

CATHOLIC WORKER

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COMMENTS ON THE NEWS—In the Light of Faith

"Yet love endureth all things," said St. Paul the hermit. "Tell me, I pray thee, how fares the human race—if new roofs be risen in the ancient cities—whose empire it is that now sways the world?"

Cake and Circuses

Everybody is talking about the election, so in the light of the folly of the cross, we would like to make our predictions. Roosevelt will be elected on the platform of *Cake and Circuses*. During the depression years the relief checks flowed in, and now during the war years the government checks come regularly on the first of every month. The millions who are thus bought and paid for do not want any change. They are afraid of change. Mothers of six children cash their \$180 stipend every month and go on a binge of department-store buying: movies, cigarets, candies, radio, and even sometimes a car. It's amazing how

much you can get in the way of luxury if you just do without the necessities. And start to run up debts. Housing is lousy anyway—you can't rent or buy a decent place for love or money, so you might as well spend your money and have a good time. Every radio, every magazine, every newspaper is anxious to tell you of all the things you need and can now obtain. "If the war lasts another year... If my husband doesn't get another furlough and I don't have another baby next year, I can... And then on the other hand if I do, I'll get another twenty a month!" Untold wealth. It is no longer bread and circuses—it is cake and circuses.

Poverty and Purity

Everyone is much amused at Pravda's discussion of the impact of Western civilization on the minds of red army soldiers who have been isolated from capitalistic civilization. *The New Leader*, official organ of the Social Democratic Federation, and bitter enemy of the Communists, comments that the Pravda article reads like a "preachment to the Crusaders by the Medieval Church or a Puritan sermon in old New England. Warned against the 'tawdry brilliance of these deceitful phantoms of pseudo civilization,' the Red Army is urged to 'look into the soul of the people,' always good advice," the comment ends with sarcasm.

Meanwhile our Christian armies go in for wine, women and song in such a big way, that our hard-boiled soldiers themselves have been known to protest the bawdiness of entertainment as an insult to their manhood. It is almost as though they were conscious that they were sons of God.

And what kind of morale building are we doing? The kind of theology that is being handed out is the kind Fr. Joseph used to talk about, "the kind that gets you into heaven with a scorched behind." Here is a bit of it for instance—question and answer from the Ecclesiastical Review:

Ques. "May a Catholic officer concur toward the distribution of condoms? e. g.—ordering them for his post exchange?"

Ans. "It is not an easy problem to solve, at least by an unqualified answer. It must be remembered that the coopera-

tion of an officer in this case is merely material, though quite proximate. Generally speaking, therefore, there would seem to be sufficient reason to permit this type of cooperation, in the same manner that a clerk in a drug store is allowed to sell contraceptive instruments if grave inconvenience would otherwise come to him." Such as losing his job, for instance.

But the Communists say, "Look into the soul of the people." And we agree. What is man, oh God, that Thou art mindful of him? Thou hast made him little less than the angels," and yet he is being dragged in the mire. What has become of our Christianity? "Thou that sayest, men should not commit adultery, committest adultery; thou that abhorrest idols, committest sacrilege. Thou that makest thy boast of law, by transgression of the law, dishonorest God. For the name of God through you is blasphemed among the Gentiles."

Catholic U. Priest On Bombings

Fr. Paul Hanley Furfey, professor of sociology at the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., denounced bombings last month in an address at a Peace Now meeting at Old South Meeting House, Boston, and called for a negotiated peace.

He analyzed the causes of war in his address which was titled *The War and Nationalism*, and poses the question as to whether

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—With the announcement of the Russian peace terms over the radio, Premier von Born concluded, "The Lord does not reject; He only tests." And the orchestra played the Finnish National anthem, the Lutheran hymn, "A mighty fortress is our God." The Russians have taken the Petsamo area, the Porkkala peninsula, Karelia, and imposed \$300,000,000 reparations. And now there is peace. Peace with honor, because the Finns fought until they could fight no more. And yet, sadly enough, such fighting is a gesture only—to be afforded only by diplomats, for the sake of worldly honor.

Japan annexes huge areas in China, Italy wanted Ethiopia, Germany wanted Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, etc., and Russia moved in on Latvia, Esthonia, Lithuania, not to speak of part of Poland, and now Tito wants what Italy considers she should retain, and which she had formerly taken from someone else.

St. Paul Priest Goes on Record

May God bless you always for your constancy in opposing war and preaching peace—for your Christian policy and practice of using "weapons of the spirit" to combat the evils of our time.

I wish to go on record definitely and simply, stating that I believe that this war, World War II, is an unjust war. I wish to protest against this war and all of its "unspeakable horrors and atrocities." I do not believe that this war is in harmony with the Christian life which was preached and lived by our Lord. I cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, see Jesus Christ firing a gun or dropping a bomb. He would certainly refuse to take part in these acts of violence—the Members of His Body should also refuse.

I, as a priest of God, must condemn what I consider to be an

Churchill wants to hold on to the British Empire, and Queen Wilhelmina is clinging to the vast Dutch Empire. (The CW office gets much propaganda from both countries' information centers.)

There is no hope for peace in sight, and already small boys are planning for the third world war, before the armistice is signed for this war. It looks indeed as though the words of the Blessed Mother at Fatima were going to come true, and soon. Whole nations will be wiped out.

And yet, what a glorious hope there is in Christianity, if it were only tried—if people only believed in it, instead of giving it lip service.

"You have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say to you, not to resist evil; but if one strike thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other. And if man will contend with thee in judgment and take away thy coat, let go thy cloak also unto him.

And whosoever will force thee one mile, go with him other two. Give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not away.

"You have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you; and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you; that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans this? Be ye therefore perfect, as also your heavenly Father is perfect.'"

Oh, the folly of Christianity! Which has ceased to preach even the sturdy *natural* virtues which the Communist clings to.

No wonder "the masses of the world are lost to the Church," (Pope Pius XI.)

Pittsburgh Priest Repudiates Draft

Fr. Joseph Meenan, of St. Stephen's Church, Pittsburgh, Pa., has handed in his registration card to his local draft board in order that he might repudiate his former acceptance of conscription, as evidenced by his registration four years ago, and may not seem to accept the deferment which has been granted to priests. (Priests are not exempt from the draft, but deferred.)

He has no statement to make, but in a conversation with the editor of *The Catholic Worker*, he said that the writings of Eric Gill had done much to form his mind on the subject of War, and that his reading and observation had convinced him that conscription was an evil to be fought.

Cardinal Gasparri has stated that the best way to oppose war was to oppose compulsory military training.

We believe that many priests are coming to see that silence means consent, and that just because we have plunged ourselves in a morass of evil is no reason why we should not try now to extricate ourselves from it and help others to do so.

We invite further letters from our spiritual leaders.

evil and unjust war. I must repudiate any part, active or passive, that I have in it. May God forgive my faint-hearted hesitancy in waiting so long. But I must, even at the eleventh hour, cry out against the injustices of this war. If I am silent, I am guilty of "passive cooperation;" I am guilty of tearing the Body of Christ!

This war is a blunder, an absurdity, an evil on ethical grounds and on spiritual grounds. Conscription, a necessary means of carrying on a modern war, is a violation of personal rights and an evil to be condemned. The lie and hate propaganda which necessarily accompany modern war, which diabolically lead men into error and enkindles hatred in their hearts, is evil. The policy and practice of bombing civilian populations is unjust. The end for which the war was supposedly fought has been made ridiculous by our consenting, silently but certainly, to the spoliation of Poland and the intended sacrifice of innocent small nations.

Modern war is accompanied by hatred, revenge, lust, greed and theft—all hateful in the sight of God—all bringing souls to eternal damnation. Modern war results in epidemics, famines, cynicism, despair, moral anarchy—all dragging men into depravity and barbarianism—all preparing the way for another war with the "law of the jungle" becoming more fierce.

We call ourselves Christians and yet we have been thinking and acting in this war as if

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Sow In This Field

October, 1944.

Dear Fellow Workers in Christ:

"Our troubles were multiplied; afterward we made haste." That to me is one of the most comforting lines in the Psalms. Because we certainly are in trouble now, and as usual at this time of the year we are appealing to you, our readers. After a year of absence, I have taken over the paper and the work again, and am once more the mother of a very large family, and looking for the wherewithal to sustain them, both spiritually and physically. Again I am saying with St. Teresa: "Teresa and three ducats can do nothing, but God and St. Teresa and three ducats can do everything."

"Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor; the Lord will deliver him in the evil day." And "The poor you will always have with you," Jesus has told us. In spite of war, the draft, government support, war industries—there are still many poor, who are sick, homeless and in trouble, in one way or another. We still have about nine houses around the country, and there are still seven or eight farms affiliated in one way or another with the work. And we have come to understand more, these last eleven years of work, concerning the needy and the poor—that they need more, far more than food, clothing and shelter. They need retreats, too—they need the word of God preached to them. So we have turned Maryfarm at Easton into a retreat house where we will have week-long and even two-week-long retreats as often as possible, and weekly days of recollection to "taste and see that the Lord is sweet."

Often we feel that there is little we can do. But let us do all we can to lighten the sum total of suffering in this world. We are begging your help for our work; begging for your money help because money represents bread, warmth, shelter, and when you are sending us three ducats you are sending us what has come from your daily toil.

The farmer throws away his wheat, and the more abundantly he sows the more abundantly he reaps. So we are begging you to scatter in this field, and show your love for God by the love you show for His least one.

We are asking this help in the name of the Mother of Fair Love, who possessed interiorly all riches, and so was the poorest of women on this earth. And we ask you in the name of St. Joseph, who had to witness her poverty and probably felt helpless, and inept, and un-understanding about why such poverty had to be. And in the name of our Lord Himself who had no place to lay his head during those years of His ministry. Please help us. You will find that God will "deliver you," as a result of your love "in the evil day."

Mary's servant,
DOROTHY DAY.

Better and Better Off

1. The world would be better off if people tried to become better.
2. And people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off.
3. For when everyone tries to become better off nobody is better off.
4. But when everyone tries to be better everyone is better off.
5. Everyone would be rich if nobody tried to become richer.
6. And nobody would be poor if everyone tried to be the poorest.
7. And everyone would be what he ought to be if everyone tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

Rich and Poor

1. There is a rub between the rich who like to get richer and the poor who don't like to get poorer.
2. The rich, who like to get richer turn to the Church to save them from the poor who don't like to get poorer.
3. But the Church can only tell the rich who like to get richer "woe to you rich who like to get richer if you don't help the poor who don't like to get poorer."

EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

Christianity Untried

Not Practical

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

Christ's Message

1. "No one can serve two masters, God and Mammon."
2. "Be perfect as your Heavenly Father is perfect."
3. "If you want to be perfect sell all you have give to the poor take up your cross and follow Me."
4. "These are hard words," says Robert Louis Stevenson, "but the hard words of a book were the only reason why the book was written."

The Law of Holiness

In his encyclical on St. Francis de Sales the Holy Father says:

1. "We cannot accept the belief that this command of Christ concerns only a select and privileged group and that all others may consider themselves pleasing to Him if they have attained a lesser degree of holiness."
2. "Quite the contrary is true as appears from the generality of his words."
3. "The law of holiness embraces all men and admits of no exception."

What St. Francis Desired

According to Johannes Jorgensen, a Danish convert living in Assisi:

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

The Catholic Worker Retreat House

The first retreat began September 10, 1944. From now on each course, every other month or two, will begin with a six-day retreat, during which time there will be silence, work on the land, and prayer. Later there will be conferences, discussion and instruction—for men in tree planting and grafting, agriculture, animal husbandry; for women in baking, canning, cooking, homemaking in poverty on the land—carding, washing and spinning, knitting and weaving wool, and later flax. We will try to get experienced instructors through the department of agriculture, and through private groups. Many priests are skilled in horticulture, bee keeping, etc., and we invite their cooperation and visits.

We wish to form a taste, an attitude, a frame of mind, which will enable our friends and readers to see the vision, and then set out to find the training at various schools to help one lead the good life, and that more abundantly. We are asking all those who come to us to help us build up this school, and some time during each course will be devoted to building and repairing, agriculture, animal care, and the preparation of food for those who come to the courses.

WHO IS IT FOR?

It is for our readers, our leaders, our workers and our breadlines. It is for Negro and white. It is for worker and scholar. It is for slum children, as well as for country children. It is for families—husbands and wives, engaged couples—those of our readers who never have made retreats. We hope to set up a little nursery on the hill so that mothers can leave their children while they make the courses.

This is just an initial announcement to let you know what we are doing. We will send out more information from time to time.

WHAT IS MARYFARM?

Maryfarm, Easton, Pa., started out as a farming commune, in 1936 and we have written about it as such for years.

But we must confess to failure. Farming communes are not possible without interior discipline, without a philosophy of labor. We should, really, have grouped ourselves around a religious community so that we could have partaken of their spiritual life; so that we would have been influenced by them, taught by them, as the lay people were taught by the monasteries of old. Never again will the Catholic Worker group (officially) acquire land either by gift or purchase, unless it is next to such a community.

However, having purchased this farm, which is all paid for except \$600, we are now going to begin again.

What about those families who are still here? Some will move, others will receive a deed to three acres and with the help of others, build themselves a cabin, and try to make a start again. Peter Maurin and I, Dorothy Day, are trustees, which means that we are responsible for the taxes, for the disposal of the land for the common good.

I will spend much of my time away from Mott street, where St. Joseph's House of Hospitality is located in New York, to take charge of this new venture, to try to build here this training center for Catholic Workers, for apostles, for followers of our Lord.

We have here a beautiful site, of about sixty-six acres of hillside farm, after the few allotments are distributed. Aside from kitchen gardens, the land has not been cultivated for two

years. Trees, land and animals have been neglected through ignorance and a misunderstanding of the principles of private property (made necessary due to original sin) and communal property; through a misunderstanding of the personalists and communitarian ideas.

We have friends among the priests who are generously willing to come and give of their spiritual abundance to us.

At our first retreat there were about fourteen people, and we have started the day with prime, ended it with compline. We have had a sung Mass every day, due to the fact that there were two seminarians with us and one girl from the Grail family who could train the others in singing the two Masses we learned.

We have had four conferences a day. We have had good healthy work out of doors, and we have worked in silence, and kept silence.

And when we go from retreat to course, to daily life, we are not going to go as from something extraordinary to something ordinary. We are going to try to go on living, as we have been living, in peace and quiet, in work and prayer. There is love and joy in such a life, and we pray God to help us in this most beautiful plan.

We beg your help. Please pray for us.

NEXT RETREAT

As we go to press, we would like to announce that the next retreat, God willing, will be over the Thanksgiving Day week end. We would like much to offer this retreat to thank God for His goodness to us and to do penance in view of the sad horrors of this war. Let us hope that by the end of November the retreat house will be fitted out for winter occupancy. Peter Maurin is going to stay there for the winter too.

Our rebuilding program is interrupted often by interesting and exciting events. We never know what visitors we are going to have next. During the course of the last two months (since the last paper came out) Jon and Ann Thornton arrived from Wyoming with their year old son Jon, and within a few weeks another son was born, Leonard, at five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon, right in the lower farm house. We had a good family doctor who comes for such events for \$35.

Then just exactly one month after Leonard's birth, Helen Montague gave birth to her sixth, Denis Michael, and we were suddenly faced with the job of taking care of her other five. Several days, Jane O'Donnell, one of the Grail family, was able to come up from her home to help, but most of the time my two assistants were Stanley Vishnewski and Michael Kovalak, who washed and dressed babies of one, two, three, four and five years, respectively. It was a sweet and joyful sight to see this row of little ones, perched like birds on the bench at the table in the long refectory (the basement of the barn) with Peter Maurin helping to feed Cecilia, and Stanley filling the wooden bowls, and Michael doing everything from changing diapers to singing hymns to them. (Michael is from a Benedictine seminary.) He also spent the month of August with us helping rebuild the barn.

This family is moving this month to a little house opposite St. Mary's chapel, kindergarten and playground, about a mile away from the farm.

Background for Peter Maurin

By Dorothy Day

Mott street, New York, is a mile long, extending from Houston street down to Chatham Square. It is a curved street, very slightly and gently curved. It turns into Chatham Square where the Bowery ends and becomes Park Row, where East Broadway, New Bowery, Bowery, Park Row, and Mott street all run together. All of Chatham Square is dark and dank under the elevated lines, for here the Third Avenue line branches out and goes down Park Row to Brooklyn Bridge, and down New Bowery to

South Ferry, a mile or so away.

Here Chinatown and the Bowery meet, and the Bowery used to be like a bower, and lovers used to walk there. Now it is a street of the poor, a street of cheap hotels, where men can lodge for twenty or thirty cents a night. In all the larger cities of the country they have such streets, and the migrants call them Skid Roads, and the term originated in the northwest among the lumber workers who came to town from the woods with their pay envelopes and either put the

skids under themselves or had them put under them by the liquor they drank or the company they kept.

The Bowery is the street of the poor, and there are pawnshops and second-hand clothes shops. Here sailors and coal heavers and dock workers without families come to live because they have not enough money to live elsewhere. Here are their cheap amusements, movie houses, penny arcades and taverns. Here also the unemployed congregate, and there is a thieves' market, where everything can be sold, from a razor to a pair of pants. The very clothes on one's back can be sold and substituted for overalls or dungarees. Here, too, men lie prone on sidewalks, sleeping in doorways and against the housefronts. Here, too, are fights; and because of this the street now has the name of a street of bums and panhandlers, drunks and petty thieves. But it is the street of the poor, the most abandoned poor. It is the street of missions, where for a confession of faith, men are given a bed, and thus religion is dragged, too, in the mire, and becomes an attempted opiate of the people.

Here is Christ in His most degraded guise, spat upon, buffeted, mocked, derided. Here are temples of the Holy Ghost, men made to the image and likeness of God. Here are men. "Thou knowest we are but dust." Thou knowest, too, that Thou hast made us "little less than the angels."

This is not a glamorous neighborhood. There is no romance or beauty here. Water-front neighborhoods have the beauty of the water, the mystery of the river, lake or sea. Then, too, the national neighborhoods, whether they be Irish, Syrian, Russian, Italian, Basque, Jewish — all these neighborhoods have their own atmospheres. There are homes there, even if they are tenement house apartments; there are cafes, grocery stores, there are distinctive sights, sounds and smells, not without charm.

One block west of the Bowery is Elizabeth street, and next comes Mott, then Mulberry, then Baxter. These four streets in their less than a mile extent comprise little Italy. Mott street is the most colorful of all. Beginning at the north end there is the old Cathedral, with a high walled graveyard around it and catacombs beneath it. Legend has it that the builder of the tenement we live in, stood on the steps of old St. Patrick's and with a gun in his hands, held off the Know Nothings, rioting and attempting to wreck and burn the church.

Here thanks to the church yard, the sun pours down on the section and there are parades of baby carriages and stout mothers backed against sunny walls, winter and summer.

Further south the street takes on the aspect of a canyon, and the buildings are six stories high and the street

narrow so that little sun lights here save in the middle of the day. But below Grand street the push carts begin and these take from the drabness of the street, and the bright fruits and vegetables light up the scene. Here are grapes, mushrooms, yellow squash, tomatoes, bananas, beans and greens of all kinds, fishstands with whelks and live eels and snails. Here are cheese stores and cheeses pressed into the shape of reindeer and pigs or just displayed in twig baskets. They hang in skins, in raffia woven nets; they are white, yellow and smoked, and the smoking takes place out in front by the curbstone, underneath barrels. There are spaghetti stores with all variety of spaghetti, all shapes, all lengths, and the wheat which makes it comes from all parts of the world and families have their preference. There are bakeries, and from down in the basements where there are ovens built in, the warm delicious smell of fresh loaves steals out into the street to mingle with the smell of pizzas, flat doughy cakes with cheese and tomato paste spread on top and sold hot to eat in the street.

In their season there are vendors of hot roast sweet potatoes, roast corn, roast chick peas, and during fiestas, hot meat cakes and sausages. In the good weather one could live out of doors without ever carrying on any housekeeping inside. And families do, the fathers sitting around tables playing cards, the mothers by the children's or grandchildren's carriages, knitting, crocheting, talking, shouting, laughing, crying, living out their lives under the open sky.

No matter how early you are up, Katie will be arranging her push cart at the corner; a new shift will have come on duty at the restaurant on the corner where they sell beer and shrimp, whelk and smelts, and there is always a great cleaning of fish and a hosing out of basement and sidewalk.

And no matter how late you stay up, there are always groups on the street corners in front of taverns, and coming and going from work. This is a neighborhood of workers, just as the Bowery is a street of the unemployed.

Below Grand to Hester street the push carts line the street. Then from Hester to Canal there are tenements and factory lofts, and directly across the street from THE CATHOLIC WORKER office (where Peter Maurin lives) there is a big paved playground with trees and ponds and animals painted on the walls of the Children's Aid Society, a settlement which flanks it on Hester. Always there is the sound of children in your ears, winter and summer, and during the summer here is dancing either in the playground or under the roof of the settlement three nights a week. During festas they set up a bandstand across the

street and the twenty-piece band adds its slow and majestic clamor to all the other noises.

New York during its working hours when people flood in from Jersey, Long Island, Westchester, Staten Island, from north, south, east and west, is the largest city in the world.

"Where seven million people live together in peace and harmony," one of the radio announcers used to say happily.

There is Harlem, of course, where close on to a million of our population live in degradation and misery and unemployment. There is the threat of class war and race war in Harlem.

There are occasional battles between police and pickets in class war.

There are anti-Semitic meetings, and anti-anti-Semitic meetings in Brooklyn and the Bronx and occasional fights at both.

But just the same we all live in comparative peace and concord in New York City. If you count the commuters, you can say this is a city of nine million inhabitants.

Canada has only eleven million people. There are truly too many people gathered together in this little space.

Down here on Mott street, half a block north of Chinatown, in the Italian section, in the most congested city in the world, Peter Maurin, God's fellow-worker, prime mover in the decentralist movement in this country, makes his headquarters.

This book is about him, and it will be filled with digressions, just as Peter's conversations seem to be filled with digressions, so that it is hard to pin him down. But it will be seen when I have finished that with all these digressions, all these perambulations, there is a picture presented, a point made, history being written, even history being made.

I am writing of a genius, a saint, an agitator, a writer, a lecturer, a poor man and a shabby tramp; all in one. And to make the picture more complete, I am trying to give it background, color, people — because Peter does not live in a vacuum, but in a community, in a parish, in a street, in a neighborhood, in a city, in a society, in a state, in the world.

St. Paul liked to use that term, "God's fellow worker"; and Peter is God's fellow worker because when he prays, he is saying, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and then he goes around trying to see to it that God's will be done.

How can he tell what is God's will, many people may say. "What is God's will?" And Peter, who never answers questions directly, will begin quoting some of his easy essays, as we have come to title them in THE CATHOLIC WORKER.

I do not remember what
(Continued on page 6)

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HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY

By Dorothy Day

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Fools For Christ

The Folly of the Cross is the main idea which constitutes Christianity.

Most of the Christians think it is sufficient to avoid sin. You hear that everywhere—"There is no sin in it—no harm." It would be sufficient to avoid sin if we were destined to Limbo. The supernatural destiny that God gives us is a gratuitous gift; therefore, that supposes that there is another destiny besides the natural destiny which would lead us to Limbo. If this were all, it would be sufficient to avoid mortal sin. We could enjoy all the creatures of the world, take any pleasure provided there was no sin involved, and eventually get into Limbo. Moral theology would be reduced to that expression—"There is no sin in it."

Our Divine Destiny

But all that is changed on account of our destiny to heaven. We are best destined to the happiness of the Holy Trinity—not to that of man in Limbo. We are to have the happiness of a God. Here is a principle—death simply immortalizes what is in the heart—what is in our souls. Shall we find the happiness of God in the pleasures of the world? No, our happiness in God would be the perfection of God in the intellect, in the will. Our happiness would all be in God alone. Therefore, we must begin that life right now. Therefore, before you die, you must place your happiness entirely in God alone. You must withdraw your affections from creatures and give all to God. In the First Commandment, God says: "Thou shalt love thy God with thy whole soul," etc. God mobilizes, as it were, all our capacity of love for Himself. What is left for creatures? No more love. We can use creatures for what is necessary or useful, but not out of love for creatures. The consequence is that not only must we not be *devils*, but we must also not be *human*, as it were. I mean, we must be *divinized*. We must become divine on earth. We have animal faculties, intellectual life, and divine life. We must put divine life in everything we do. The Christian must divinise all his activity and live only for God. St. Paul says, "If you be risen with Christ, seek the things that are above; not the things that are on the earth." "You are dead and your life is buried in Christ." That is Christianity. What does it mean? It means that we must take our natural activity and destroy it by self-denial; set it aside—not only the sinful acts but the good natural activity. How can we do that? We cannot cease to eat and sleep and work. We must keep a certain amount of natural activity—and I include physical activity—for we must not attack ourselves in our physical being; for instance, cut off our hand to mortify ourselves; or injure our eyes to prevent sin by the eyes; or starve ourselves. We must not hurt our physical nature, but the intentional activity may be natural or supernatural, and we must attack that. For example, I am eating a piece of steak. If I am in the state of grace, all my natural activity is transformed into the divine activity. Now, above that, I can eat my steak for a natural intention or for a supernatural intention. I can eat it because I like it and I can eat it to please God. Self-denial falls under that motive. I must not only do nothing

simply for a natural motive, but I must divinise every act. Sanctifying grace divinises my physical activity whether I think about it or not, but I am a free being; therefore, I can act freely and that part of it may remain natural. I can eat just because the steak is tender—that would be natural. God does not want us to keep these acts natural. If you eat, do it for God—as St. Paul says: "Whatever you do, whether you eat or drink," etc. We have to fight against our natural motives. As Christians, we must get supernatural motives. A natural motive does not please God; it is good, but no good for heaven.

Now for an example on which you can base all the actions of your life. You invite a man to supper. He comes and he uses only his animal nature. He eats as an animal, without any man-



ners. All the guests would be disgusted. He is a *man* and he eats like an *animal*. He does not make use of his superior being. You say, "We shall not invite him again." Now, suppose he brings reason into use; he uses his intelligence and eats with good manners; he puts *human* intellect into it, and all the human beings around would be pleased to see him eat that way. But if he does not eat for love of God, then God would say to all the angels around Him: "There is a man who eats *only* like a man," God would be disgusted with him. Therefore, add the divine life, the divine intention. Add freely, willingly the third motive. We eat because the animal is hungry; we eat with good manners because we are reasonable beings; and because I am a Christian, "My God, I eat for your sake." Just as eating with good manners does not change the act, the divine motive does not change it either. The eating of the steak is the same. The animal will be satisfied; man will be satisfied; and God will be satisfied. Do that with everything in life. For instance, in teaching, you use your animal faculties and intellectual faculties; add the motive of pleasing God.

What God Wants

Here is an example for religious. Suppose a nun loves her superior. Don't obey for love of the superior; there would be no merit before God. That natural motive is not sinful, but that physical attraction we have for a creature does not count at all before God. He wants the will, which is free. If I hate my su-

perior, I must obey just the same, for the sake of God. Do the same when you love the superior. I must not obey on account of my particular affection. I must rise above that and say: "For your sake, my God, and not because I love my superior." That is the reason God sends us so many trials. Our faith is tried by God by all kinds of tribulations, just as gold in fire—to destroy our natural motives. A natural love of a creature insults God. He wants all our love.

Sowing Judgment

Here is an example for volunteer workers around the Catholic Worker movement. Don't be a murmurer and a detractor. Remember what St. Paul says about them. Do your work, follow the judgment of the one in charge of the house or farm, for love of God, even when you find it hard to respect or agree with the one who is in charge. He may be doing everything wrong according to your ideas. Sow your judgment. You try to do penance with the external senses; do a little penance with the internal senses, the intelligence and the will.

Do you do all the work, while others sit around and talk? Sow your judgment and see only Christ in them. Love them and do not judge. Thank God He has given you an ability to work. Thank God for everything. And don't do too much. Pray more. Most people don't do enough and don't pray either. They all talk too much. Meditate on the virtue of silence.

The Great Choice

We are between creatures and God. We must choose God or creatures. We marry God and we must have no more love for creatures; only use them for utility or necessity. Therefore, we have no more right to enjoy a pleasure for the sake of the pleasure itself. I can love God for His own sake, because He is infinite. I cannot love a creature for itself. Don't let yourself go to any pleasure for the sake of the pleasure. That is an attachment and is against the love of God. God does not care what I eat or drink, or what sports I follow. What He watches is if I do anything for the love of the thing itself. Suppose I eat a chocolate. It is good for the animal; it is also reasonable. This does not make any difference before God

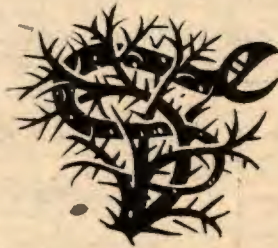


—but the thing is am I eating a chocolate because I love the chocolate? I must rise above the passion. If I eat the chocolate for God, all right. How can I know I am sincere in this? The proof is when I have no attachment to the creature. I may eat a chocolate out of utility or of charity or necessity. If my mother offers me a chocolate when I am with some of her friends, I should not act like a Pharisee—but take

the chocolate to please her. What God watches is if we do things because we love them. I know you will find this hard. For instance, you have a particular affection for a Sister; you always like to talk to her at recreation. You must destroy that particular friendship in the will. You can say, "I'm going to talk to that Sister just for the love of God." Well, then, if that is so, you will talk to all the other Sisters for the love of God. Or you have a repugnance for a certain Sister. Remember, she is a member of Christ, so if you talk to some Sisters for love of God, you must try it on her, too. Be nice to her; exercise yourself on her. Rise above the animal and the intellect—just God.

Submission of Will

Now, in order to enable us to rise above them, God sends us tribulations. He causes us to mortify our judgment. How? Well, He will place me under su-



periors who have not my judgment. I must submit. I say, "She is foolish, unreasonable." That is what we say naturally. We never know who is the foolish one; it may be the superior or it may be myself. Foolishness is relative. Nothing has yet been fixed as the criterion of common sense; it is all relative. Never try to settle that question. God wants you to submit your judgment, set aside your judgment and trust to the wisdom of God manifested by that person whom we naturally call foolish. Take the angels—God gave them sanctifying grace, divinised them substantially, but the will was free. They said in effect, "We don't have to act like divine creatures. We are free to act or not act with our divine life." If He had asked of them something reasonable according to the angelic mind, they would have agreed to do it; but God asked of them something "foolish" contrary to common sense. Michael said, "What God asks of me doesn't seem reasonable to my judgment, but He is infinite; and I am going to act according to His wisdom and sacrifice my judgment." St. Michael divinised his act; he acted like God. Before he entered heaven, St. Michael acted just exactly as he would in heaven, so God said, "Come in." Lucifer acted as we are tempted to act—"I will not do it. I am going to act according to my own judgment." He refused Divine wisdom; hell was created because he did not sacrifice his natural judgment. He and the angels who followed him acted according to their own natural judgment as *angels* and they did not deserve the happiness of God. Now with ourselves—if God asked something reasonable, I could accept the judgment of God, but—"That is why God sends us so many crazy things, asks so many unreasonable, foolish things. These require submission of our will or judgment. Be glad to sacrifice it and act with the wisdom of God. Then you are acting like the saints in the Beatific Vision. When you say, "There is no sense in it; I am not going to do what my superior asks," you are acting

A Talk With a

By FR. VINCE

SOME wind of the same subtlety country. His talents and his him rector of one of the into the country, to a parish ploughman's parson, the servant of the breadgivers of the world, speaking to Cain, that is, to the done? The voice of thy brother earth! . . . From the Earth, that it should drink murdered blood?

Ever since the sin that begot thorns and thistles in the fallow fields, ever since the sin that made the innocent soil drink human blood, man has degraded the earth by making it a partner in his sin.

"Look at every acre of the earth where man has pitched his tent, or built his furnace, or dug his mine, or laid out his city. Think of Wigan, Leeds, Sheffield, the Tyne, the Mersey, the Thames! Think not only of pit-heads and slums, but of deer parks and Mayfair! . . .

"St. John Chrysostom had said nobly of the World's Redeemer: 'He offered Himself outside the City that you might know His sacrifice was for all.' Thus did He, the Maker of the sinless earth, remember and atone for the grievous hurt done to the earth by the sin of Cain. And turning His back even on the Holy City, He redeemed first by His Blood, the Earth. . . .

"The land problem is not just a problem in soil, seeds, manures, education, housing. It is not a question of how much per cent land capital will yield, or how many tons of what an acre will grow—or even of how many men, women and children, the earth's finest crop! that the land will rear with joy. It is a question of Jesus Christ! It is the eternal question: WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST? WHOSE SON IS HE? . . .

"Think of Nazareth," he went on, in a tone almost as solemn and rhythmic as the ferial preface. "There Jesus wrought His flesh and blood from the most pure blood of Mary, the Rose and Lily of Nazareth. And there, per-



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exactly like Lucifer. So many religious follow their own judgment. There are so many criticisms. That is pagan; these people don't want God's wisdom. They are the same as Satan was. Consider Abraham and Isaac. Abraham did what God asked and how he was rewarded! We are going to do what God wants. Don't act like a man, but like God. Put all your love in God. Then because you have done this, you and God will be friends forever. When God wants us to advance in the faith, He must ask of us something in order to kill in us the human, to destroy the

FUTURE

CULTIVATION

Country Priest

ENT McNABB

le spirit drove him out into the influence could easily have made best city parishes. But he fled where he called himself the s servorum, the Breadgiver of ... He said: "Listen to God modern man: 'What hast thou r's blood crieth to Me from the What murder had earth done



haps, in the fields near His Home on Earth, grew in their sinless-ness the yellow wheat and the purple grapes that shared with the sinless Maiden the honor of providing the Redeemer with the Body wounded for us and the Blood shed for us..."

I began to realize why it was that only one tree was allowed to cluster on his church wall—and that a vine; and that in the five-acre field he called his paradise there was always a patch of wheat.

He broke the silence: "The earth will not be re-deemed by man, nor man re-deemed by the earth, until man has ceased to be a farmer and has become, if not a minister at the altar, then a minister to the altar. The Land problem will go from bad to worse—thorns and thistles will grow apace as long as the man who tills the soil is looked upon as a mere rentpayer or supporter of some sluggard in the city.

"By right divine the tiller of the soil is one who provides bread for the Body of Christ and wine for the Blood of Christ! Let him



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judgment, will, and natural affections; for it is God's divine plan to make us suffer in the will, intellect, and the affections. We complain and murmur exactly against the very things that will make us divine. The grain of wheat falling in the ground dies, but it brings forth much fruit. Submit your judgment to your superior; and you will sow your judgment here and reap in eternity. Some particular affection sown now will be reaped in heaven. We find fault with the very things that God uses to mortify us and to make us happy for all eternity—

sink to less than this, and the world is again in flood. Let him rise to this height, and the earth shows its gratitude to re-deeming man by redeeming its Redeemer."

I said distractedly: "This is a mere vision. But have you a program? Even the Sermon on the Mount of Vision is a program."

He laughed a little. "Programs are now almost a disease or a superstition. Yet I have been somewhat smitten with this disease and superstition. Indeed, I have already suffered for them. Programs are not always a joy to the world.

"Have you considered that although we Catholic folk, we clerks and nuns, own many acres of plough land in England, we buy the altar wheat from the nearest grocer? It has not yet entered into the heart of any monk or nun or yeoman or yeowoman, to grow enough wheat to provide the bread for all the altars in England."

I began to see with his eyes. It was adventurous. I gasped: "But we could not possibly make the wine!"

Again he laughed a little. "England, the old Merry England of faith, was one of the wine growing countries of Europe. We are told that the monks who came with the world's good tidings to our coasts brought Jesus Christ and the Vine... What England once did, England may do. It is not the vine stock or the soil that is wanting, nor indeed the faith. It is only the vision of faith... Is it not a little painful that most of the linen used at the Altar is in all likelihood woven in non-Catholic looms to the sound of songs that I cannot recall without anger? Let me tell you of an architect whose strange behaviour begot the mirth of his fellow architects.

He had built a church. On the opening day after the first High Mass, sung by the Bishop, he stayed in the church while all the people poured into the street. As he did not come to eat with the Bishops and the many priests and layfolk, they went in search of him. He was found in the last bench of the church, his head bowed. When he looked up his eyes were filled with tears. They said: 'What has happened?' He said: 'I have built a Home—for God.'"

Here I began not merely to see with his eyes, but to see what his eyes saw. His following words seemed strangely to be spoken not to me, but within me; as if not he, but I myself, were the speaker.

Only religion—that is, belief in God and the love of God—has kept freemen on the soil. But since Jesus Christ has come and taken the wheat and the vine unto the flesh and blood of God made Man, only belief in Jesus Christ and love of Jesus Christ will keep Christian freemen on the soil.

not only that, but to give us the hundred-fold of happiness even in this world. God must destroy us as human beings in order to make us divine. Affections for creatures—how to destroy them—remember it is not the creatures God minds, but the affections for these creatures. St. John of the Cross tells us to divinise our free activity by the intention. That is the main idea of retreats. Live only for supernatural motives and in the next world continue to enjoy the love of God in proportion as you lived for it in this world.

FATHER CROSS.

THE DANCE

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

An old teacher of ours with Gallic wit and a Gaelic smile used to say to our class: dancing isn't a sign of shamefulness, it's a sign of joy. Only he said it in Latin. The word for dancing in Latin is *saltatio* which literally means *leaping*.

A lot of people, famous people in history have leaped for joy.

David leaped for joy before the Ark—symbol of Mary, John the Baptist leaped for joy (St. Luke tells us) at the sound of Mary's voice greeting his mother Elizabeth and altar boys before the high altar of the cathedral of Seville leap with joy in a dance on the feast of the Immaculate Conception each year. All these manifestations of joy strangely enough have something to do



with Mary who must have a special key to the passion of joy.

Folk dancing is certainly a sign of joy. You just have to have joy in you to go through beautiful and intricate patterns of these dances which have come down for years from different nations.

Around the CATHOLIC WORKER there has always been a quota of persons who have been "going in" for folk dances and not just because it is arty or anything like that but because it provides such fun and seems more in the pattern of Christian recreation which the movement would like to sponsor.

There are many folk dance groups in New York and it is pretty easy to ferret these out. A person can have as wide a choice as he or she wishes. In some of the groups, such as those at Arlington Hall on St. Mark's Place, a person can learn and do the dances of twenty or twenty-five nations. Other groups, smaller but equally as lively try to cover different fields of folk dancing. One group we know of tries to make itself an expert in the dances of each nation. The dances of each respective nation are studied in turn.

The question is often raised as to whether dancing can be considered Christian recreation. The whole business it would seem to us has to be studied from many angles.

The reason why much dancing is condemned is really because of the atmosphere in which the dances are held. Dimly lit halls, so called hot music, the exclusiveness of modern dancing which isn't done by groups but by two persons, can really be condemned wholeheartedly.

Folk dancing is group dancing. It is a form of dancing which should be done by oldsters and youngsters, by families. In many European countries after the Sunday Mass, there are stately dances which start the festivities in which the priest leads the first dance.

Much of the symbolism of folk dancing comes from the liturgy. Originally the circle so often used in folk dances meant to symbolize the sun. In Christian times it came to mean the wheel of life. One day last Winter at

one of the rare folk dances we have been able to have around the WORKER where space is lacking, we had a harvest dance. A small amount of wheat was thrown on the floor. A prayer was read over it and then the groups danced on it. The theory is that after a night of dancing, the wheat has all been separated from the chaff. It is collected and cleaned. Business and pleasure are very efficiently united. This is an old dance.

Strange as it may seem, the phrase St. Vitus' dance doesn't just mean a sickness. St. Vitus is a patron of dancing and every year in a certain church in Echternach, in Luxembourg, the parishioners gathered in a square in front of the church—and at a signal dance into church.

One of the greatest authorities on Hungarian dancing is a Benedictine.

A comparative study of dancing cannot but emphasize the fact that dancing in its symbolism has a religious significance or is at least closely joined in the liturgical idea of uniting the harvests and festivals and blessings together to draw people's minds to the fact that these material goods are all from the Creator.

When people use the word bonfire today, they rarely advert to the fact that this comes from the "good fire" of St. John's Day when the crops are at their height. A blessing and dance is called down on them. Couples try to leap over the big fire and there are all sorts of interpretations put on this act. The fire will show the height to which the wheat will grow or the couple that can leap over the highest flame will get married. Pleasant fantasies created out of a people's folklore.

If you ever start to study folk dancing seriously, you will find so many variations of basic steps, yet all performed in beautiful patterns and to distinctive music. Much of our dancing, like the Virginia Reel, undoubtedly



is related to the Irish jig and reel and this isn't hard to understand for the people who first populated the South were from Ireland, Scotland and England and they undoubtedly brought their dance forms with them.

This is an endless subject and we could go on writing reams about it. Leonard Austin who has been with us off and on during the last four years and who helped to start the San Francisco Catholic Worker House of Hospitality has been our chief enlightener on this subject. At present he is arranging a folk festival in an Italian parish in the Bronx, St. Dominic's, where he is teaching the people the old Italian dances.

By the time of the next issue, this festival will probably have been a fait accompli and we shall be able to describe it in its completion.

Mary's Poverty

Behold Mary, Christ's most perfect disciple, who indeed imitated his example. Father Canisius proves that Mary could have lived in comfort on the property she inherited from her parents, but she preferred to remain poor, and reserving only a small portion for herself, distributed the rest in alms to the temple and to the poor. Many authors are of opinion that Mary even made a vow of poverty; and we know that she herself said to St. Bridget, "from the beginning I vowed in my own heart that I would never possess anything on earth."

The gifts received from the holy Magi cannot certainly have been of small value; but we are assured by St. Bernard that she distributed them to the poor through the hands of St. Joseph. That the divine Mother immediately disposed of these gifts is also evident from the fact, that



at her purification in the temple she did not offer a lamb, which was the offering prescribed in Leviticus for those who could afford it, for a son she shall bring a lamb; (Lev. XII. 6) but she offered two turtle doves, or two pigeons, which was the oblation prescribed for the poor: And to offer a sacrifice, according as it was written in the law of the Lord, a pair of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. (Luke, ii. 24.) Mary herself said to St. Bridget, "All that I could get I gave to the poor, and only reserved a little food and clothing for myself."

Out of love for poverty she did not disdain to marry St. Joseph, who was only a poor carpenter, and afterwards to maintain herself by the work of her hands, spinning or sewing, as we are assured by St. Bonaventure. The angel, speaking of Mary, told St. Bridget that "worldly riches were of no more value in her eyes than dirt." In a word, she always lived poor, and she died poor, for at her death we do not know that she left anything but two poor gowns, to two women who had served her during her life, as it is recorded by Metaprastes and Nicephorus.

St. Philip Neri used to say that "he who loves things of the world will never become a saint." We may add what St. Teresa said on the same subject, that "it justly follows—that he who runs after perishable things should also himself be lost." But, on the other hand, she adds, that the virtue of poverty is a treasure which comprises in itself

(Continued on page 6)

Background for Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 3)

were the first essays he showed me. He carried sheaves of them around in his pockets, entangled with pamphlets, books, digests of what he had been reading.

But it was not with the social encyclicals of the Popes that Peter began my indoctrination. It was with the prophets of Israel and the fathers of the church. It was also with Pius XI's encyclical on St. Francis of Assisi. "Here is the way," he seemed to shout, "but," sadly, "since men are what they are, and want a plan, all right, here are plans," and then out came the social encyclicals of Leo XIII, Pius XI, and now latterly, Pius XII.

This book is going to be full of quotations, some of them straight prose and some of them in Peter's neatly phrased digests. But when I mention encyclicals and such pamphlets, it is not necessary to quote from them. They can be obtained from many a church pamphlet rack throughout the length and breadth of the land. One of the best racks in New York is that at the Paulist Church, on Columbus avenue and Fifty-ninth street.

Ever since my book, *House of Hospitality*, was printed three years ago, I have been trying to write this book, *About Peter Maurin*.

Now the work is about done, or as much done as it ever will be, because it could go on and on, and after it is published I will be thinking for the rest of my life of the things that didn't go into the book, how it should have been written, and so on. That is one of the things that has held up the work. Peter has so much to say, and there are so many people waiting to hear what he has to say, that I falter, thinking of my own inadequacy. Perhaps my doing it will prevent others who are more capable than I from writing about him.

And yet my job is that of an editor and so the only thing to do is to go about it with humility and prayer, get the work down on paper and give it out.

There is already one book about THE CATHOLIC WORKER movement entitled *The Green Revolution*, published by the Dominican Press in Belgium, with a foreword by Abbe Cardign, who is now in a German concentration camp. That book has not yet been translated.

Peter is sixty-six years old, this year of 1944. He was born in a small French community, 200 miles from Barcelona, one of a family of twenty-four children. His own mother died after having given birth to five children, and his father married again, and there were nineteen more children. Amongst them now there are four teachers, three carpenters, some farm hands, and Peter lost track of the rest. Some of his sisters are nuns, and some of his brothers are religious.

"My mother's name," said Peter, "was Marie Pages. She died in 1885. Of her five chil-

dren, only I and Celestin, a brother who was eighteen months younger than I, and my sister Marie, two years younger than my brother, were left. My whole name was Aristide Pierre. Pierre was my grandfather and my godfather. He died at the age of ninety-four and he was never sick. He worked in the fields until he was eighty-five and after that he could not because of his eyes. So he stayed home and made baskets and recited his rosary. He liked to work. He knew it was good for him.

"The last I heard of my brother he was the head of a school in Paris, St. Clotilde's, a parish school. He had been a Christian Brother, but when they were secularized they no longer wore the garb but went on teaching just the same. One of my half brothers taught for the Christian Brothers' School and he was married to a school teacher, who taught in the public school. In the last war he had a bullet in his body seventy-

tile meat. We had plenty of bread—there was a communal oven. We had plenty of butter to season things with; we had eggs. We had codfish from the Brittany fishermen. They went all the way to Newfoundland and Iceland to fish. We had vegetable soups, salads and cheese.

"It was in 1882 when the public school system started; when I was five years old. It was obligatory in every village. My mother and father could not speak French, only a dialect like Catalan. (Joffre was born in French Catalonia, and Foch in Basque. Catalan is spoken in Barcelona.) Our home language was more Latin than French. The name of our town was a Latin one, Oultet.

"The seat of our diocese was twelve miles away, and our parish church two miles away. Oultet had fifteen families and in the parish there were ten villages. There were two priests, and they worked very hard. To help make their living they worked in the gar-



one days when he was taken prisoner by the Germans. I, myself, taught school with the Christian Brothers for about five years.

"Celestin was teaching in Pueblo, Mexico, when the last war broke out and he returned to France, and because he had not served his time in the army, he was put in the medical corps. He was buried alive by one shell bursting near him, and unburied by another. Another half brother was lost in the war and there were five others in that war and maybe some in this.

"My youngest half sister was a weakling but got stronger as she got older. She studied in England and she is a nun, I don't know what order, and is head of a school in Bolivia."

One time when Peter was giving us slogans, as we sat around the table at the Easton farm, and he proposed the slogan, "Eat what you raise and raise what you eat," we asked him what they ate in his family when he was a boy.

"We did not eat the calves, we sold them," he said. "We ate salt pork every day. We raised no hops, so there was no beer. We raised no grapes, so no wine. We had very lit-

den. The villagers provided them with wood, and they got some little pay from the state, a compensation which was regulated by the concordat made by Napoleon.

"There are eighty-nine departments in France, and in my province, Languedoc, there were seven or nine departments.

"My family owned eighty sheep and there was a herder for all the village. He had an assistant in summer. There were probably three thousand sheep in the flock and they grazed on what was still communal land. It was very cold in winter. The fuel we used was branches from the trees. We used to cut the branches every three years. The leaves were for the sheep and the branches for firewood. We cooked at an open fireplace.

"My father is dead, and my stepmother must be seventy-five now. Her name was Rosalie. She was nineteen when she married my father. Last I heard, my brother was still farming, and dealing in cattle.

"I lived there in the southern part of France, a peasant, on the soil, until I was fourteen, and then I went away to school. When I went to the

Christian Brothers' school near Paris, and five years later when I was teaching there, I was a member of a study club in Paris. It was the same time Charles Peguy was there, but I did not know him, nor was I influenced by him. Instead I was interested in a group which published a paper which came out twice a week, called *Le Sillon*. It had nothing to do with the decentralist movement, no, but it was interested in ethics. It understood the chaos of the times. Marc Sangnier was editor and backer of the paper. Later my friends got out a weekly paper called *The Spirit of Democracy*. They were looking for an ideology. They were preoccupied about the idea of an elite in a democracy.

"I did not like the idea of revolution. I did not like the French revolution, nor the English revolution. I did not wish to work to perpetuate the proletariat so I never became a member of a union even though here in America I did all kinds of hard labor. I was always interested in the land and man's life on the land.

"That is why I went home—steading to Canada but after two years, when my partner was killed, I went around the country with work gangs and entered this country in 1911, where I have been ever since."

(To be continued)

FR. FURFEY ON BOMBING

(Continued from page 1)

we have been any better than Germany in our blind refusal to consider the morality of our national policies.

Calling attention to the fearful slaughter of civilians and the broadcasts of the Holy Father denouncing these horrors, he quotes also Cardinal van Roey, Archbishop of Malines in Belgium:

"The truth as we have seen it with our own eyes is that except in a few cases... explosives and even incendiary bombs have been dropped blindly, at random, and without distinction, over densely populated agglomerations covering an area of several square kilometers."

"If this is the way we treat our friends," Fr. Furfey comments, "how do we treat our German enemies? The answer may be read in such incidents as the bombing of the Ruhr dams with the consequent terribly destructive flood or the destruction of Hamburg during which vast numbers were said to have been incinerated in the air raid shelters."

"...The destruction of respect for morality is more terrible still. Are we Americans mad? How is it that we can send our fine and decent American boys on missions like these? How is that we can order the slaughter of 'women, children, the sick and the aged.' Ordinarily we are a kind and merciful people. What strange cruelty has possessed us that we so cynically condemn the innocent to death? You know the answer as well as I... We are in the grip of a spirit of excessive nationalism which prevents us from doing what Pope Plus has done, namely from frequently denouncing the bombing of non-combatants."

In regard to a negotiated peace, he said:

"It is hard to see how any reasonable man could fail to agree

with the essentially reasonable and moderate wish which the Pope expressed in his radio address, *Circondare del concorso*. He asked for 'a peace rising from a free and fruitful agreement,' in other words, for a negotiated peace. And he was realistic enough to point out that such a peace would have to be bought at the price of concessions, for he asks statesmen to accept such a peace—I quote him again—even if it should not correspond in all points to their aspirations."

"It is a most melancholy fact that the statesmen of the United Nations have consistently and in the most explicit language refused even to consider the possibility of a negotiated peace..."

St. Paul Priest Goes On Record

(Continued from page 1)

Jesus Christ had never lived or spoken. We, as individuals and as a nation, should dare to take Our Lord's words literally: "Love your enemies... do good to those who hate you... turn the other cheek... forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." This war is not according to that teaching.

Jesus taught love, not hate. He taught forgiveness, not revenge. He taught peace, not war. We should all use His way, the way of prayer and penance, the "weapons of the spirit." Then we would be converting our enemies instead of killing them—then we would be giving them truth and life instead of sending them to death with hatred in their hearts and without the waters of Baptism for their souls.

May the CATHOLIC WORKER continue to condemn war and preach "peace without victory." Keep on fighting Conscription. Keep on with your prayers and penances. You will fail, but that is the way the Christian life succeeds. You will fall into the ground and die, but that is the only way we can bring Christ back into the lives of men.

May you all continue to fly and lead many

—To Jesus through Mary,
HARVEY F. EGAN.

Mary's Poverty

(Continued from page 5)

all other treasures. She says the "virtue of poverty" for, as St. Bernard remarks, this virtue does not consist only in being poor, but in loving poverty. Therefore did Jesus Christ say, *Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven*. They are blessed because they desire nothing but God, and in God they find every good; in poverty they find their paradise on earth, as St. Francis did when he exclaimed, "My God and my all."

Let us, then, as St. Augustine exhorts us, "love that one good in which all good things are found" and address our Lord in the words of St. Ignatius, "Give me only Thy Love, with Thy grace, and I am rich enough." "When we have to suffer from poverty, let us console ourselves," says St. Bonaventure, "with the thought that Jesus and His Mother were also poor like ourselves."

Ah, my most holy Mother, thou hadst indeed reason to say that in God was thy joy: *and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour*; for in this world thou didst desire and love no other good but God. *Draw me after thee. O Lady, detach me from the world, that I may love Him alone. Who alone deserves to be loved. Amen.*

St. Alphonsus Liguori.

From the Mail Bag

C. P. S. Camp No. 111
Mancos, Colorado
Feast of the Seven Sorrows
of the Blessed Virgin Mary

Dear Miss Day:

Apologies for not having written sooner, but was penniless, when suddenly a kind friend sowed some money with me. So I feel a compulsion to sow the enclosed dollar in currency. Just a mite toward the great work you are doing.

I suppose you may have wondered how the C. W. was received in prison. It was really a red-letter day when we got it. After reading it from cover to cover then it would be passed on to other Catholic C. O.'s, other Catholics, and non-Catholics.

Have you heard about the C. O. in the Milan, Mich., prison, who is in solitary because he insists on eating with his Negro brothers? I think his name is Oxford.

I prayerfully hope the retreat and land school have been well attended and that much has been done.

There is a possibility I might be transferred to detached service, once camp arrives at 150-man strength. It is now about 131.

Father James, C. P., is very sympathetic to C. O.'s. He is the pastor at Mancos.

Should you be in this area at any time we should be delighted to have you visit us at camp and speak. There are about ten or twelve wives of C. O.'s living in Mancos or on the road to camp.

God love you. Let us pray for each other.

In the Hearts of Jesus and Mary,
Harold Keane.

Hdqrs. 43d Bomb Group (H)
APO 920, c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.
August 14, 1944.
Southwest Pacific Area.

Dear Dave:

Your letter arrived over a week ago, but this is the first opportunity I've had to write, with a reasonable assurance of not being interrupted, one way or another. War is really hell, there's no getting away from it. Thanks for the paper, too—that was the June issue. July should be coming through pretty soon. When I finish with the paper I pass it on to a fellow who lived in the Bronx, who used to be acquainted with the Worker, who has a brother at Dunwoodie, who passes it on when he gets through with it.

Been sweating out a furlough lately, and if and when, I'll try to get down to Melbourne, and drop in the Worker there, or at least try to find it. This Australia is quite a place, at least some of its citizens are, those whom I've met. You could compare them with Americans a hundred years ago. Favorite expression, "Give 'er a bloody go, mite (mate)." Quite a lingo they have, sounds a little Cockney, but if you should mention that they burn up.

I am now on an island somewhere in the South Pacific. I have left New Guinea, and I'm not too sorry. Though this place is a lot rougher and the incidents of war are much more apparent. From the air this island could be compared with one of those Hollywood tropical islands, but on the ground — I have been working hard, in the capacity of carpenter, well-digger, truck-trailer and tractor driver, cement layer, woodsman. But I am glad, for the time goes quickly, and at night I'm so tired I slip into bed soon after dark—where I should be now. We've been hav-

ing some interrupted sleeps lately. I am no longer in the Medicos, as of a few days back. I am now working for E. & I. (Information and Education). Along with one officer, I get out a daily bulletin, keep the boys informed on the latest developments concerning them, viz. Vets, Adm., etc.—soldier voting and various courses sponsored by the Armed Forces Institute. I like the job.

Sounds like you had a good time on that trip to Bear Mountain, a good idea; should have been done a long time ago. Don't know how you got Shorty Smith to go. I heard Tim O'Brien has gone into the Army. Didn't think they were taking guys over thirty, and three kids at that. Boy, I'm glad I never took the long hop.

Tomorrow is my birthday, and it is also a holy day, so I'll have to remember to go to Mass. Look, Dave, if you should come across any good books, and can't find anyone who hasn't read them, why I'd appreciate it if you'd send them along.

This is as far as I'll get tonight—regards to Shorty, Slim, John P., Smokey, Charlie, Eleanor, Kay, Arthur, Peter, Dorothy—and to whoever I've left out. Keep praying. In XP
Jack Thornton.

Catholic Mission
Krishnagar City,
Nadia Dt.
Bengal, India

Dear Sir:

A good lady, a benefactress of mine, used to send me her subscription copy of the Catholic Worker in which I was really interested for its nice articles and set-up. As I am a poor missionary in this corner of India, who cannot afford paying for a subscription, I thought that I had better write you and ask for this favor. How very grateful I should feel to you if you could accede to my request. Is it too bold of me to trouble you for this?

I am not asking for a regular subscription as any copy returned to your office because it was unsold or damaged would do for me.

We are running a kind of literary club in this missionary station and your paper would help a lot for Catholic propaganda especially among non-Christians.

In case you cannot comply with my request, please do not consign this letter to the wastepaper basket with an uncharitable "another of them." At least help me by interesting some good acquaintance of yours or any of your subscribers to do me this

favor and send me their own copy after having done reading it.

I am sure that my request to you will not meet with a refusal and I hasten therefore to thank you even now for all you will care to do for us. In exchange for it, I promise you to pray for you and all your enterprises, this being the only means this poor missionary can afford of to show you his gratitude.

With all best wishes and kind regards, I remain,

Yours sincerely in C. J.,
Rev. Fr. D. J. Ferretti.

(1944) Houses Of Hospitality

St. Joseph's,
115 Mott St.,
New York 13, N. Y.

St. Joseph's,
402 South Ave.,
Rochester, N. Y.

St. Martha's
(Women)
1818 Leverette St.,
Detroit, Mich.

St. Francis',
1432 Bagley,
Detroit, Mich.

Blessed Martin's,
2305 Franklin Ave.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Blessed Martin's,
235 Briggs St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

St. Joseph's,
61 Tannhill-St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Francis',
Carson St.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Francis',
224 Cedar St.,
Seattle, Wash.

FARMS

Maryfarm,
Easton, Pa.

St. Benedict's,
(Ade de Bethune)
Upton, Mass.

St. Joseph's,
(Ernest Lindgren)
Cape May Court House,
N. J.

St. Benedict's,
(Louis Murphy)
Milford Road, near Six
Miles, S. Lyons, Mich.

Our Lady of the Wayside,
(Wm. Gauchat)
Conrad Rd.,
Avon, Ohio.

St. Isidore's Farm,
(Martin Paul)
Aitken, Minn.

Alcuin Community,
(Ray Scott)
Sugar Grove, Pa.

Make Haste to Help

DESPERATE is the word that describes our need for men's clothing. Men are walking these city streets in a condition that is actually camouflaged nakedness because we have no garments to give them. They are aged men, sick and crippled and mentally incompetent men, our needy brothers in Christ, and they shiver in their rags through these cold October days and nights.

Please don't think that this is rhetoric. I am not playing with words and phrases. These are living men that I am writing about, not figments of someone's imagination. Living men they are, flesh and blood men, members of the Mystical Body of Christ. And they are wounded members.

If we could bring these men to you individually you would be shocked by their plight. You would be moved to give them everything you could spare from your closets, and more than you could spare. You would hasten to replace their rags with garments adequate to cover their nakedness and keep some warmth in their bodies. But we cannot bring them to your door. We can only ask you to let our eyes serve in place of yours to see their need, and to permit our hands to distribute whatever you can give them. We are here, willing and ready to serve, but our hands are empty.

They Are Naked

For weeks now the clothing supply has dwindled to a mere trickle, and only a small portion of that trickle has been for men. The reasons for this diminution are not hard to find. Some millions of men have not been buying civilian clothing for several years now, and the drives to collect clothing for Europe's destitute war victims are taking vast quantities of the available garments. We are thankful that this is being done. It is proof that Christian charity is not dead in this war-torn world. But we must not forget the need that still exists here at home.

Do you want to know who these needy men are who look to us for help? I have said they are aged men, crippled and sick and mental incompetents. Many of the men who are now aged, scarcely able to drag one foot after another, marched and fought in the first World War. There are the crippled victims of that war, too, and also the victims of all sorts of industrial accidents. These latter can tell you about their damage suits that have been dragging through the courts for years, while they wait in breadlines for verdicts that may or may not bring a few dollars recompense for a ruined life.

Their Bones Are Troubled

There is a never-ending procession of men who have just been released from hospitals. These men are in dire need of immediate assistance because of a strange condition that is one of the puzzling phenomena of modern organized charity. They have been given treatment at great expense in a hospital costing millions of dollars, but they are discharged as cured and sent out into the streets in threadbare garments that virtually guarantee a relapse. Men have come here directly from the city hospital wearing absolutely nothing but shoes, shirt and trousers, after a siege of pneumonia. Society expects them to go to work and support themselves, but they cannot get a job dressed as they are, or could not work at it if they could land one.

There is a building in this very block where great van loads of garments are unloaded every day, to be reconditioned and sold to the export trade. Over on Elizabeth Street there is a similar establishment where tons of old shoes are brought for the same purpose. The shivering men pass both these places as they come to St. Joseph's House for the meals we are able to give them, and they eye the bales of old clothing enviously. There are warm woolen shirts, and pants with whole seats, as well as short coats and overcoats that would help to keep a little warmth in a man's body. But they are not for these men. They are to be sold to the export trade.

"Ask in My Name"

Maybe you haven't a stitch left in your trunk or closet, but you may know someone who has. Can't you tell them about this deplorable condition and urge them to do something about it? Nearly 50,000 copies of this issue of the Catholic Worker will be circulated. Allowing three readers per copy, this plea should be read by 150,000 persons. If only one in ten would send us a single garment each, we would have 15,000 pieces of clothing to distribute, and we will actually have need for far more than that amount this winter. And you may be sure that it will go to men who need it.

There must be something I can say that will move you to help us. I believe I know what it is. We have the solemn promise of our Saviour for it, and on the strength of that promise I am going to ask you in His holy name to send us men's clothing, and soon.
DAVID MASON.

He Is Stripped

It was the custom of the Romans to crucify men naked.

Clothes are for dignity and adornment; the angels of our imagination are so adorned.

To strip a man naked is more than an affront to his modesty; it is to deprive him of all status and all evidence of the freedom of will which marks man off from the beasts.

If we deprive any man of what is due to the dignity of humanity ("Child of God and if child, heir also") we are in effect stripping him for his crucifixion as Christ was stripped.

Eric Gill.



Maternity Guild

By Julia Porcelli

In 1935 Dorothy Weston Coddington first told me about Catholic Maternity Guilds and of her plan to help start one in St. Veronica's parish where the Catholic Worker was then situated. We went around visiting parishioners one night in several very poorly lit and most badly kept slum buildings, to acquaint them with the ideas and plan of the Guild.

Two homes stand out in recalling that evening, one couple in a very clean apartment (in a very dirty building) who had their living room filled with pictures of children. This couple were interested in joining the Maternity Guild and said they could only afford the 25-cent offering each month. We commented on the pictures, to find out they were of the same child, their only child after nine miscarriages. The second important visit we made to an apartment without electricity where a huge woman (the biggest I've ever seen) sat in a chair with a very happy smile welcoming us. She explained she could not get up, for she had a terrible sore on one leg and her husband had to care for her as best he could before and after work. This husband and wife readily agreed to the necessity for a Catholic Maternity Guild in every parish to help poor parents and although they were childless and wouldn't benefit materially from joining, they were willing to pay 25 cents a month. I left thinking this is the dirtiest house and that woman is very saintly, sick and poor, but offering her MITE.

In 1932 Pope Pius XI issued an encyclical on Christian Marriage. Father Schagemann, C. SS. R., now of Annapolis, Maryland, was inspired to formulate the idea of a Maternity Guild which he outlined in an article published in the BULLETIN, official organ of the National Catholic Women's Union (Women's Branch of Central Verein) in January, 1932. The plan was presented to the delegates attending the annual convention in St. Louis next year by Rev. Joseph Ostheimer of Coplay, Pa., and it was enthusiastically sponsored.

The Guild idea is thoroughly explained in many free leaflets that the Central Bureau in St. Louis has published, and among them "The Catholic Maternity Guild Apostolate" is the standard treatise on the subject, being a synthesis of a number of addresses by Father Schagemann.

When I interviewed Mrs. Mary Filser Lohr, president of the N. C. W. U., a few days ago, she handed me an armful of literature on their work which fully explains their aims and objectives.

The Maternity Guild is just one apostolate of the Women's Union which has been in existence and approved by the late Patrick Cardinal Hayes, Archbishop of New York, as Catholic Action since 1937. Their work extended from the formation of sewing circles for the benefit of home and foreign Catholic Missions to maintain a home for German working girls and immigrants, to sponsoring lectures on Liturgy and current religious and social questions, to organizing Catholic Maternity Guilds, and spreading Catholic literature.

"Layettes and kindred necessities" are furnished as well as complete hospital care or service and care at home if they prefer it to a hospital. Members

take care of rest of the family during Mother's confinement, shopping, housework and watching over the other children so the parents do not have this worry. This is one of the most neglected of Apostolates among women and particularly Catholic women today—the willingness to help mothers in their important work of raising families. How many a childless mother or with grown children will give up their card games, their ceaseless social life and endless gossiping to watch a neighbor's children while a mother has a very much needed relaxation, or helps with the piles of wash, when they have idle washing machines and the poor mother slaves over a tub! Years ago highschool girls got valuable training for future motherhood by helping their own mother and neighbors with large families, but today they are only interested in entertaining servicemen.

In New York City, in St. Louis, in Rochester and in many other cities there are active groups of the Maternity Guild, all duly blessed and approved by the



M. M. Catlich

Bishop in their respective cities, but there should be more. Wherever there are the poor, there should be a Guild. Mrs. Lohr tells me if only there were two people in every parish interested there could be a Maternity Guild. Although the Catholic Women's Union has pioneered in this work, they are not interested in having a monopoly but in spreading these ideas and will give free literature to anyone interested and help with organizing it. There may be other women's groups and organizations who may have thought they would be treading on someone's toes if they entered this field. On the contrary, there is need for more workers in the vineyard, for more Guilds run by all Women's Groups to combat the hundreds of contraceptive centers run by Margaret Sanger, who has been given \$50,000 for her work recently.

Saint Gerard Majella, a Redemptorist lay brother, is the Patron of mothers during the time of child-birth, is the Patron of the Maternity Guild.

If you are interested please write to Mary Filser Lohr, 960 Madison Avenue, New York City, for literature and advice. Mrs. Lohr or others of the NCWU are willing to speak to women's clubs and to explain in detail of the successful working of their Guild. If you are free to contribute material for layettes or wool (old but good sweaters) to be made into children sweaters, socks or hats, these are all welcome.

Martyrs

By Stanley Vishnewski

There seems to be a notion held in certain quarters that sanctity is to be identified with old age; that the proper place for Saints is the cloisters and the homes of the aged. And it is in an attempt to disabuse people of that notion that this sketch has been written.

Let the reader bear in mind that these youthful martyr saints once lived, that they were just ordinary boys and girls who asked for nothing but the chance to live; that they went to school, played in the streets of Rome, laughed, talked; and when they were hurt they cried—they were human; filled with the joys of life. But, they had ideals, and for these ideals they were willing to give their lives.

Perhaps their message would strike closer home if instead of Rome I had substituted New York; and in place of Pancras, Tarsicius, Peregrin, etc., I had used the names of Tom, Frank, Helen, Mary, etc.

The list can be extended indefinitely. And it would have to be brought up to date to include the youthful martyrs of Russia, Germany, Spain, Mexico—and who knows, perhaps, the United States. And it is particularly to those who are afraid that this is addressed.

ST. REPARATA

At the age of twelve Reparata was martyred for the Faith. Little is known about her life except that she was of a high spirited nature. Her lovable character and natural beauty made an impression on the Magistrate before whom she was tried. Impressed by her charm the Magistrate did his best to get Reparata to sacrifice to the gods. But Reparata remained steadfast in her belief and tried to argue the Magistrate into accepting Christianity. Gifted with a quick tongue she was able to more than hold up her own end of the argument. The Magistrate seeing the futility of trying to make her change her ways ordered her beheaded. But if he had thought to frighten Reparata he was mistaken, for upon hearing the sentence of death, Reparata burst into song, and, singing, was led away to die.

ST. DIONYSIA

Not all Christians were found worthy to suffer and die for Christ. The pain of the torture and the separation from loved ones was too great a trial to be borne except by those who sincerely loved Christ. And there were those who weakened under the pain of torture. Such a one was Nicomachus. Arrested with Andrew and Paul, Nicomachus was subjected to torture in front of the populace. Unable to bear the pain he shouted out his intention to sacrifice to the gods. The judge, well pleased, ordered his release.

But, Dionysia, a girl of sixteen who was in the crowd, boldly came forward to express her horror at his defection. This action infuriated the judge, who ordered the soldiers to seize her.

On the following morning she was denied her request to die with Andrew and Paul. Instead she was forced to watch the howling mob stone the brave pair to death.

And because her Faith was strengthened by the death of Andrew and Paul she was beheaded.

I wonder what became of Nicomachus.

ST. EULAMPIUS

Eulampius was a young lad who was afraid to face the persecution, and so fled with other Christians into the caves.

A Rosary Book

By Eva Smith

When I watch our little girl, who is not even two years old, saying her prayers with so much attention and eagerness—then no doubt is in my mind that a victory over the disasters of this war can be won by parents and children of all ages reciting the Holy Rosary faithfully and fervently together every night.

To build up this fervor, and to get away from a monotonous repetition and drowsiness, a deep understanding of the Holy Mysteries must grow in the hearts of the children. How often does our little girl look at the Crucifix with pity: "Poor Jesus on the Cross, hurts nails so much," and thinking of the Stations of the Cross which she knows from a very simple, clear, and artistic presentation, she will add, "Cross so heavy. Don't fall, Jesus."

How much will she enjoy the Christmas-crib this year, and will want to know all about the figures kneeling by the Child. Even last year she wanted to look at the Crib for a long time, saying her first word, "baby" with her eyes full of wonder.

When we say the Holy Rosary at night right after she goes to bed, she is listening in silence, as she is quietly listening on the occasions when we take her to church. Very soon she will understand the Mysteries of the Life of Christ in a simple, child-like manner and will love to recite the Rosary with us. Yet the pictures of The Holy Life must be constantly before her eyes.

Children love picture-books, and they also love home-made ones. From a collection of the best pictures from magazines, and simple drawings of our own unskilled hands, it is easy to reproduce the Life of Christ in the form of the Mysteries of the Holy Rosary, if there are not already books of that kind existing. For every decade we should have ten pictures. Take for an example the first Mystery of the Annunciation. There is 1. The apparition of the angel and his salutations

These Christians were not sure that they had the spiritual strength and stamina to stand up under the torture of the executioners, and so took the prudent act of fleeing to the hills.

Here they lived in comparative peace and security while the persecution raged in the cities and more heavily populated provinces of the Roman Empire. Their food supply ran low, and Eulampius volunteered to go into the town to buy supplies. His sister accompanied him.

In the market place he paused to read a poster denouncing the Christians. A soldier noticing his interest started asking him questions, whereupon Eulampius became frightened and ran away. His action aroused the suspicion of the soldier, who chased and caught him.

Bound heavily in chains, Eulampius was dragged before the Magistrate. To the Magistrate's plea that he sacrifice to the gods, Eulampius boldly replied, "that the gods were only idols."

This act enraged the Magistrate who ordered Eulampius hung on the rack. The sight of her brother suffering caused Eulampia to run and embrace him.

For this action she was arrested and together they both underwent tortures, which finally resulted in their death.

How quaint these stories seem, and yet every time we make concessions to the world, we are putting a pinch of incense on the altar of idols: when we partake of its amusements, we are indulging in the Roman games.

written under the picture, 2. the fear and humility of the young Mary, 3. the announcement that she would give birth to a King who would rule forever, 4. Mary's question, how this shall be accomplished, could be a picture of the little temple-virgin given to God, 5. the Angel promises to Mary the coming of the Holy Ghost, presenting Him in the form of a dove, 6. Mary gives herself to God as His handmaid, 7. the Holy Ghost overshadows her and she is filled with light, 8. she feels her heart grow and perceives the Holy Child in her womb, 9. should be a picture of human mothers, who, when they first conceive life in their womb, shall be as happy as Mary was, as they are giving birth to a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, and, 10. are mothers praying to Mary for protection and help during the time they are carrying their child. The titles under these pictures can be taken from St. Luke 1, 28-38.

There will be questions to answer to the older children about the virginity and motherhood of Our Blessed Mother, but that should not confound us, as both states of life have been made sacred by her.

This is only a suggestion for representing the Holy Mysteries. In like manner ten pictures can be found for every decade, and three large ones for the "Hail Holy Queen", first with the Infant Jesus, second with the dead Body of Our Lord, and third with the King of Heaven and Earth. When the picture-book is completed the life of Christ will stand out in clear colors for the children and not less for the parents too, who will have become contemporaries of the Holy Family while recreating Their life for their children.

The titles underneath the pictures should be taken mainly from the four Gospels and the Psalms, which in itself will spread the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures.

Yet there are also books that will give a clearer insight in the details of the life at the time of Jesus and Mary. I repeatedly mentioned the visions of Blessed Sister Anne Catherine Emmerich, who has spent all her life, from early childhood on, in sharing the life of the Holy Family from day to day. She has in spirit traveled over the tiresome roads with Our Lord and has known the Apostles like her own neighbors. This great gift of seeing what we only very vaguely can feel at times, was given to her as he was willing to suffer all the pains of Our Lord too. She obediently told her visions to a faithful poet, Clement Brentano, who has written them down in the four volumes of "THE LOWLY LIFE AND BITTER PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER."

You may believe or not believe in revelations, but you surely know our Lord and all His suffering better after you have read these books, and it will help you to make your children know and love Him better. They will take to themselves the Holy Rosary as a means to be close to God, and they will pray it as a weapon to secure a permanent peace on earth in the hearts of men of good will.

(THE LOWLY LIFE AND BITTER PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER together with the mysteries of the Old Testament from the visions of Venerable Anne Catherine Emmerich as recorded in the Journal of Clement Brentano. Edited by Very Rev. C. E. Schmoeger, C. SS. R. 4 volumes. The edition in English from the Sentinel Press is out of print, but another print in a single volume is supposed to have been made in 1942, though I have not been able to locate the press.)