



## EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

## 1. Share Your Wealth

1. God wants us to be our brother's keeper.
2. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to instruct the ignorant, at a personal sacrifice, is what God wants us to do.

3. What we give to the poor for Christ's sake, is what we carry with us when we die.

4. As Jean Jacques Rousseau says:

"When man dies he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away."

## 2. Why Not Be A Beggar?

1. People who are in need and are not afraid to beg, give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake.

2. Modern society calls the beggar, bum and panhandler and gives him the bum's rush.

3. The Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods.

4. We read in the Gospel: "As long as you did it to one of the least of My brothers, you did it to Me."

5. While modern society calls the beggars bums and panhandlers, they are in fact the ambassadors of God.

6. To be God's ambassador is something to be proud of.

(Continued on page 8)

## DESTITUTION AND THE JUSTICE OF CHRIST

By GLADYS ESTABAN

"Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after justice, because they shall have their fill."

## Distinguish

"Destitution is almost always confused with poverty; this mistake comes from the fact that destitution and poverty are neighbors." Peguy, the excitable Frenchman, was so right. Almost every author, when speaking of people who lack the necessities of life, refers to them as poor when they are actually destitute. Poverty is the lack of luxuries, destitution the lack of necessities.

## Sought by All

Poverty is to be sought after and loved by all, in one form or another. Christ came to the poor and lived among them, and was poor himself. The poverty of Nazareth was ideal, Christian poverty; it wasn't despairing, nor was it agonizing and miserable, but day by day Joseph worked to supply the needs of his family. This was poverty, holy poverty, Christian poverty. This was life.

## Poisons All Life

Destitution is death and human misery. People in constant want cannot live the life God created them to live. It is through the senses man learns to love God; but if the body dies how can the soul be reached? Destitution poisons all life. It is a fall below the level recognized as human dignity. Says Belloc, "A human being because he is a human being, without any need of any other claim, has a right to 'human bread'—conditions of subsistence which will maintain his full humanity." So harsh and humiliating is destitution that in the eyes of the general public it has entered the category of sins. The biography that begins, "He was born of poor but

honest parents," reflects the attitude taken towards destitution.

## Scars Remain

By the destitute, too, it is feared and abhorred. Peguy writes, "The really destitute man, once he has succeeded in escaping destitution, as a rule runs away without asking for his change. The really destitute people, having once escaped from destitution, are so happy to have escaped, that, save for rare exceptions, they are happy the rest of their lives." But the scar remains and the memory cannot be erased from those who know destitution from bitter experience. Those who know it only through reading would like to think that it does not exist. They will not see it, they will ignore it. This was Dives' sin, too. Lazarus was not beaten, nor was he sent away, he was merely ignored. This refusal



## REFLECTIONS ON WORK

One night, just as we were beginning compline, two young boys came from Mott street, hitch-hiking, to pay a call on us at Maryfarm, Easton, 75 miles from New York. They would not come upstairs to the chapel, so while I fed them bread and milk and tomatoes (that was all that was left of supper), I talked to them. One is half Polish and half Italian, and the other Italian. They are both sixteen, smooth-cheeked, round eyed, young, strong and soft. Both have been in trouble with truant officers and probation officers for years. The reform schools are all crowded, accommodating sometimes twice as many as they have room for, so the boys know that there is no penalty for their minor misdemeanors. They merrily go on their way of petty stealing from their mothers and families, hanging around street corners and social clubs, of which our neighborhood is full, loafing, swear-

(Continued on page 4)

to recognize human suffering was the fall of Dives.

## Thieves

Saint Thomas Aquinas writes, "The goods which a man has in superfluity are due by natural law to the sustenance of the poor." In other words, a man who steals to fill a dire need, takes what is rightfully his. One cannot help but think how many of our "dangerous criminals" were given their first push, and grew bitter, under the punishment of a society which is "self-respecting and self-righteous," but which will not recognize the right given to man by God. St. Basil thunders, "Is not the man who robs another of his clothing called a thief? But is the man who is able to clothe the naked and refuses, deserving of any other appellation?"

## Moral Obligation

It is not charity to give the hungry to eat; it is justice! When the starving ask, it is not for any one to say yes or no. There is a moral obligation to give and it is murder to do otherwise. Again St. Basil, "The bread you withhold belongs to the hungry; the cloak that you retain in your chest belongs to the naked; the shoes that are decaying in your possession belong to him who has no shoes; the gold that you have hidden in the ground belongs to the indigent. Wherefore, as often as you were able to help men and refused, so often you did them wrong."

## Definite Idea

This definite and unmodified idea comes up repeatedly in the writings of the Church Fathers. "The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of the poor," writes St. Augustine. "They who possess superfluities possess the goods of another." And Pope Greg-

(Continued on page 7)

## On Pilgrimage

Every year I like to make a real pilgrimage and visit some of our groups around the country. Usually these visits are coincident with a speaking engagement which pays my carfare. A questioner at one of the meetings asked me once where I got the money to travel around. I don't mind such questions because I lay myself open to it by talking about voluntary poverty. It is indeed a treat to travel, even by bus, one carries one's lunch of whole wheat bread, peanut butter and honey and bananas. To be suddenly free from all the cares of Mott street and the farm. Though why I should let them weigh me down when others are in charge I do not know. One is supposed to cultivate first of all serenity of spirit, according to Scupoli and Dom Chapman and others, but one cannot help grieving over the sadness of others and trying to help make things different. To be surrounded by the destitute, the shelterless, to visit the prisoner and the sick, to be living, as a leader, in the midst of misery when so many look to you for solace and appeasement of pain,—this is a burden which becomes at times well nigh unendurable. To recognize the little one can do, to know one's self to be an unprofitable servant and to try to guard the peace in one's own heart,—it is necessary for this to go away once in a while,—to drop everything. Retreats serve this purpose. And so do trips. On a trip as a pilgrim, one brings from one group to another the news of striving and growth and encouragement. I thought of Cassian, whose conferences I love, going from group to group through the Theban and Palestinian wastes,

(Continued on page 7)

## FOR THESE DEAR DEAD

By DOROTHY DAY

"In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace."

This is a verse which always brings comfort. We all have a long list of the dead to pray for, relatives and friends. So many of mine are non-Catholics, and I have always remembered the advice of an Augustinian priest years ago. "There is no time with God," he said, "and all the prayers you will say for those souls were as though you said them before their death, and God always answers prayers. Who knows what graces He offered them at the moment of death, or at that instant after when the soul is released from the body."

And now, who are our dead of this year, for whom we

are praying, and for whom we ask your prayers?

## Japanese Friend

There is Kichi Harada, Japanese friend, who came in to us back in 1937 and remained with us all these years. She had been an artist and a lecturer, but the boycott against the Japanese left her jobless and penniless, and she was one of the sad army of the homeless when she came to us. As is often the case, her first reaction to Mott street was one of horror. She had been living on Riverside Drive, in sunny rooms looking out over a glorious river. And now all we had to offer was a miserable room in the slums, where one must make a constant fight against vermin, where one is surrounded by noise and the soot of the many small fac-

(Continued on page 2)

## WORK AND REST

By ADE BETHUNE

God commanded: "Six days shalt thou work and the seventh thou shalt rest." But this is a command which is much neglected both as far as the work and the rest are concerned.

In giving His command it would seem that the Lord was not afraid that the people should be lazy, but only that they would work too much. He seems to emphasize the rest more than the work and so many have concluded that the rest was more pleasing to God than the work. The logical conclusion of this would be to offer every day to the Lord as a day of rest, seven days of rest a week. It would be a lovely sacrifice to offer to the Lord, but it would not be the sacrifice He wants.

God has made man to work

as He has made the bird to fly. But He does not want for any man to be ground down by pressure of constant labors. That is why He has appointed nights to rest and He has asked that we reserve one day out of seven, the seventh day, for an offering to Him, to rest and be refreshed.

When God said: "Six days shalt thou work," I don't think He had it in mind that we should be slaving on day and night shifts, week days, Sundays and holidays, rushing around like ants that have no reason. God is our Father and He knows that we need rest, but for some reason He has not left it to our individual whim to decide when we wish to rest. Instead He has Himself taken the trouble to appoint the days on which we shall rest, i.e., the seventh day

(Continued on page 6)



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ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT  
PETER MAURIN, Founder  
GERRY GRIFFIN, Managing Editor  
DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher  
115 Mott St., New York City-13  
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

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120

## The Work of Renewal

Pope Pius XII in his broadcast to the Catechetical Congress in Boston on October 26 warned the faithful that the Church "is menaced not only by hostile powers from without but also by the interior forces of weakness and decline. . . . The growing weakness, the devitalizing process that has been going on . . . in not a few parts of the Church is due chiefly to an ignorance or at best a very superficial knowledge of the religious truths taught by the loving Redeemer of all. This devitalizing process, our Holy Father goes on to say, is taking place "in countries where the true faith has flourished for generations, in those who also were born of Catholic parents and duly baptised; and these we have in mind when we say that the vigor of the Church and its growth are menaced by their failure really to grasp the truth they possess."

The words of our Holy Father are addressed chiefly to the Catholic world, but their disturbing implications can be discerned more widely. If those interested in spreading the truth of Catholicism are to exert themselves successfully, they must recognize that not only are religious truths being forgotten, but the very prerequisites for understanding them are being lost. You cannot teach a person geometry if he does not know arithmetic. Neither can you teach a person that his soul is immortal if he does not know that he has a soul.

A long time ago, in the golden age of Greece, the battle against the sophists was fought and won. What we are used to calling the culture of the West was built upon foundations laid by men like Socrates, Plato and Aristotle. What was it that distinguished this tradition from that of other cultures? Primarily it was the conviction that man was gifted with reason. The fact that man had reason meant that he was a being different in kind from the rest of the animals, that there was a spiritual meaning to man's life, that man could know the unchanging truth, that man was in some way able to direct his own destiny, that in consequence man had both rights and duties, and a dignity which raised him above the level of purely material things. All this the Greeks recognized, and they established its truth against the prevailing current of scepticism, cynicism, and indifference.

The Middle Ages inherited the ideas of the Greeks and developed and deepened them in the light of revelation. The main task of discovery and demonstration had been done for them by the Greeks. Great philosophers like Augustine, Bonaventure, Aquinas, Scotus could afford the luxury of exploration, deepening and embellishing and we owe to them their marvelous refinements of such notions as those of freedom and personality, which are in the Greeks only in a most rudimentary form.

The Reformation split the western world into two camps, but both sides were still able to meet on common ground—the conviction that man had reason, and duties and rights consequent upon that possession.

The western world saw, however, a gradual change in balance in the interests of man. The emphasis shifted from the study of man to the study of nature. (The study of nature is not in itself, of course, a bad thing.) The new discoveries, the tremendous practical consequences of advances in the physical sciences, resulted unhappily in an increasing contempt for the old disciplines, until finally the man of the West came to consider as true only what he discovered through the method of the natural sciences.

This meant a denial of metaphysics and ethics and therefore too of man's reason. Henceforth man becomes subject, like the brute animals, like any other part of matter, to the necessary law of nature. Man assumes the status of a small and unimportant part of the vast physical universe. We find this point of view expressed in the philosophies of men like Hegel (who is the philosophical parent of both Communism and Fascism), for whom the State becomes the highest expression of Nature, a law to itself; and in men like Comte (the father of modern Positivism), who makes philosophy equivalent to an ordering of the conclusions of the physical sciences, who in other words denies philosophy, denies the possibility of knowing anything beyond the flux of things which fall immediately under the senses.

In brief, for the old Greek-Christian philosophies of man there have been substituted the new dogmatism of race, class and state, which refuse to man his true nature and proper dignity. In the spiral of changing cultures we have reached again the point similar to that in which men like Plato and Aristotle found themselves. Somewhere along the line we have lost, or dissipated, or at least been careless with

(Continued on page 5)

## FOR THESE DEAR DEAD

(Continued from page 1)

tories that seep in the windows, where there are endless steps to climb (she always lived on the fifth floor as being more airy) where one's companions are not of one's choosing.

I remember a feast day some years ago—just before Pearl Harbor. We like to celebrate name days around the Catholic Worker, and we had given Kichi the name day of St. Francis Xavier. She wanted to give us a feast on that day, so she blithely went around to the Chinese stores and bought vegetables and meats and sauces and brought them back into the house.

There was another woman in the House of Hospitality who hated those whom she called the Japs. The poor are not necessarily kind, as we all know. She came into the kitchen that afternoon and while Kichi was upstairs getting an apron, she threw everything Kichi had bought on the floor, scattering it with a wide drunken sweep to the four corners of the kitchen floor, cursing out the "dirty Jap" and her evident intent to poison us all. It was a moment for me of "righteous rage." But I've learned through long and painful experience that rage does not



accomplish righteousness. So I persuaded the militant one to go up to bed and rest and I gathered up from the floor all the food and laid it out in plates for cooking, so that Kichi never knew how close to disaster her feast had come.

### A Delightful Feast

It was a delightful feast and the drunken one herself, recovered to a certain extent by that time, helped serve, singing jovially the while, and passing gravy-laden dishes precariously over our heads so that we held our breath.

Kichi had a great sense of rank, of hierarchy, and it was always painful for her to live as she did. She was insulted many times during the war, even at our own table, and there were those who told her after the atom bomb that the Japs deserved everything they got. It is true, she argued, indefatigably in a high shrill trembling voice, and she could shout anyone down, but there are few amongst us who practice holy silence.

### Laid To Rest

When she went to the hospital and was asked her religion. She said, "I am nearer a Catholic than anything else." But she was not to have the consolations of Holy Mother Church, though she died surrounded by Mother Cabrini's sisters, who have always been angels of mercy to us. She died so suddenly of a heart

attack that she could not have the Church's burial, and she is laid to rest (I like that phrase) in a little non-sectarian cemetery over in New Jersey where Standard Oil Tanks stand out in a distant field like grim reminders of the hell she had left. May God rest her soul.

### Isabel Conlon

And there is Isabel Conlon, dear friend of the Catholic Worker, who lived next door to us, in one of the apartments at 115 Mott street. Her husband was a doctor and a holy one who left her holy poverty, and every night when I first knew her she went out to office buildings to clean. She had the dignity and grace and peace and quiet of what our old fashioned mothers used to term "the perfect lady," and it was easy to think of our Blessed Mother as the model of all Catholic women when with her.

Later she was too ill to work and for the year before her death, in constant pain, for she was dying of cancer, she sat in her little tenement kitchen at the center table and answered letters for us, acknowledged subscriptions and donations after our appeals. Just a year ago she wrote her last notes, and probably many of you have received these impersonal little cards, signed "the editors," and then she went away to St. Rose's cancer home down by the river, within walking distance so that we could visit her and keep her constantly in our thoughts. She died some six months later, suffering for us all, doing the hardest of all work, spiritual work, the work of suffering and pain.

### Mary Sheehan

Then there was Mary Sheehan, who died this last year, a rather sour, bitter sort of woman who had seen much poverty and unemployment and who never quite knew what we were trying to bring out in The Catholic Worker. She came to us in 1933, and together with Stanley Vishniewski and Dan Orr she made up a team to sell papers on the streets. They both brought out the best in her, by teasing her and laughing at her, and by their comradeship they eased a great deal the tension between the workers and the scholars which is just one of the many wars we are engaged in. She had a wit of her own, too, and I think I told the story in my book, House of Hospitality, how one of the Comrades on Union Square jeered one day at her. "I know your Cardinal," he said derisively. "He gets drunk every night with his housekeeper." And she answered, the only possible answer, "And doesn't that just show how democratic he is."

Mary died a few months ago, and Charles O'Rourke and Stanley and I, who had known her for so many years, went to see her laid out, and we recalled with love and gratitude all she had done for spreading the ideas of the Catholic Worker. She was a sharp-tempered soul, and St. Jerome they say was another. Of course she was unappreciated. I think it is Fr. Faber in

one of his spiritual conferences who tells how we all feel unused, unappreciated, undeveloped, just beginning, when the time comes for us to die. She probably felt that way, too. But God will make it all up to her.

### Will Never Know

She will never know how many souls she reached, to whom she brought the word of God. One result of the street apostolate we saw this summer. A member of the diplomatic corps came in to visit us, who bought a paper eight years ago on the street, he said, and was led to look into the claims of the Church as a result of it, and now he is a Catholic. Who knows but God, how many Mary reached.

### Paul St. Marie

I wish we had more writers in the Catholic Worker movement. There are so many things of interest to report, and the workers are so busy, on all fronts, that we don't have the written reports we should. We should have had an obituary on Paul St. Marie, Detroit friend of the Catholic Worker, whose name is high on my list as a lay apostle to the workers, who recited some of the Office every day, who was gay and happy and persistent, who worked at Ford's and married and raised a large family, and organized and was fired for organizing, who was an official of the auto workers union, secretary of the Ford local, the largest in the world, and suffered all the maligning and smearing that one can suffer when one works actively in the labor

(Continued on page 6)

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of The Catholic Worker, published monthly Sept.-June, bi-monthly July-Aug., at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946. State of New York, County of New York, ss:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John P. Thornton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Catholic Worker, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:  
Publisher, Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y.  
Editor, Dorothy Day, same.  
Managing editor, Gerry Griffin, same.  
Business manager, John P. Thornton, same.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)  
Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York City 13, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . (This information is required from daily publications only.)

JOHN P. THORNTON,  
Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1946.  
(Seal) Americus C. Stabile,  
Notary Public.  
(My commission expires March 30, 1947)



# + From The Mail Bag +

## More Appeals—More Addresses From Stricken Europe

### For Philippines

Lawan-an Antique  
Panay Philippines  
October 18th, 1946.

Dear Editors:

I am Italian born and have been on this Mission since my ordination in London eight years ago. I am the youngest of a family of eleven and, of course, when the war was over I tried immediately to contact my people and didn't. I got an answer from my sister, a nun, telling me that my mother had died and that my other sister had died—and that three more brothers had died—and that one was in an Army hospital with one leg off and the brother born before me was in Russian captivity and my father was supposed to be somewhere alive. I wrote for more and better news; I wrote to each member of our family quite a few times—but I never received an answer—never again up to this day.

#### No Peace

Well, really, I did not feel like it was peace at all. And what makes things always worse out here is that there is nobody to talk to who could understand you—I am the only white man within a radius of 15 km., and then the other day I received a note from one of your editors written in a fine, I think feminine, hand, telling that I was to receive some reading matter, which, by the way, I did already receive, and showing much concern about my work here among 15,000 Catholics, and even some pity, and, well, since it's useless for the present to write to Europe and I do not have a single acquaintance or relative in any other part of the world, and since you have been so nice to me—thought why should I not just as well write to you—if you don't mind.

#### Famine

I am writing to ask you something and it is this—HOW MANY CALORIES DO FOUR POTATOES CONTAIN? I have read in some papers that I have been receiving of late that 2,000 calories daily are needed to keep a man going—well I hope that four potatoes makes 2,000 calories, for that is what my people here have most of the time been eating during the war—that is what my people, 70% of them are eating for seven months of the year now in peacetime—the other five months they eat one meal of rice and eat the potatoes in the evening. During the seven months when they have only one meal a day some take that meal at noon, but others, especially those who work hard, prefer to take it in the evening as otherwise they would not be able to sleep.

#### Death and Disease

Well, it seems to me, a few potatoes are not enough to keep a man going—I am burying at present three times more people than I had

to attend to in wartime—strange, but true. How it was in peacetime I don't know for I was not here and the records are lost. People look awfully bloated—and they have plenty of skin diseases—I am getting on O.K.—but I am trying my best to keep to the diet of my people as they would feel it more if they saw that others are better off—I give them what I can, but it does not come to much with so many. I have read in the papers about Manila—that there is much misery there—well, our young people here are all trying their best to go there, they write home and say that is a Heaven there—that means to say that if Manila is misery then, sure, this is Hell.

#### Ninety Six Pounds

I am glad my dear mother is not alive to see this mess and me in it. Being the youngest, I was her pet—and she nearly spoiled me. She always tried to show me preference, especially with food—and I could not see her point, since all my brothers were giving all their gains to get me through college. Well, well, if she would see me today, the way I am dressed, what I am eating, and where I sleep and live—I had to laugh the other day when I took my weight—it showed 96 pounds! I must admit it's not quite up to the scratch—but I cannot complain about my health—I think I never felt as good as now. There must be something in potatoes after all!

Please do pardon me for using a typewriter—my hand is quite bad and I wanted to spare you the trouble of deciphering it. Many thanks again to the sympathetic editor that sent me the warm note. I shall pray often for the success of your work and your great little paper.

And believe me most gratefully yours,

Fr. Eugene Dalierto.

### For France

Dear Friends:

May I suggest to persons sending packages to individuals that dried milk, skimmed (30c a lb. at Cooperative Stores) makes about four times its weight when liquefied and is very popular. For anemia, dried beans, peas, raisins, prunes and canned molasses are prescribed. L'Orphelinat de St. Francois, 23 Paul Louis Lande, Bordeaux, Gironde, France, has 74 girls who could use "most anything." The nuns themselves are desperate for heavy black stockings, a plight less acute here, perhaps.

All six members of the Coutiez family are invalids and handicapped by short food allowances. One is a graduate of Buchenwald:

Mme. Edouard Coutiez  
33 rue de l'Orangerie  
Raismes, Nord, France.

F. H.

## FOR CHINA

Dear Miss Day:

The writer of these lines has just arrived from one of the most famine-stricken and war-torn provinces of China, Chung-Shan, Macan. He has been engaged in missionary and other charitable works, care of orphans, specially war-abandoned orphans, leper asylums and schools for the poor, in different parts of the Mission areas for the last 36 years.

He now finds himself in the midst of the most hospitable and kind hearted people that he has ever encountered in his long career—the people of the United States of America. He is a poor, humble Chinese Missionary from one of the most devastated parts of China. It seems he is the first and unique of his kind, that happened to come to America appealing for help for his humanitarian works.

#### Needs Help

It is merely by a lucky chance or by Divine Providence that he came across *The Catholic Worker*, that he could enlist its powerful help to make known to the good Samaritan people of America the very truly famine situation that prevails actually in



the area where he has been laboring up to his recent health breakdown of malnutrition, which forced him to stop for a while so as to enable him to recover sufficient energy to study the modern method of conducting orphanages and gather some help to continue his avowed works. He has been in constant touch with his destitutes since the outbreak of the Pacific war, thousands, nay hundreds of thousands of refugees, including thousands of war orphans, from adjoining provinces flocked to his mission areas. As you are well aware, the foremost and most urgent problem to be solved at this juncture, was to find food for these destitutes, not to mention clothing and lodging.

#### Starvation

He has had the pitiable and heartrending occasions to witness the daily average of from 400 to 500 dead people from starvation; for, after a while, neither the leaves and barks of the trees, nor the roots of the grass, on which these unfortunate human beings used to feed of late, were available any longer!

Any help or offering will be most gratefully accepted and forwarded by the appellant to its destination. Should any benefactor find himself too busy, he may just drop a line or two with his address, and he, the appellant, will feel but too glad to call at the address given and await his order.

Since transportation facili-

## "Work"

Dear Dorothy:

I hope you will not be angry if I address you as Dorothy the very first time I write—but any other salutation would seem funny to me, since I have long considered you as an old friend, and have had many discussions about you and what you stand for.

I have just finished writing to David Hennessy. He and I exchanged a few letters back and forth during the last year and found that we have a lot in common interest. In his last letter he mentioned your article on Work and the Church and asked me to comment on it. I did so, pointing out what appeared to me to be errors in reasoning. I also promised him that I would try to thrash it out with you. Now please do not misunderstand me. It almost makes me weep to think that you were so close to the truth and yet did not quite reach it. (I hope I'm wrong.)

#### Points of Agreement

Here's the way I see it: As I told David, I agree with you on these points:

1. Machine-tending is not worthy of the name *human work*.
2. It is impossible to Christianize the factories as they now are set up.
3. The only answer to our present disaster is a quick move forward to the creative homestead plan of living.
4. The present factory system is intrinsically wrong, but factories themselves are not.

#### Creative Work

As far as the first three points are concerned, I know we are in perfect agreement, and I really don't know whether we agree on the fourth point or not. If you reason that because the factory does not provide personally creative work, then it is wrong, then I am almost certain that you are making a grave mistake in reason. For this simple fact: who in the world says that a person has to be doing creative work all the time. After you finish your article I am convinced from your arguments that present-day factory machine-tending is not really human work! But so what? Neither is eating, sleeping, or standing to watch a beautiful sunset. The business world looks at work this way: it is that occupation for which you get paid! Now it might take some time to convince some people that this definition of work is screwy, but even so, the task

ties are daily lacking greatly, sending parcels would be a tedious work and subject to long delay and to various contingencies, besides the uncertainty to reach its destination; so the safest and fastest means for the present juncture is to send monetary donations, for it will be effected by telegram transference to its destination.

Reverend Lawrence Mahn,  
M. A.

Care of—  
Rev. Father W. Kavanagh,  
St. John's Church,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

is not to throw out these occupations that are uncreative, but rather reduce them to a minimum. In other words, what if a factory system could be devised that would allow a man to work—excuse me, I mean *be occupied*—for only two hours at machine-tending and then free to engage in human work for a larger portion of the day after his occupation is over? Suppose these factories were small, having only a few employees on the job at a time—four shifts. Suppose this very paucity of workers (due to the fact that the factories would be many, and spread out) would necessitate that each man perform several different tasks on the assembly-line instead of just one? Suppose his two hours would be hours of intense action really requiring skill and thought (due to the greater number of functions he had to perform). And suppose this condition of *being spread out* into small units solved the difficulty of distribution to a great extent (Borsodi's big argument!) inasmuch as people could come directly to the factory to buy before the price is jacked up to twice the amount of production cost? Suppose the true value of production that the machine theoretically affords could be used because of this distribution from the factory itself and thus enabling the employer to pay practically as much for two hours occupation as he does now for eight? You say that certainly asks for a big change in our economic set-up. Well, so what? If we can get the family established on the land, then the family will have the factory by the neck instead of vice versa. Could I have your comments? Am I, too, failing to take something into consideration? Please thrash this out either in your paper or by letter. I am eager to know where we stand.

#### Holy Spirit Will Supply

Be assured of my prayers. Let us be confident that the Holy Spirit will supply for our frailties if we do our best. The solution to this whole mess will come. For my money, I'll take the solution offered by the Grail. Living in Cincinnati, I have had opportunity to work with them on the farm and attend some of their lectures. I don't, for instance, think that Friendship House, the Y.C.W. or the Catholic Worker even holds a candle to the Grailworkers—and when the last account is taken, I am willing to bet that the Grail will be on top, both in making saints and in changing the face of the earth! And you can tell the B and Canon Caridijn I said so for all they give a damn about what I think anyhow!

In Christ,  
Bob Mass  
St. Meinrad Seminary  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

St. Ambrose  
Davenport, Iowa

Dear Dorothy:  
The Trappists have only 3200 acres here instead of 8000. The Abbey is very reminiscent of Maryfarm.

Sincerely,  
JAMES G. CONNER



# Reflections on Work

## Second of a Series of Articles on Modern Industrial Problems

(Continued from page 1)

ing, smoking, drinking—well on their way to more serious crime. The courts are full of just such young ones. How to reach them? They are cynical, they gamble, they want to get rich quick. They play the numbers, the horses. They don't want a job, because they want big money. They see others making a killing. Everyone wants to get ahead, to be better off. This is what they are taught in the school, public schools and in the Catholic schools. But they are not taught to work—they are not taught a philosophy of work. They are not taught a philosophy of poverty which will make them use their talents, rather than seek wages.

### Begin At The Beginning

"You've got to begin at the beginning," a priest said to me when I was talking to him about the Carmens and the Pasquales of our acquaintance.

You cannot talk to these boys on religious grounds because they are not convinced there is a God, nor that the Bible is His inspired truth. They don't believe in the ten commandments, nor in the Gospel of love of the New Testament. And they don't believe because they do not see it worked out in the lives of religious any more than they see it worked out in the lives of lay people. We live in a business world just like everyone else, and we live by investments, usury, big business; by our present industrial system which is materialist and as godless as Communism. So how can we talk to them. It is too late to reach them in ordinary ways. They need a conversion. A shock treatment. They are too old. Only a revolution will change them. That's why people accept Hitlerism, Fascism, Communism. They accept it like a religious conversion.

### Jocist Movement

It is this point, of course, which is recognized by the Jocist movement and we must at once give Canon Cardign the credit for the tremendous zeal which was so contagious and which brought the workers by the thousands into his movement in Belgium and all over the world. Mass demonstrations, mass liturgical functions, warm the heart, arouse the spirit, fan the fire and must be used, though at the same time we must recognize the danger of dealing with "masses" as such. Mobs and masses are to be feared, and yet also we must remember the three thousand who were converted on that first Pentecost. Three thousand was no small number. I saw three thousand hunger marchers parading through the streets of Washington, D. C.

I saw them lined up by the roadside living in tents, and they seemed like a mighty crowd, a goodly army to me, and a dangerous menace to the police. We are so used to dealing in millions these days, dealing in conscriptions and mass slaughters that three thousand is nothing. We are prejudiced against mass demonstrations both because of

Hitler and Mussolini and Stalin, and because of our own mob reactions. But we must give credit to the brave Canon for his inspiring work with his thousands. It was after we wrote the last article, in September, and after talking to those two boys, that we wished we had some such demonstration as the Canon could put on to show the dignity of work, that we could bring these boys to.

We appreciate what has been done along Jocist, YCW lines, but we wish to go much further, to get at the evil of the industrial system and to make people recognize it.

### Catholic Radical

Peter Maurin wanted to call *The Catholic Worker* The Catholic Radical because he believes in getting down to the roots. And the root of our evil, he has been crying out like a prophet, like a St. John the Baptist, is the lack of a philosophy of work.

It is significant that it is in reformatories that boys are taught crafts and trades. It is significant that it is in insane hospitals that the patients, some few of them, are taught to use their hands to do creative work.

But the sad part of it is that though they have these schools, teaching skills, and some learn to do things, very well, and probably get great joy out of doing them, they do them with the sad sense of futility, of boondoggling, of having been given something to do because they are either criminal or insane—and not that they are doing things which are good and natural to man that they can continue doing when they get out, creating, making, using mind and body to work on beautiful things God has given man, raw materials He has provided, and in so working on God's good things, getting a sense of the sacramentality of life, the holiness, the symbolism of things.

### Maryfarm

Down on Maryfarm at Easton, we have been working with wool from the Angora goat and the sheep the men sheared one evening after supper. Their hands are strong and it didn't take long. My daughter took one bag of wool from her own sheep which had been given to her by Fr. McGee as a wedding present, and washed it while she was doing the babies' washing every morning. It was a full and heavy fleece and took a week to dry. Then during evenings she teased it to get enough light wool to stuff the new baby's mattress for the little cradle. The rest of the same fleece was worked on by two Hungarian women who were making the current retreat. They had raised wool and spun it with a hand spindle back in Hungary before they came to this country, they said. They had raised flax too, and they advised us about ours, when to pull it. Our new spinning wheel arrived from Montreal. It cost thirteen dollars, and in just a few evenings Tamar had carded and spun six hanks of wool.

Two bags of wool from the other two sheep we sent away to be spun single-ply so that we can set up the loom. We are working on the Angora wool now.

### Beautiful And Practical

Living as close to the land as we do, we can see the use of all this and how, as the work comes along, and we gain skills, it is both beautiful and practical. Peter used to remark sadly that the rich made their money out of the machine and then always bought hand-made things, from clothes and shoes, to things of beauty in their home.

What a wealth of meaning the psalms have for us when we are living closer to the earth which feeds us. All the symbolism of the Old and New Testaments, which make us see the sacramentality of life, is made plain to us.

### Symbolism

Symbolism is well made use of by the State today. All the military insignia we are by now so accustomed to and look for, is worn with pride, and means a great deal to those who wear them. Both machines and the things of nature are used, and men learn to read and interpret.



The Communists with their symbols—hammer and sickle—their factory chimneys, their bridges, their machines, are building up a sense of the sacredness and holiness and the dignity of the machine and of work, in order to content the proletariat with their propertyless state. They do not disdain symbolism.

There is a new symbolism today, the symbolism of the machine, and there is something ugly and devilish in it, and when priests, in their attempt to reach the worker, make use of these weapons of the devil, we must cry out.

### Ossie Bondy

Ossie Bondy, the former head of our Windsor House of Hospitality, just sent me a few pages torn from one of the Canadian magazines with this comment:

"Since you condemned industrialism, here is one aspect of it that will make you sad." The two pages contained pictures of girls and men in factories being visited by their chaplains and one caption read, "A new idea in industry, and an answer from Scotland to the contention that the Church has lost touch with the worker—is the industrial chaplaincy system instituted by the Church of Scotland."

I am sure that this idea of industrial chaplaincy is welcomed by big business. I am sure, too, that they are quite ready to pay the salaries of the padres. James J. Hill, the railroad magnate, a magnate and great to the extent of being a great villain and thief, accepted huge grants of land

from the government across the country, and imported foreign born workers to be exploited in this country and eventually perverted and ruined by our industrial system—this same James J. Hill contributed a great deal to religion. There is a picture of him on the walls of the seminary at St. Paul, Minnesota, and he is said to have said that religion was most necessary for the workers. To keep them contented with their station in life, no doubt.

### Railroads

I have called attention before to the railroad discount the clergy rates in most parts of the country, and have called it a bribe to the Church so that the railroads can continue their exploiting of workers (the Holy Father has asked for the deproletarianization of workers) with no outcry from the men of God.

It is the custom, too, when railroads import Mexican helpers as they do from coast to coast, to pay the salary of a padre for them, since they are all Catholics. The morality of employing these workers who are more steady than our American "gandy dancers" and "bindle stiffs," and taking them for long periods, sometimes for years, from their homes and families, and herded together to live in barracks, is not questioned by these clergy.

### Mine Owners

Many a priest in the mining district, it is said, is paid by the mine owners who, as individuals or as corporations, have obtained possession of the land and added to their crimes by ruining it. Down in Scranton there is many a home falling into the ground because in their greed they have removed props (natural pillars of coal, or often heavy timbers) in order to get the last vestige of coal from the earth, literally undermining the city.

### Priests In Factories

And as I write of these priests accepting benefits from coal operators and railroads, I read of an account of the Liturgical conference in Denver, where a Jean Rogues, delegate of the Center of the Liturgical Apostolate of France, tells of the work of a dozen French priests who work in the factories in order to enter into "the mentality, problems and culture of the workers."

Called Mission Paris, the endeavor owes its origin to Pere Godin, who wrote a book about five years ago stating that France must be considered as a mission, since the workers had been lost to the Church. The story sent out by a priest from the liturgical conference stated that their chief instrument in winning back the workers was the participation in the liturgical life of the Church. I should not say that this was the chief instrument. Their chief instrument is their living and working with the workers, in this way winning their love and their confidence so that they can speak to them, so that they can understand them. We have also heard from priests in Europe that there are many priests in Russia driving cabs, working at hard labor and doing truly apostolic work of the martyrs.

These are magnificent beginnings and show a tremen-

dous spirit. To try to bridge that terrible gap between the clergy and the laity, between the man of God and the man of the family—truly this is a great work, and a work which we must comment on, and commend. Not for all, of course, because all these works demand a different vocation. But we should know about them and know about the need for them, and praise them where they are being done.

### Housing

And only to show the need, I must tell the story of the Msgr. I recently talked to in Chicago in reference to a big vacant house across the street from his church, which could be remodeled so as to accommodate four families. There was a garage in the back where another family could be put up. There was an ample yard all around where the children of these families could be put out to play. In addition to this setup, we know four families in Chicago, three of them with children, two, three and four children, who are up against it for decent housing. They are friends, they have all worked with the Catholic Worker movement, they are workers and professional men, thus bridging the gap between worker and scholar, as it is so often bridged in America. They are all interested in the family, work, property, responsibility and the discussion and working out of the lay apostolate for the family. In many cases this is how many former Catholic workers who ran our houses, edited our papers, have advanced, into another greater work, the work of the family, the healthening and strengthening of the first community.

### The Monsignor

One of our fellow workers went with me when I talked to the Monsignor about renting the house for a family center. Al works as a freight handler and was dressed in a cap and leather jacket, ready to go to work.

All the Monsignor had to say to us was that the family was the responsibility of the state, and that the neighborhood had deteriorated so that it was full of truck drivers instead of the doctors and lawyers which it had once boasted, that he had bought the property to protect the church and that he didn't want any shanty towns around him.

"A freight handler is one step lower than a truck driver," Al commented as we left.

"The real cure of souls begins when Social Justice has finished its work. Rarely in history has that Divine mission been so hampered in coming to grips. That this is no mere individual assessment is shown in many passages of the social encyclicals. One of the most poignant only need be quoted here. "Nevertheless it must be said with all truth that nowadays the conditions of social and economic life are such that vast multitudes of men can only with great difficulty pay attention to that one thing necessary, their eternal salvation." Pius XI Quadregesimo Anno.



## PICKETS AT THE WALDORF

On October 23rd Mathias Kauten, Nat Horowitz, Roy Finch, Silvia Broglia, Ashton Jones and about ten others were peacefully picketing the UNO gathering here at the Waldorf-Astoria. They wished to express their disapproval of the imperialistic set-up of the UNO. Under the laws of this country they had a perfect right to do so. After a few minutes of peaceful demonstration they were told by the police to move on. Some refused to do so and the five named were arrested. Mr. Jones, who has long made use of the Gandhi techniques of non-violence, simply laid down on the sidewalk and refused to cooperate in his arrest. Whereupon he was carried to magistrates court and then sent, by order of Judge Frederick Strong, to Bellevue psychiatric hospital. The others were let out on bail. At the entrance of Bellevue hospital Mr. Jones was choked by a plain clothed officer connected with the institution. It must be stated in all fairness that the tactics used by Mr. Jones invite reprisal and some of us feel that it is itself a form of psychological violence.

### Unscientific Approach of Young Psychiatrists

A couple of young psychiatrists, obviously just out of school and eager to hang a dementia praecox or paranoia on somebody, examined Mr. Jones at Bellevue. They made no attempt to understand the pacifist point of view but were belligerent and prejudiced in their attitude. They assumed that a C. O. must be insane because he did not conform to the prevailing ethos of the community. All the really great men of history would come out with a sorry record at the hands of these boyish psychiatrists. Starting with Christ Himself all down the line—Thomas Aquinas, Francis of Assisi, Teresa of Avila, Eugene Debs, Bartolomeo Vanzetti, M. K. Gandhi—all of them refused to conform to prevalent patterns. At any rate, not being content with "analyzing" Mr. Jones these boys went to work on his wife and subjected her to a barrage of questions—trying to break down her will and agree that her husband was insane. But Mrs. Jones is intelligent and brave and calm and stood up well under the third degree.

She told them she pretty well knew what her husbands actions would be (for he acted from principle, not because of psychopathic disorders) and that she was behind them. Fortunately Dr. Hermann and some of the older psychiatrists who had some experience with people took a more lenient view and admitted that a person was not necessarily insane because he was a pacifist.

### Beat Up by Guards and Nurse

At first he was given his mail without trouble—then they demanded he sign for it. He refused this in protest against the whole prison system. This was taken as a further sign of insanity. And so he was attacked by three guards and an attendant who beat him up rather badly and choked him. One work boy hit him in the face with a dirty wet floor mop. The guard standing by did not so much as reprove the boy.

Then they transferred him to the violent ward, where they attempted to put him in a straitjacket.

He resisted the first time (by refusing to cooperate—not by violent resistance) but the second time allowed them to put it on. After two hours they removed the jacket. Dr. Hermann has neither denied nor tried to excuse these beatings, of which he had no knowledge at the time. However these guards and the attendant should most certainly be discharged from Bellevue, both as incompetent and as disobeying an order from the captain of the guards that they were not to ask Mr. Jones to do anything in his absence.

### Co-Operated in Violent Ward

Because he did not consider the violent ward as part of the prison system Mr. Jones co-operated there in everything.



On Wednesday (Oct. 30th) he was carried out of Bellevue by the police on a stretcher and taken back to magistrates court, where he was let out on bond.

### The Trial

The trial of all five was held at Magistrates Court (57th St. near 3rd Ave.) with Judge Dwyer presiding. He was obviously prejudiced on the whole issue, as was evidenced by the high school oration he gave at the conclusion of the trial and the wholly unnecessary introduction of matters having no bearing on the case; i.e., concerning a previous marriage of Mr. Jones. Every witness called (outside the police, who were interested parties) testified that pedestrians were allowed in front of the Waldorf at the time the pickets were there and that no one was told it was a restricted area other than the pickets. It was further established that the pickets in no way obstructed passage of the pedestrians. The three police involved—all really fine persons and obviously embarrassed by the whole affair—would have been glad to drop the matter. The five were found guilty of disorderly conduct and fined \$25 each or five days in jail. Two of the policemen involved insisted on paying the fine of one of the pickets who was financially low. Most of the blame for this miscarriage of justice must be laid to Judge Dwyer.

The Workers Defense League plans to appeal the case.

R. C. L.

## RENEWAL

(Continued from page 2)

our inheritance. We can no longer count on it. The practical task today is once more the task of answering the sophist. The most elementary of truths must once again be established and guaranteed as though they were being discovered for the first time.

In our philosophy and apologetics we have in the main contented ourselves with the repetition of the principles and arguments we have inherited from the past. In their present formulation they are not adequate to the task, and the sooner we recognize it the sooner we can start to restore the truths they contain to common acceptance.

Demonstration means reducing to self-evident first principles. But what if the self-evident principles themselves are denied? Self-evident principles are not self-justifying. They can't stand up and give a speech. If they are attacked they need defense. Many of what we call self-evident principles are, too, as St. Thomas says, evident only to the learned. That means that before they are evident the person hearing them must already have understood and accepted prior notions and principles, must indeed have acquired some facility in the exercise of abstract thought. And in an age when even thought has been materialized. . . .

### Language not Clear

Let us face the facts. Not even our language is clear any more. Whatever it was once, Latin is no longer the language of the West. Truth must be re-expressed—and on the most basic levels—in the language of the daily newspaper. In his latest book, "God and the Atom," Father Ronald Knox has recognized this. "When the schoolmen," he says, "set out to convince us about the fact of God . . . they invite us to apply to the interpretation of existence as a whole those familiar principles which we apply to the interpretation of its parts. But those principles no longer ring with a familiar sound. They are meant to fit in naturally with our ale-house debates, but for the most of us to open a book of formal apologetics is to step into a cool remote cloister. The ladder that is meant to climb to heaven from our front doorstep climbs it, instead, from a period world which only history recaptures for us. It is definitely pre-Atomic."

### Mix With Crowd

The task is not an easy one. The teacher will have to leave the privacy of his classroom and the scholar climb down from his tower to mix with the crowd, an irritation they are not always ready to face. But then, in recompense, teachers and scholars should learn something too—they always have in the past under similar pressures.

As always in the performance of what should be done there will be an unlooked for over-plus, an overflow of good. Seeing our old truths in fresh light will undoubtedly lead to the discovery of new truths. The integration into the structure of truth of new doctrines, new awarenesses, new experiences, will certainly lead to fresh insights, balances, proportions. Truth,

## Catholic C. O. News

It has become evident to me that it is necessary to state the position of the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors (with headquarters here at the Catholic Worker on Mott St.) on the question of anti-semitism. It is an unpleasant task, for it means the complete repudiation of a position held by a minority of Catholic C. O.'s, many of whom I knew in the concentration camps and at Rosewood and who have shown only kindness to me personally. Yet it must be stated that we do not care to represent the Coughlinite C. O.'s—that we, as part of the Catholic Worker Movement, have always been opposed to anti-semitism in any form or degree. And of the many orthodox Coughlinites I have known there are none who, in my opinion, were not (objectively) anti-semitic. I think I have read practically every issue of SOCIAL JUSTICE (Father Coughlin's paper—no longer in existence) which, with the BROOKLYN TABLET, was regarded by the Coughlinites of my acquaintance as their "bible"—and my judgment is that it was most definitely anti-semitic.

### Coughlinite Position on War

The Coughlinite position on war does not concern us as a pacifist group. They are not pacifists. They cannot object to modern war on moral grounds because they defended the Spanish murderer Francisco Franco. They have done everything in their power to prepare the people for a "holy war" against Russia—in which conflict they must, if there is any logic in their position at all, participate as soldiers. And so they will cease even to be C. O.'s and cease to have any call upon the ACCO to represent them (a call which we reject).

### Anti-Semitic Activities

I would call your attention to some instances of anti-semitic activities which have grown out of or been inspired by the old Christian Front and by Coughlinism and other similar ideologies. There is, for example, a pressure group holding bi-monthly meetings at the Empire Hotel, Broadway & 63rd St., calling itself the League of Independent Voters (not to be confused with another organization of similar name). This was initiated and is still presided over by one John Scott, who puts out anti-semitic literature and literature on the money question. Most of his following comes from Queens and Manhattan. Then there is Merlin Kay Hart (nominally a Catholic) who has offices in the Empire State Building and who heads a Counsel on Economic Planning and a Society for the Preservation of Sacred and Patriotic Music. He also distributes anti-semitic literature and, in a speech heard by a friend of mine, de-

lifted from the well in which it has been hidden, not only will prepare the minds of men on the natural level to again see the truths of faith, but its leaven, freed to work through the body of society, will start once more to restore joy and life to the world.

Dan Sullivan.

clared "We are against the Jews, and Christ was a Jew." Mr. Hart is also active in the formation of a new committee to be called American Action, Inc. On this committee appears also General Wood (of Sears Roebuck) and an official of the National Association of Manufacturers.

### "National Defense"

There has also come to this office a wretched little sheet "dedicated to constitutional government and 'economic freedom'" called NATIONAL DEFENSE and carrying the name of John H. Hoepfel as founder and manager. At the conclusion of an article on Capitalism and Christianity in the September, 1946, issue of this paper Mr. Hoepfel adds this anti-semitic note—"Since writing the above the press informs us that President Truman recommended, and that the board appointed to the presidency of the International Bank, one Eugene Myers, who is to receive \$30,000 per annum as salary, all income tax exempt. Myers, a wealthy former banker, and at one time head of the Federal Reserve System, is a Jew (hence, anti-Christ) who will, no doubt, find it expedient, through the International Bank, to favor Internationalists and anti-Christ to the detriment of our own national interests. An International Bank is an abomination, especially one created under the provisions of the secret Bretton Woods Conference, and to have it headed by a Jew would seem to indicate that some of us, if not most of us, are being scheduled for a ride.

### Father Dietz

There is also the activity of one Father Dietz who, together with a group of Brooklyn anti-semites, picketed the Yugoslav embassy some time ago. Father Dietz, in speaking to one present at this affair, declared his complete acceptance of the Protocols of the Elders of Zion and spoke of an organized Jewish attempt to break up the Catholic Church. Perhaps even more deplorable than this was the mimicking of Jews by the pickets and the confusion caused by such tactics which prevents some who would also like to show their displeasure at the policies of Tito, but who do not care to be identified with such anti-Catholic groups in doing so, from participating.

### Brooklyn and Queens

Another friend of mine (Irish Catholic) who has lived in Brooklyn most of his life, and for whose judgment and fairness I have great respect, remarked that the greatest scandal of all was not these organized groups but the almost universal anti-semitism prevailing among the Catholics of Brooklyn and Queens. In this he was corroborated by his sister, who asserted that all of her Catholic friends in that section were anti-semitic. I feel that not a little blame for this must be held accountable to the clergy and to the religious teachers in the schools and most certainly to the Brooklyn Tablet which has long winked at this state of affairs and went out of its

(Continued on page 7)



# FOR THESE DEAR DEAD

(Continued from page 2)

movement. Joe Zarrella, who has been working with the Furniture Workers union down in Tell City, Indiana, and his work of organizing and combatting enemies within and without the labor movement, should place Paul's name high on his list, and not only pray for him, but to him, asking his prayers and aid in the difficult work of being an apostle in the labor moment who is not sanctifying the machine, but trying painfully to work out of this social order, step by step, trying to clamber out of this social order which means degradation and proletarianism and final slavery to the worker and the decay of the home to the family.

## A Gay and Happy Soul

I used to go to see Paul St. Marie on my occasional visits to Detroit, and although he was a skilled tool and die worker, he had to live in one of those ugly Detroit houses, grey and unpainted, ugly and badly built, far from the fields and woods of Michigan, surrounded by mile after mile of slum and factory. He was a gay and happy soul, Paul was, and he found his beauty in his wife and children, and he was always taking out pictures to show to Bishops and priests at the Catholic social conferences he attended so hopefully. A great soul was Paul, and all who knew him recognized it, and it was a great tragedy, his early death. He should have had top place at these conferences, he should have been sitting at the right side of Bishops, he should have been loved and acclaimed and exalted, worker and apostle that he was.

## John Ferguson

There is John Ferguson, "Fergie," we called him, who helped us on our breadline for many years. He had been seaman, dock worker, night watchman, barge worker, and it was a murky evening along the water front that led to his disaster which led him in turn to the door of the Catholic Worker. He had a drop too much as the saying goes, and fell into the East River. And when he came to, he found himself in the Bellevue psychopathic ward, and from there he was quickly shipped to one of the giant hospitals for mental cases on Long Island. We have told his story before, how he was held there for three years. He was a good worker, and they need good reliable help, and Fergie could not get away. Finally, he was able to get some clothes, and with the connivance of one of the visitors, sneaked out on a Sunday afternoon and made his way back to New York. He came to the breadline in the midst of the depression, and began to be part of the work by his very willingness always to serve. He ran many an errand. We get the leftover bread from Macy's bakery very often, and it was usually Fergie who put gunny sacks on his shoulders and went up town by the subway, sometimes making two trips to bring back loads of rolls and sometimes some cake. And then he plucked up enough courage to try to get his old-age pension—the poor know how hard it is. You

must be getting no other help, but meantime, you may starve while you are waiting. You have to lie, cajole, entreat, implore, an one of our kitchen workers tells bitterly of a friend who committed suicide finally while he waited for help. Usually one must have letters, friends, pull of some kind. And Fergie's case was further complicated by the fact that he could not account for the three years of his life that he was at Islip, or Brentwood, or wherever it was, from which he had not been properly discharged, but had run away. But I had a friend, who had a friend, in the proper bureau, and Fergie finally got his pension, out of which he helped many as he himself was helped. He lived across the street in a little steam-heated apartment with Arthur Sheehan, where Arthur takes refuge on account of his own bronchial trouble. One day Arthur was in bed and Fergie had been taking care of him, and when he had warmed the soup and fed his patient he went to sit down in a rocking chair to rest, and fell from the chair to the floor—dead. Arthur had been giving him instruction in catechism for some months, so he was able to get out of bed, baptize Fergie himself, and then call the priest, from Transfiguration Church down the street. So Fergie had the last rites and a Christian burial, and we all went to his funeral, which was a happy affair indeed.

## John Ryder

And we could say the same for John Ryder's. He used to help us in the kitchen too, and then when employment picked up, he took a job over in Secaucus, New Jersey. All of you who ride the Pennsylvania or the Lehigh pass by those pig farms set in the swamps, ugly as sin, evil-smelling holes, where thousands of pigs are raised and fattened on garbage from New York hotels. I always think of the "meadows" which separate Newark and New York with horror. I remember reading of children stung to death by mosquitos as they went berry picking in the swamps. And just as I left on this trip there was a horrible story in the paper of a two-year-old child of one of the pig farmers being sucked down into a quagmire right in back of his home.

John Ryder worked in this setting, cleaning out pig sties, caring for the hogs, together with several other hired men. On pay days he would come over to New York and too often spend his holidays on the Bowery. He told us the pay was good and the meals too, but it was another case of needing heroic virtue to live under such surroundings. Too often the men sought surcease and rest and dreams in drink. They could perhaps have saved and released themselves from their proletarian status. But it is difficult to clamber out of the trough of the destitute. No matter what wages are they have a way of evaporating. There is always sickness, accident, friend in need. Generally the men themselves are blamed for

improvidence by those very ones who are finding it hard to live these days on an income of a hundred a week. I've heard many such complaints.

## Came Home

John, like the prodigal son, came home to us after feeding off the husks of the swine. And he could not be feasted because he was dying. Instead, he had that real feast, the bread of the strong, and he died and was laid out in the chapel at Maryfarm, and each night before his burial we said the office of the dead as though he were one of the mightiest of the sons of God, and no Bishop or Abbott could have had a finer burial. Now he rests in a little cemetery down the road where I hope all of us at the farm will be buried, and John Daly and some of the others have put flowers on his grave, and Ta-

I DO BELIEVE, LORD  
= HELP MY  
UNBELIEF



mar wheels my little grand children down there for visits. Whenever there is a funeral there a bell is tolled, and we on the farm can hear and bow our heads in prayer. May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

## Others

And there was Stanley's grandmother, who died this year, and Jim Mulgrew, and Jim Ericson and Joe Lynch and Bill Evans, and my own Aunt Cassie and my daughter's father-in-law, William Hennessy. And there was a nameless one on the breadline, and down on the farm a homeless wayfarer who was being sent to us by an Easton priest, who died on the road, in front of the Brewery before he could reach shelter.

For all these, and for my own mother and father, and for all relatives, benefactors, friends, priests and laymen, I beg of God that they will have now a place of refreshment, light and peace.

And may they all pray for us, who are still here "in this dubious battle."



# Work and Rest

(Continued from page 1)

(which we now celebrate on Sundays in honor of Our Lord's Resurrection) and the holidays. God never said that we must take our day off on Thursdays, because we have to be on the job on Sundays. He didn't say for us to rest merely once every seven days, but He specified for us to do it all together on the seventh day.

## Idleness Not Rest

Working less hours every day, and so resting a little every day, dividing up the rest, is not what God commanded. He never said that we should rest on the six days, but appointed clearly instead that we should work on the six days. The ideal of leisure which shines so attractively to our eyes is not God's idea for man. Idleness is not rest. Idleness is the enemy of the soul. Our Father commands us to rest on His day, not to be idle. Our work on the six days must remind us of His creation, and our rest is in honor of His rest.

Because many people hate their work at the office, the school, the fields or the factory, they are advised to or they spontaneously choose an outside interest to keep their minds healthy and active. This outside work which they love to do can be done only on their time off from their salaried job, and there is never enough time off. So that they use up every scrap of it. Thus these poor people never, never rest at all. Thus the degradation of work goes hand in hand with the degradation of rest. Thus the day of the Lord is forgotten just as the vocation and the dignity of work are thrown overboard.

## Learn New Trade

If you have to go to work on Sundays and holidays, there seems to be but one solution, that is to learn a new trade so that you will be able to give up the heathen work and take up another that allows for

obedience to God's commands.

If you hate your six-day work, there is also but this to do: either yearn to love the work such as it be, or, if it be too inhuman or ill-fitted to be loved, to learn also a new trade that may be a lovable vocation, so that you may be able to work six days and be happy, and thus truly rest on the day of the Lord and be happy too.

If you are young, be careful lest you be tempted by a good salary to take up a work that you will not love or that is opposed to God's commands. If you are young, think well what trade you are learning so that you may work with your whole heart, loving your work, even with its long hours, its pain and all its difficulties.

## Rest Well

Just as we must learn to work well at a good and useful work, we must also learn to rest well on the Lord's day. The rabbinical (and puritan) exaggerations of scrupulous inactivity are not the Lord's rest. They are found neither in the Old nor in the New Testament. They are a misinterpretation of God's commands, and Our Lord disregarded and condemned them. We must follow His example and do on Sundays all the things that immediate charity needs for man and beast. But this does not mean that we are to exaggerate in the opposite extreme from the Pharisees and save up Sundays to catch up with all the labors for which we have no time during the week, just as we might stuff in an old box all the things for which we have no room in the closet. The day of the Lord is holy.

## Sunday is Gods

If we remember that the Sunday is the Lord's day; that is, that it belongs to Him, who is our Father, we shall rejoice in it gladly, peacefully, with interest and zeal, by prayer and any kind of good deed given with gratitude to God.

# Frustrated Makers

You are amazed at the violence

Of strikers mad and cruel?

See in it the God-given power for making

Crushed like the atom

And packed into generation after generation

Without release or workout.

To His own image God made all men,

As He rejoiced in His making, so men

Crave for their spirit the happiness of making

That which satisfies needs of a fellowman.

Princes, men are, heirs to a spiritual Kingdom.

You may hide the fact from them;

Blind them; enslave them;

Yea, degrade to machines,

But you are only breaking the atom,

And nature you change not

Though you frustrate the maker.

One human being thus to shamefully defeat

Were indeed cause enough to weep.

What then of the masses thus thwarted?

Shall God see His work brought to naught?

The natural workout of creative urge

You them deny, and keep them submerged

By dependence on the hourly wage,

To be exploited for your profit

When your supplies are exhausted.

Beware of the explosion!

Creative force nullified turns to destruction.

They are unhappy, but know not the cause;

Yearning for happiness; unable to find it;

Checked at all avenues by sealed and barred doors.

Sick and vitiated, they cry for they know not what,

But a name it must have,

So let it be, "higher wages."

Sister Mary Norbert, R. S. M.



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)  
travelling around the whole Mediterranean world and letting us to this day share in the conferences of Abbot Pachomius and others.

I am no Cassian, but I will try to give news of my October trip through the middle west.

### Green Bay

I left for Green Bay, Wisconsin, to attend the Rural Life Conference and to speak on the program of Sister Helene, of Sienna Heights College, Adrian, Michigan. She had visited me to bring an exhibit of rural culture and to talk about Peter's synthesis of Cult, Culture and Cultivation. So down at the farm Chris polished up his crucifix, and we dusted off the lovely plaque of the blessed Mother and the children of Maryfarm, which Eve Smith had sent to me for a Christmas present some years ago, and we got together the exhibit of Tamar's wool, showing all the things that can be knitted from the fleece of one sheep, a coat, hat, dress, afghan, and five pairs of socks, two children's and three adults.

### Rural Arts

From St. Benedict's farm in Upton, Massachusetts from Don Humphrey's studio at St. Benedict's college, St. Joseph, Minnesota; from Mary Katherine Cotton's, one of the former members of our Rochester group, now married and living at Collegeville, Minn.; from Idella Gallagher, whose husband started the St. Louis house and who now teaches philosophy at Marquette, and from others, in addition to the work from Sister Helen's own studios, and from Sister Columbiere's rural school in Assumption, Ohio, the exhibits of weaving, lettering, carving, etc., were brought together and shipped, and for the first time the Catholic Rural Life conference was to have an exhibit of the rural arts, of the beauty which springs from work, done for love of God and love of own's fellows.

### Space Sold

"This then is perfect joy." Before the exhibit was half unpacked, Sister Helene was told by one of the priests at the conference that her space had been sold to the Victor phonograph people for eighty-five dollars. Of course, conventions have to be paid for. Of course, the place was filled with concessions, space that had been sold to various commercial firms to display their wares to Sister teachers and pastors. The last I saw of the corner that had been reserved for us was the enthralled backs of half a dozen sisters, watching the high kicking of some Flora Dora girls, which was shown on a screen set up on our table, while some gay popular music blared forth. "This then is perfect joy," as St. Francis said to his companion, in one of the most delightful of the Fioretti, while he conjured up the picture of himself and his companions being thrown out from their own home, by one of their own. "This then is perfect joy."

It is not necessary to say more. Except to point out as

my son-in-law did, in reference to decentralism and distributism. One of the differences between the two is that the decentralists accept the machine civilization and the distributists fight industrial capitalism. Here was an example of hand work being displaced by a senseless machine in the most flagrant and idiotic way.

"I would have gathered together one hundred dollars and paid for space if I had known," said Sister Helena mournfully, "just to get the work of these men and women recognized. And also to help them sell, and bring bread and butter to their children's mouths." (Butter is a dollar a pound in Wisconsin, the greatest dairy state in the union.)

### Don Humphrey

Don Humphrey is one of our outstanding Catholic artists. I went directly from Green Bay, Wisconsin, where the conference was being held, to St. Joseph, Minnesota, which is a couple of hours out of Minneapolis. Here Don, Mary and their four children and another one expected, are living in a delightful old farm house on the property of St. Benedict's college. It is a big farm house, though in bad repair, and they'd be glad to offer hospitality, by the way, to anyone going to St. Ben's. The tuition is not great to this old and fine Benedictine school, and if a girl had board and room she could get a fine college course for very little. Don is teaching many arts at the school, copper and metal work, the polishing of semi-precious stones for chalices, wood carving, etc. He has a good shop on the grounds, right across from the book-binding and printing shops. I spent a day in going over the school, since I had not been there for a good many years. St. Benedict's started in 1852 as an Indian school. There are 600 acres around it, and there is enough farming done and enough cows to provide the table of the student with the best of food these days of scarcities.

### Flax

I visited the old sisters who are in the weaving room, and one of them, Sister Patrina, who was one of four sisters who came from Germany many years ago, knows all about spinning and preparing flax. It is only the last two years that they have not planted flax out there. Flax is planted May sixteenth, she said, and picked around Assumption Day. They never planted more than a fourth of an acre. Then let it soak nine days in the lake on the farm, spread it in the fields for six weeks, then turn it and leave it for six weeks more. Then they put it in the boiler room to crisp. They shoved me the hetchels, combs, paddles, distaffs and the three spinning wheels on which to spin flax, beautiful tools, and they showed me also the three grades of flax. In her family they used to weave a hundred yards of material a year. The children were set to work at spinning when they were six.

(Continued on page 8)

## C. O. News

(Continued from page 5)

way to defend Father Coughlin and the Christian Front (a look through the back issues of the Tablet is sufficient to prove that.)

### No Justification

There can be no justification for this—it is an attitude far removed from the teachings of Christ and His Church and no explanation can ever do away with the fact that, consciously and knowingly indulged in, anti-semitism is mortal sin. Because it denies the dignity of the Jew as a person, as a potential member of the Mystical Body of Christ, because it breeds violence and has its source in hate and in all the unreason of minds dominated by projectionist tendencies, we must repudiate the ideologies of these groups who made use of conscientious objection for political and racist reasons and who have no interest in Catholic pacifism as such or in non-violent revolution and who strive to usher in a new



and terrible "holy war." In all of this I wish to make clear that I am imputing sin to no person, that I am not questioning anyone's sincerity or right to have been a C. O.—and that I deeply regret the necessity of all this.

### Glendora Strike

As a result of the delegation of Glendora strikers to Washington the Behre and Atherton trial has been continued till December 3rd and the cases of the other 58 men until December 10th. It is hoped that in this interim negotiations can be carried on resulting in a settlement of the strike. Meanwhile the interest and support of our readers will be appreciated both for the Glendora strikers (Glendora Strikers Defense Committee, 3302 South Grand, Los Angeles 7, California) and for the Big Flats strikers (Big Flats Defense Committee, 80 Pierpont St., Brooklyn 2, N. Y.).

### In C. P. S. Tradition

It is becoming impossible for men to get work in hospitals around here (some staying with us here at Mott St. have tried) because (among other things) prisoners from Rikers Island, etc., are being put to work in the hospitals for a dollar a day. Thus furnishing cheap labor and preventing others from getting work. This is the same vicious policy the government used with C. O.'s and the ACCO was quite justified in pointing out at the time of withdrawal from and repudiation of the National Service Board for Religious Objectors that the whole C. P. S. set-up was setting a bad precedent of slave labor.

ROBERT C. LUDLOW.

## DESTITUTION

(Continued from page 1)

ery I would add, "When we give necessities to the needy, we do not bestow upon them our goods; we return to them their own; we pay a debt of justice rather than mercy." None of the Fathers, however, can bellow quite so loud as the golden-mouthed, John Chrysostom of Constantinople when addressing the rich: "No one is able to become rich without injustice. 'What,' you ask, 'if one received goods by heredity?' The goods which he received were gathered together through iniquity. For his forefathers did not get their wealth from Adam; they must have been preceded by many other possessors, among whom many a one had seized goods that belonged to his neighbor. God did not make this man rich and that man poor from the beginning. Nor when he created the world did he allot much treasure to one man and forbid another to seek any. He gave the same earth to be cultivated by all. Since, therefore, His beauty is common, how comes it that you have so many fields and your neighbors not even a clod of earth?"

### Binding

This duty of distributing superfluous goods to the poor seems to have been the teaching of all the Church Fathers, who in serious cases considered it binding under pain of grievous sin. Were the Fathers to repeat these words today, from the platform or the pulpit, they would most likely meet with cries of "Bolshevism!" "Communism!" But their teachings are hardly more revolutionary than the teachings of Christ, which if they were not so interpreted and "touched up" to satisfy all the members of the congregation, and if they had not become so familiar that they fail to be new (and therefore revolutionary) would probably

be considered Communist, too, by those having something to lose by the demands of justice.

### The Pharisee Today

The Pharisee who asked Christ, "Who is my neighbor?" is the same man who today refuses to recognize the extreme necessity of the world. Christ's classic answer to the Pharisee applies to all those who have to see mass starvation and nakedness before they will consider a necessity, and then giving, consider themselves generous. The obligation to raise humanity to its true dignity cannot be dismissed with habitual donations to an organized charity; although this helps it is far removed from the charity of Christ. Christ came to the poor, the poor did not have to go in search of Him. So it should be with us. Our charity, or better, our justice should be natural and patient. Organized charity can get to such a point of regimentation that the proud poor will have none of it. The grim efficiency which can take suffering humanity and catalog it, stamp it and rush it through a meal is lacking in all the warmth, the love of Christ. Only individuals can fill this need. The destitute need people to "listen to them, work for them, fight for them" without finding it necessary to ask embarrassing questions.

### Red Tape and Bookkeeping

It was questions which kept Joseph and Mary out of the homes in Bethlehem. There is nothing lifting about the red-tape and bookkeeping which is done before an organized charity will undertake to assist someone. Only Christ can uphold the dignity of the destitute by identifying Himself so closely with them. "Amen, I say to you, if you did it to one of these the least of my brethren, you did it to Me."

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

St. Benedict's Farm  
Upton, Mass.  
October 30, 1946.

Dear Folks:

Enclosed is two bucks from sale of Sept. C. W.'s. We've not yet sold the Oct. issue.

We notice in the Oct. issue a piece about Xmas cards for sale of various C. W. groups. We have cards, too. We sent no notice in to you about them, perhaps we should have. I guess we were assuming that, as in previous years, a single ad would be printed with all of our addresses on. Perhaps it will be in the Nov. issue.

Anyway we have cards, priced similarly to Ade's (St. Leo's Shops) 25 for \$1—50 for \$1.75—100 for \$3.

Irene Mary Naughton's article on Hospitality is sure a good one.

Yours in "Christ the Worker"  
Carl Paulson.

Dear Dorothy:

I have my Madonna and Child design in two sizes, small Christmas cards 25 for \$1.50, large ones 25 for \$2.50. If any readers are interested they can order them by writing me.

Julia Porcelli.  
115 Mott Street, N. Y. 13.

"St. Thomas teaches, that to lead a moral life, to develop in the life of the Virtues, man needs a certain minimum of comfort and material security. Such a doctrine signifies that extreme poverty is socially, as Leon Bloy and Peguy so clearly perceived, a kind-of Hell. It also signifies that social conditions which expose the majority of men to the close risk of committing sin, by requiring a kind of heroism from those who desire to fulfill the law of God, are conditions which it is a duty in strict justice unceasingly to denounce and to strive to change." Maritain, Religion and Culture, page 28.

### CHRISTMAS CARDS

#### Small Size

25—\$1.00; 50—\$1.75; 100—\$3.00

#### Large Size

25—\$1.75; 50—\$3.00; 100—\$5.00

Assorted Set .....\$1.00

20 different designs by "The

Catholic Worker" artists

The SAINT LEO SHOP

UPTON, MASSACHUSETTS



## On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 7)

They wove potato sacks first, then flour sacks, then sheets, towels, table cloths. Sister Patrina and the sisters from Germany brought their own spun and woven sheets with them as part of their dowry. Every year, too, she said, they had to knit six pairs of socks new for each member of the family and mend six pairs, putting in new toes and heels. Such industry!

How far we have gotten from the Christian tradition of the family, I thought, when I heard that word, dowry, when the mother helped her daughter prepare for her marriage from the time she was a little girl, and where the father provided the son with land and tools. Now the child is expected to pay for his education and work for the parents instead of the parents for the children. All the result of the industrial revolution and the impoverishment of the peasants.

### Sister Isabel

Sister Isabel, 83, is the candle maker of the community. The room she worked in smelled of honey and flowers. There are twenty hives on St. Benedict's farm from which they took 200 gallons of honey last year. The bees consume ten pounds of honey to make one pound of wax, Sister Isabel said. It was an aesthetic delight to go through her shop and see her good equipment for her work, and to see the beautiful rows of candles that she had made already that day.

Another sister is an herbalist, Sister Hyacinth, and spent thirty of her years in religion with the Indians, and she told me of the virtues of wild violet leaves, plantain, parsley, burdock leaves and seeds, elderberries, red clover, sage and mullein.

Certainly these are things it would be good to learn.

Don Humphrey certainly has the sacramental attitude towards life. Anyone who works with God's good materials, as he does, and is co-creator with His maker has a life of joy in spite of the hardship which goes with the good life these days. Mary shares Don's interests, and point of view. She is aweaver when she has time from the children and housework.

### St. Isador's Farm

They were both on St. Isador's farm with the Reser's for two years but a farming commune these days which is twelve miles from church and which has to be built from the ground up, house and all, is no place for a man who has talents which are itching to be used. One of the greatest treasures Don has is wood which he cut and seasoned for his work. He has made cribs and beds and chests and benches for his own home. He has made a beautiful altar and candle sticks for a chapel in Minneapolis. He is doing the same kind of work for a Catholic hospital being opened by the Benedictines in the west.

But here is one of the basic evils of our system. An artist, and also a writer is expected to do his work for God, which is a funny way of put-

ting it when he has a family of children to feed. Then when he does, instead of gratitude, he usually is labelled shiftless and improvident. If he were paid for his work as Rambusch artists are paid, he would be admired and esteemed. But if he is an unknown and living in the country for the sake of his children, far from the work he must do, he is up against it.

### Teaching

A teacher's job is an engrossing one, for every enthusiast is a teacher. But it is notoriously badly paid. So how can the family man achieve ownership, unless he is subsidized by the Bishops, rather than the government which talks of granting loans, not land, to veterans.

But I am running into another article rather than reporting a pilgrimage. I visited with the Smelser's, the Muelers, the McCarthy's in Minneapolis—all interested in the land, and all teachers. I visited the Heaney's and the Gallaghers in Milwaukee, and Donald is a teacher at Marquette and Larry is working in a brewery, saving money for a farm. It is wonderful to see Ruth Ann, who has the carriage and air of queen, in her spacious kitchen, surrounded by Mary, Ann, Joseph, and Teresa, and there is another one coming in this family too. It looks as though they were going to be on the land by spring, working with Martie Paul and Ruth Ann's brother, all of them putting what they have into it. The farm they are thinking of is a quarter of a mile to a church, and that Church is a place of pilgrimage twice a year and the Blessed Mother is supposed to have appeared there. If they are there by the time I go to Wisconsin again in the spring, I shall surely visit them and report on it. The trouble is that farming must be learned from the ground up, and for people living as the Heaney's do, without coffee, tea, sugar, little meat, in real poverty, it would be easy except for a mortgage. That will be a problem.

Don and Idella Gallagher have shown their faith by buying an old brick farmhouse, charmingly situated near a church, with a good garden around it, an ideal place as it is just outside the city where Don works, and rural besides. They are looking forward to having family conferences out there, and having already had one Catholic Worker party.

### In Chicago

In Chicago I visited the two Reser families on the North Side and had lunch with Tom Sullivan, John Cogley, Jim O'Gara and Fr. Carrabine at the offices of *Today*, a fortnightly, published for Fisca at 638 Deming place, a quiet street I used to skate on as a child.

Al Reser started the Catholic Worker House of Hospitality in Chicago which is now closed since the war. He has four children, and works as all fathers do, at home as well as at work, but he is most in-

terested in the family apostolate and as part of it wants to start a collection to rebuild the homes of the families of Nagasaki and Hirojima, as a conscience fund. There are Jesuits there whom he will ask to administer the fund, but he is willing to sponsor, and take up the correspondence work about it, together with his wife, Catherine. If anyone is interested in getting this conscience fund going, let him get in touch with Al Reser, 1749 W. Allison St., Chicago, Ill. This last month some friend in California sent us \$500 in cash to send food packages to Europe. It was an anonymous donation and we do thank whoever it was for their trust in us. The money has been spent and the food packages are on their way, to Germany, Italy, France, Finland, Poland, Hungary, etc. Maybe someone will send \$5000 or so for the rebuilding of homes for the Japanese families we have injured so cruelly. The latest news about the atom bomb is that those it has not killed



outright will die of cancer within the next ten or fifteen years.

### Our Lady of Wayside Farm

Another good visit this trip was to the Gauchat's at our Lady of the Wayside Farm. It was a great joy to see there old fields reclaimed for wheat that had been lying idle for years, and ploughing under way for the spring. Ray Knight is helping Bill and, in addition to the farm work, Bill drives the school bus and delivers grain from the mill to add to the farm income. Through the years the Blessed Martin House of Hospitality goes on, and about fifty men a day come for breakfast and supper and about ten men are housed. It was good to have our meeting there and again it was families who come together for discussion and study.

Even Dorothy adds to the family income by tinting photographs, and her sale of Christmas cards last winter paid the expenses of the new baby. There are three now, sturdy little girls, and I was there for the birthday party of the oldest, Anita Marie.

### The Hugo's

My last stop on the way home was at the Hugo's in Kittanning, where we had a delightful old-fashioned taffee pull, Mr. Lawrence Hugo officiating. He showed me how to make it, so I shall introduce this custom of candy making at the farm and Mott St. For the group that were there he used four cups of molasses and two of sugar. It is a healthy kind of candy for the children, and they help make it themselves, so that is why I speak of it here. It's another step out of the industrial set-up when we make our own.

## FEED THE POOR--

(Continued from page 1)

### 3. What St. Francis Desired

According to Jorgensen, a Danish convert living in Assisi,

1. Saint Francis desired that men should give up superfluous possessions.
2. Saint Francis desired that men should work with their hands.
3. Saint Francis desired that men should offer their services as a gift.
4. Saint Francis desired that men should ask other people for help when work failed them.
5. Saint Francis desired that men should live as free as birds.
6. Saint Francis desired that men should go through life giving thanks to God for His gifts.

### 4. The Wisdom of Giving

1. To give money to the poor is to enable the poor to buy.
2. To enable the poor to buy is to improve the market.
3. To improve the market is to help business.
4. To help business is to reduce unemployment.
5. To reduce unemployment is to reduce crime.
6. To reduce crime is to reduce taxation.
7. So why not give to the poor for business' sake, for humanity's sake, for God's sake?

### 5. The Fallacy of Saving

1. When people save money, that money is invested.
2. Money invested increases production.
3. Increased production brings a surplus in production.
4. A surplus in production brings unemployment.
5. Unemployment brings a slump in business.
6. A slump in business brings more unemployment.
7. More unemployment brings a depression.
8. Depression brings more depression.
9. More depression brings red agitation.
10. Red agitation brings red revolution.
11. That is what people get for saving money for a rainy day.

### 6. Wealth-Producing Maniacs

1. When John Calvin legalized money lending at interest, he made the bank account the standard of values.
2. When the bank account became the standard of values, people ceased to produce for use and began to produce for profits.
3. When people began to produce for profits they became wealth-producing maniacs.
4. When people became wealth-producing maniacs they produced too much wealth,

5. When people found out that they had produced too much wealth they went on an orgy of wealth destruction, and destroyed ten million lives besides.

### 7. Mortgaged

1. Because of State has legalized money lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church, home-owners have mortgaged their homes; farm owners have mortgaged their farms; institutions have mortgaged their buildings; public bodies have mortgaged their budgets.
2. So a large portion of the national income goes to money lenders because the State has legalized money lending at interest in spite of the teachings of the Prophets of Israel and the Fathers of the Church.

### 8. Avoiding Inflation

1. Some say that inflation is desirable.
2. Some say that inflation is deplorable.
3. Some say that inflation is deplorable, but inevitable.
4. The way to lighten the burden of the money borrowers without robbing the money lenders, is to pass two laws—one law making immediately illegal all interest on money lent, and another law obliging the money borrowers to pay one per cent of their debt every year during a period of a hundred years.

### EMERGENCY

Urgent need for men's overcoats, sweaters, underwear and shoes.

Please dig into your closets before the temperature falls much lower. We are forced to turn away many appeals daily. This is your chance to fill your obligation to practice Christ's teaching "Clothe the naked." We are counting on you to help us keep these men warm this winter.

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