.74, and so far we have been able to pay off about five hundred dollars this month.

red, his hands rough and torn in spite of the ragged gloves. Mary laughed at the heavily-wrapped figure in the big snow boots, the only pair on the farm, that had to be passed around, and she told him how much at home she felt with so much strength and security around.

In the evening I was sitting with Mary, while they were busily hustling around in the kitchen, lighting the Christmas tree and putting up the packages that had come from all over the country. I was dressing the baby, sharing the mother's happiness, which I soon would share completely, and we spoke of our children, how they would go out into the world and tell all the poor mothers and children that there was a home waiting for all of them, far from the cities, where they could spread out over the fields and through the woods, and come together only in neighborly help and peace, without taking away the jobs and money from the others, where everybody would give from his abundance and receive if he was in want of anything. The wind seemed to be howling around the house with renewed strength, chilling me as I opened the door. A bell rang. Was it the dinner-bell?

Too Early

It was the alarm clock and a stormy, cold morning crept into the bedroom. I asked my husband as he quickly dressed to go down to mass, if it was Christmas Day and where our visitors were sleeping. But he

laughed: "It is the first Advent Sunday, and we were going to light the first candle on our Advent wreath. We haven't had any visitors for a long time, either. You better wake up and get ready."

A silence lay over the house like a blessing. And I was thankful that we had plenty of time yet to prepare for Christmas, little gifts for our nearest friends and prayers for everybody. And I prayed fervently that the Holy Family would come to visit us in the Christmas night.

Miners Sitdown

(Continued from page 1)

war effort, and the leaders in turn appealed to the miners to heed Mr. Curtin's appeal.

What must have been the sufferings of these men to have brought about this sit-down strike?

While workers continue to manufacture armaments and kill off other workers by the hundreds of thousands, the men at work at home, family men, are bitterly attacked in turn by anti-labor forces and repressive labor legislation is threatened. In spite of rises in pay, the cost of food has gone up forty per cent in some cases. Anti-labor sentiment is developed in the army and talk of troops taking over struck factories is common. It is obvious that in the midst of international war the class war still continues.