

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Christianity and Democracy

By Peter Maurin

I. Leo XIII

1. On several occasions — Pope Leo XIII wrote on the legitimacy of several forms of government.
2. In the encyclical "Diuturnum Illud" we find this sentence: "Nothing prevents the Church from giving its approval to the government of one man or several men as long as the government is a just government and applies itself to foster the common good."

II. Pius X

1. In a letter condemning the "Sillon" Pope Pius X takes up that doctrine.
2. "The 'Sillon,'" says Abbe Leclercq editor of *La Cite chretienne* "was a Christian democratic movement founded by Marc Sangnier."
3. "It was full of enthusiasm and generosity but lacked deep thought."
4. "It had allowed itself to present democracy as the only political regime in conformity with Christianity."
5. "Denounced in Rome," continues Abbe Leclercq "it was condemned for the preceding reason as well as imprudences in thought and language."

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A BABY IS BORN

It is January 9th, 1941, and the N. Y. Times this morning is filled with news of total war and total defense. Every day four-column headlines of the costs of war. "1942 Budget \$17,485,528,049. Funds for British To Be Sought Later."

Wonder what that \$49 tacked on at the end of the \$17,485,528,000 is for? Fifty dollars, we know, will pay for a baby, if you are poor, at any hospital in the city. A flat rate of fifty dollars, ward care, the ministrations of any doctor that happens to be on hand, and ten days hospitalization.

At Bellevue hospital, if you are poor, if you are a resident of the great City of New York, it doesn't cost a cent.

DUSTY ANGEL

William, our new baby down here at Mott street, is hereby headlined on our front page, as the biggest news of the month, the gayest news, the most beautiful news, the most tragic news, and indeed more worthy of a place in a headline than the seventeen billion, four hundred and eighty-five million, five hundred and twenty-eight thousand and forty-nine dollars headlined in the N. Y. Times this morning. William himself is worth more than that sum, more indeed than all the money in the world. He is indeed but dust, the Lord knoweth it, but he is also little less than the angels. He is a creature of body and soul, a son of God (by his baptism down at Transfiguration Church last Sunday at 2 p.m.), a temple of the Holy Ghost. For his sake our Lord God came down from Heaven, was incarnate of the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, was made man, lived with us for thirty-three years, and suffered and laid down His life. For William's sake as well

as for the sake of each one of us.

And this tiny creature who little realizes his dignity as a member of the Mystical Body of Christ, lies upstairs from me now as I write, swaddled in a blanket, and reposing in a laundry basket. He is rosy and calm and satisfied, a look of infinite peace and complacency upon that tiny countenance. He little knows what is in the



—no room—in the inn

world, what horrors beset us on every side.

We had awaited his arrival, the week before Christmas, breathlessly. Every night before we went to bed we asked the young mother, "how do you feel?", and asked each other (us women on the two top floors of St. Joseph's house on Mott street) "Is there taxi money?" in case it would be too late to call an ambulance.

And then, one morning at 5, I heard rapid footsteps in the

room above, the voice of the ambulance interne in the hall, "I'll be waiting downstairs," and I realize that the great moment had arrived.

It was still dark out, but it was indubitably morning. Lights were on in the kitchens of surrounding tenements. Fish-peddlers, taxi drivers, truckmen, longshoremen, were up and on their way to work. The business of life was beginning. And I thought, "how cheerful to begin to have a baby at this time of the morning!" Not at 2 a.m., for instance, a dreary time, of low vitality, when people sink beneath their woes and courage flags. Five o'clock is a cheerful hour.

BREAD LINE STARTING

Down in our little back yard (where we had the Christmas tree this year), down in that cavernous pit with tenements looming five and seven stories up around, we could hear them dragging out the ash cans, bringing in the coffee cans for the line.

Peter Clark and his crew were on hand, cutting pumpernickel (none of this already sliced, pasty, puffy white bread for us) getting out the cups, preparing the coffee for our 800 or so breakfast guests.

Out in front the line was forming already and two or three fires in the gutters brought out in sharp relief the haggard faces of the men, the tragedy of their rags. The bright flames, the blue-black sky, the grey buildings all about, everything sharp and clear, and this morning a white ambulance drawn up in front of the door.

This is not the story of the tragedy of the mother. We are not going into details about that. But I could not help thinking that while I was glad the morning was beginning, it was a miserable shame that the

(Continued on page 7)

Views and News

BY

DOROTHY DAY

On my way to the printers this morning I thought of the monk in the desert who measured distances by decades of the rosary. We are four decades from the pressroom down on Pearl street. You walk down Mott, across Canal, down through Chinatown, past Chatham Square, along the Bowery, which has now become Park Row, and down Pearl street a few doors to the printer.

Chatham Square is a rough spot, day or night. A few weeks ago some of us witnessed the beginning of what looked like an ugly fight. A white man smashed a bottle on the edge of an ash can and started to go for a Negro with this crude and deadly weapon. I was afraid I was going to have to be peacemaker for a moment, but the colored man escaped. There were no police in sight.

I thought how John Griffen once pointed out that men who were wolves on the Bowery were as lambs in the CW houses. Given half way decent surroundings and a sense of community and men can begin to see Christ in each other instead of the devil.

Beauty on Mott St.

Ugliness and beauty. Last Wednesday night Margaret Gage, an old friend of the work, came to give us a dramatic interpretation of the psalms. She pointed out that one is used to hearing them chanted and sung but not recited as religious poetry. She recited three series, groups of psalms composed by David as shepherd, as king, and as a man of prayer. The store was packed and the kitchen behind the store was crowded, too, with the men from the kitchen who had come down late.

Comments the next day were (Continued on page 4)

Ben Joe Labray

For the past six weeks I have been traveling through the Middle West and have learned first-hand something of midwestern hospitality. I spent last night in one of the larger towns near a big city. It was terribly cold when I pulled in there. It was that still, dry cold that chills right through to the marrow. I had been on the road all day and was tired and hungry. I came off the road just about dinner time and it was good to see the warm friendly lights of the town. You walk along the highways sometimes for hours without meeting anyone and it gets lonely. But although there were people passing me on all sides in town no one said a word nor did I even catch the glimpse of a friendly glance. My clothes were dusty and dirty, and so was I. A few glanced my way, but I could detect from their expressions that I wasn't a very

welcome stranger in their midst. "They say that big cities are the loneliest places of all. You see people moving about and talking together on all sides of you and you want to join in, to speak with someone, to exchange a smile or swap a story—and no one responds, everyone passes by unconcernedly. It isn't the same loneliness you feel on a country road; it's different and it's worse."

There were no privately conducted shelters in town and things looked pretty black. The police there have the reputation of being hostile, but there was nothing for me to do but appeal to them for a night's lodging and so I hied myself to the station. The cop at the desk didn't seem so tough and that gave me courage. He sent me into a basement and locked the door. At the foot of the stairs

(Continued on page 4)

In a letter to Hull, Ferdinand C. Smith, N. M. U. secretary, said that Negro seamen on American ships were being refused shore leave in Venezuelan ports by order of the Venezuelan government.

He enclosed copy of a notice posted by Captain John F. Charlton, of the SS. Gulfhawk on a recent voyage informing the crew that the following crew members were not to be allowed shore leave:

1. Citizens of belligerent countries.
2. Members of the Negro race.
3. Members of the yellow race.

"Such a practice," Smith's letter declared, "is, to say the least, inconsistent with the democratic ideals and principles of the American people and I sincerely trust that you will take the necessary steps to have it discontinued and to afford proper protection to these citizens of our country."

Racism

New York, Jan. 2—The National Maritime Union today requested Secretary of State Cordell Hull to use his office in seeking to halt discriminatory practices of Venezuelan civil authorities against Negro seamen on board American vessels calling at Venezuelan ports.

Philosophers Meet

I spent Monday and Tuesday at the Philosophers' Convention—mostly because Dr. McMahon, the president, was my philosophy professor at Nazareth. The subject of the Convention (the American Catholic Philosophic Association) was Liberty. After one of the first day's speeches, a "European refugee priest" created a sensation by hoping that we in the United States would not be too late in bringing "Christianism" (his word) into our life. He pointed out that liberty had been taken in his country to mean liberty to sleep, to be inactive, to criticize the active—whereas it means liberty to act and to bring "Christianism" into life. He also pointed out that Catholics had their political activities, their universities, their youth movements in his country and that they had simply been taken over by the pagans—

and he recounted the warning of their bishop a year before war broke out who said Catholics "would have to pay for their 'peccata omissionis.'" And I thought how much pride American Catholics have in their buildings—universities and institutions modern and elaborate—and how little in the way of real Catholic life these buildings promote.

How to Read

Mortimer Adler was there and conducted a class in How to Read a Book with an excerpt from Aristotle. In his class the girl college students shone in comparison to the university boys. It certainly showed what Dr. McMahon agreed on—that the girls' colleges are the best in the country—they insist upon a full course in philosophy and in the huge universities only the minority in the Arts School get

(Continued on page 6)

Letters From Conscientious Objectors

Series I. Exemption Claim

B. I claim the exemption provided by the selective Training and Service Act of 1940 for conscientious objectors, because I am conscientiously opposed by reason of my religious training and belief to participation in war in any form and to participation in any service which is under the direction of military authorities. (This is the exemption I asked).

Series II. Religious Training

1. Describe the nature of your belief which is the basis of your claim made in Series I above.

I believe that it is my right, duty and privilege to follow the Christian counsel of perfection, in this case especially "Blessed are the Peacemakers." I believe I am best suited and able to serve my God and my country in positive remedial measures for the relief of humanity and have been following this ambition actively since my school days. I have no faith in the use of negative, disastrous weapons of force as a peaceful or permanent solution of any problem.

2. Explain how, when, and from whom or from what source you received the training and acquired the belief which is the basis of your claim made in Series I above.

Thru study, research, discussion, and counsel. Have always possessed a peaceful, and passive nature in my dealings with my neighbors. The growth in this attitude has been intensified particularly in the last five years. Study of the Bible, Treatises and Encyclicals of the Doctors and Popes of the Roman Catholic Faith, Literature of the Catholic Worker, Pax, Pax Romana, and the Catholic Association for International Peace. Thru association and discussion with Quakers, Pacifists, and members of other pacifist and other pro-peace groups. I have made many personal sacrifices of time, money, and convenience to serve my neighbor. I fear no physical harm, and will stick to my belief in spite of any.

SOURCE OF GUIDANCE

3. Give the name and present address of the individual upon whom you rely most for religious guidance.

(Private explanation, not included in my c. o. form answer. My confessor for some time, was transferred before this measure came to a decision, and I had no opportunity to finish with him on it. Father T—— as you know is a long time friend of the house and with some acquaintance with the movement. He signed my original form or questionnaire as an adviser, but was reluctant to sign on the c. o. form without some instructions from the chancery. I do not have his permission to release his name publicly, have not requested it and am unable to reach him now. At the time I filed the c. o. form, circumstances prevented my reaching him for his signature or final

Editor's Note.—Presented on these pages are letters to The Catholic Worker from Catholic fellow workers who have been called by the Selective Military Service draft and submitted, each to his local Board, their conscientious objection to engaging in or being trained for WAR. The writers of these letters are known to this newspaper, known in their personal identity and in their spiritual sincerity. Their letters are sufficient in themselves without editorial comment.

consultation. I provided him with a copy of my answers; he held that my duty to my country could hold me to at least take the training. My reply was, the traditional policy and practical necessity at the critical moment precluded an opportunity for an individual person to leave the armed forces of my country. There is no provision or likelihood of one to the best of my knowledge, permitting one to follow his conscience should he decide against participating in any particular conflict, once he is under military contract or authority. For some time I was willing in a sense of national duty to comply as far as I could if some solution for the above were worked out, but since further study, Father Lord's statement, and I hope more and fervent prayer and sacrifice, have decided to go the limit in positive, aggressive, pro-peace efforts, as the circumstances and grace are given me.

TO GOD AND HUMANITY

I hold further, and Father T—— has conceded this to me as within my rights, altho he does not himself hold it, that my personal responsibility to God, and next to humanity at large, have priority over the claims of my country. I feel that these claims can best be met by the measures I have been following and hope too to an even greater degree. My only qualm, is possible presumption in such a large order, but then I feel and believe that each and every Christian is called and ordained to be a saint, and it is my intention to the best of my ability, subject to human failings, weaknesses, and apathy, to follow that vocation to as successful conclusion as it is given me to do.)

"Hell is not to love any more."

"The greatest failure is not to be a saint."

Father Stratmann's *Church and War* continues to comfort me the more I read.

Now to continue the form, pardon the interruption for personals.

4. Under what circumstances, if any, do you believe in the use of force?

Only as a last measure, and then only the minimum necessary to preserve life or an essential to life.

(Pardon another personal, under the correct circumstances I grant a person's right to force, even my own, but believing in the right does not compel me to use it, I reserve the option to use or not use the right, my ambition is never to use it, I prefer better, more lasting and permanent methods.)

CONVICTIONS: 'HOW DEEP?'

5. Describe the actions and behavior in your life which in your opinion most conspicuously demonstrate the consistency and depth of your religious convictions.

I have been active for over three years in selling and distributing the Catholic Worker, a pro-peace paper, and similar leaflets and pamphlets presenting the Catholic ideal in all parts of Milwaukee as often as my health and circumstances permitted, including the two recent demonstrations for Peace sponsored by the Holy Name Society at Marquette University Stadium in September of 1939 and 1940. Have distributed mainly at Catholic churches, at more than twenty different ones over this period.

'KINDLY SPECIFY'

6. Have you ever given public expression, written or oral, to the views herein expressed as the basis for your claim made in Series I above? If so, specify when and where.

By implication in selling the above paper. I do not recall any specific instances, to any public gathering other than at meetings of the local Catholic Worker group. I have worked for the promotion of pro-peace rallies on committees, which did not require a statement on an objection stand.

Series III.

General Background

2. e. Describe carefully the creed or official statements of said religious sect or organization of which you are a member in relation to participation in war.

No Christian may justly participate in any war unless all of these conditions or premises obtain: That the war be conducted by a sovereign authority, with right intentions, and a just cause.

Odd Experience For Board, Too

I had an interview with my board on returning from the doctor's offices, on Friday evening, December 27th. It was apparently a very interesting and novel experience for all concerned. I did not know any of the members, its spokesman assured me that several were Catholics altho none were identified to me either as such or by name.

VETERANS INTERROGATE

The spokesman told me he was a disabled veteran, member of the V.F.W. (Veterans of Foreign Wars). And felt with his brother veterans that they had been carrying on a sacred

trust and fulfilling their patriotic duty by constantly urging preparedness and even the draft as a means of preventing a repetition of the last slaughter. If any distinction were made or credit given he felt they were 'deserving of merit for this attitude. The board was very fair, courteous, tolerant, and respectful, and I tried to be the same. There were no personalities or smart cracks, and tho at times the conversation was lively and spirited, charity reigned at all times. There were many interesting points, some that I do not recall, others perhaps too trivial to burden you with, and still others which I may not have received with the meaning intended for them.

BOARD PUZZLED

To me it appeared the board was no more ready to question me than I was to answer them, I had not been notified that my case was to be heard when I was called, maybe I was supposed to know that; I don't know. The next difficulty appeared to be in reconciling the term or idea, of a Roman Catholic and conscientious objector being one and the same person. So it began by questions on Catholicism. We early experienced difficulty in the exactness and degree of meaning intended in our terms. They often allowing a very liberal interpretation where I intended a fine distinction and vice versa. This was true especially in some of the possible or practically impossible situations portrayed.

'EAT MEAT IN GRAVY?'

One of the first questions, did I consider myself an average Catholic? Of how long a standing or when was the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception established? Did I observe days of fast and abstinence? When was their beginning? Did I observe them strictly? Would I eat meat in my gravy on an abstinence day?

I was assured, and granted that these questions were intended in order to treat my case fairly. What was the relation of my pantry door to my kitchen door? Would I respect the decision of the board? Did I admit a duty to my country, which I assured them I most certainly did and would do my fullest to the best of my ability within the limits of my conscience. Would I do hospital, orderly, or any medical work under military supervision? Would I plant and raise potatoes exclusively for them under orders? I was of Irish extraction, perhaps I inherited a little resentment for the English? To me it had no particular bearing, I admitted as much. It is hard for me to recall any risks England ever took for the welfare of the United States, without going back to Ireland. Would I fight if I were living in Eire? I reminded them that the most glorious and Christian eras in Eire's history, when she was most united were the worst years of persecution. In spite of the fact that the Irish are usually known for other characteristics and have won most of the world's battles fighting for other people. They have a reputation as soldiers of Christ too, which is too often forgotten in some discussions.

DARK DAYS MAY LOOM

Some reflections. If hysteria can be controlled and our boards are honest in determining only the sincerity of the objector all will be well, but should they attempt to measure in their own way the weight of the objection as such, dark days are coming. Strange that we should be considering an objection of conscience in this day with no assurance from or to the board or objector that they know what a conscience is, or knowing, follow its dictates.

In as much as these hearings are private they are of a confidential nature to some degree, but for my part you may do or use whatever may be helpful to another, and I am confident your discretion will protect the rights of the board as such and the persons who compose it. Remembering that objectors are the minority and have these few and limited sources of mutual encouragement.

Yours in Christ,

W——.

CALLED!

January 7. Heard tonight that I am scheduled to leave January 30. So that's it, unless there are future developments. Don't know yet about action as to type of work or classification. Will write again later.

W——.

Finds Wording Is Not Favorable

Holy Innocents Octave Day.

As to my reply to questions on my C. O. blank:

It was very brief and terse. I did that because in most cases the space in the form was limited and only in the first question was it indicated that additional statements should be made. Moreover (I may be wrong in this) I think that for Catholics it is best to be brief and not to go too much into the academic arguments against war itself. Then, too, as Msgr. O'Toole points out, the way the question was worded was not favorable to Catholics. If the question comes to a hearing or if I am ruled against and have to appeal, then of course I will go into the matter completely.

I based most of my answers on Stratmann's *The Church and War* and on Msgr. O'Toole's articles in the Catholic Worker. Unfortunately I did not copy the exact wording of the questions, but I have them written in above my answers as nearly as I remember them. I did not copy Series III as most of these questions were factual—schools attended, etc.

REFERS BOARD TO POPE

Series IV, the last question of which I kept a copy, had an interesting question worded as follows: "Who is the head, if known, of your sect or organization?" I felt like questioning the "sect" but let it pass. I answered, "The Vicar of Christ, His Holiness Pope Pius XII."

I approached the questions from a subjective point of view. We are not discussing war in the abstract, nor war 500 years ago, so I left out the qualifying word "modern" when referring to war. In regard to answer No. 4 I construed the word "Believe" in the question in a subjective manner. That

Strive to Give Their Basis of Belief

is not to deny that force may be justified under some circumstances, but there again I want to stay away from a discussion of these things in the abstract. The war we are heading for will not be a nice, abstract war. Hope some of this will be helpful to others. Keep up the good work. May the Holy Innocents intercede for your work.

In Christ,
X—

[The above writer adds:]
Here are my answers as I gave them on the C. O. form:

Series II.

1. State the nature of your belief upon which you base your objection.

My belief is, first, that participation in war cannot be justified in conscience according to the requirements of Catholic theology, and secondly, that such participation would directly violate my calling and right to achieve the counsel of Christian perfection in regard to the complete love of neighbor.

2. When and from whom did you acquire such beliefs?

From Catholic teachers, authorities and theologians over a period of 25 years, principally from Msgr. George Barry O'Toole of the Catholic University.

3. What person do you most rely upon for guidance?

Rev. E— D—.

CHRIST VS. BLOODSHED

4. Under what circumstances, if any, do you believe in force?

Do not believe in force, because "Always will it remain true that no one follows Christ perfectly who does not renounce all violence and blood-shed."

5. What circumstances in your life indicate the sincerity of your beliefs?

Membership since 1936 in the Catholic Worker movement, which paper has consistently advocated the counsel of Christian peace.

6. Have you ever given oral or written expression to these views?

Yes, as writer and editor.

Series IV.

1. State the creed or teaching of your sect in regard to participation in war.

The teaching of the Catholic Church is that each person has the duty of following his conscience in respect to participating in war and must abstain from all the monstrous injustices of war; and, 2, all Catholics are called to renounce all violence and blood-shed as a counsel of Christian perfection, which all have the right to achieve, and thus participation in war directly violates this right to follow Christ in a perfect manner.

[Another draftee tells of his encounter:]

Finally Given His Questionnaire

At first, I was refused when I asked for the special questionnaire for C. O.'s, on the grounds that I was a Catholic and *ipso facto* could not be a C. O. I pointed out patiently the fact that I was a Catholic, and I hoped a good one, and also that

I was conscientiously opposed to violence as well as other immoralities, *ergo*...I got the questionnaire.

WHAT HE DID NOT SAY

And I did not say as I was quoted as saying that I would not wear a uniform, nor peel potatoes for anyone that did. I merely stated that I would not accept military training, nor engage in non-combatant service, because I felt that the work I was doing was more important for true national welfare than any other activity I could be engaged in. The board evidently accepted this as true, classifying me in Class 2, which is made up of those engaged in occupations important to national welfare, or something similar to that. I did not challenge the classification.

The board requested more information on the nature of the work I was doing, and I sent them six pages of it, with special stress on our belief in racial justice, the significance of the Mystical Body, the use of non-violence as a technique, and voluntary poverty.

NEED NOT BEAR ARMS

My answer to the special question: "1. The Catholic Church, of which I am a member, teaches that if the conditions of a just war are entirely fulfilled one may fight on the side of the just nation. But according to the teaching of theologians those Christians who are trying to follow the Counsels of perfection are relieved of any obligation to bear arms. St. Francis of Assisi forbade the members of his Third Order (a lay order) to bear arms; it was always forbidden to clerics to bear arms; Pius IX condemned the principle which stated that the personal immunity exempting clerics from military service may be abolished without violation of natural right and equity. Furthermore, as a member of the Catholic Worker Group which is trying to follow the Counsels of perfection, voluntary poverty, the practice of the Works of Mercy, I have always held to the technique of non-violence as the only Christian means of righting wrongs."

QUOTES CATHOLIC WORKER

Further, I quote from *The Catholic Worker*, New York, issue of November, 1940, as follows: "Church history likewise records the fact that St. Maximilian, the son of a veteran legionary, refused when he was called upon to join the army, saying that, as he was a Christian, it was not allowable for him to do this. Because of his refusal, he was decapitated in A.D. 295. Harnack, who made some research in this field, reaches the conclusion that abstention from military service was quite general among Christians in the early Church. 'It was not difficult,' says he, 'to evade service, for there was no conscription in the Roman Empire—the fact was just this: the baptised Christian did not become a soldier.'"

My answer to Question 2: "From my Catholic education (18 years), my reading of Holy Scripture and the Fathers of the Church, and my association and study with the Catholic Worker Group (6 years) which from the beginning has always been opposed to the use of force."

FORCE NEVER BEST WAY

Answering Question 4, I gave Father W—L—, and others, as my spiritual advisers.

I stated: "I believe that force, even though at times morally justified, is never the best, efficient, Christian technique of solving any problem, personal, national, or international. Force is always a sign of weakness, and usually causes more evil than the wrong it seeks to right."

This ends the notes I kept of my answers, most of the rest being mostly personal history with the exception of the one which was almost similar to No. 1. In this one I quoted at length from Father Lord's article *So You Won't Fight*; from Msgr. Barry O'Toole, Father Cyprian, and others.

ST. COSMAS & DAMIAN



Ado Bethune

About three pages of it for the good of the Board's individual souls.

INTENDED TO SHAME

One other thing, it was a personal question thrown at me when I returned the questionnaire. It is the usual one, designed to cause a blush of shame to cover the C. O.'s countenance: "Do you think it fair for a healthy young man like you to let others fight for the benefits you'll receive?"

My answer was simply that I did not believe there were any benefits to be had by fighting but only by living a good Christian life.

It's hard enough trying to live a good life without being called a prig for trying.

I hope that all this is what you wanted, and that there isn't too much "heresy" in it. One never knows. I don't mind being called a coward, or a prig, but I do hate to be called a heretic.

In Christ,
Y—

Bases Position On Commandment

[The following letter from a Pacific Coast Catholic now living temporarily in New York:]

Series II.

1. Describe the nature of your belief which is the basis of your claim made in Series I above.

The Fifth Commandment states that "Thou shalt not kill." The Church has no further dogma on the matter.

Since Catholicism teaches that each individual is responsible for his own salvation, and since there is no dogma on war, each person must form and follow his own conscience. In forming

his conscience he must be guided by the best information available.

There is Catholic thought on the question of war. It resolves to the idea that just violence or just wars may be possible but to be so must meet strict moral conditions. These conditions are:

(a) A just war must be waged by the lawful authority in the State.

(b) A just cause is required, namely, that those who are attacked merit attack because of some fault.

(c) A right intention is required: the intention that good be advanced or evil avoided.

(d) The war must be conducted in the right manner

Catholic faith; I believe in the absolute necessity for a moral philosophy of life. Because of that belief and the lack of any philosophy in our social and economic life, I was led to a dissatisfaction with contemporary conditions and a desire for something better. In the *Catholic Worker* I have found a group actively working towards a Christian social order based on Christianity.

One of the firm tenets of my own philosophy of life was and is the belief that power of love is stronger than power of the sword. This was strengthened and clarified by my association with the *Catholic Worker*, in New York. I came here in August, 1940.

5. Describe the actions and behavior in your life which in your opinion most conspicuously demonstrate the consistency and depth of your religious convictions.

Attendance at Sunday Mass; frequent Communion; general observance of the laws of the Church.

Series IV.

2. e. Describe carefully the creed or official statements of said religious sect or organization in relation to participation in war.

The Fifth Commandment as taught to Catholics is "Thou shalt not kill." This is the only official statement of the Church regarding war, though there is much said by Catholic leaders concerning it. For instance, Father John K. Ryan says on page 94 of his *Modern War and Basic Ethics*: "Aggressive modern warfare is no longer a morally lawful means to an end, because there is no end that is proportionate to it, no good to be gained, no evil to be avoided, which can justify the evils inseparable from modern war."

WAR BEYOND PALE

Then he quotes the conclusion reached by the conference of European theologians held at Fribourg, Switzerland, to consider the problem of modern war: "... with greater reason there cannot be a lawful procedure in modern war, namely in war such as is conceived and practiced today. For this war by virtue of its technique and by a sort of necessity that belongs to it by its nature, involves such great ruin, material, spiritual, individual, family, social, religious, and becomes such a world calamity, that it ceases to be a means proportionate to the end which alone can eventually justify the employment of force, that is, the restoration of a more humane order and of peace."

Z—

PEACE

Peace is the tranquility of order or perfect harmony resulting in us and in all things from the fact that all our inclinations and the inclinations of all other creatures are turned towards God, Who is the supreme object of our perfect happiness.

—St. Thomas Aquinas,

A CATHOLIC MOTHER

I had a Catholic mother, I attended Catholic schools, I have friends among Catholic laymen, nuns, priests, and brothers; I have read many Catholic books. Through all these contacts and influences, and of course through my belief in the

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Pacifism Is Dangerous So Is Christianity

It's been said many times that it was the fault of the Pacifists that England was so unprepared. *Pacifist, appeaser*, these are words of scorn. Let us be honest and say that to a great extent that scorn is deserved. If we are not going to use our spiritual weapons, let us by all means arm and prepare. If we are not going to strip ourselves of our self-indulgences, of our goods (of good things, not only of sins) in order to show our love for our brother, and overcome him by that love, then let us firmly use force. Let us recognize the perilous position of the statesmen who are at the helm of the state, and recognize that the state is in the temporal order, and that they must make use of temporal means; also that the great mass of people are not educated, trained to the use of non-violent resistance, of other kinds of force, such as the general strike, which could be used against an oppressor.

The position of The Catholic Worker remains the same. We are Christian pacifists and try to follow the counsels of perfection. Man is a creature of body and soul and as such has a supernatural destiny as well as a part to play in this temporal order. We firmly believe that our stand makes for the common good, basing our view on the philosophy of history which Peter Maurin as our teacher presents to us. We may suffer for this faith, but we know that this suffering will be more fruitful than any words of ours.

We recall to our fellow workers throughout the country who lead in this work in the various centers to remember the words of Pius XI in regard to striving for perfection:

Not for the Few Alone

"We cannot accept the belief that this command of Christ concerns only a select and privileged group of souls and that all others may consider themselves pleasing to Him if they have attained a lower degree of holiness. Quite the contrary is true, as appears from the very generality of His words. The law of holiness embraces all men and admits of no exception. The great number of souls of every condition in life, both young and old, who as history informs us have reached the zenith of Christian perfection, these saints felt in themselves the weaknesses of human nature and had to conquer the selfsame temptations as we. So true is this that, as St. Augustine has so beautifully written, 'God does not ask the impossible of us. But when He does order us to do something He, by His very commands, admonishes us to do that which we are able to do and to ask from Him for assistance in that which we are not of ourselves able to do.' (de Natura et Gratia, Chap. 43, No. 50)."

Feast of St. Paul, Jan. 15

Lesson from the Epistle of Blessed Paul the Apostle to the Philippians iii. 7-12—Brethren, the things that were gain to me, the same I have counted loss for Christ. Furthermore, I count all things to be but loss, for the excellent knowledge of Jesus Christ my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and count them but as dung, that I may win Christ; and may be found in Him, not having my justice, which is of the law, but that which is of the faith of Christ Jesus, which is God, justice in faith; that I may know Him, and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings; being made conformable to His death, if by any means I may attain to the resurrection which is from the dead; not as though I already attained, or were already perfect; but I follow after, if I may by any means apprehend wherein I am also apprehended by Christ Jesus.

THANK YOU, FELLOW WORKERS

To all our friends, priests and lay peoples who sent us the beautiful Christmas cards which decorated store and office and community rooms of The Catholic Worker we extend our heartfelt thanks. And to the friends who sent gifts for the "littlest ones" of Christ, money, clothes, food or presents, we are deeply thankful. Please realize how boundless is our gratitude to all our good readers who have enabled us this month actually to feed tens of thousands!

And if we owe you letters, won't you excuse the delay? The holiday work has been heavy and our working hours have been from 8 a.m. to midnight often.

Please bear with us! And continue your help!

Views and News

(Continued from page 1)

interesting. One boy said, "She is a great actress." The dishwasher said, "Nothing artificial, it was real!" The cook, "Makes you feel as though you knew David." A seaman, "You never know what you are going to get at the CW, but it was great stuff." Casual laborer, "I needed that." Bookkeeper, "Think I'll read the Bible."

But to all the fifty or so who heard her, it was beauty, down there next to the Bowery, on Mott street, in a crowded, hot, smelly little store, filled with the worker-scholar, lame, halt and blind that makes up the CW.

A Bishop Next

Bishop McGrath of Newfoundland, lately of China, is speaking next Wednesday. He has been down several times and participated in discussions, so we feel as though we knew him already. He said he had heard so much of us in China that he had to look us up here.

And speaking of notables our good friend Don Luigi Sturzo has been in town for the past month and we were in touch with him several times. We did not wish to disclose his stopping place, exile as he is, and ill as he is. Besides, as former leader of the Popular Party of Italy, and lifelong opponent of Mussolini, he has enemies. Now he is in a warmer climate, and if any of our friends wish to write to him we will gladly forward any letters.

Sowing Time

This has been a busy month with blessings and catastrophes of all kinds heaped upon us. There was a birth and a death. Old Mrs. Daley died the same day the baby was born. She had been our guest for the past six months and she was old and weary and ill. We buried her in Calvary and the requiem Mass was at Transfiguration Church. There were troubles in the way of court cases—the trouble in Baltimore (see Jon's letter on the letter page), and another court case when one of our friends got into difficulties. There were dozens of visitors (at once) many a time, and sometimes the little office in the rear house was so packed with seminarians on Christmas vacation that none could move and people literally burst in and out of the room.

Quiet Interval

There was a peaceful few days at the farm just before New Years and New Years eve. I spent a day of recollection with Sister Peter Claver at the Immaculate Conception Retreat House for Negroes at Gillette, New Jersey.

The purpose of this column is to tuck in news at the last minute and usually important news, too. And here is an important notice. Will those who paid for crib sets and did not receive them get in touch with us immediately. We will either refund the money or send on a set for next year. Some of the mail disappeared (these tragedies happen among us), and we have already heard of four sets not yet delivered. We are terribly sorry and ashamed and beg your forgiveness for our failures, and beg your prayers for this coming year.



St. JOHN of GOD

February is Catholic Press month and we urge our friends in schools and colleges to order bundles of sample copies of the December and January issue for free distribution and display. And what about street selling, and street distribution? You may reach many a person in this way who has never seen a Catholic paper before.

KING-RAMSAY-CONNOR ARE STILL IN PRISON

During the month of December Governor Olsen of California was staying at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City for a few days and the staff of The Catholic Worker, some friends of the paper, and one of the editors of The Commonwealth tried in vain to get an interview with him on the subject of the pardon for the three seamen prisoners, King, Ramsay and Connor, who have been in San Quentin for the past three years and have sentences of fifteen years. Ten other prisoners received Christmas pardons, but not these three.

We ask our readers to write to the Defense Committee, 24 California Street, San Francisco, for booklets regarding this case, and to write to the Governor and plead for a pardon. And we thank all those good friends of ours who have already done so.

WE NEED A CAR

For three months now we have been without the use of a car. After three years of strenuous service of picking up clothing, food, bread, furniture, making weekly trips to and from our farm, delivering papers and other innumerable duties and tasks which are so dependent on the possession of a car, our Ford finally gave in under the strain of constant and unceasing service.

During these past three months we have been dependent on the generosity of our friends throughout the city for the use of their cars, which has meant many hours of searching and inquiry.

We have regular calls to meet every week to pick up bread, food and clothing, all of which is so necessary for the continuance of our Works of Mercy program. To do this we must have a car. Can you help us?

Ben Joe

(Continued from page 1)

I entered a long cement corridor-like room. The place was ghostly. One dim light burned softly at the end of the room. Lined up on either side of the room were thirty or forty men like myself. They lie on the floor, stretched out in their raggedy clothing with nothing separating them from the cement but dirty newspapers, trying hard to sleep. The place was dead quiet and the silence was broken only by one monotonous rhythm. There were waterpipes overhead and they dripped. The drops fell to the floor regularly like the steady tick of a clock. The water kept the room cold and damp.

The prospect of spending the night in this dungeon was not very cheering, especially since I had no papers to put under me. Trying to make the best of a bad situation I lay down on the floor and tried to sleep. Hunger and cold make poor bed-fellows and it was two restless hours later that I managed to doze off.

I hadn't been dozing long when I was startled by a rustling noise behind me. It was a rat. There was no further hope of sleep that night. I jumped up and ran to the stairs leading up to the station proper. I sat there on the steps for the rest of the night and watched the rats running in and out between the sleeping men. The place was infested with rats. I will never forget one bold devil; it poked its ugly head into a ragged pocket and drew out a crumb of bread. It was like a nightmare, that night, and I shall never, never forget it.

When morning broke, mercifully, I was shaken completely and prayed that we would soon be released. At seven two cops came in and told us to line up. I fell in line with the other men and asked one of the fellows what the set-up was. He said, "We're lining up to march down to a restaurant for wheat cakes and coffee." Like a dope I believed him and it was not until we had marched out of the station and two blocks down the main street that I realized what was happening. We were being run out of town.

At each intersection in the line of march, automobiles tooted their horns and a few drove alongside of us, keeping time with their horns to the slow, heavy tramp of the march. It was Sunday morning and many of the townsfolk were on their way to Church. They laughed as they met us, and I guess we were a spectacle. But I know I didn't feel like laughing. Even the little kids seemed to find it amusing and asked their parents who we were. "They are bums," one father said, "and they're going back to where they came from."

The cops marched with us as far as the railroad yards and after giving us final instructions not to attempt to come back up to town, they left us on our own. I was glad to shake their dust from my feet.

The state highway lay on the other side of the yards. I walked over and after a short wait hitched a ride into the next town. The fellow who picked me up bought me breakfast and a package of cigarettes. I don't think I was very much company for him though. I kept falling off to sleep while he talked.

+ From The Mail Bag +

BALTIMORE REPORTS

Dear Fellow Workers:

Am able to sit down at last to my correspondence. Again I am without a typewriter and so you must be bothered with my hand work.

We go on but all is not well. My constant torment is that "limiting" makes for the necessity of a genuineness of purpose and constant diligence that we seldom have. We now are putting 54 in beds every night. Sometimes I grant dispensations and concede the floor to individual cases. I hate rigid qualifications that endanger our already weak and faltering, self-rooted brands of charity. In giving ground and accepting only those I could provide with beds, I did so because I believed, and still believe, this approximated the true form for charitable function and development in these conditions—not because I disliked disorder more than I liked serving Christ in His poor.

More Opposition

The meeting last Friday evening had no turn out. We, Father Roy and some of the Jewish and Protestant sympathizers, went out and saw several complaining neighbors. Except for the Catholic landlady they were of one mind, stubborn, refusing to come or to give ground—and the issue—the "niggers". They saw no reason to come to a meeting to try to understand. One next door has threatened as a last resort to move out. Next door on the other side they say they have been promised by the Building and Loan that we would be forced out. The Catholic landlady's motive seems to be mainly business and she (I wasn't there, but Father Roy was) seems to be relenting. Roland Watts suggested we have a watchman in the neighborhood to break up drinking parties and stop loitering at meal times. She thought this a good idea. I am having a man with a broken arm make the trip about six or eight times daily and keep a record of the time and incidents as Rowland Watts has suggested for future aid in defense.

May Christ remain with you.

Jon Thornton.

MANY MANSIONS

Davenport, Ia.

Dear Miss Day:

Last night I attended your lecture and was very much impressed by the ideas you expressed and, while in accord with many of them, I do feel that some of your thoughts are a little radical and a little impractical and impossible when put to the test.

I realize that the Holy Family typifies poverty, though not destitution, but conditions that existed hundreds of years ago cannot be cited as examples of living conditions today. Living in Iowa I also realize that we have a very happy little land; there is really no destitution here, and people seem quite contented and happy with their land, their work, and their families. Peter Morret may emphasize the philosophy of poverty in New York, but in Iowa I fear there would be many

who would be inclined to tag him a "shiftless" sort of a man. If everyone expressed their faith in Divine Providence in Peter's way, I'm sure there would be no use for the big business man, and certainly no incentive for working people who have hopes and ambitions to some day reach that class. Even if they don't "make the grade" in their lifetime, still they've lived on that hope for many years, and were happy in the thought that they would attain that goal.

Your description of Mott street was both interesting and instructive to me. Just as Iowa seems unreal to you so, too, does Mott street seem like a feat of the imagination to my mind.

Your idea of "houses of hospitality" and "farming communes" may be effective on a small scale, promoting happiness, cooperation and peace of mind to the very poor, but isn't that idea comparable with the Country Clubs for the rich, the yachting clubs for the boat enthusiasts, and Hollywood for the dramatically inclined? That's America—it reaches all types of people, and tries in its own little way to make each and every citizen a happy one. You couldn't take the people from the Country Clubs and place them in a farming commune to make them happy, any more than you could take a poor man and make him happy in a Country Club.

But, Miss Day, I will say that you are a "real" person, dealing with the flesh and blood that makes up the class of people you are most interested in, but please don't let those ideas blot out the idea that this is a country for the people, by the people and of the people, and not for the poor people, by the poor people and of the poor people.

Yours truly,
A. M.

Largest Housing Co-op In United States Is Planning New Building

A new building consisting entirely of small apartments will be erected this spring at the Amalgamated Cooperative Apartments in the Van Cortlandt Park section of New York, according to a project approved by the co-op members at their 13th annual meeting December 27.

The Amalgamated project is the largest consumer owned housing unit in the United States, containing 638 apartments. The project was launched by members of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers' Union in 1927. The new building will be the fourth addition to the development since the original apartments were constructed. The new building will provide small apartments for co-op members whose children have grown up and left them; and who find their earning capacity curtailed because of advancing age. A few of the apartments will be available for newcomers. The new building will be only two stories high to eliminate the increased cost of construction, so that rents will be correspondingly low.

QUERY ON TRUCE

November 26, 1940.

In your paper, The Catholic Worker, of November, you have an editorial, headed Truce of God. I remember the work that you did in bringing the truce about in the Spanish war and admired you greatly for it. This war is an entirely different war, one of the countries is not Christian at all as far as we see it and the other country is not at the present on the side that can dictate such a truce.

There is also the fact that munition capitalists would like to see more of the world in this war. If the truce you talk about in your editorial could be brought about, would not this be an excellent chance for the capitalist to bribe one or the other countries into violating the truce and thereby bringing the rest of the Christian world into the war, especially the United States?

I would appreciate an answer to my opinion as I have great esteem for the plan, but do not want to see any more of the world at war, especially the United States.

Yours in Christ,
Robert McDonough.

Our Answer

Since receiving your letter both Germany and Italy have agreed to observe a Christmas truce if other warring powers will act similarly. As we see it, there is no situation over which a sufficient amount of goodwill could not prevail. Prayer, we believe, could bring that.

And just as we must have faith that a Truce could be promoted, we must have faith that it will be preserved inviolate. To believe otherwise would make our prayer void.

TRUCE

Boston, Christmas, 1940.

Praise God! We got our Christmas Truce. I was praying so hard! Sent cigarettes for the boys at the CW House on Tremont St., and will send donation towards rent. I'm sending a little something to pay for my subscription and use what is left over as you see fit. God is good.

Elsie Briggs.

TRUCE

Portsmouth Priory.

I hope that Christmas brought you all peace and happiness.

It did bring the Truce.

That should be a sign to you that in these days God is giving Himself to us just as He gave Himself to Mary, Joseph, the Shepherds, the Magi, the martyred children.

In Christ,
Joseph Woods.

GOOD SAMARITAN

Akron, O.

Dear Editor:

A friend of mine—a "bourgeois lawyer" and agnostic—but the reincarnation of Marcus Aurelius, sent me the en-

closed check and note (\$10) for the Waller Defense Committee.

Please forward the check.

He is a Cleveland subscriber.

Love to you all,

Claude Herman.

(Odell Waller, who was to be electrocuted on Dec. 28, received a stay of sentence until March 14.)

THANK YOU, PARDS!

Hollywood

Dear Miss Day:

Enclosed find \$6 for copies of the Catholic Worker. Please send copies for 1941 to the 24 persons whose names are below.

I sent them a Christmas card which read:

Thank you for your Christmas card

Thank you, thank you, thank you, pard.

We didn't send you one because

We spent the year as Santa Claus.

To every friend without a friend

We acted friendly to the end.

For '41 we're sending you

The Catholic Worker once a mo.

You'll like the way it's spreading cheer

Throughout the whole depressing year,

And maybe then we-all will mend

And every friend will have a friend.

Alice and Frank Scully.

Peter Maurin's Easy Essay in the December issue is a honey, and the wood cuts, as always, superb. You have a grand paper and don't think we aren't proud of you.

These are the persons to whom I wish the C. W. sent in 1941.

Frank Scully.

(The names listed included Dorothy Parker, Mrs. Roosevelt, Martin Dies, John Ford, Jim Tully, Jean Hersholt and eighteen others!)

What to Buy!

The cost of the World War, according to estimates made by experts, was three hundred and thirty seven billion, eight hundred and forty six million, one hundred and eighty nine thousand, six hundred and fifty seven dollars. America's share of that cost amounted to forty one billion, seven hundred sixty five million dollars. The total cost of the war could have provided \$2,500 cottages on five-acre plots of land costing \$100 an acre for every family in Great Britain, America, Canada, Germany, France, Belgium and Russia.

LIVE WATERS



MILWAUKEE GROUP REPORTS MOVING

Dear Editor:

We have moved from the location on Fifth street, which has been our home for over two years, to another and larger house at 115 W. Seeboth. We have long wished for larger quarters. Last winter we were very overcrowded, housing more than sixty men in a space wherein there should not have been over thirty. During the coldest periods of the winter men were sleeping between and under the beds, in the office and kitchen, and in every other available corner. This provoked the criticism of the police and health departments and the antagonism of many of our neighbors. None of them seemed to understand that the men were grateful for even the slim hospitality we were able to offer them. A spot on the floor can be a luxury compared to walking the streets on a sub-zero night, or trying to sleep in a boxcar or a doorway.

The most important aspect of this condition was the one which escaped the attention of those who attacked the overcrowding as disgraceful, and as providing a den for "drunks and such terrible characters." In spite of the crowding and many other attendant little difficulties and irritants, the men maintained an attitude of friendliness and mutual aid. Voluntarily the younger ones gave up their beds to the sick and the older men. Each man assumed the responsibility of trying to keep the place as clean and cheerful as circumstances permitted. During the entire winter, with sixty men crowded into a small space, there was not a single fight, or a theft, or the usual profanity and bickering that ensues under such conditions. And all this among the element in society which the Communists label the "lumpenproletariat" and the police call "bums". To us it seemed to be a confirmation of the way of Christian personalism.

Our new house will provide us with more than twice the room we now have. With this added space we hope to be able to install some sort of a workshop and also to fit up a room to be used as a lending library of Catholic literature. The house has long been in need of both projects.

But more important than the above opportunities is the opportunity to a little more adequate care for the needs of our Brothers in Christ. Facilities in Milwaukee for caring for the destitute are very limited. Except for a dilatory program by the county officials, and the inevitable WPA, which is of no value to the transient man or family, the city offers nothing to aid them. In a small way we hope to be able to do something to fill this obligation and need.

Yours in Christ,

Mario Echer.

Holy Family House,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

A Philosophy of Work

By Eric Gill

I. A Definition

1. As usual
It is necessary to begin at the beginning.
2. Work, as the dictionary says, is the exertion of energy, physical or mental.
3. In common speech, however, we distinguish between the exertion of energy for the sake of pleasure or recreation and the same exertion when it is made for the sake of or as means to the earning or procuring of the means of living.
4. The former, we commonly call play.
5. The word "work" we commonly reserve for those occupations by means of which we get food, clothing and shelter, the necessities of life.

II. A Form of Robbery

1. It is clear therefore that work is a good thing for the very good reason, that which enables us to live must be good.
2. We must assume that to live is good and that therefore to work is good.
3. And we may freely agree with the Apostle when he says: "If a man will not work neither let him eat."
4. But, to eat what the labor of others has produced is, unless freely given, a form of robbery.
5. And as the same Apostle says elsewhere, "He that stole let him steal no more, but rather let him labor working with his hands the thing which is good."

III. Necessary for Life

1. God has made the world and he has made man such that labor, that is to say work, is necessary for life.
2. And God cannot have made necessary that which in itself is bad.
3. Moreover, as Solomon, inspired by the Holy Spirit said: "nothing is better than for a man to rejoice in his work and this is his portion."

IV. Not Degrading

1. Now it follows from these things that nothing which truly subserves our life can be bad.
2. Therefore, there can be no form of necessary work

which is in itself degrading.

3. In these latter days we have been more than unusually confused in our minds about this.

4. The idea is prevalent that physical labor is a bad thing, a thing to be avoided, a thing from which, we may rightly seek release.

V. Some Physical Labour

1. We cannot discuss the question of work, the question of the factory system, of the machine, of the arts, until we have right notions as to the nature of physical labor itself.
2. For there can be nothing made either for man's service, or for his pleasure which is not at bottom dependent upon some amount of physical labor for its existence.
3. Even in the most highly organized industrial world with all the necessities of life made by machines, and minded by machines, there will have to be at least the makers of machines and the machine overseers and there will have to be designers of machines and designers of machine products.

VI. A Basis of Physical Labor

1. Further, there will have to be all the army of officials and administrators and all the doctors, lawyers and school teachers.
2. And all these professional persons will be dependent upon a subordinate army of clerks and typists.
3. Then there will be the transport workers of all kinds.
4. And in all these occupations, there must be a basis of actual physical labor.

VII. Good or Bad?

1. So the question remains as before.
2. Is physical labor good or bad?
3. Is it a thing to be reduced to a minimum because it is in itself a bad thing, unworthy of "the mystical mug called man," or is it in itself a good thing and only bad when it is done

under bad conditions, conditions physically or hygienically unhealthy or morally bad, or when the product is inferior or unsuitable for human use?

VIII. To Sanctify Labor

1. Now as we have seen according to Christian doctrine physical labor is not in itself bad.
2. But on the contrary, because it is necessary for the preservation and continuance of human life it is in itself good and may be or should be holy and sacred.
3. We have to start with this doctrine.
4. At every turn our object must be to sanctify rather than to exclude physical labor.
5. To honor it rather than to degrade it to discover how to make it pleasant rather than onerous—a source of pride rather than of shame.

IX. The First Thing to Grasp

1. And we have to begin by realizing that in itself and in a Christian society there is no kind of physical labor, no kind whatsoever, none, which is either derogatory to human beings or incapable to be sanctified and ennobled.
2. There is no kind of physical labor which is at one and at the same time truly necessary to human life and necessarily either unduly onerous or unpleasant.
3. This is the first thing to grasp and it is perhaps the most difficult today.

X. A Contradiction

1. So it has come about that we have come to believe that physical labor is in itself bad.
2. We seek to reduce it to a minimum.
3. We look to our leisure time for all enjoyable exercise of our human bodies.
4. We do not notice the contradiction.
5. For if physical labor is a thing rightly to be eliminated from work because it is derogatory, then it should rightly be eliminated from play also, which is absurd.

XI. Simply Hands

1. It should be obvious that it is not the physical

labor which is bad, but the proletarianism by which men and women have become simply "hands".

2. They are simply "hands", simply instruments for the making of money by those who own the means of production, distribution and exchange.

3. And those who argue in favor of the still further elimination of physical labor on the ground that so much work is of itself sub-human drudgery are either playing into the hands of those for whose profit the mechanical organization of industry has been developed, or into the hands of the Communists and others who look to the Leisure State as the summum bonum.

XII. Honorable and Holy

1. We must return again to the simple doctrine that physical labor, manual work, is not in itself bad.
2. It is the necessary basis of all human production.
3. In the most strict sense of the word, physical labor directed to the production of things needed for human life is both honorable and holy.
4. And we must remember that there are no exceptions.

USURY

The following are the usual rates per annum charged by lending agencies: Pawnbrokers, 36 percent; Axias (mostly organized among certain foreign groups in New York City), 28.5 percent; Remedial Loan Societies, 26.9 percent; Industrial Banks, 17.2 percent; Personal Loan Departments of Banks, 18.1 percent.—Credit Unions, N.C.W.C., Washington, D. C.

SOUP

St. Vincent's recipe for a cauldron of soup is preserved for us in this manner: "To feed the poor," the saint wrote "(about one hundred per pot), a large vessel was to be procured, containing five cans of water, in which were to be cut up twenty-five pounds of bread, two pounds of drippings (or butter on days of abstinence), four pints of peas or other vegetables, and the whole cooked and distributed amongst the poor, according to their necessity."



Philosophers

(Continued from page 1)

much philosophy. Logic and Ethics must do for the others. In how few respects can we call that Catholic education, Catholic! (Take a look at a Commerce and Finance student's schedule, for instance). I registered this peeve mildly as often as possible at the Convention.

Freedom to Refuse

A Father McAllister made an excellent point when he said that liberty must be based upon the recognition of man as a person who always retains at least the freedom of saying No. His main topic was the influence of philosophy upon the dictators, Archbishop Mooney in the dinner address expressed the same point when he said we see the necessity of right philosophy when we see the results of wrong philosophy—the present chaos. He said another thing—philosophy should be given to the people, simple people, for if philosophy is deep, it is also simple, and the simple can understand it. (And I thought, from my kibitzers' corner, that if only that meeting could have been held somewhere where it would have been open to that part of the public that doesn't have \$2.50, the simple might have had a chance to hear these things... A Christmas present got us Workers there). A worthy Professor then proved how right the Archbishop is by reading a learned, obtruse paper employing all the technical phrases the Archbishop had just advised against.

Right Order

Dr. McMahon's paper, however, followed the Archbishop's ideal. He said it is the place of the wise man to ordain to order things—and pointed out three kinds of wisdom—that of the saints, the theologians, and the philosophers. He said the first was necessary since it used charity to correct injustice, but I don't know if he felt it is impossible to achieve—since he believes in the use of force. I don't quite see how force substitutes for charity to correct disorder.

Professor Yves Simon discussed Authority and Liberty—the essential nature of authority—an authority that is not despotism. Some of these points were good for the teachers present—the real meaning of "master." I think Peter is one by Simon's definition—he does not force things on one. Another thing that struck me was his point that a man is a slave and not free insofar as he works for the private good of his master and not for the public or his own good.

Not a word was breathed on peace, the conditions of a just war, the philosophic basis of the stand of the conscientious objector.

It is clear we don't have the philosophers on our side. We will have to rest our case on the folly of Francis.

In Christ the Worker,
M. C.

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

Christianity

(Continued from page 1)

III. Freda Kirchwey

1. Freda Kirchwey, editor of the Nation, has an article on Religion and Democracy.
2. "Democracy," she says, "may be Christian or it may be Jewish."
3. "It is related to whatever culture or whatever religious or non-religious ideas flourish in the society that breeds it."
4. "Democracy," she continues, "has nothing on earth to do with any particular faith."

IV. Agrees with Two Popes

1. The editor of the Nation agrees with Leo XIII as well as Pius X in the contention that Christianity is not tied up with any particular form of government.
2. Don Sturzo attacks Fascism and several bishops are defending it.
3. A government can be autocratic or aristocratic or democratic.
4. The duty of a government, whether it be autocratic or aristocratic or democratic, is to foster the common good.

V. The Common Good

1. The common good is not common, because common sense does not prevail.
2. In a good autocracy the common good is incarnated in a good autocrat,
3. In a good aristocracy the common good is incarnated in the good aristocrats.
4. In a good democracy the common good is incarnated in the good democrats.
5. The good democrats are democrats with the democratic spirit.
6. They are the elite in a democracy.

VI. Democratic Elite

1. Jules Beranger followed Jusserand as French Ambassador in Washington.
2. Beranger was an agnostic who could not conceive of a democracy without a cultural elite.
3. The elite in a democracy is imbued with what we call the right spirit.
4. The democratic elite is the spearhead of a democratic society.
5. The democratic elite is recruited from all classes of a democratic society.
6. The democratic elite is not moved by greed for wealth or greed for power.
7. It is moved by clear thinking.

A Baby Is Born

(Continued from page 1)

departure of the young woman for her ordeal should be witnessed by a long, silent waiting line of men. They surveyed her, a slight figure, bundled on that cruelly cold morning, (and pain and fear make the blood run cold) come running down from the dark, silent house to get into the ambulance.

Not one man, not a dear husband, not a protector on whom she could lean for comfort and strength. There was no Joseph on this winter morning. But there were hundreds of men, silent, waiting and wondering perhaps as they watched the ambulance, whether it was life or death that had called it out.

WORSE THAN WAR

"This is worse than war," one woman friend said a few days before, contemplating the situation. And we agreed, wondering if anything indeed could be more desperate, and sad than a woman left to have her child alone.

There you have the tragedy of the refugee, there you have the misery of homelessness, the uncertainty as to food and clothing and shelter (and this woman had known hunger). And there, too, you have the pain and agony of the flesh. No soldier with his guts spilled out on the battlefield lying for hours impaled upon barbed wire, suffers physically more than a woman in childbirth. Physically, I say, because does not the soldier in his horror and pain, wonder what has brought him to this pass—what is being accomplished by the gigantic agony of war? With the woman the suffering brought forth life. In war death. And despite shame and fear and uncertainty, as in this case, still there cannot but be joy over a child born into the world.

CHRIST OUR BROTHER

So it is with joy that we announce the newcomer to our House of Hospitality on Mott street, knowing that our readers who have suffered with us in the past, will be glad to rejoice with us now.

For us most truly this has been a season of happiness. "For unto us a son is born, unto us a child is given." Christ Himself came so truly to us this Christmas Day in this baby boy, just as in the persons of the hungry men. "For inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

VII. Faith, Hope and Charity

1. Agnostic intellectuals lack faith in Christ the Redeemer as well as in God the Omnipotent.
2. And now they are losing faith in the power of man to pull himself up by his own bootstraps.
3. Faith in Christ the Redeemer, hope in the life to come, and charity toward all men are motivating forces in the fostering of a democratic elite—without which a democratic society becomes the laughing-stock of totalitarian societies.

OUR AMERICA

I

Where the gull wheels lightly
Down the wide meadows of the sea:
Where the lonely eagle of the sky
Poises his wings over the redwood forest:
Where freedom of space and golden harvest
Are a cornstalk sunflower Currier and Ives Autumnal:
America leaps with bold, carefree grace
Into the youthful valleys of the Mind.
In lucid counterpoint of free blue sky
The streaming lines of its living blood
Are spread out in the white sunshine of its banner.

II

The idea is lovely
But the corrosive acid of fact
Burns into the rose-glow of the dream.
The silenced furrow is death-strewn—
Black unregarded dust forms casual whirlwind
Where the intelligence has ceased to rain:
The green field broken into the vitiate will:
Harden the arteries of the metropolitan brain
Busied in the sacred abacadabra of bonds
While human debris and dust-bowls accumulate.

III

Contrast informs:
The broad Falstaffian laugh of the free man
And the nervous titter of the slave.
Contrast is evidence:
The quiet-lipped frontiersman
His eyes aglow with the far horizon;
The naive sharpshooter cutting down a tree
With a swagger—
His descendant walking palely
In the rigor mortis of respectability—
Pulling his caution over his head
Like a warm heavy blanket—
The one clanking the heavy silver dollar
On the hard flat surface of the poker-table,
The other carrying fire, burglary, life,
Stated sickness and accident insurance.

IV

The caravan of America is now parked
Permanently at high rental.
The hard vigor of the hand,
The morning light in the lucid brain,
Have given away to the mystic benediction
And vaulted fiction of finance.
Homo Americanus too often gives
The status of a sacrament to the ledger-book—
Stifies the unborn
In sacrifice to THE SYSTEM.
The long shadow of the inner office is upon him—
The velvet guillotine of dismissal—
That falls and makes no sound.
Homo Americanus is no Arran islander
Running the wild Atlantic in a curragh
Seeking shark-food.
He does not shout defiance to warring waves:
His struggle for survival is purely mental,
His war of nerves is waged over the scoured office-desk
And his hand is seen to tremble lifting a paper.

V

Would it not be terrible to wake one day
And find that Machiavelli has won the soul
Of our people? It would not be strange.
It has happened abroad.
Are we wise in our generation
Or merely cunning?
Wisdom has long, simple roots—
It is not nourished by Aspirin or Alka-Seltzer:
It does not etch
The machinations of private opportunism
In the thin framework of widespread destitution.
In a world of internecine diminishing returns
Men are working for an unseen Pharaoh,
Making a statistical Pyramid:
International massacre booms,
Is cunning in command
And wisdom in retreat?

VI

Walt Whitman and the Dodo are dead—
But it is good to have known
That he stuck his inquisitive nose
And volcanic mouth, like a dirty urethra,
Into the blackberry-pie-eating contest of his day.
He could not seize the energetic chaos of America,
But he got away with as much pie as he could hold.
Now our need is not for energy but wisdom.
The ceaselessly clapping, brass-banded, blinkered
Nonentities—
Their tongues wagging like puppies' tails—
Give us words, words, words.
The fact is this:
You cannot hold back a cataclysm
With a platitude.
What cataclysm? people ask.
Are we not insured?
Put on the field-glasses of intelligence—
You will see.

VII

We cannot rest on the illusion of words:
Freedom, democracy, Americanism
Can be essences, or surcharged words
Feebly glowing from a disconnected battery.
They all doom us—
Totalitarian and Communist with the sign,
The Capitalist with the profits of destruction,
The Laissez-faireists with inertia.
Those who thirst for truth and justice
Must have the touchstone of the absolute:
The Voice of the Unmentioned,
The immemorial shout of God upon the hill.

—WILLIAM GRACE.

THE DREAM

THE FACT

THE CONTRAST

THE SYSTEM

CUNNING OR WISDOM?

NECESSITY OF INTELLIGENCE

VOICE OF THE UNMENTIONED

THE LAND



FARMING COMMUNE

Crafts and Compost Cabbages and Kings

These days the room is cold when one gets up. One loses no time in dressing and dashing to the kitchen to put paper and straw kindling in the stove and starting the fire, then two pans of water go over the fire for the oatmeal and coffee. In about three-quarters of an hour it's time to cut the bread and make the toast. We have jelly or apple butter, but usually oleo. While breakfast is cooking one may fix up one's room and wash and get ready for the morning's work or go to the well for water. Sometimes the wood is wet and has to be put in the oven to dry, and it is not seldom that we have to open the doors to let the smoke out.

When one is not doing one or more of the above enumerated things Pro and I are arguing, or arguing and trying to do something at the same time, and continue for an hour or more. If we add pieces onto our minds I'm not sure, however, we try hard to indoctrinate each other. We get plenty of philosophy from Pro, as well as some vegetables from his garden, which continued to come right up through December.

Worker-Scholar

Pro used to be a Wall Street journalist, but now he is writing a book on a new universal language, cuts his own wood to heat the shack he lives in most of the time—when too cold, he uses Miss Branham's house. The shack was made by Bill Evans of old lumber, small poles and tin from the dump, and a tar-paper-covered roof.

During December we had plenty of rain—thus plenty of mud and wet shoes and feet.

We on the upper farm get our milk twice per day from the lower. Also other supplies except vegetables, for those are in our cellar.

Craft Shop

For about a month our dining room was a real craft shop. Wood, little kings, shepherds, sheep, dogs, St. Joseph's and Mary's, tools, paint, brushes, paint and water containers were all over the room. During this time one heard the rasping of the scroll saw cutting out the figures, the noise of sandpapering, or growing craftsmen tracing the figures on sides of boxes, or intent painting faces, features, or garments, bright red, blue, grey or green. Also there was the smell of creosote, which we stained the stables with. In all we made about a dozen crib-sets, sending one to Bethlehem, Pa. This work started us making things. Larry made a threshold, and is now making a chair. And I made some clothespins and chair rungs, and a pair of sandals with jointed soles.

We have at last started a compost heap of chicken dung,

rotten potatoes, weeds, swill, and dirt. Compost heaps, if properly cared for, produce some of the best humus, which is much better than commercial fertilizers. It keeps the soil in an organic state, which in turn does away with some pests and produces the best vegetable or fruit products.

On the way between upper and lower farm one sees healthy-looking apple trees, about a hundred and fifty of which were planted last year. It will be several years before they will start bearing. They are badly needed, for the old trees are just about finished.

Barn Smells

The barn across from the lower farm house is crowded with animals: two horses, three cows, four goats, eighteen pigs. Dorothy just loves the odor of the mixture of animal, hay and other barn smells. The last time I was in the barn the predominant smell was that of the buck goat, which was lent us, which though it smelt strong was not so very disagreeable a smell. One can't help feeling at home there with such a farm animal family. The bedding which covers half the barn where the goats are invites one to curl up and go to sleep; it looks so good, and comfortable and warm, and gives one an idea of the conditions the Holy Family must have experienced at Bethlehem the first Christmas.

Because of the snow and ice John was unable to go up the hill with the horses. A couple of times we had to drag trees over the snow for fuel. If it were not for our oil stoves some of the houses would be in a bad way. On the upper farm we don't mind dragging trees; we are so near the woods, but it's pretty tough to do the same to the lower farm.

From a High Place

We have other advantages on the upper farm with our wonderful view. I like to watch the trains winding their way toward N. Y. over the fields and between the hills. This we can see from our kitchen. Up on top of the highest hill there is a beautiful view of big Jersey farms and the Delaware River flowing south, with wooded and fielded hills in the distance. One day there was a herd of cattle grazing in a corn field. Nearby, here and there, are green patches of winter wheat whose growth is arrested 'til Spring, when it will start shooting up until it's a ripe golden color, when it will then be harvested.

We have two fields of wheat. One will be harvested, the other turned under for manuring purposes. I hope the day will come when we grow all our wheat, and enough other grains to care for both people and live stock.

H. O.

Farm School

Last summer the crowd of fifty children we usually had during the summer, went to our little camp on Staten Island instead, and Peter had a school on the farm during the month of July. We announced the school in the June issue and by July 1 a dozen people had announced their intention of attending. During the course of the summer, students from Washington, Oregon, North Dakota, Minnesota, Notre Dame, Chicago, Toledo and other points came to us. The results were so good (two have come back to us for some winter months) that we have decided to have the school for three months next summer and again invite students to attend.

There is no tuition, no fees of any kind, but those who wish to chip in towards the food and the work will do so. We are profligate in our invitations, thinking of the life of St. Brendan, which we read recently, and the free universities in Ireland where as many as three thousand students came from war-torn Europe to study to bring back peace through culture and cultivation. Not that we expect thousands. These are beginnings.

The greatest need is for housing. We can raise food but we need a cannery and root cellars to conserve it. Mrs. Buley is our baker (for twenty people now and during the summer for fifty) but we need a bakery. We need a laundry. We need a dormitory and a study room and library and recreation room for rainy days. We need the whole barn instead of just part of it, for the chapel. We need money for lumber and materials, but most of all we need plans, drawn up and thoughtfully worked out on paper. If someone gave us ten thousand dollars now, how would we begin to spend it, aside from paying off the mortgage of \$2,000. I'm not talking about the bills at St. Joseph's house which we always have with us. I'm thinking in terms of a gift for the farm. If anyone came along and handed us ten thousands dollars we would not know where to begin to work with it, or how. So we are starting to study now as to how to spend it when we get it.

The gift, we are presupposing, will be labeled for a farm school, the like of which has never yet been seen in this country. The school and farm itself will be an integral whole and though the school will be most active in summer (at first) the group living on the farm will take a vital part in it.

And now that plans are under way we have started to pray for the money, that being the way we raise money for the work, and we pray with confidence knowing that we will receive what we need before the spring, and in plenty of time to build.



Introducing Discussion On Arts and Crafts

At the start of this column on the Arts and Crafts we ought to go in for some pretty straight talk. About such things, for instance, as what we mean by "arts" and what we mean by "crafts".

There are definitions a-plenty in the dictionary. But let's not be hide-bound about such things. Let's try to figure a few things out for ourselves. Not everything is in books.

Take the word artist, for example. We've been taught to believe that an artist is a pretty special type of person who produces a pretty special type of thing called "art". But Eric Gill says differently. He says: "An artist is not a special kind of man, but every man is a special kind of artist." That makes us all eligible. All we need is to find out what we can do well, then go ahead and do it—and well. Presto—we are all artists.

Who Are Artists?

Ade Bethune, who is a superb artist by even the most rigid standards, does not believe that she belongs to any exclusive class. She has said many times any person who does any job well (even washing a floor) is an artist, and the work they do is a work of "art". Now think that one over—and don't bow so low the next time you are confronted with something labeled "art" unless it bears the mark of having been done well.

By those standards some of our slap-dash, madcap "modern" art is fit only for the ashcan. And many another more humble, well-done "job" should be finding a pedestal.

Now about the crafts. These days, it seems, any mechanic who works at a machine to any critical dimensions of let us say anywhere from 1/100th of an inch to 1/100,000th is promptly labeled a "craftsman". Even if he's only turning out aeroplane engine valvestems. The Navy advertises that it trains "craftsmen." There are "craftsmen" in the aeroplane and automobile factories, there are even "master craftsmen" in dime tableware and dollar clock factories.

Now that's all a lot of piffle and we should promptly label it as such. They may be mechanics, even good ones—all right, let them be content to be known as such. But not craftsmen. Just so long as they work as only cogs in a machine, with no responsibility for the whole job being done, only a tiny part of it, they are nothing more than cogs, or mechanics. The humblest blacksmith at his forge, working to only one-eighth of an inch, or one-quarter, is forty times the craftsman they are, when he plans and makes a whole horseshoe, or a whole boat anchor.

Responsibility

That brings us to the crux of the matter. It is responsibility for the job being done. Responsibility for conception (of the idea (or thinking the job out) and execution (or doing it). No workman who does only part B-17 of a job has any responsibility either for the conception or execution of the whole of that job.

Your modern carpenter, for instance (who is employed in what was once the noblest of the crafts) is no longer a craftsman when he is employed on every job only as a specialist at putting in window and door casings, or laying floors, or putting on roofing. No longer today does a carpenter "build" a house. He works with a gang of other specialists, "putting up" his particular part of the house, leaves when that part is done, and goes somewhere else to put up "part" of another house. If you don't believe it, talk to some building contractor. Ask him if this man, or that, is a carpenter. No, he is a roofer, a framer, a floor man, or an "inside finisher". Just imagine being in only at the finish of every job. Something funereal about it. Out of sheer frustration they probably, at some time or another, build a whole doghouse in their own backyards. They really ought to crawl in it.

But let's not be vicious in our analysis. It's the system, as they say, not the men, which is to blame. Men must work and they are lucky if they can get it. Think how much more lucky they would be if they could do some kind of a whole job, by themselves, without going to some boss to get a chance to work "at" something. Think that one over, too. That's what Graham Carey calls the "Industrial Counter-Revolution," where man learns again to do things simply enough so he no longer needs to do things in factories, where the tools are owned by somebody else, but by himself, or with a few others, with their own tools.

American Forebears

If you don't think it can be done try and recall how our American forebears built their houses, made their clothes and shoes, obtained their fuel and their food. And then reflect how much more than just these things you absolutely need to lead a comfortable, even a happy life. It's the whole program behind what Peter has so constantly talked about as "the Land and the Crafts". All you need after that is a reason for living, which is God, and a way of living, which is the Christian way.

That's what we're trying to do, in a very imperfect way, out here on Staten Island. We have a little bit of land, a shop, and a few tools, far too few. But we are going to do what we can with all of them. We'll let you know from time to time how things are working out. Meanwhile, we'd be interested to hear the ideas of our readers on either the Arts or the Crafts—or the Land.

V. E. S.

JUSTICE

It is that perfection of man's will which inclines him to desire in all things, spontaneously and unceasingly, the good of the society of which he is a part; and also to desire that each should have what is his due.

—St. Thomas Aquinas