

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Peter Maurin Writes On Property and Strikes

I. On Gandhi Lines

1. Strike news doesn't strike me, but the sit-down strike is a different strike from the ordinary strike.
2. In the sit-down strike you don't strike anybody either on the jaw or under the belt, you just sit down.
3. The sit-down strike is essentially a peaceful strike.
4. If the sit-down strike remains a sit-down strike, that is to say, a strike in which you strike by just sitting down, it may be a means of bringing about desirable results.
5. The sit-down strike must be conducted on Gandhi lines, that is to say, according to the doctrine of pure means as expressed by Jacques Maritain.

II. In the Middle Ages

1. The capitalist system is a racketeering system.
2. It is a racketeering system because it is a profiteering system.
3. It is a profiteering system because it is a profit system.
4. And nobody has found the way to keep the profit system from becoming a profiteering system.
5. Harold Laski says: "In the Middle Ages the idea of acquiring wealth was limited by a body of moral rules imposed under the sanction of religious authority."
6. But modern business men tell the clergy: "Mind your own business and don't butt into our business."

III. Economic Economy

1. In the Middle Ages they had a doctrine, the doctrine of the Common Good.
2. In the Middle Ages they had an economy which was economical.
3. Their economy was based on the idea that God wants us to be our brothers' keepers.
4. They believed in the right to work for the worker.
5. They believed in being fair to the worker as well as the consumer.
6. They believed in doing their work the best they knew how for the service of God and men.

IV. Proper Property

1. Leon Harmel, who was an employer, not a labor leader, says: "We have lost the right concept of authority since the Renaissance."
2. We have not only lost the right concept of authority, we have also lost the right concept of property.

3. The use of property to acquire more property is not the proper use of property.
4. The right use of property is to enable the worker to do his work more effectively.
5. The right use of property is not to compel the worker, under threat of unemployment, to be a cog in the wheel of mass production.

V. Speed-Up System

1. Bourgeois capitalists believe in the law of supply and demand.
2. Through mass production bourgeois capitalists increase the supply and decrease the demand.
3. The speed-up system and the extensive use of improved machinery have given us technological unemployment.
4. As a Catholic worker said to me: "Ford speeds us up, making us do in one day three times as much work as before, then he lays us off."
5. To speed up the workers and then lay them off is to deny the worker the right to work.

VI. Makers of Depressions

1. Business men used to say: "We make a prosperity through our private enterprise."
2. According to business men the workers have nothing to do with the making of prosperity.
3. If the workers have nothing to do with the making of prosperity, they have nothing to do with the making of business depressions.
4. The refusal of business men to accept the responsibility for business depressions is what makes the workers resort to strikes.
5. If business men understood business they would find the way to increase the demand for manufactured products, instead of increasing the supply through the speed-up system and the extensive use of improved machinery.

VII. Collective Bargaining

1. Business men have made such a mess of things without workers' cooperation that they could do no worse with workers' cooperation.
2. Because the workers want to cooperate with the business men in the running of business is the reason why they strike.
3. The sit-down strike is for the worker the means of bringing about collective bargaining.
4. Collective bargaining should lead to compulsory arbitration.
5. Collective bargaining and compulsory arbitration

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

IN THIS issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER we are especially stressing the writing of women and are carrying articles by Irene Naughton, Ade Bethune, Julia Porcelli, Josephine Drabek and Mary Frecon. These articles have to do with our present industrial system, with work, with building, with art. They deal with the Church and with the home. They deal with work as it is in the world today, and with the works of mercy.

It seems to me that they illustrate some of the things which our Holy Father, "our dear sweet Christ on earth," as St. Catherine of Sienna called him, has to say in his message to women which we are printing in its entirety in this issue.

This is a tremendous and historic message. It comes at the end of a terrible war, and during a time when more war threatens, and it speaks to women frankly of the situation which they must face. They have not the vocation to be nuns, and there are not enough men for them to find husbands. Their fate is to go through life single, without a mate and without a home. From the natural and the worldly point of view, their plight is a sad one.

We are reminded of the words of Isaiah: "And in that day seven women shall take hold of one man, saying: we will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, take away our reproach."

The great need of the human heart is for love, and especially do women's lives seem empty if they are deprived of their own to love. Indeed, we know that the first commandment is to love, and we show our love, as St. Teresa said, for our God, by our love for our fellows. And that is why a great emphasis must be placed on the works of mercy.

There is misery of one kind or another all about us. Volunteers are needed in the hospitals to be nurses' aides to help nurse the sick. One of our friends on Welfare Island says that there is great need over there for help. Thousands of patients in mental hospitals sit out their sad and dreary lives with no help. Visiting the prisoner is almost a forgotten work of mercy. Fr. Duffy points out in his article this month the need for more and more parish houses of hospitality.

Youth demands the heroic, Paul Claudel says, and here is a chance to give one's self

to starting and operating these centers to practice the works of mercy.

One of our readers, and a most dear friend, has been carrying on the work of sending packages to cold and hungry Europe. She realizes most keenly that the only answer to our present agony is the personal application of Christian principles. It is necessary to do the thing one's self. If people are hungry, how can we eat? If they are cold, how can we go clothed and sheltered? It is easy to see why the saints espoused voluntary poverty. "The coat that hangs in our closet belongs to the poor," one of the early fathers said.

Women most especially need to mortify themselves in regard to dress. If they have a few serviceable and well-made clothes, they will not be always shopping for the multitude of dresses and coats and sweaters which seem necessary to them now to keep up with the well-dressed girl in the office. Clothes should be regarded not only from the standpoint of beauty but of function.

Europe and Asia are cold and hungry. What can we do about it? We may say that there is nothing that we can do, but that is not true. We can send clothes, personally; food, personally. There is a simple way to reach individuals in Europe, and that is through the great Catholic sisterhoods who have houses all over the world. There are nuns all around us of every nationality, and if you go to them and ask for the addresses of orphanages and hospitals and convents in Italy, France, Belgium, Holland and many other countries, you can send bundles up to eleven pounds. Down here in this Italian neighborhood, the barber next door has sent seventy packages, containing food and clothing. Through his relatives here, he is helping his relatives there. They are working in the little way; that way for our time; that way recommended and taught and practiced by the Little Flower. (That was her great message to us today.)

We should rejoice that there is work for us today, that we can put forth our hands to strong things.

In these days of sore distress our happiness and our love will be in doing these things, and in doing these things we will find God and find happiness. As St. Augustine says:

"It is with no doubtful knowledge, Lord, but with utter certainty that I love you. You have stricken my heart with Your word, and I have loved You. And indeed heaven and earth and all that is in them tell me wherever I look that I should love You. Not the beauty of any bodily thing, nor the order of the seasons; not the brightness of light that

rejoices the eye, nor the sweet melodies of all songs, nor the sweet fragrance of flowers and ointment and spices, not manna, nor honey, not the limbs that carnal love embraces. None of these things do I love in loving my God. Yet in a sense I do love light and melody and fragrance and food and embrace when I love God—the light and the voice and the fragrance and the food, and embrace in the soul, when that shines upon my soul which no place can contain, that voice sounds which no tongue can take from me, I breathe that fragrance which no wind scatters. I eat the food which is not lessened by eating, and I lie in that embrace which satiety never comes to sunder. That is that I love, when I love my God."

will assure the worker the right to work.

VIII. In the Rumble Seat

1. There is nothing wrong with the strike. If it is used to bring about collective bargaining.
2. The aim of the N.R.A. was to bring about collective bargaining, but, as Fr. Parsons said: "The N.R.A. made the mistake of placing labor in the rumble seat."
3. Labor must sit in the driver's seat—not in the rumble seat.
4. Bourgeois capitalists are not such good drivers as to be able to drive without the cooperation of organized labor.
5. The endorsement of liberal economics by the liberal mind has given us this separation of the spiritual from the material, which we call secularism.

IX. The Modern Mind

1. Organized labor, whether it be

the A. F. of L. or the C. I. O., is far from knowing what to do with the economic setup.

2. Organized labor, as well as organized capital, is the product of the modern mind.
3. The modern mind is in such a fog that it cannot see the forest for the trees.
4. The modern mind has been led astray by the liberal mind.
5. The endorsement of liberal economics by the liberal mind has given us this separation of the spiritual from the material, which we call secularism.

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Atomic Bomb

WHEREVER we go there is talk of the atomic bomb. All are impressed with the imminence of death, not only for themselves but their dear ones; for all about them.

Over and over again in history there have been small groups who thought the day of judgment would be next month, or six months from now, and who tried to live accordingly. In the time of the Apostles there was a widespread feeling that Christ would come again in the twinkling of an eye, at any moment, and that they should be prepared. This feeling was so general that early Christians sold all they had and lived in common those first years after Christ died and rose again.

In contrast to the widespread fear of today, the emotion at that time was of joy. "Who will deliver me from the body of this death?" St. Paul cried out, and this life was looked upon as life in the womb, and the life to come as the bursting out into a glorious day, a release from bondage.

But what sad and fearful times are these for men of little faith, for men of no faith. "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!" We must pray not only for ourselves, but for all those who do not believe, who have not been taught, who have not so much as heard that there be a Holy Spirit of love dwelling with us.

The great and glorious cities of the past have fallen: Ur of the Chaldees, Babylon, the cities of the Egyptians, Jerusalem the Golden. And now destruction hangs over New York and London, Moscow and Shanghai.

People are beginning to wonder—how long have we; when should we begin to depart like Lot from Sodom and Gomorrah?

Down in Washington a conference is beginning with Mr. Bevan, Mr. Truman, Mr. King. The great ones of the earth are conferring. The very scientists that brought forth the atomic bomb are the most afraid of all, of what is to come. What to do?

We can only suggest one thing—destroy the two billion dollars' worth of equipment that was built up to make the atomic bomb; destroy all the formulas; put on sack cloth and ashes, weep and repent. And God will not forget to show mercy. If others go to work to build again and prepare, let them. It is given to man but once to die. (And then the Judgment.)

One of the saints when asked what he would do if he were told he was to die within the next day replied that he would go on doing what he was doing. That is the state of mind we must cultivate. It is the only answer.

My Mind as a Catholic

By CARDINAL NEWMAN

AND then again all through Church history from the first, how slow is authority in interfering! Perhaps a local teacher, or a doctor in some local school, hazards a proposition, and a controversy ensues. It smoulders or burns in one place, no one interposing; Rome simply lets it alone. Then it comes before a Bishop; or some priest, or some professor in some other seat of learning takes it up; and then there is a second stage of it. Then it comes before a University, and it may be condemned by the theological faculty.

So the controversy proceeds year after year, and Rome is still silent. An appeal perhaps is next made to a seat of authority inferior to Rome; and then at last after a long while it comes before the supreme power. Meanwhile the question has been ventilated and turned over and over again, and viewed on every side of it, and authority is called upon to pronounce a decision, which has already been arrived at by reason.

But even then, perhaps the supreme authority hesitates to do so, and nothing is determined on the point for years; or so generally and vaguely, that the whole controversy has to be gone through again, before it is ultimately determined.

It is manifest how a mode of proceeding such as this tends not only to the liberty but to the courage of the individual theologian or controversialist.

Many a man has ideas which he hopes are true and useful for his day, but he is not confident about them, and wishes to have them discussed. He is willing, or rather would be thankful, to give them up, if they can be proved to be erroneous or dangerous, and by means of controversy he obtains his end. He is answered, and he yields; or on the contrary he finds that he is considered safe. He would not dare to do this, if he knew an authority, which was supreme and final, was watching every word he said, and made signs of assent or dissent to each sentence, as he uttered it. Then indeed he would be

Notes by the Way

"My soul hath thirsted after the strong living God; when shall I come and appear before the face of God?"

But the psalmist also says, "In death there is no one that is mindful of thee." So it made me happy that I could be with my mother the last few weeks of her life, and for the last ten days at her bedside daily and hourly. Sometimes I thought to myself that it was like being present at a birth to sit by a dying person and see their intentness on what is happening to them. It almost seems that one is absorbed in a struggle, a fearful, grim, physical struggle, to breathe, to swallow, to live. And so, I kept thinking to myself, how



E. M. Caffery

necessary it is for one of their loved ones to be beside them, to pray for them, to offer up prayers for them unceasingly, as well as to do all those little offices one can. When my daughter was a little tiny girl, she said to me once, "When I get to be a great big woman and you are little tiny girl, I'll take care of you," and I thought of that when I had to feed my mother by the spoonful and urge her to eat her custard. How good God was to me, to let me be there. I had prayed so constantly that I would be beside her when she died; for years, I had offered up that prayer. And God granted it quite literally. I was there, holding her hand, and she just turned her head and sighed. That was her last breath, that little sigh; and her hand was warm in mine for a long time after.

It was hard to talk about dying, but every now and then

we did. But I told her, that we could no more imagine the life beyond the grave than a blind man could imagine colors. We talked about faith, and how we could go just so far in our reasoned belief, and that our knowledge was like a bridge which came to an end, so that it did not reach the other shore. A wonderful prayer that one, "I believe, oh, God: Help Thou mine unbelief."

The beautiful flowers around her bedside were like a gorgeous promise of the new life to come. In winter everything seems so dead, the ground, the trees and all the shrubbery, around the house, and then in a few short months things begin to stir, palpably, and life bursts forth again. Mother had seen seventy-five autumns. Seventy-five times had she seen those promises fulfilled.

"Life is changed, not taken away."

"... In Him there hath shone forth upon us the hope of a happy resurrection, so that we, saddened by knowing that we must one day die, are comforted by the promise of immortal life to come. From Thy faithful, O Lord, life is not taken away; it is but changed, for when their dwelling place in this earthly exile shall have been destroyed, there awaiteth them an everlasting home in Heaven."

"But some man will say: How do the dead rise again? Or with what manner of body shall they come? Senseless man, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die first. And that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be; but bare grain, as of wheat."

These were comforting things to talk about and to think about, those all too short afternoons by mother's bedside. Outside, the maple trees blazed, cast their leaves about them and stood gaunt and clean against the sky. Asters and chrysanthemums still bloomed in the garden.

One morning I prayed to the Little Flower, whose picture is over the foot of my bed, that she would especially look after my mother. I reminded her of her own grief at her father's long dying. That night Julia Porcelli brought me in some dried blessed roses. The next day, a friend brought a tiny bouquet with lace paper about it made up of roses and carnations, and my mother greeted it with a smile and held it in her hands a few times that afternoon. And it was that evening that she died, so quietly, so gently, saying but a few moments before to my brother, "Kiss me good night and run along, because I want to go to sleep."

A week later when I went to Poughkeepsie to visit my three aunts, one of whom is a Catholic, and to go with them to offer up a Mass of thanksgiving for my mother's most peaceful death, we came out of St. Peter's church that misty morning to be greeted by a brilliant rose in the garden next to the Church. And when we arrived home for breakfast, there was a bouquet telegraphed

to us from Florida and in the center of the fall flowers were two lovely roses. The Little Flower was prompt and generous indeed in her message.

I write the account because I like to show my gratitude by telling others of such favors. Perhaps, too, it may comfort others who have sore and lonely hearts over the approaching death of a near one. "Life is changed, not taken away," and what a glorious change in these sad times, after a long and valiant life.

"Look down with favor, we beseech Thee, O Lord, upon the offering we make for the soul of Grace, thy servant; from heaven send healing to it, and bid it rest in the certainty of Thy love."

"O Lord, the God of mercies, grant to the soul of Thy handmaid a place of solace, of peaceful rest and of glorious light."

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by The Catholic Worker staff artists

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, published monthly Sept. to June (bi-monthly July-August) at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York—ss.

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

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher: Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

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GERRY GRIFFIN,

Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1945.

AMERIKUS C. STABLES,

(My commission expires March 20, 1947.)

fighting, as the Persian soldiers, under the lash, and the freedom of his intellect might truly be said to be beaten out of him.

But this has not been so. I do not mean to say that, when controversies run high, in schools or even in small portions of the Church, an interposition may not advisably take place; and again, questions may be of that urgent nature that an appeal must, as a matter of duty, be made at once to the highest authority in the Church; but if we look into the history of controversy we shall find, I think, the general run of things to be such as I have represented it.

Zosimus treated Pelagius and Coelestius with extreme forbearance; St. George VII was equally indulgent with Berengarius: by reason of the very power of the Popes they have commonly been slow and moderate in their use of it.

And here again is a further shelter for the legitimate exercise of the reason: the multitude of nations which are within the fold of the Church will be found to have acted for its protection, against any narrowness, or the supposition of narrowness, in the various authorities at Rome, with whom lies the practical decision of controverted questions.

WORK

By IRENE MARY NAUGHTON

"The great scandal of the nineteenth century is that the working-class has gone seeking its way far from the Crib of Christ, the fact that the poor have believed that they are not at home at that Crib."—Pius X.

IF THERE IS ONE FACT that must be borne in mind by the leaders of the world (especially by religious and educational leaders) it is this: that it is in the field of work that the greatest danger to souls lies. As Charles Peguy wrote, "There is no place of perdition better made, better ordered, and better provided with tools so to speak; there is no more fitting tool of perdition than the modern work-room." The saintly Vicar of Christ, Pius X, said that the greatest disgrace of the nineteenth century was the apostasy of the working classes. We may add, it is the continuing disgrace of the twentieth. Msgr. Ligutti, of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, said that the Welsh and Scotch Catholics (and it is also true of the Irish) were staunch Catholics through centuries of persecution, but that since the Industrial Revolution large numbers have ceased to practice the faith. Let us face the facts. Let us, with Christian hope, examine this working day that has become for many of us an irresistible occasion of apostasy. Why is it to be labeled un-Christian?

"The condition of the economic world today lays more snares than ever for human frailty." (Pius XI). What are these snares?—Is a non-living wage the worst of them? A non-family or a non-annual wage? Truly, when one looks at the economic world, this is the first great glaring evil that meets our eyes. Vast numbers of workers are ill-paid, ill-clothed, ill-housed, ill-fed. They have not the wherewithal to lead a decent family life. Those priests and laymen who have espoused the cause of Trade Unionism, of the migrant farmers, of the cotton-pickers, are truly good Samaritans, administering first-aid to the wounded. They have answered the call of the Vicars of Christ, "Go to the workingman." Even in the Old Testament this cause was espoused, for God is a God of Justice. "Behold the hire of the laborer, which by fraud has been kept back by you, crieth; and the cry of them hath entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." Magazines such as "Work," associations such as the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists, are performing the corporal works of mercy, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked.

A WORLD where every worker received a family-annual wage would indeed be an improvement. It would give an impetus to family life, for it would enable the mother of the family to stay home with her children. There is a school of thought which claims that the modern economic system cannot pay a living wage. This is a very important point, but we are not going to consider it here. What we are going to consider is, whether a world where every man received a family-annual wage would then be a world that produced good Christians. For in our work not only do we make things, we are made ourselves.

Let us then imagine that we have administered first aid to the working world. We have fed the hungry, we have sheltered the homeless, by means of giving all men a family-annual wage. We have reduced danger of accidents to a minimum, we have made the factories and offices sanitary, we have taken care of Workmen's Compensation.

Let us then picture a Catholic worker in such a world. It is quite possible that he is employed by a firm making only needed products. It is also possible that he is employed by one of the rubber companies, makers of tires—and of contraceptives. Or he is employed by one of the big publishing houses, publishers of sound, scientific books—and of pornographic novels. Or his firm publishes a Christian magazine—and "True Revelations." Or he works for a law firm in the courts of justice—and the divorce courts. Or for a movie producer making "The Song of Bernadette"—and "Burlesque House." Or she works



—Ado Bethune

in a shop selling high-necked blouses—and "the plunging neckline." We are then faced with one of the most outstanding characteristics of many of our modern businesses—the furthering on the one hand of good, and on the other of evil. With the Catholic worker—and it is of the utmost significance to Christianity that there are thousands, if not millions of such employees—it is a case of not letting your right hand know what your left hand is doing. Is it possible to build with one hand the Kingdom of God, and with the other, the Kingdom of Satan? The director, who chooses the policy of the firm, chooses either good or evil; the employee is not asked to choose the policy, he is only asked to carry it out. So we see that in our world of family wages (necessary first aid and corporal work of mercy as these are) the world is not yet Christian, and we must take another step. For our Catholic employee, willing or not, responsible or not, is oftentimes building the Kingdom of Satan.

THERE are some who counter this by saying that since our employee is not responsible and therefore is not guilty of sin, there is no harm done, and let us leave him in blissful ignorance. But if a maniac kills your wife, knowing that he is not morally responsible does not lessen the pain of your loss. Our employees who cooperate in the evil ends of their firms, probably much of the time without formal sin, are, in that sense, maniacs killing souls, and although He does not blame them, the pain of loss must be great to the heart of Christ.

So, to our world of Catholic Trade Unionists and of family wages, we must add another corrective. We must give back to

the worker the moral responsibility of choosing the ends of his work, so that his work will be the satisfaction of a real need, and not the occasion of sin to his fellowmen. Or, if he is an employee and cannot choose the policy of his firm, he must be aware of that policy, and, if it is a good one, consciously cooperate with it because it is good. If workers are to be educated to do this, our courses in economics must examine insurance, companies, banks, public utilities, business, all of economic life in short, in the light of Christian principles, and cease their over-emphasis on accounting techniques. More important than to know how to figure interest is to measure the theory of interest against the Church's teaching on usury.

If the economic system were then to pay a family wage to every man, and human beings were morally responsible for the ends of their work, would the world of work then be Christian? Let us imagine that two Catholic men wishing to make their work Christian go to work each for a bread company. Both these bread companies pay a family-annual wage, and they satisfy a real need of mankind by making good healthful bread, so that both men feel that they can conscientiously cooperate with the ends of their firms. One firm is truly a Christian firm, performing its service and obtaining its living thereby, for "the laborer is worth of his hire." The other firm is actuated primarily by the desire to make money; it takes advantage of shortages and necessity, and tries to corner the market. Only the outer compulsion of the labor unions and the law force it to make good bread and to pay a living wage; the inner compulsion of a Christian conscience is what forces the other firm to do these same things.

The firm whose policy is dictated by expediency instead of principle is perishing from the great spiritual disease of our times, the spirit of the love of riches. It is not possible for an individual to serve God and Mammon, that is, money. Is it possible for a firm to serve God and Mammon? Or is it possible for an individual loving God to work for a firm loving money? If our answer to these questions is in the negative, we cannot help but realize that the present economic order is trying to do just that, serve God and Mammon, if, indeed, it even thinks of God. For it is a child of that progress which has been, in the words of the Sovereign Pontiff, not so much "without God, as against God." The acquisitive spirit is its guiding spirit, which is nothing else than "the world" that we renounced at Baptism along with "the flesh and the devil." Therefore, to Christianize the economic order, we must not only take the flesh and the devil from it, we must also take the world. Sooner or later, we Christians must face St. Paul's thunder, "Adulterers, do you not know that friendship with this world is enmity with God?"

ACCORDING to its own prophets, the present economic system tends to overproduce; hence it cannot keep its workers employed unless it "successfully creates wants"; hence agitation for markets and wars. Economists like Eric Johnston base post-war prosperity in the fostering in the public of new desires for material comforts. On every side—from buses, subways, billboards, from the sides of barns in the country—millions of advertisements exert pressure to induce in us cravings, for "Mail Pouch Tobacco," or the new super enriched bread, or sweet-tasting toothpaste, or alluring lipstick. Advertising research agencies make a study of the reaction of "consumers" in order to understand better their "psychology."

(Continued on page 4)

Schools for Heroes

By Fr. Clarence Duffy

Dear Jack:

In your letter of last month, after referring very frankly to the pagan ideas and conduct prevalent among professing Christians, you remark very truly that "before we can lay these foundations (for a Christian culture, or way of life) we must learn our trade as Christian masons. We must cease acting like animals... like pagans... and learn to act as sons of God. Millions of us are waiting for this chance, but where," you ask, "is this particular general staff school?"

The war, you say, did not give you and other young men leaving the army the opportunity you thought it would give for heroic action. You still have an unrealized ambition to become heroes. You draw attention to the wonderful opportunity that exists for "tapping this immense human reservoir" of latent heroism, and you deplore the fact that it is not being used "for Christ and for the development of a Christian world."

In the P.S. at the end of your letter you say that your friend Tom, just out of the army, states that in four years of army life he met only one person who was not an anti-Semite. This P.S. is, I think, the most important part of

in himself, for his good qualities, but in spite of his shortcomings because God wants us to love him, i.e., to do to him as we would wish others would do to us.

Who Is My Neighbor?

On another occasion, using the parable of the good Samaritan for the instruction of people who were anti-Samaritan, He made very clear what He meant by our "neighbor"—all human beings everywhere irrespective of condition, race, color or creed. In the Sermon on the Mount He commanded us to love even our enemies, to "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."

It is natural for us to hate our enemies, to be vindictive and to seek revenge. If we are to overcome natural instincts and desires in other matters, i.e., deny ourselves, as Christ calls upon us to do, we must begin here in our relationships towards our fellowmen. If we can't or won't try to overcome natural feelings of prejudice, vindictiveness, calumny, and hatred towards them, there is little use in our trying to deny ourselves, to follow Christ, in any other matter. He wouldn't permit or help us in any event, and, furthermore, He wouldn't want our kind of self-denial.

At the Last Supper, after he had washed His disciples' feet, thus giving them an "example that as I have done to you so you do also," He announced a "new commandment... that you love one another: as I have loved you, that you also love one another. By this," He continued, "shall all men know you are my disciples; if you have love one for another." Love of our fellowmen (and that includes our enemies) is, therefore, the distinguishing mark of the true Christian whose love of God is manifested by his love for his neighbor. If he does not love the latter, if he is unforgiving, vindictive, callous to the sufferings and needs of others, anti-Semitic or anti-anybody, then he is not a Christian, irrespective of what he calls himself, or is called by anyone else. "If any man," says St. John, "says that I love God, and hates his brother, he is a liar. For he that loves not his brother whom he sees, how can he love God, whom he sees not?"

The "Bond of Perfection"

St. Paul calls charity the "bond of perfection" and "the fulfilling of the law." He exhorts us to "bear one another's burdens and so you shall fulfill the law of Christ." And in the first Epistle to the Corinthians (XIII, 1-13), in one of the most rhetorical passages in the New Testament beginning with "If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal," he enumerates the many results of charity. It is "patient, is kind; charity envies not, deals not perversely; is not puffed up; is not ambitious; seeks not her own; is not provoked to anger; thinks not evil; rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth; bears all things, hopes all things, endures all things."

If therefore you, and I, or anyone else, wish "to put on, as the elect of God, the bowels of mercy, benignity, humility, modesty, patience," to follow Christ and to live as a Christian, we must begin with charity. We can neither save ourselves nor help to save anyone else unless we build on that foundation—the love of God and the love of our neighbor, of the white man, the black man, the brown man and the yellow man, of the Jew and the Gentile, of the Catholic and the Protestant, of the Capitalist and the Communist, of the rich and the

(Continued on page 4)



—Ado Bethune

your letter, for while mentioning anti-Semitism, one of the many results of uncharitableness, or un-Christian living, you, indirectly, bring into the picture the supernatural virtue of Christian charity which is the root or foundation of all the other Christian virtues and, therefore, of a Christian culture or way of life. Without it, incidentally, there can be none of these things.

The Great Commandment

When our Lord was asked: "Which is the great commandment of the law?" He replied "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments depend the whole law and the prophets."

Love of God and our neighbor is, therefore, the very essence of Christianity. It is called Christian charity which is defined as a divine virtue by which we love God above all things and our neighbor as ourselves for, or because of the love of God. It is, primarily, love of God above everything and everybody, doing His Will, putting Him first in all things. Secondly, it is love of our neighbor, not for what he is

IRENE MARY NAUGHTON

(Continued from page 3)

What we Christians, and especially Christian educators, have to understand is this, that it is a difficult predicament to "use the things of this world as though we used them not." The Christian finds himself divided against himself. On the one hand, his faith tells him "to limit his wants by his needs"; on the other, his job is to co-operate with a policy of "successfully creating wants." That is, he is engaged to tempt other Christians to be diluted Christians; he is part of an organized temptation towards worldliness.

If, therefore, we are to Christianize the world of work, we must banish the acquisitive spirit, and substitute instead the spirit of service, which is of the Holy Spirit. That is the only true Christian measure of work—as a service. Someone has said that you should be able to put your work in the category of the works of mercy. This is as true of firms as it is of individuals.

As individual Christians, through the spiritual formation of lay apostolic movements, such as the Jocist or Young Christian Workers, become more and more aware of the Holy Spirit within them, they discover that they are at war with their environment, not so much with individuals as with the institutions they work for. The Spirit of God within these young Christians closes combat with the spirit of the world, often of the devil, that is the guiding policy of their firms. No matter how personally good the employer, no matter how saintly the employees, it is almost impossible for them to function against the spirit of the institution. For the forms, and policies, and techniques, of our economic habits were "frozen" before we were born, and "frozen" in un-Christian principles.

ABOUT the time of the Industrial Revolution, of the school of Liberalism, or Individualism, our economic institutions chose Gain instead of God, and their policy was fixed in that choice. They have not yet gone to confession. Even if all the employees and the employers should go to confession, it would not be enough; the institution must go to confession. For it can be said of our economic order, as Charles Peguy said of France, that it is in a state of mortal sin. The fiery spirit of love of wholehearted Christians must transform the institutions, or they must go out and start new institutions. How can ardent Catholics work for an advertising firm whose greed of gain makes it appeal to lust in its ads (such as the underwater bathing suit ad which was ordered to be taken down from the public view. It must have been pretty bad when you consider the ads that are permitted). How can they work for advertising firms at all if, as an advertising executive once said, the aim of advertising is to sell people "what they don't need, what they don't want, and what they can't afford to buy."

And so, in addition to paying a living wage, in addition to giving back to the employee the moral responsibility of choosing the ends of his work, we must do something else to Christianize the working world. We must subject it to a fundamental spiritual renewal, a re-directing of its desires, which embraces not only individuals but institutions.

Have we at last reached the end of the reforms necessary in our working world? It is true that if the Holy Spirit became the all-pervasive spirit of the economic world, He would renew the face of the earth. But already there is a spiritual revolution stirring the hearts of the youth of the world. That new spiritual insight has brought to light an injustice to the workingman that

is doing him incalculable damage, and that would seem to be the major cause for the appalling leakage of souls. For according to the standards of the natural law and of the Divine law, the most un-Christian phenomenon of the working world, and the root of the disintegration of our times, is the intellectual irresponsibility of the worker. Time and time again, men of good will, outside the Church and in it, have raised their voices, but they are the voices of one crying in the wilderness. "It is the fundamental right of the worker to design his own work."

THIS is intellectual irresponsibility—not to design one's own work. It is the "hands" carrying into execution the ideas of the "brains" of the business. It is the "assembly line" pattern of work. It is one out of a thousand workers doing the creative or designing part of a task, and the other nine hundred and ninety-nine doing the drudgery or routine part. It is not being your own boss. If you doubt that this is the situation today, ask yourself this question, "How many things that I buy do I ask for by the name of the worker?" Thousands of men work at machines producing millions of like articles, and the only personality imprinted on those millions of articles is that one personality of the inventor of the machine. All those other men have been reduced to mere machines themselves, using a minimum of intelligence and will in their work, that is, a minimum of those faculties which make us truly human. And since grace builds on nature, surely work that is more truly human would be more fertile ground for the supernatural virtues.

The anonymity of the modern worker has been compared with the anonymity of workers of the Middle Ages. There is a vast difference. Firstly, the anonymity of the Middle Ages was nearly always a voluntary anonymity. That of today is involuntary. Secondly, those unknown workmen of Medieval times who built the beautiful cathedrals, and wrote the incomparable Mystery Plays, were anonymous only in the sense that they withheld their names; our modern workers are anonymous in the sense that they withhold themselves. Those Medieval workmen wrote their letters, but withheld their signatures, painted their pictures, but forgot to leave us their names. The modern worker is not allowed to write his letter, or to paint his picture. Is it any wonder that the frustration of one of the most powerful desires of human nature, the desire to create, has had powerful repercussions in the moral sphere?

IN NIETZSCHE'S satire on specialization (and specialization is the main cause of intellectual irresponsibility), he pictures a man whose body is so small as to be unnoticeable, the size of Hop o' My Thumb, and he is attached to an enormous Ear. Nietzsche must have had the telephone operators in mind. So a caricature of the salesgirl would show feet five yards long, with a tiny body perched on them. You have seen or heard of withered limbs on people. The minds of the majority of workers in our large specialized industries are like that. Or better still, they are like the feet on Chinese women, bound and forbidden to grow. If you ask most people they will honestly tell you that they are bored stiff with their jobs and are frankly clock-watchers.

Now a certain amount of specialization is a good thing and produces artists and craftsmen. When in the course of human history shoes were found good and necessary (especially since the mass production of glass,

nails, and concrete) it is probable that each person or head of the family made his own from the skins of animals. When eventually one man became more skillful than the others in shoe making, and specialized almost wholly in this craft, it seemed to be a good thing. Some men are born shoe craftsmen just as some are born poets. But the thing was carried too far when one man became a specialist in shoe laces, and much too far when he became a watcher of the machine that makes the tips on the shoe laces. There is a happy medium. Witness the old saw: "The general practitioner knows less and less about more and more until he knows nothing about everything; the specialist knows more and more about less and less until he knows everything about nothing."

HISTORICALLY speaking, the modern division of labor, which is known as "specialization," dates back to that period which witnessed the Enclosure Acts, the Industrial Revolution, the Manchester School of Economics, and the overthrow of that social and economic order, which, with all its faults, had been noted in fundamental Catholic doctrines of the dignity of man, and the supremacy of the moral law.



Ado Bethune

The Manchester School of Economics proclaimed its theory that the economic good of the world would naturally result if all constraints of whatever nature were removed from private enterprise. The State ceased to exert any control of private greed, and the voice of Holy Church was not listened to by those early innovators of the modern economic order. (It is significant to note that all this occurred in non-Catholic England, and later on in America, also guided by Protestant philosophy.) At the same time, the Enclosure Acts had driven vast numbers of people off the land, and their need for work made them the prey of the employer. When this same employer measured human dignity and joy in work against profits, if indeed he bothered at all, profits won out. More and more exploitation of the worker resulted, until he has become today merely a tool in the hands of financiers and big business men. That division of labor known as "specialization" is most profitable to employers, and it seems to matter not a whit to many of them that the employees suffer in many ways from such a division of labor. There are, however, many who are filled with good will towards the working man and are anxious to help him. It remains for the social apostolate to indicate to these what is the best way to help him.

SPECIALIZATION is more profitable to the employer, first, because it enables him to make use of vast numbers of un-

skilled laborers, and therefore to pay smaller salaries. Secondly, it is less trouble for him to train an employee to run one machine than to run all of them used in making a finished product. It is interesting to note that the modern highly specialized division of labor tends to fix the status of hiring, as opposed to the old system of apprenticeship, which was a training for ownership.

People may admit all of this, but then raise the question of how souls are being lost through it. Certainly, if there were a wider realization that the apostasy of the working classes, attested to by the Holy Father, was primarily the result of intellectual irresponsibility, there would be a more widespread effort towards reform. Some people even think that the terrific sacrifice made by the worker may produce spiritual goods more important than the development of the worker's humanity. Here the question may be asked, as it has been, "Is it licit to atrophy the mind?" But more convincing to most people than to weigh this question in the abstract, is to glance at the results of intellectual irresponsibility. The intensity of the intellect and will, frustrated in modern offices and factories, is a river turned aside. Do we find it flowing in a new verdant bed of supernatural virtue?

On the contrary, we are surrounded by a widespread ruin of souls. The decay of family life is admitted by every thinking person. Race suicide is universally practiced, as is seen by the fact that our own population is due to decline in about fifteen years. Chicago, fifty per cent Catholic, has an average of one child per family. The old-fashioned notion of raising a large family of saints for God has almost disappeared, and indeed it would take heroic virtue to face present economic uncertainty with the old-time families of thirteen or so. Religious vocations are decreasing. Juvenile delinquency figures are constantly mounting.

IT HAS been claimed that the denied intensity, or creative ability, of the worker is largely fulfilled in two ways, escape amusements, and promiscuity. St. Thomas says that man must have pleasure. Denied spiritual pleasure, he will turn to physical pleasure. Denied the joy of true creative work, he will in the majority of cases seek the pleasures of sensuality. Spectator sports, canned amusements, the movies and the juke box, demand no intelligent effort. Neither do they recreate, but they make him forget for the moment his essential discontent. Forbidden to think in his work, he eventually loses the ability to use anything but the minimum of his thinking or creative apparatus. Hence we have the situation today when culture is at a standstill, no new music or dance worthy of the name is being created, even the ability to play musical instruments is disappearing.

If intellectual irresponsibility is admitted to be the major cause for the apostasy of the working classes, and intellectual irresponsibility is largely due to specialization, and specialization is due to bigness, for it cannot be practiced in small concerns, we are faced with this conclusion: the apostasy of the working classes will best be overcome by a return to small business.

The implications of this to the Young Christian Worker Movement are very important. Aside from their basic task of spiritual formation, their most successful means of Christianizing the working world will be to promote small ownership. In *Rerum Novarum* Leo XIII said that as many as possible of the people should be induced to become owners. The implications to education, and the Young Christian Student movement are still more

FR. DUFFY

(Continued from page 3)

poor, of the good and bad, the washed and the unwashed, our enemies as well as, and perhaps more so than our friends.

Houses of Hospitality

The world today needs charity in an heroic form, and here is your chance to be not only a Christian mason, but a Christian hero. The worse the conditions the greater is the opportunity for heroism. The greater, too, is your opportunity to become a hero. If you and some of the millions who, you say, "are waiting for this chance" have enough trust in God "to leave all things" and trust in His paternal providence for your physical needs there are innumerable opportunities awaiting you for the achievement of your ambition in every city, in every part of the United States. As men are mustered out of the Army and Navy there will be more. Through the medium of Christian Centers, or Houses of Hospitality, call them what you will, men (and women, too) inspired with love of God and their fellowmen can practice and exemplify the Christian virtues, regenerate society, "restore all things in Christ."

In those Houses (here is your "particular general staff school") you will find all kinds and conditions of human beings whom you will be able to help in many ways, spiritually and physically. You won't help or refuse them help because of their national origins, race, color, or religion. You will see in each of them a child of God and a brother of Christ. It won't be easy at times, but you will be able to do it with the help of God. You know, I think, how to get that.

You will get a wonderful chance to practice charity and, through it, to change the world. Christian heroes, under its influence, who left all things and followed Christ, changed it once before. Christian heroes can change it again.

The opportunity is beckoning to you and many others, a wonderful and unique opportunity. Again I ask you, as I did before, how many of you have the courage, trust in and love of God and zeal for His glory to grasp it?

Sincerely yours.

It Must Be Used

Cardinal Newman says:

1. "If the intellect is a good thing then its cultivation is an excellent thing.
2. "It must be cultivated not only as a good thing but as a useful thing.
3. "It must not be useful in any low, mechanical, material sense.
4. "It must be useful in the spreading of goodness.
5. "It must be used by the owner for the good of himself and for the good of the world.



important. For with these particularly lies the future. It must be the aim of education, and the Young Christian Student movement, to prepare youth for the new social order, rather than for jobs in the present unjust one.

[Reprinted from *The Torch*.]

+ From The Mail Bag +

Life and Death

Dear Friends:

The two cartons of children's clothing arrived soon after your letter, and the children who were here at the time nearly went wild when they saw the woolen shorts. They ran home and told their brothers and their cousins, and I was pretty busy for a while handing out what they called "gym pants." The boys attend gym in school and were overjoyed at the prospect of appearing in honest-to-goodness gym attire. They need underwear, of course, but we can provide that later, maybe. The other garments were also distributed, I should say grabbed, and we sincerely thank you for thinking of us.

We are indebted to you further for three boxes of clothing you sent us late in July. I don't know why I failed to acknowledge them at the time; just an oversight.

Mrs. Hattie Johnson, our neighbor and good friend who assisted on the playground this summer, has been very ill, but as up and around now. She said if she died she'd have to tell St. Peter she was half Catholic and half Methodist!

Another neighbor, James Taylor, was burned to death last night in a little shack a few doors below our house. An old oil stove exploded while he was sleeping, and he didn't have a chance. They are searching now for his feet and one of his hands that fell off as they carried him out.

Lots of these old men are living in shacks, garages and sheds in alleys. For heat they rig up an old oil drum to which they attach a length of stove pipe and stick it out through the roof. One man lived in an abandoned automobile and froze one of his legs so badly it had to be amputated. Now I see him pass every day, a little express wagon tied with a rope to the stump of his leg, painfully dragging the day's collection of rags and cardboard to a junk dealer to be sold for a few pennies. These poor old fellows would go to the poorhouse, of course, but they seem to prefer the freedom their alley shacks afford.

Cold weather is upon us again, and we have the old pot-bellied stove full of the usual punk we buy for 25 cents a bushel—two and a half cents a stick. We have not tried to buy any coal yet.

We will have our annual Hallowe'en party on the 26th this year, and are getting ready for it—the children always have a lot of fun at our parties, and we have had some pretty nice ones thanks to the few friends of the colored in this city.

Please remember us in your prayers.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

MARY FRECON.

Bl. Martin de Porres
House of Hospitality
1917 W. Seventh St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Forced Migration

Dear Editor:

What about the Japanese?

From the organs of the "respectable" pacifist movement, one would think the Japanese in America were all settled in lovely homes and the scars of evacuation fading. But we (who still keep in touch) hear there is a second forced migration taking place and causing as much hardship (and more in most cases) to those who are enduring it as the first one did.

Galen Fisher, writing of it in November *Common Sense*, reports that there have been 110 "incidents" since the Nisei started returning to the west coast. Shots have been fired into twenty-one homes, there have been threatening telephone calls or letters and a few cases of

arson. The California Attorney General and Governor had adjured peace officers and courts to do their full duty, but there have been some miscarriages of justice. One offender has been punished: a white woman to ninety days in the Sacramento County jail, for threatening to burn down the home of a Nisei veteran's father.

Authorities in California have been slow to grant business and professional licenses to returning evacuees. The standard insurance companies are demanding a 50 percent surcharge before issuing policies to persons of Japanese ancestry, although they admit that the reputation of such persons for probity was excellent before the war.

In my letter to Dillon Myer, which you kindly printed last month, I pointed out the fact that fishermen were not permitted to fish, farmers could not get land and that some evacuees were committing suicide in camp rather than return to certain pauperism and hostility on the west coast.

One Solution

A Ph.D., who worked long and hard with the War Relocation Authority in the beginning, who tried to make reforms in it and who finally had to give up, has suggested that the War Relocation Authority camps on fertile soil be converted immediately to homesteads and that the WRA help in collective farming. It is not too late to follow his advice. Many of the 30,000 now remaining in camps might be in favor of such an undertaking. Whether such a project would eventually degenerate into a "Japanese reservation" is, of course, up to the farmers themselves and the compassion with which the WRA would help at the outset. But others, including the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom (at least we passed a resolution about it) feel each and every Japanese and Japanese-American should have financial compensation for the great monetary losses they sustained through evacuation.

This will cost the taxpayers money, but certainly our program for educating Germans and Japanese abroad is costing a whole lot more, and that foreign one is not assured of the success a domestic program for wiping out a fascist, Hitlerian blot upon our history, should be.

Forced Moves

The WRA in answering protests to its treatment of evacuees in camp has so far not answered one of the accusations. It admits the element of force in putting people out of the camps, but it does not see how "intelligent" people could think that we were so utterly lacking in administrative judgment and sense of public responsibility.

Being one who has seen some examples of WRA deficiency in "administrative judgment and public responsibility," I think it is high time some of us, who still retain a conscience, a sensitivity to justice and the honor of the U.S.A., should plow through "obstructions and objectivity" to a little subjective work for the poor



people who were stripped of their possessions to inhabit the concentration camps, so prettily called War Relocation Camps, and who now are being thrown back to a west coast which is incredibly more racist that it was when they left.

"Raging Fire"

This last extraordinary state is noted on the first page of Carey McWilliams' "Prejudice": "For after evacuation had been effected, the agitation against persons of Japanese ancestry on the west coast noticeably increased. . . . What had been a small flame of race prejudice became a raging fire." And into this the WRA is forcing the evacuees who are old, halt, or have too many young ones to brave our beautiful postwar west coast world, in order that they, the WRA, may close their desks by January 1, 1946, and in order that the incapacitated will go on the relief rolls of their respective States rather than become federal charges. This may be poetic justice, but the people of the United States are as responsible for the evacuation as the people of Germany are for the existence of Belsen, Buchenwald and Dachau.

YONE U. STAFFORD.

Dead Storage

Dear Miss Day:

I noticed the item re Chel in the September issue. Nothing could be less apropos. The real problem in this State, and throughout all the other States of the Union, is not touched upon at all—not even approached, in the letter you published. Entirely misses main issues.

Real problem is the actual conditions inside these hideous warehouses for afflicted human beings in Dead Storage. The conditions in the wards inflicted (so wantonly) on these helpless, powerless, defenseless victims, under which these Least of His brethren have to exist, 24 hours of each day, 7 days a week and so on for months and years.

True enough that some are not in condition to resume normal life in the outside world. But is that any reason why they should be neglected, and abused, by those hired and paid to at least NOT add to their woes, if they cannot or will not help them?

Last week I received a heart-rending appeal from another Catholic (Czech) patient in Wards Island. I wrote the chaplain in his behalf; and also wrote patient that I had done so, and that he would be visited by the chaplain. Patient replied (in a letter which was smuggled out and only reached me yesterday) that while he thanked me he found no comfort in the prospective visit of chaplain, because Catholics, priests and laity both, take no interest in people like him—in his predicament. This patient also said, in his letter, that he had served three (3) years on Russian Front and one year on the Italian Front in previous war, but that he did not suffer as much there as he has in the 4½ years he has been in alleged hospital on Wards Island. And majority of ward personnel—attendants et al—are Catholics.

A new organization is being formed (by non-Catholics) to try

to arouse the public, and to coordinate the efforts of existing groups working in this field. I was asked what (if any) was the Catholic aggregation devoting their efforts to these unfortunates in our public mental "hospitals." What could I say?

I hope that you can yet see your way to helping these victims with something in their behalf in every issue. This is the longest neglected, and worst neglected, of our spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

Of course you understand that the above letter from the patient on Wards Island is only one of many. There are plenty more from Catholic patients in the other "hospitals" also.

Sincerely,
JOHN B. ERIT.

(Mr. Erit works with the Association for the Improvement of Conditions in Mental Hospitals, Inc., 1440 Broadway, New York 18. The following bulletin reporting on conditions in mental hospitals came in the same mail.)

Illustrations

All in the Day's Mail—

Things That Need Not Be
"So difficult to get drug authorization that many patients are struck by attendants to keep them quiet . . ."

"The wet towel is used often in strangling a patient into submission . . . Where (attendants) treat patients well, they are criticized for having noisy wards; commended for good wards where they throw the fear of hell into the patients, with some abuse . . ."

"I was very shocked to see some of the methods of restraint that are used here . . . The first time . . . the patient . . . was placed in a 'jacket,' and a roller towel was placed around her crossed arms, then between legs and tied to the ends of the sleeves where they were tied in the middle of the back. This 'quite young girl' . . . was then taken to a back ward and placed in an unheated seclusion room with . . . other patients, about four or five. I could hardly see any humanity about anything quite so cruel as all this, especially considering the fact that all bodily passages through which excreta is passed off were completely blocked, and for how long I do not know . . . Another woman patient . . . had caused some disturbance . . . and evidently was not dealt with as tactfully as she might have been by the attendants on duty; the net result, 'tied down' . . . I feel, from the attitude of the attendants . . . it may have been disciplinary as much as anything. This patient was placed in a 'jacket,' and then placed on her back in bed. A sheet was then passed beneath her arm pits and taken around the head end of the bed and tied. Roller towels were then slipped around each ankle and the patient firmly secured to foot end of the bed. Again, there was no consideration for the patients' sanitary needs . . ."

"These two cases . . . are examples of what happens here practically every day . . ."

"As a means of quieting overactive patients . . . Crib beds, and certainly not the use of sheets and towels to tie them down as is done in this hospital . . ." (Another hospital than above.)

"All forms of restraint are supposed to be changed every three hours, but this is rarely done. Some patients are left in camisole for many days at a time . . ."

"The duration . . . supposedly for the period that a patient is disturbed, though in practice it's often longer. Destructive patients are kept in camisole continuously. The rule that re-

straints be changed every three hours is not adhered to."

From a ward in a veteran's hospital:
"A new attendant is given a medicine cabinet key and told to pour the medicine . . . sometimes a new attendant is left alone on a ward; when a patient becomes disturbed, often has to use either mechanical or chemical restraint . . ."

Appeal

Dear Miss Day:

Allow me to introduce myself first: I am one of the 26 Catholic Missionaries (Holy Ghost and Mill Hill Society) who were sent here from West Africa (Nigeria) in 1940.

I happened to get a Catholic Worker occasionally, and I read your book, "From Union Square to Rome." I am sorry I didn't write you earlier; you would have been able and willing to help us to some good Italian literature for the men here, most of them miners and builders from the Gold Coast. I tried a lot all these years to get good, strong reading for these men who find the time so long and the separation so very hard that I could make anyone cry if I talk about his family. Something like your paper or the Wanderer would be ideal, but in Italian, because they know very little English, especially when it comes to religious matters, where they are very badly instructed. I fear for their future. You know the Italians, and some good pastor of them there. Please help! I know you take my request seriously. God knows when we will be sent away.

Yours gratefully,

(Father) Laur. Obermayer,
(Internee) 695
Interment Camp
Jamaica, B. W. I.

RIGHT TO ORGANIZE

NEXT, men are by nature social beings, and have every right to join their forces for the promotion of legitimate interests. Workmen or peasants, no less than employers, should have freedom to form associations, a freedom which cannot without injustice be either denied them or curtailed. By such means they must be allowed to safeguard their rights to win a greater share of the benefits which make for bodily and intellectual well-being and give opportunity for the innocent amenities of life. In times past guilds of this kind enabled the Christian commonwealth for every age to come, and reflected upon the arts an incomparable glory. Guilds in our own day cannot be organized in the same manner everywhere; their code and direction may vary from place to place with the temperament of particular nations and with particular conditions and circumstances; but they must always draw their vitality from principles of healthy freedom, always be shaped by lofty standards of justice and right dealing. So guided and so directed, they must see to it that they do no injury to others while forwarding the interests of their own class, that they zealously seek to preserve harmony with all, and that they respect the common good of society.

—PIUS XII, *Sertum Laetitiae* (1939).

[To the American Hierarchy]

An Apostolate for Women

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BY POPE PIUS XII TO AN AUDIENCE OF 1000 ITALIAN CATHOLIC WOMEN

YOUR presence in great numbers around Us, dear daughters, is especially significant at the present moment. For if We are always glad to receive you, bless you and give you Our paternal counsels, there is added circumstance now that, at your urgent request, We are to deal with a topic outstanding in interest and primary importance for our times: It is woman's duties in social and political life. We for Our part welcomed such an opportunity, for the feverish agitation of the present moment of travail, and still more apprehensions of an uncertain future, have brought the position of woman to the forefront in the programs of both friends and enemies of Christ and Church.

Let Us say at the outset that for Us the problem regarding woman, both in its entirety as a whole and in all its many details, resolves itself into preserving and augmenting that dignity which woman has had from God. For Us, accordingly, it is not a problem that is merely juridical or economic, educational or biological, political or demographic—it is rather one which, in spite of its complexity, hinges entirely on the question how to maintain and strengthen that dignity of woman, especially today, in circumstances in which Providence has placed us.

To envisage the question any other way or to consider it exclusively under any of the aspects We just mentioned would be tantamount to shirking it without advantage to anyone, and least of all to woman herself. To detach it from God and from the order of things wisely set up by the Creator from His most holy will is to miss the essential point of the question, which is the dignity of woman, that dignity which she has only from God and in God.

Hence, it follows that those systems cannot treat the question of women's rights properly which exclude God and His law from the social life and give precepts of religion, at most, a lowly place in man's private life.

You, therefore, disregarding high-sounding and empty slogans with which some people would qualify the movement for women's rights, have laudably organized and united as Catholic women and Catholic girls in order to meet in a becoming manner the natural needs and true interests of your sex.

The Dignity of Woman

What, then, is this dignity that a woman has from God? Put the question to human nature as formed by God and elevated and redeemed in the Blood of Christ.

In their personal dignity as children of God a man and woman are absolutely equal, as they are in relation to the last end of human life, which is everlasting union with God in the happiness of heaven. It is the undying glory of the Church that she put these truths in their proper light and honorable place and that she has freed woman from degrading, unnatural slavery.

But a man and woman cannot maintain and perfect this equal dignity of theirs, unless by respecting and activating characteristic qualities which nature has given each of them, physical and spiritual qualities which cannot be eliminated, which cannot be reversed without nature itself stepping in to restore the balance. These characteristic qualities which divide the two sexes are so obvious to all that only willful blindness or a no less disastrous utopian doctrinaire attitude could overlook or practically ignore their significance in social relations.

The two sexes, by the very qualities that distinguish them, are mutually complementary to such an extent that their co-ordination makes itself felt in every phase of man's social life. We shall here only recall two of these phases because of their special importance: The married state and the state of celibacy embraced voluntarily in accordance with evangelical counsels.

True Purpose of Matrimony

The result of a genuine marriage union involves more than children when God grants them to the married couple, and the material and spiritual advantages that accrue to mankind from family life. The whole civilized world, all its branches, peoples, and relations between peoples, even the Church itself—in a word, everything really good in mankind—benefits by the happy results when this family life is orderly and flourishing and when the young are accustomed to look up to it, honor it and love it as a holy ideal.

But where the two sexes, forgetful of that intimate harmony willed and established by God, give themselves up to perverted individualism, where their mutual relations are governed by selfishness and covetousness, when they do not collaborate by mutual accord for the service of mankind according to the designs of God and nature, when the young, scouting their responsibilities, silly and frivolous in spirit and conduct, render themselves unfit physically and morally for the holy state of Matrimony: then the common good of human society, in the temporal as well as the spiritual order, is gravely compromised and the Church of God herself trembles, not for her existence—for she has divine promises—but for the large achievements of her mission to men.

Unselfish Service of Voluntary Celibates

But let us remember that for nigh on to 20 centuries, in every generation, thousands and thousands of men and women, from among the best, in order to follow the counsels of Christ, freely renounced the possibility of a family of their own and the sacred duties and rights of married life.

Is the common good of the peoples and the Church perhaps



jeopardized by this? On the contrary, these generous souls recognize the union of the two sexes in Matrimony as a good of high order. But, if they abandon the ordinary way and leave the beaten track, they do not desert it, but rather consecrate themselves to the service of mankind with a complete disregard for themselves and their own interests by an act incomparably broader in its scope, more all-embracing and universal.

Look at those men and women: see them dedicated to prayer and penance, intent on the instruction and education of the young and ignorant, leaning over the pillow of the sick and dying, open-hearted for all their miseries, and all their weaknesses in order to relieve them, ease them, lighten them and sanctify them.

Vocation

When one thinks of young girls and women who willingly renounce Matrimony in order to consecrate themselves to a higher life of contemplation, sacrifice and charity, there comes at once to the lips the word that explains it: vocation. It is the only word that can describe so lofty a sentiment.

This vocation call of life is felt in the most diverse ways, corresponding to the infinitely diverse modulations of the voice of God; it may be an overpowering call, affectionately inviting inspiration, or gentle impulse—but the young Catholic girl, too, who remains unmarried perforce, trusting none the less the providence of our Heavenly Father, recognizes in the vicissitudes of life the call of the Master: The Master is come and calleth for thee (John 11-28). She hearkens. She gives up the fond dream of her adolescence and youth to have a faithful companion in life and set up a family. And in the exclusion of Matrimony she recognizes her vocation. Then, with a sorrowful but submissive heart, she, too, gives herself up to the noble and most diversified good works.

Motherhood, Woman's Natural Sphere

In both states alike woman's sphere is clearly outlined by qualities, temperament and gifts peculiar to her sex. She collaborates with man but in a manner proper to her according to her natural bent. Now the sphere of woman, her manner of life, her native bent, is motherhood. Every woman is made to be a mother: a mother in the physical meaning of the word or in the more spiritual and exalted but no less real sense.

For this purpose the Creator organized the whole characteristic make-up of woman, her organic construction, but even more her spirit, and above all her delicate sensitiveness. Thus, it is that a woman who is a real woman can see all the problems of human life only in the perspective of the family. That is why her delicate sense of her dignity puts her on guard any time that a social or political order threatens to prejudice her mission as a mother or the good of the family.

And such, unfortunately, is the social and political situation today; it might even become still more precarious for the sanctity of the home and hence for woman's dignity. Your day is here, Catholic women and girls. Public life needs you. To each one of you might be said: (tua res agitur) your destiny is at stake. (Horace Epistles 1-18-84.)

Threats to Sanctity of Family and Woman's Dignity

It is beyond dispute that for a long time past the political situation has been evolving in a manner unfavorable to the real welfare of the family and women. Many political movements are turning to woman to win her for their cause. Some totalitarian systems dangle marvelous promises before her eyes: equality of rights with men, care during pregnancy and childbirth; public kitchens and other communal services to free her from some of her household cares, public kindergartens and other institutions maintained and administered by government which relieve her of maternal obligations towards her own children, free schools and sick benefits.

It is not meant to deny the advantages that can accrue from one and the other of these social services if properly admin-

CULT :: CULTIV

ADVENT

By JAMES ROGAN

NOW are the eager days of longing here
And earth lies silent in its winter shroud
Take courage, lonely heart, and do not fear
The Just One shall rain down from heaven's cloud.
A Virgin shall conceive and bear a son
Her mother's womb shall yield a blessed fruit
His mercy shall encompass everyone
This flower risen out of Jesse's root.

The Lord is near and all His ways are true
With hearts aflame we seek His coming soon
O come Lord Jesus, come, we wait for you
To make our earth-bound darkness bright as noon.
The skies with joyful alleluias ring
Tomorrow we shall greet our Infant King.



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CULTURE ATION ::

SMALL CHURCHES

By ADE BETHUNE

LIKE everything else, cities, factories, machines and wars, our churches have gotten too big. Most of them are cathedral-size, because they have to accommodate huge parishes. A thousand parishioners are herded together on a Sunday morning and another hundred or so crowd at the back of the church to catch a fleeting glimpse of the priest, if they can see him at all, hidden behind the throngs of restless worshippers. How well the people who loiter in the vestibule participate in the Mass is an open question. They probably even catch their death of cold in the draft, or their faith must be very strong if they come back at all. And yet there are a lot of empty seats in the front. But the church is too big. It takes just more courage than the people have, to walk up to there.

Are small churches any better? They are, when they are serving a small parish. We can see this in operation in any country vil-

lage with its small church. Sunday morning is in the nature of an event in a little community. About the time the "quarter-to" bell rings, the first people begin to gather, while the other ones are seen coming up the hill from a distance. The men stand in front of the church to smoke a last pipe before Mass. All exchange greetings and the children in their Sunday best are stiff with their importance. It is like a big family affair. The hundred-odd souls in the congregation know one another, and when a friendly pastor addresses to them words of encouragement or warning they all know what he means. Even if there is a little too much concern about the clothes that the grocery store keeper's wife is wearing or the



way the school teacher is singing (?), or the desperate attempts of the youngest altar boy to light a stubborn candle, it matters a little. A big bit of gossip is largely balanced by the general community spirit of families united in a common group.

Of course—is the objection—this is ideal, but is not possible in the big cities. (Whoever said that the big cities were indispensable in the first place?). However, as it is, will it help the conditions to build bigger churches in bigger cities? The same amount of faithful Catholics could just as well be accommodated in small churches, if there were many more of them. By building them simply, practically, and unpretentiously, four churches (holding three hundred people each) could easily be erected and furnished for the sum it costs to put up an elaborate imitation-cathedral, seating these same people as one lump. Not one dollar more need be spent on building ourselves a greater number of "local" churches than is lavished on the few centralized "mammoth" pseudo-basilicas. In fact, the small churches would probably

(Continued on page 11)



Ade Bethune

we are having today as we go to press. We hope it will remind poor, and to take down "that cloak that hangs in the closet and as the early fathers have said. St. Martin, the story goes, cut shared it with the refugee he encountered.

a former occasion pointed out a woman is entitled to the same till remains the crucial point of already referred. - Has woman's ed?

a brought with it her abandon-reigned as queen, and her sub-n and working hours. It entails y and the solid foundation of all istic feminine role, and the o sexes. The end intended by n society, especially for that of concessions made to woman one her dignity or her mission, but omic and military power of the ust inexorably by subordinated.

man, perhaps, hope for her real minated by capitalism? We do ow the economic and social re-n know its characteristic signs, and burden; excessive concentration nstant all-absorbing increase of nd precarious state of others, ricultural workers, and the dis-ent.

e the honor of the woman's and hat is the watchword one hears a cry of alarm, as if the world e fruits of material and scientific s so proud.

y are:

ther's Absence

order to augment her husband's to a factory, leaving her house e. The house, untidy and small more miserable for lack of care.

Members of the family work separately in four quarters of the city and with different working hours. Scarcely ever do they find themselves together for dinner or rest after work—still less for prayer in common. What is left of family life? And what attractions can it offer to children?

Young Girls' Education Neglected

To such painful consequences of the absence of the mother from the home there is added another, still more deplorable. It concerns the education, especially of the young girl, and her preparation for real life. Accustomed as she is to see her mother always out of the house and the house itself so gloomy in its abandonment, she will be unable to find any attraction for it, she will not feel the slightest inclination for austere housekeeping jobs. She cannot be expected to appreciate their nobility and beauty or to wish one day to give herself to them as a wife and mother.

This is true in all grades and stations of social life. The daughter of the worldly woman, who sees all housekeeping left in the hands of paid help and her mother fussing around with frivolous occupations and futile amusements, will follow her example, will want to be emancipated as soon as possible and in the words of a very tragic phrase "to live her own life." How could she conceive a desire to become one day a true lady that is the mother of a happy, prosperous, worthy family?

As to the working classes, forced to earn daily bread a woman might, if she reflected, realize that not rarely the supplementary wage which she earns by working outside the house is easily swallowed up by other expenses or even by waste which is ruinous to the family budget. The daughter who also goes out to work in a factory or office, deafened by the excited restless world in which she lives, dazzled by the tinsel of specious luxury, developing a thirst for shallow pleasures that distract but do not give satiety or repose in those revue or dance halls which are sprouting up everywhere, often for party propaganda purposes, and which corrupt youth, becomes a fashionable lady, despises the old Nineteenth Century ways of life.

(Continued on page 10)

Love Made Visible

By JOSEPHINE DRABEK

In "Land and Home"

[The title of this article and the quotation contained within the body of the article is from Khalil Gibran's "The Prophet."]

"YOUR enthusiasm for the farm won't last," both my city friends and my country neighbors prophesied patronizingly. "Wait till you've had a good taste of the hard work that farming involves." The fear of work, the distaste for manual labor, form a great stumbling block,

especially in the minds of young women, to any landward movement. My friends in Chicago who are planning to raise a family in a kitchenette apartment (how large a family?), my friends in the country who are dreaming of office jobs in the city, are all living by a philosophy of avoiding work which keeps them from so much as glimpsing the possibilities of life on the land. No amount of labor-saving devices will make these young women rural-minded. Fundamentally, what is needed is a new sense of values, that will give work its true place in life. We need a vision of work, its meaning, its dignity, its function in human growth. And those of us who have been raised in the limiting circumstances of our large cities need a rich and varied experience of manual work as well. It has been my great good fortune to have both the experience and the theory at the Grailville Agricultural School for Young Women during the past year. I have done all kinds of work—milking cows, cleaning the barn, feeding the animals on starlit winter mornings, scrubbing floors and painting walls, cooking meals and washing clothes—and I see more and more clearly how work enlarges and enriches human life. As my experience and understanding grow, I become more and more enthusiastic about the rural homestead and the creative work it demands.

What Is Work?

It is only natural that work should enrich us, for God has made man to work. To labor with mind and body has been man's portion from the beginning. Adam and Eve were meant to work in Eden. "And the Lord God took man and put him into the paradise of pleasure to dress it and to keep it." The pain and the sweat, the hardship and the contradiction which we experience in work are a result of the fall, but the work itself is part of God's original plan for us, part of the joy that Adam and Eve knew in paradise. Physical labor, when it is truly human, uses all the marvelous powers that God has given us—the supple strength of body, the driving force of will, the clear vision of intelligence. We tend to forget this in the modern world because so much of the manual work we

know is divorced from thought and responsibility. Filling boxes on a conveyor belt or typing to the steady drone of the dictaphone hardly measures up to the full concept of human work. Fully human labor demands co-operation of head and hands; our bodies are meant to reflect and express the power of our minds.

A School of Life

Work with our hands is one of the great means of educating ourselves, developing the powers of body and mind. "Work," says Ade Bethune, "is man's greatest school of life. The most valuable lessons of our lives we have learned only at the cost of the great suffering of work." Work well done strengthens the body, sharpens the intelligence, matures the character, enriches the spirit.

If we learn to use our bodies properly in ordinary tasks—sweeping, digging, hoeing, lifting—we can develop strength and grace of movement. The free and rhythmic gesture of the sower, the magnificent posture of the peasant women accustomed to carrying loads balanced on their heads, are fruits of daily labor. Health, vitality, strength, grace—all result from fulfilling our vocation as workers.

Intelligence grows, too, under the discipline of labor. Work well done develops initiative and imagination to conceive the vision of the finished product. It demands foresight, power to plan and to organize people and materials. It involves great knowledge and love of materials, of their properties, and limitations, so that we will use each one according to its nature. It demands concentration and judgment to make the hundred decisions that will arise in the particular circumstances, affecting the quality of the result.

Most of all, work molds character. Patience, humility, reverence are all part of the price of mastery. Work demands effort and courage to overcome obstacles, perseverance and generosity to go on when aching muscles protest and the task looms large. It is through the countless decisions made in ordinary daily work that a human character is forged.

Love Made Visible

The work of our hands is our great means of making our love practical and genuine. "Little children," says St. John, "love not in word but in deed and in truth." By our work we show our love in deed to our fellow men.

And what is it to work with love?

It is to weave cloth with threads drawn from your heart, even as if your beloved were to wear that cloth.

It is to build a house with affection, even as if your beloved were to dwell in that house.

It is to sow seeds with tenderness and reap the harvest with joy, even as if your beloved were to eat the fruit.

It is to charge all things you fashion with a breath of your own spirit

And to know that all the blessed dead are standing about you and watching.

And if you cannot work with love, but only with distaste, it is better that you should leave your work and sit at the gate of the temple and take alms of those who work with joy.

For if you bake bread with indifference, you make a bitter

(Continued on page 11)



Ade Bethune

St. Elizabeth of Hungary

GERONTIUS

JESU, MARIA—I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now—
Not by the token of this faltering breath,
This chill at heart, this dampness on my brow,—
(Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!)
'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
(Be with me, Lord, in my extremity!)
That I am going, that I am no more.
'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
(Lover of souls! great God! I look to Thee)
This emptying out of each constituent
And natural force, by which I come to be.
Pray for me, O my friends; a visitant
Is knocking his dire summons at my door,
The like of whom, to scare me and to daunt,
Has never, never come to me before;
'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers!—tis
he!
As though my very being had given way,
As though I was no more a substance now,
And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
(Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou)
And turn no whither, but must needs decay
And drop from out the universal frame
Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
That utter nothingness, of which I came;
This is it that has come to pass in me;
Oh, horror! this it is, my dearest, this;
So pray for me, my friends, who have not strength
to pray.

I can no more; for now it comes again,
That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain;
That masterful negation and collapse
Of all that makes me man; as though I bent
Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down for ever I was falling through
The solid framework of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, crueler still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.
O Jesu, help! Pray for me, Mary, pray!
Some angel, Jesu! such as came to Thee
In Thine own agency
Mary, pray for me. Joseph, pray for me. Mary,
pray for me.

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
The pain has wearied me. . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

SOUL OF GERONTIUS

I WENT to sleep; and now I am refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone"; and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me; or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we are now as million miles apart.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS

By CARDINAL NEWMAN

This year is the one hundredth anniversary of Cardinal Newman's conversion to the Catholic Church, and it is most fitting we reprint something from his work as our tribute to him, and to call to the attention of our readers the work of this most saintly prelate. We have his collected sermons and some of his historical essays, and they make magnificent and inspiring reading for our times.

Since this month is the month of the holy souls, the month when we remember most especially the dead in the liturgy of the Church, we are reprinting a great portion of *The Dream of Gerontius*. It is propitious not only for the month but for our times, for this time of fear and trembling, this time of truce between ever more disastrous wars.



Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL

My work is done, My task is o'er, And so I come, Taking it home, For the crown is won, Alleluia, For evermore.	My Father gave In charge to me This child of earth E'en from its birth, To serve and save, Alleluia, And saved is he.
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This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

SOUL

NOW know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body: had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipped as a god the voice.
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possessed,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasped by such a saintliness.

I will address him. Mighty one, my Lord,
My Guardian Spirit, all hail!

ANGEL

All hail, my child!
My child and brother, hail! What wouldst thou?

SOUL

. . . I ever had believed
That on the moment when the struggling soul
Quitted its mortal case, forthwith it fell
Under the awful Presence of its God,

There to be judged and sent to its own place.
What lets me now from going to my Lord?

ANGEL

Thou art not let; but with extremest speed
Art hurrying to the just and holy Judge:
For scarcely art thou disembodied yet.
Divide a moment, as men measure time,
Into its million-million-millionth part,
Yet even less than that the interval
Since thou didst leave the body; and the priest
Cried "Subvenite," and they fell to prayer;
Nay, scarcely yet have they begun to pray.

For spirits and men by different standards mete
The less and greater in the flow of time.
By sun and moon, primeval ordinances—
By stars which rise and set harmoniously—
By the recurring seasons, and the swing,
This way and that, of the suspended rod
Precise and punctual, men divide the hours,
Equal, continuous, for their common use.
Not so with us in th' immaterial world;
But intervals in their succession
Are measured by the living thought alone,
And grow or wane with its intensity.
And time is not a common property;
But what is long is short, and swift is slow,
And near is distant, as received and grasped
By this mind and by that, and every one
Is standard of his own chronology.
And memory lacks its natural resting-points
Of years, and centuries, and periods.
It is thy very energy of thought
Which keeps thee from thy God.

SOUL

His will be done!
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day; far less His countenance
Who is the very sun. Naughtless, in life,
When I looked forward to my purgatory,
It ever was my solace to believe,
That ere I plunged amid th' avenging flame,
I had one sight of Him to strengthen me.

ANGEL

Nor rash nor vain is that presentiment;
Yes,—for one moment thou shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be: what time thou art arraigned
Before the dread tribunal, and thy lot
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
On His right hand among His pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come to thee,
And thou shalt see, amid the dark profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would, in approach,—
One moment; but thou knowest not, my child,
What thou dost ask: that sight of the Most Fair
Will gladden thee, but it will pierce thee too.

SOUL

THOU speakest mysteries; still methinks I know
To disengage the tangle of thy words:
Yet rather would I hear thy angel voice,
Than for myself be thy interpreter.

ANGEL

When then—if such thy lot—thou seest thy Judge,
The sight of Him will kindle in thy heart
All tender, gracious, reverential thoughts.
Thou wilt be sick with love, and yearn for Him,
And feel as though thou couldest but pity Him,
That one so sweet should e'er have placed Himself
At disadvantage such, as to be used
So vilely by a being so vile as thee.
There is a pleading in His pensive eyes
Will pierce thee to the quick, and trouble thee.
And thou wilt hate and loathe thyself; for, though
Now sinless, thou wilt feel that thou hast sinned,
As never thou didst feel; and wilt desire
To shrink away, and hide thee from His sight
And yet wilt have a longing eye to dwell
Within the beauty of His countenance.
And these two pains, so counter and so keen,—
The longing for Him, when thou seest Him not;
The shame of self at thought of seeing Him,—
Will be thy veriest, sharpest purgatory.

SOUL

My soul is in my hand: I have no fear,—
In His dear night prepared for weal or woe.
But hark! a grand mysterious harmony:
It floods me, like the deep and solemn sound
Of many waters.

ANGEL

We have gained the stairs
Which rise towards the Presence-chamber; there
A band of mighty Angels keep the way
On either side, and hymn the Incarnate God.

Thy Judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

SOUL

I hear the voices that I left on earth.

ANGEL

It is the voice of friends around thy bed,
Who say the "Subvenite" with the priest.

(Continued on next page)

CARVE YOUR OWN

By JULIA PORCELLI

DO YOU only carve religious figures?" is a favorite question when people are looking at my carvings. The first time it was asked me I had to stop and think a long while, going over all my carvings in soap and wood before answering. Finally I laughed, "I guess that is all I have done." Then they say, "Well, can't you carve anything else?", and I say I can but I don't want to, and they usually give me a queer look.

After hearing the question many times I now realize why people think I am so queer, because they have never seen anyone who only wanted to do figures of the Blessed Mother and the saints. And it is not only non-Catholics who ask, for a relative was very annoyed at the way I continued to draw and carve Madonna after Madonna without any variety (so he thought), but as his faith was weak and his love for Mary small it was easy to understand.

Henri Gheon did not want to write about ordinary people, for they were all alike, and so he chose only to write about saints, for sin makes us alike, sanctity makes us different. And I feel the same way about drawing and carving; I can't spend the time creating just a design unless that design means something to me. And the only designs I can think of are of holiness, sanctity in the form of saints I know and love.

I AGREE with Leon Bloy, who says that "Modern art is a maid servant who has rebelled and usurped the position of her-



Who shall separate us now from the love of CHRIST?

Ade Bethune

employers." At the Art Students League I am very much aware of modern art and artists and have seen no religious art taught or being developed, probably because there would be no pupils for such a class. Yet I visit the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Cloisters and see the paintings and carvings from hundreds of years ago. At the Cloisters there is a chapel with an old altar, and every time I visit it I expect a priest to come out to say Mass. This museum is built like a monastery except there is no cross at the top of the tower (a fact Bill Callahan told me years ago). While I am very grateful to all the millionaires for their generous gifts of crucifixes, statues of saints, etc., I feel it very right they should be where all can see them, for they were made to be in churches to inspire people, not in private homes for the idle rich.

All the while I want to kneel and pray before these altars and statues, so I resent very much it is not a real church. I want to tell everyone to stop walking about, kneel and pray; this once was in a church, these things must be blessed. But I don't.

I receive great inspiration from them and from Leon Bloy, who says that religious art should inspire prayer, and "we should be appalled at the idea of a Madonna or a Christ that lacked the power to bring us down on our many of our Catholic Churches are so ugly and filled with statues knees." I recall this sadly, for so that do not and could not bring me to my knees unless I shut my

eyes. I feel very sad, for we should have wonderful Catholics painting, carving and designing our churches so they will be beautiful. Why do we allow business men and paid workers of the world to build our houses of worship when they do not believe or love God truly?

JOSE DE CREEFT, who is my teacher, said that the museum is the artist's church, and while I disagreed with him, for most of the great art in the museums was made for churches, and should still be there, he had a point. I feel the presence of God very strongly when I am before art that was made to glorify him. And I think many artists would find their true Mother, the Church, if they had the opportunity to work in churches. Then, too, so few Catholics have any understanding or appreciation of the art that the faith inspired. In Catholic schools this should be done, and creative work encouraged as well. Oh, I know there are those Catholics who are art critics and who know more than I ever will know probably about the great masters, but I am thinking of those who love God and would be anxious and willing to be artists but have never had this door open to them. The world seems to think Christian art is dead, living only in a museum, so it is up to us to show the world it is very much alive and flourishing, thank you.

Then I am told as a criticism of religious work that it is too narrow, too limited. Students who carve only the nude human figure are too narrow, I think, for while I cannot carve saints in as many designs as they can for just a human, still there is great variety of position, and as to all the various kinds of saints, there are big stout ones like St. Thomas Aquinas (I am working on him now in birch), to small gentle St. Bernadette to pick from. While carving St. Thomas some one said he looked like a saint, and it is my intention to have them look like saints and be good art, too. While I carve to inspire others with my work, I receive great inspiration while working and I feel I know St. Thomas much better after creating him out of a block of wood. I read books and books about him and in trying to carve this intellectual giant I instinctively thought of Peter Maurin (who has one of the most beautiful heads I have ever seen), as he is the greatest man I know. And every one, including my teacher, thinks the head is very beautiful. In "The Spirit of the Flame," by A. Peers, I discovered that St. John of the Cross loved to carve in wood, so I have at least found a patron saint for my work and for all artists, too. One of the students asked me if I knew which saints were artists, and I thought of St. John and St. Luke and then there is God Himself.

MANY people think carving is terribly hard, but it isn't, and I hope some of you will take time out during Advent to carve

ST. BERNADETTE

PRAY FOR US



Julia Porcelli

your own Christmas mangers in soap. It is very easy, and all the soap you cut away makes good suds for dishes, and if the carving is a failure use it to wash with and start another. Years ago, at a Legion of Mary meeting, Father Rothlauf told us all we should carve our own mangers in wood over the course of a year or several years. It would be ideal for a family to do this together, and far better than buying one from Barclay Street, for yours will be made with love and devotion. Father had hand-carved wooden figures from Europe in the manger in his church but the made the cave out of newspapers that he painted and arranged to look like a cave on a hill. Down in the valley he had tiny houses of cardboard and little trees made of sponges. It looked very real and none of us would have suspected the materials he used, had he not told us. I have found Ivory soap best for carving, and a little kitchen knife. Put some newspaper on a table and start carving. A family could carve a Blessed Mother, a St. Joseph and the shepherds all in one night.

It will be a good way to meditate on Mary through Advent, preparing yourself for the great feast of Christ's Nativity. You will be thinking of her whom your hands are forming slowly, little by little out of a hunk of soap. You'll wonder how she looked, and be shocked to think she was only 14, and wonder how she felt being pushed about in Bethlehem from shelter to hotel to lodging house. Did she blush from these indignities for herself and for the Christ Child she was carrying? Did she cry so that Joseph had to comfort her, or did she only weep inside? I am

sure she looked at the landlords with pity and perhaps even sympathized with them when they complained how crowded they were and just couldn't take anyone else in. And I know she must have prayed that God would forgive them for turning His Son away. And poor St. Joseph, how he must have felt that night so that he must have been overjoyed at having the rude cave for shelter and gone straight to sleep. And while you are carving the Holy Family after the birth of the Child, still you think of all that happened before that glorious night.

ST. JOSEPH and the Blessed Mother were patient and silent at all the refusals of hospitality because they were too bedraggled looking, when they must have been tempted to cry out, 'Oh you fools, you are turning away the Son of God!' So many times we talk when we should be silent. Why do we always invite people for dinner or visits who have good meals and comfortable beds at their own home, instead of some one who is really hungry and needs a clean bed? Oh, it is dangerous to carve, for it teaches you to think, to meditate, and to live your faith; that is, if you are carving saints. Are we afraid to take up where the great artists left off—not that we can begin where they left off, but we can start simply with a love of God and work towards being great saints and great artists if we feel that is our vocation.



ST. PETER

Ade Bethune



ST. PAUL

Ade Bethune

Hither the echoes come; before the Throne
Stands the great Angel of the Agony,
The same who strengthened Him, what time He knelt
Lone in the garden shade, bedewed with blood.—
That Angel best can plead with Him for all
Tormented souls, the dying and the dead.

SOUL

I go before my Judge. Ah!

ANGEL

. . . . Praise to His Name!

The eager spirit has darted from my hold,
And, with the intemperate energy of love,
Flies to the dear feet of Emmanuel;
But, ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorched, and shrivelled it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.
O happy, suffering soul! for it is safe,
Consumed, yet quickened, by the glance of God.

SOUL

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

ANGEL

NOW let the golden prison ope its gates,
Making sweet music, as each fold revolves,
Upon its ready hinge. And ye great powers,
Angels of Purgatory, receive from me
My charge, a precious soul, until the day,

When, from all bond and forfeiture released,
I shall reclaim it for the courts of light.

.

Softly and gently, dearly-ransomed soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse and lull thee, as thou liest.
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow,
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

Apostolate for Women

(Continued from page 7)

How could she not feel her modest home surroundings unattractive and more squalid than they are in reality? To find her pleasure in them, to desire one day to settle in them herself, she should be able to offset her natural impressions by a serious intellectual and spiritual life, by the vigor that comes from religious education and from supernatural ideals. But what kind of religious formation has she received in such surroundings?

Parental Authority Dethroned

And that is not all. When, as the years pass, her mother prematurely aged, worn out, and broken by work beyond her capacity, by sorrow and anxiety, will see her return home at night at a very late hour, she will not find her a support or a help but rather the mother herself will have to wait on a daughter incapable and unaccustomed to household work and to perform for her all the offices of a servant.

And the lot of the father will not be any better when old age, sickness, infirmity and unemployment force him to depend for his meager sustenance on the good or bad will of his children. Here you have the august holy authority of the father and mother dethroned.

Shall we conclude then that you Catholic women and girls must show yourselves adverse to a movement which willy-nilly carried you with it in social and political life? Certainly not.

In the face of theories and practice which by different ways are tearing a woman from her mission and, with a flattering promise of unbridled freedom or, in reality, of hopeless misery, are depriving her of her personal dignity, her dignity as woman. We have heard the cry of fear which calls for her active presence as far as possible in the home.

A woman is, in fact, kept out of the home not only by her so-called emancipation but often, too, by the necessities of life, by the continuous anxiety about daily bread. It would be useless then to preach to her to return to the home while conditions prevail which constrain her to remain away from it. And this brings us to the first aspect of your mission in the social and political life which opens up before you.

Your entry into public life came about suddenly as a result of social upheavals which we see around us. It does not matter. You are called upon to take part. Will you, perhaps, leave to others, to those who sponsor or collaborate in the ruin of some monopoly of social organization of which the family is the primary factor in its economic, juridical spiritual and moral unity?

Woman's Duty to Take Part in Public Life

The fate of the family, the fate of human relations are at stake. They are in your hands (*tua res agitur*). Every woman has then, mark it well, the obligation, the strict obligation in conscience, not to absent herself but to go into action in a manner and way suitable to the condition of each so as to hold back those currents which undermine its foundations, so as to prepare, organize and achieve its restoration.

To this powerful motive which impels a Catholic woman to enter upon a way that now is opened to her activity, there is added another, her dignity as a woman. She has to collaborate with man towards the good of the State in which she is of the same dignity as he. Each of the two sexes must take the part that belongs to it, according to its nature, special qualities, and physical, intellectual and moral aptitude. Both have the right and duty to cooperate toward the total good of society and of their country.

But it is clear that if man is by temperament more drawn to deal with external things and public affairs, woman has, generally speaking, more perspicacity and a finer touch in knowing and solving delicate problems of domestic and family life which is the foundation of all social life. This does not exclude the possibility of some women giving genuine proof of great talent in all fields of public activity.

All this is a question, not so much of distinct assignments, as of the manner of judging and coming to concrete practical conclusions. Let us take the case of civil rights: These are at present the same for both, but with how much more discernment and efficacy will they be utilized if man and woman come to complement one another. The sensitiveness and fine feeling proper to woman, which might lead her to judge by her impressions and would thus involve the risk of impeding clarity and breadth of vision, serenity of judgment and forethought for remote consequences, are, on the contrary, of immense help when it is a question of throwing light on the needs, aspirations and dangers that touch domestic, public or religious spheres.

Dedicated Leaders Are Needed

Woman's activity is concerned, in great part, with the labors and occupations of domestic life which contribute to a greater and more beneficial extent than generally is thought to the true interests of social relations. But these interests also call for a group of women who can dispose of more time so as to devote themselves to them more directly and more entirely.

Who, then, can these women be, if not especially (we certainly do not mean exclusively) those whom we referred to a little while ago, those on whom unavoidable circumstances bestowed a mysterious vocation, whom events destined to a solitude which was not in their thoughts or desires, and which seemed to condemn them to a selfishly futile and aimless life?

Today, on the contrary, their mission is unfolded—multifarious, militant, calling for all their energies and of such a nature that few others held down by cares of family or edu-

cation of children, or subject to the holy yoke of rule have equal opportunities of fulfilling it.

Up to now, some of those women dedicated their lives with a zeal often wonderful to parochial works, others of even larger views consecrated themselves to moral and social activity of great consequence. Their numbers as a result of the war and the calamities which followed it are considerably increased. Many brave men have fallen in the dreadful war, others returned invalids. Many young women will, therefore, wait in vain for the return of a husband and the flowering of new lives in their solitary home. But, at the same time, new needs created by the entry of woman into civil and political life have arisen to claim their assistance. Is it just a strange coincidence or are we to see in it the disposition of Divine Providence?

Vast New Field Open to Women

Thus it is a vast field of activity which now lies open to woman and it can be, corresponding to the mentality or character of each, either intellectual or actively practical. To study and expound the place and role of woman in society, her rights and duties; to become a teacher-guide to one's sisters and to direct ideas, dissipate prejudices, clarify obscure points, explain and diffuse the teachings of the Church in order more securely to discredit error, illusion and falsehood, in order to expose more effectively the tactics of those who oppose Catholic dogma and morals—is an immense work and one of impelling necessity, without which all the zeal of the Apostolate could obtain but precarious results. But direct action, too, is indispensable if we do not want the same doctrines and solid convictions to remain, if not entirely of academic interest, at least of little practical consequences.

This direct participation, this effective collaboration in social and political activity does not at all change the normal activity of woman. Associated with men in civil institutions, she will apply herself especially to those matters which call for tact, delicacy and maternal instinct rather than administrative rigidity. Who better than she can understand what is needed for the dignity of woman, the integrity and honor of the young girl, and the protection and education of the child?

And in all these questions, how many problems call for study and action on the part of governments and legislators. Only a woman will know, for instance, how to temper with kindness, without detriment to its efficacy, legislation to repress licentiousness. She alone can find the means to save from degradation and to raise in honesty and in religious and civil virtues the morally derelict young. She alone will be able to render effective the work of protection and rehabilitation for those freed from prison and for fallen girls. She alone will re-echo from her own heart the plea of mothers from whom the totalitarian state, by whatever name it be called, would will to snatch the education of their children.

Other Considerations

(A) On the Preparation and Formation of Woman for Social and Political Life:

We outlined a program of woman's duties. Its practical aim is two-fold—her preparation and formation for social and political life, and the evolution and activation of this social and political life in private and in public.

It is clear that woman's task thus understood cannot be improvised. Motherly instinct is in her a human instinct, not determined by nature down to the details of its application. It is directed by free will and this in turn is guided by intellect. Hence comes its moral value and its dignity but also imperfection which must be compensated for and redeemed by education.

Education proper to her sex of the young girl, and not rarely also of the grown woman, is therefore a necessary condition of her preparation and formation for a life worthy of her. The ideal would evidently be that this education should begin with infancy in the intimacy of the Catholic home under the directions of the mother. It is, unfortunately, not always the case, not always possible.

However, it is possible to supply, at least in part, for this deficiency by securing for the young girl who of necessity must work outside the home one of those occupations which are, to some extent, a training ground and a noviceship for the life for which she is destined. To such a purpose also serve those schools of domestic economy which aim at making of the child and the young girl of today the wife and mother of tomorrow.

How worthy of praise and encouragement are such institutions! They are one of the forms of activity in which your motherly sense and zeal can have ample scope and influence and one, too, of the most precious because the good that you do propagates itself to infinity, preparing your pupils to pass on to others in the family or out of it, the good which you have done them. What should we say, besides, of many other kindly offices by which you come to the aid of mothers of families in what concerns their intellectual and religious formation and in the sad and difficult circumstances in which their life moves?

(B) On the Practical Activation of Woman's Social and Political Life:

But in your social and political activity much depends on the legislation of the State and the administration of local bodies. Accordingly, the electoral ballot in the hands of Catholic women is an important means toward the fulfillment of her strict duty in conscience, especially at the present time. The State and politics have, in fact, precisely the office of securing for the family of every social class conditions necessary for them to exist and to evolve as economic juridical and moral units. Then the family will really be the vital

(Continued on page 11)

BOOK REVIEW

The Tale of the Nativity as told by the Indian Children of Inkameep, British Columbia, copies to be obtained from The Victoria Book and Stationery Store, 1002 Government St., Victoria, B. C.; price 25c, plus postage.

Gifted all unconsciously with the keen observation and vivid imagination of their race, a group of Indian children on the Inkameep Reserve, varying in age from six to fourteen years, poured out to their teacher, Anthony Walsh, this charming version of the age-old historic "Tale of the Nativity" as if the event had taken place in their lovely Okanagan valley in British Columbia, instead of in the, to them unknown, land of Palestine.

The pamphlet is filled with very beautiful drawings illustrating the story. Mary is pictured as an Indian maiden, Christ Child is carried as a papoose, the Temple is a big tent, Simeon is a Big Chief. There are animals in many pictures, all drawn perfectly by an older boy of the same tribe as the storytellers. The purpose of the publication is "to arouse more interest in the preservation, revival and encouragement of the artistic and dramatic abilities innate in our Indian fellow Canadians." All who are interested in folk culture should read and pass on this pamphlet. I wonder if there is any such interest in the Indians in our own country, and whether they have been so thoroughly Americanized there is no active Indian folk culture left.

The story is delightfully told, including little details like Mary taking her pet chipmunk with her as she rode her horse to her cousin Elizabeth's house, where she was refreshed with Indian tea and cookies that Elizabeth had made from the seeds of sunflowers. Trust a child not to forget such important details. Then these two holy women proceeded to make clothes for their baby boys, tanning the softest fawn skin, decorating the baby boards so they would be "the prettiest baby boards that had ever been seen in the valley." And so the story proceeds for seventeen pages to the Birth of Christ, the Presentation in the Temple to the return to Nazareth after the Man with Wings (an Angel) told them they "could return to their own country once more."

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SMALL CHURCHES

(Continued from page 7)

cost less, because the community might be more interested. Won't people naturally volunteer their services or presents more liberally for a church to which they feel they belong as a family and not as cold strangers?

Objection No. 2: Where will you get all the priests to take charge of this army of new small churches? Answer: The missionary days of America are over, at least in the East and the Middle West. Our huge parishes have to be manned by a pastor and at least three or four vicars. Make each one of these priests the pastor of a small parish, under the supervision of an experienced confrere, if necessary, and everything is taken care of. Seminaries throughout the country are full of future priests ready to go out to their work. What happens to their fiery enthusiasm for the salvation of human souls, for social justice, for active corporate participation in the Mass, or for Christian education, for the use of plain chant, or for simplicity and honesty in vessels, vestments, etc.? It is soon and very successfully dampened by their position as fourth under-pastor to whom it is told and repeated on all sides that "those things don't work." After a few years they give up the attempt, or, if they have persisted, their attempts ended as failures, due to the hugeness of the task; a hopeless one for a single worker.

NOW—will be objected again—young men are inexperienced. They should not be given the responsibility of a large parish. They will make mistakes. Mistakes are expensive etc., etc.—all the way down the line. The answer to this is that every man makes mistakes, and what of it? That is the way we all learn. Mistakes, however, will be less costly and less dangerous if they are done on a small scale, in a small parish. No man becomes responsible unless he be given responsibility. Our future pastors can best be helped to get ready for their kind of responsibility by being given more responsibility (rather than less), but the kind of responsibility they are capable of shouldering. One man can give his undivided attention to only a limited number of problems. That is why every one priest is much better able to know and to care well for his small community than five priests can for a diffuse, five-times-larger group. Isn't one man's undivided attention much more valuable and efficient and practical than the five men's scattered efforts? The Council of Trent* stated that every pastor should know all about his parishioners. Doesn't that mean that there should be a personal acquaintance between them? How is that possible in a parish of five thousand? Even with five priests it cannot be done because there will always be overlapping on one hand, and leakage on the other, until each priest takes care of his own little manageable section of the crowd.

The twentieth century, we are all hoping, will bring a grand return to a fuller participation of the laity in the sacraments and in the Holy Sacrifice. How is our spirit of unity, our spiritual brotherhood in Christ, the bond of our solidarity, best expressed externally? By our actual, human, bodily congregation in church gatherings. It is self-evident that small communities in homelike buildings, where none need be shy and all can easily see and participate with the priest, will be more conducive to this renewal of the Christian spirit than the unheeded pronouncements of our good Holy Father can ever be all alone.

A church is, as it were, the property of its parishioners.

Pope Leo XIII pleads for a wider distribution of ownership, i.e., of property-owners. He deplores our present concentration of goods in the hands of the few, while the masses are left destitute. Ownership makes man human; it encourages him to give the best of himself to its improvement and preservation. Concentration in the matter of a few, big, forbidding churches leaves the masses of the people without any sense of ownership (i.e., participation) in the church of their parish. Why are the people indifferent—therefore ignorant? therefore falling away? Because they are as strangers in their own parish; they do not share as a family in its ownership; they are "proletarians" even in church.

WHY not, as Catholics, abandon this un-Christian (and also inhuman) super-centralization? Why need we follow the world's madness in its "bigger-and-better" heresy? Even though all other things are still tending more and more toward centralization, "collectivization," "standardization," we, as Catholics, need not keep up with the Joneses. In our parishes and churches we can stand our own ground and create our "new" society within the framework of the old. The example, as always, comes directly to us from our Lord who, taking the bread and giving thanks, broke it and distributed it to His disciples, that all might share, which, in itself, then produces the unexpected result of effecting a stronger unity among us, for now we all are one, because we eat one Bread.

(Reprinted from "Orate Fratres")

*Sessio 24, c. 13 de reformatione.



Apostolate for Women

(Continued from page 10)

nucleus of men who are earning honestly their temporal and eternal welfare.

All this, of course, the real woman easily understands. But what she does not, and cannot, understand is that by politics is meant domination by one class of others, and the ambitious striving for ever more extensive economic and national empire—or whatever pretended motive such ambition be based. For she knows that such a policy paves the way to hidden or open civil war, to the ever-growing accumulation of armaments and to the constant danger of war.

She knows from experience that in any event this policy is harmful to the family which must pay for it at a high price in goods and blood. Accordingly, no wise woman favors a policy of class struggle or war. Her voice is a vote for peace. Hence, in the interest and for the good of the family she will hold to that norm, and she will always refuse her vote to any tendency, from whatever quarter it hails, to the selfish desires of domination, internal or external, of the peace of the nation.

Courage then, Catholic women and girls! Work without ceasing, without allowing yourselves ever to be discouraged by difficulties or obstacles. May you be—under the standard of Christ the King, under the patronage of His wonderful Mother—restorers of home, family and society.

May Divine favors descend on you in a copious stream: Favors in token of which We impart to you with all the affection of Our paternal heart an Apostolic Benediction.

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Honorable Poverty

RICH and poor there always have been—so all history teaches us; rich and poor there always will be—so we must presume from the changeless characteristics of the world of men. The God-fearing poor have honorable status; theirs is the kingdom of heaven, theirs is the readiest abundance of supernatural graces. The rich, if upright and just, are the stewards and dispensers of God's earthly gifts; they are servants of His Providence in succoring those in need, at whose hands in turn they often receive spiritual blessings and in whose steps they hope to attain everlasting life. God in His all-wise disposal has decreed for the exercise of our virtue and the trial of our merits that rich and poor should live in the world together; but it is not His will that some should have wealth in profusion and superfluity while others should reach such uttermost destitution as to lack the very means of life. Honorable poverty is another matter; winning its livelihood by daily toil, it is a worthy mother of the virtues and is in accord with the prayer of Scripture: Give me neither beggary nor riches; grant me only what is needful for livelihood.

—PIUS XII, *Sertum Laetitiae* (1939).

[To the American Hierarchy]

FROM PRECEPT TO ACTION

Upon the occasion of the arrival of hosts of refugees from Rome, seeking shelter and the bare necessities to sustain life and relieve suffering, St. Jerome wrote:

"We abandoned our work on the exposition of Scripture and almost all study; my heart was filled with a longing to turn the words of Scripture into action and not to say holy things, but to do them."

Love Made Visible

(Continued from page 7)

bread that feeds but half man's hunger. And if you grudge the crushing of the grapes, your grudge distills a poison in the wine. And if you sing though as angels, and love not the singing, you muffle man's ears to the voices of the day and the voices of the night.

Work is love made visible. By my work I satisfy a real need in my family, in my neighbor. I do something necessary and valuable, no matter how small or ordinary the task. I am not a parasite; I am a worker, a responsible human being, making my contribution to mankind. In this light, the humblest and meanest tasks—scouring the pots, disposing of the refuse—take on a great value and dignity, for they become the vehicle of love, the means by which I fulfill my function in the human family. My work is my gift, the gift of myself in love to my neighbor, the gift of myself to God in my neighbor.

A Praise of God

By the work of our hands, we can praise God. In fact, it is one of our main means of praising Him. "Ora et labora," said St. Benedict. And out of the wisdom of the integral Christian life as he lived it, his motto has come to us in an even clearer form: "Laborare est orare." Work is praise and prayer. Every kind of work, even the very simplest and most unimportant, can be a praise of God if we offer it to Him and do it as well as we can, with all our intelligence and care. It is not only the big, important sounding tasks like writing books or building bridges or making music that give God glory. All the little, ordinary tasks of every day—washing the dishes, scrubbing the floor, weeding the garden—can become a beautiful song of praise to Him. As Gerard Manly Hopkins writes in his notebooks:

"Turn then, my brethren, and give God glory. You do say grace at meals and thank and praise God for your daily bread. So far, so good. But thank and praise Him now for everything. When a man is in God's grace and free from mortal sin, then everything that he does, so long as there is no sin in it, gives God glory, and what does not give him glory has some, however little, sin in it. It is not only prayer that gives God glory, but work. Smiting on an anvil, sawing a beam, whitewashing a wall, driving horses, sweeping, scouring, everything gives God some glory if being in His grace you do it as your duty. To go to communion worthily gives God great glory, but to take food in thankfulness and temperance gives Him glory too. To lift up the hands in prayer gives God glory, but a man with a dung fork in his hand, a woman with a slop pail, give Him glory too. He is so great that all things give Him glory if you mean they should. So then, my brethren, live."

Christian life is meant to be an organic whole in which work and thought and prayer are the necessary complements of each other. An intense intellectual and spiritual life needs the outlet of manual work to preserve a healthy balance, for women especially. Work brings freshness of insight and renewed energy to prayer, and prayer brings vision and motive to work.

Whenever we work, we are like God, the great Workman who made heaven and earth. By our work we become co-creators with Him. He has purposely left His work unfinished, so that we might have the joy of working with Him, sharing His creative activity. Of course, we know that God creates; we only make. But our making is the shadow and imitation of His creating, and gives us new insight into

that sentence full of mystery: "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth." God says "let," and out of nothing His idea is bodied forth in the birds of the air, the fishes of the sea, the animals and plants of the face of the earth. We think and plan, we scheme and contrive, we try again, by a tortuous process before we achieve the finished work. But we have the God-like power of shaping matter to our idea, leaving the imprint of our intelligence and will upon the work, "He saw all the things that He had made, and they were very good." Every good worker contemplating his finished work shares in a small way God's joy in creating and grows a little closer to Him.

When Christ entered our world, He lifted up all creation, all our life, all our work, to a new level, the level of His divine life. Every physical object, every bodily action, is a symbol of a spiritual reality, a sign post pointing our minds to the invisible world. Everything we see, every gesture we make, is full of meaning, if we know how to read the symbols and to interpret what they tell us of our life in Christ. That is why the Church blesses all sorts of common objects—bread and butter and cheese and houses and barns and animals—to remind us to see the sacramental meaning of our work and to use all things for God's glory. That is why she prays in the blessing of bread;

"O Lord Jesus Christ, bread of angels, living bread of eternal life, vouchsafe to bless this bread as thou didst bless the five loaves in the desert, that all who eat of it may receive health of mind and body."

All bread is holy because it reminds us of the living Bread who has come down from heaven to give life to the world. In some Catholic countries the sense of the sacramental quality of bread is so strong that it is always treated with special reverence and never thrown away or wasted. Our Lord has given us another part of the meaning of bread. "The kingdom of heaven is life unto a leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal until the whole was leavened." Slowly, mysteriously the yeast works in the warm dough, until by imperceptible degrees it rises above the edge of the bowl. With firm hands, the baker kneads the spongy mass down, flattens it against the bottom of the pan. In a little while, the mass has risen again, under the gentle, insistent working of the yeast. That is the way God's Church works in the world; that is the image of the apostolate.

Then there is the washing up and the cleaning that form such a large part of a woman's life. Whenever we put things in order, we can think of God's creative power establishing the order of the universe. When we straighten out the cupboard, or clean the cellar, or weed the garden, we can think of God's wisdom, "which reaches from end to end mightily and sweetly disposing all things." Or, we can think of Christ's redemptive power renewing and restoring all things. "Behold, I make all things new" is a text which can turn spring housecleaning into a meditation. Our daily work is full of meanings and constantly opens new vistas to the mind, if we only know how to read God's sacramental writing in our lives.

It is to be hoped that many young women will come to a fuller understanding and appreciation of manual labor. For when they see the meaning and value of work, then they will rejoice in it and will seek truly human, creative work for their own personal development, for the service of their neighbors, for the praise of God. That search will lead many young women to the rich, full life of the family on the land.

THE LAND

More Manna

Emery Hill Farm,
Franklin, N. H.

I am mailing today a smoked shoulder (our first pork butchered and cured). It is not, I know, of finest quality, but it may go a small way to flavoring soup, etc., for one of the meals served at Mott Street. I am also sending a can of corned mutton I had on hand.

Let me know if you could use about fifteen pounds of salt pork for baked beans.

My son, who has been helping me here, leaves for the army next Friday, and I shall return to New Jersey soon after, so let me know soon.

We are city folks, come to the country through the illness of two little boys. We have farmed in a small way, mostly because of lack of manpower. We are pioneers of the new order because we see in the return to the soil the salvation of the dignity of man.

Two years ago at Thanksgiving (our first harvest) it was Richard's turn to compose the "Grace" to be said before our feast. Each member of our family (7) takes his turn on special holidays of reading a special blessing.

Richard had just turned 13, and was filled with the wonder of his first year in the country. I inclose this blessing, copied from the scribbled paper of the original. If a little child can derive so much from country life, how much more peace and happiness can we adults gain from a similar experience.

God bless your work!

Sincerely,

CATHERINE A. JORDAN.

Richard's Grace

The harvest is all gathered,
The cattle in their stall,
And smoke is going heavenward
From our chimney tall.

All of us are happy,
For each has done his part,
And we wish to thank You
From the bottom of our heart.

For this sweet year of living,
For all the things we've learned,
The joy of life from doing,
The payment we have earned.

For the happy hours of fishing,
And just gazing at the sky,
The power of our tractor,
The bird that flies so high.

For the kindness of our neighbor
In our problems large and small,
The apple trees so beautiful,
The pines so green and tall.

For the little calves so gentle,
The helpless baby lambs,
The downy ducks and chickens
That we've held in our hands.

For the strength and work of horses,
The busy flight of bees,
For the beauty of all nature
That has brought us to our knees.

And so, dear God, we thank you!
For each other first of all.
For Dad and Mom who love us,
For Dan so straight and tall—

For Ken and Pat and Charlesy,
And for our doggies, too,
With love from little Richie
Who sends this prayer to You.

RICHARD JORDAN.

Query

Stratford, Conn.

Just received some correspondence in response to a request I made (by letter) concerning the "Cooperative Farm Idea." I have been interested in such a venture for a long time, and would be very happy to see you for a talk, at your convenience. Do you ever come up this way (Bridgeport, Conn.)? Or perhaps I could see you in New York some weekend; am free Saturdays. Hope you can arrange it.

Am a cellist (graduate of the Julliard School of Music, N. Y.), but have been doing some war work for the past few years and a few 'cello recitals.

Have five young children (four boys and one girl) and would welcome an opportunity to join up with some Catholic organization in a back-to-the-land movement.

Very truly yours,

More Query

Long Island City, N. Y.

My 6-year-old daughter, officer husband and I are interested in getting "back to the land." Can you write me in regard to where I can get information on this subject—how to go about it wisely?

Mrs. Francis Keefe.

One Answer

Church of the Nativity B. V. M.
Harrison, Neb.

We are still getting along all right out here in this little place. I have lost some families, which hurts a small place like mine. I wish sometime you would come out here and look at the opportunities which exist to expand your work in the rural slums. We have them, too.

If sometime you find a good shoemaker that wants to get out and make a decent living in a healthy community send him out; we need such a man here. Rent, you know, is very low here, and there is equipment left by the former man who went away.

I think it would be ideal for a man who would like to make a fairly decent living.

We have lost several tradesmen since the war began. Baker, shoemaker, cleaner and plumber have all moved away because of the big war wages paid on the coast. There is equipment left here for them to work with and they can be kept busy all the year around.

I always like to see Catholic artisans at work; when they are imbued with the Catholic Spirit there is a nobility about their work.

We are enjoying glorious fall weather. I am going up to the Black Hills for two days and hunt deer; it is very beautiful up there now. The leaves are turning all the fantastic colors that only nature can paint. Really it is wonderful to be allowed to get out in God's Nature once in a while instead of being walled in the big cities.

Wishing you and your group continued success in your wonderful type of muscular Catholicism, I am,

Sincerely yours in Xto,

FATHER JOHN C. MADSEN.

Prayer to St. Conrad For Our Farmers

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, Who dost deign to give and preserve the fruits of the earth, we Your farmers are gathered here to honor our Brother and Model, St. Conrad.

We thank You for having accorded the highest honors that Your Church on earth can grant, to one who for 31 years of his life shared with us the joys, the labors, and the worries of those who toil on the land. He prepared himself for his holy monastic life, not in the schools of higher learning, but in the humble surroundings of a farm, far away from the glamorous and treacherous life of the city.

There in the country he studied the Book of Nature, which revealed to him the omnipotence of God and the love of a heavenly Father. There, on the walls of his farmhouse and in the barns, he studied another book, the Book of the Cross, from which he learned the immensity of the love of the Son of God



ST-CONRAD

—Ado Bethune

made Man. And from his Rosary, always near and dear to him, he learned to appreciate that Masterpiece of the Holy Spirit, the Mother of God, Mary Immaculate, Queen of Heaven and earth.

O good Saint Conrad, behold us farmers here at your feet, humbly asking your help and intercession. Teach us to understand and to love the Book of Nature so marvelously written by the omnipotent Hand of God. Teach us to love and understand the Book of the Cross so painfully written by the bloody Hands of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Teach us to love and understand the holy Rosary so tenderly composed by Jesus and the great Spouse of the Holy Spirit, Mary, Mother of God and our Mother.

After the 31 long years which you spent on your farm, Divine Providence directed you to the monastery, where for 41 more years you were entrusted with the office of porter. There you stood between heaven and a sinful world, drawing by your prayers and sacrifices at the fountains of divine grace, dispensing your gifts so generously to rich and poor, to old and young, to king and beggar.

Behold, beloved Saint Conrad, we knock at your door. We know that you will hear us, you will pity us, you will grant us our requests. We choose you as the porter of our homes. Keep far from us the peddlers of poison who come in the name of Satan

A Thanksgiving To God For His House

By ROBERT HERRICK

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell

Wherein to dwell,
A little house whose humble roof
Is weather-proof.

Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch
and keep
Me, while I sleep.

Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small;
A little buttry, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unseal;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar

to make us discontent with our lives, to corrupt our youth, to sow into our hearts the cockle of worldly pleasures so highly prized by the children of Satan's kingdom. Give health and strength to our minds and bodies. May we, by your example and intercession, be enabled so to do our work as stewards of the heavenly Father that the hungry of the world may be fed and the naked clothed. Draw our hearts heavenward. Drive away from us pride as well as sloth. Make us have an appreciation for Church and school. Bless our children, the fruit of our love and our labors. Bless the sick, bless the poor, bless those who are away from home. Keep all of us in the love of God, so that when the Lord of our land and our homes summons us in the hour of our death, you, our Patron and Porter, will admit us into heaven where we together with you will eternally praise and glorify God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Amen. [Imprimatur—indulgence of 200 days, Joannes Gregorius Murray, Archiepiscopus Sancti Pauli, die 30 Julii 1945.]

Biographical Note

Saint Conrad of Parzham was the son of a thrifty farmer named Birndorfer from the parish of Weng in the diocese of Passau (Germany). At the age of thirty-one he entered the Capuchins as a lay-brother and was assigned to the Convent of Altoetting where he held the office of porter for forty-three years. He had a special devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin in whose sanctuary he served Mass every morning. His charity towards the poor, his kindly services to the thousands of pilgrims who flocked to the sanctuary of Altoetting, his modesty, discretion and patience edified all, and all who spoke to him bore away the impression that his soul was immersed in the contemplation of God. He died on April 21, 1894 in the odour of sanctity. On October 13, 1912 his remains were removed to the old church of St. Anne to which the faithful flock to venerate him and beg his help. Many have testified that their prayers have been marvelously efficacious. He was beatified by Pope Pius XI in June, 1930, and canonized by the same on Pentecost Sunday, 1934.

Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.

Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee,
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent,
And my content
Makes those, and by beloved best
To be more sweet.

'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping Hand,
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Beside my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.

All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

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