

CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. XI. No. 10

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EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

PIE IN THE SKY

I. Bourgeois Capitalists

1. Bourgeois Capitalists don't want their pie in the sky when they die; they want their pie here and now.
2. To get their pie here and now Bourgeois Capitalists give us better and bigger commercial wars for the sake of markets and raw materials.
3. But as Sherman says: "War is hell"
4. So we get hell here and now because Bourgeois Capitalists don't want their pie in the sky when they die but want their pie here and now.

II. Bolshevik Socialists

1. Bolshevik Socialists like Bourgeois Capitalists don't want their pie in the sky when they die; they want their pie here and now.
2. To get their pie here and now Bolshevik Socialists give us better and bigger class wars for the sake of capturing the control of the means of production and distribution.
3. But war is hell whether it is a commercial war or a class war.
4. So we get hell here and now because Bolshevik Socialists don't want their pie in the sky when they die but want their pie here and now.

III. Catholic Communionism

1. Bolshevik Socialists as well as Bourgeois Capitalists give us hell here and now without leaving us the hope of getting our pie in the sky.
2. We just get hell.
3. Catholic Communionism leaves us the hope of getting our pie in the sky

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Drop Down Dew, Ye Heavens

from above,
and let the clouds
rain the just:
let the earth be
opened and bud
forth a Saviour.



The heavens show forth the glory of God: and the firmament declareth the work of His hands.

RACE TROUBLE IN CHICAGO

Mrs. Virginia Dobbins is a colored woman living on Chicago's South Side. She bought a home this fall on West 48th Place in a white neighborhood. In mid-October, before she could move into her new home, the interior was wrecked, fixtures torn out, and the building set on fire. Men, women, and children shared in the crime of refusing to shelter the homeless. When we deny a Work of Mercy to one of the least of Christ's brethren we deny Christ Himself. Over and over again Christ is denied in the Negro in these merciless days.

The man who lives in the house next door to Mrs. Dobbins told her, "We don't want a riot here, so we're tearing the house down. We don't want no trouble." Mrs. Dobbins reported the fire to the Stockyards police station, asking for protection. She was told that orders would have to come from the office of the Commissioner of Police. But after the fire the police kept a 24-hour-a-day guard because the building became a hazard to others in the neighborhood.

Protest Meetings

The Committee of Racial Equality, better known as CORE, seized the opportunity to protest the grave injustice. Other groups have continued the example set by CORE. Father Cantwell, of St. Mary of the Lake Seminary, was the principal speaker in a

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FIGHT CONSCRIPTION

The May Bill (H.R.3947) now before the House Military Affairs Committee would establish permanent peacetime conscription by compelling every young man (Mrs. Roosevelt wants to include women, too) of seventeen to become a part of an enforced military training program. It provides for:

1. One year of compulsory training in the Army or the Navy for every male citizen at the age of seventeen or on the completion of high school.
2. Placement in the Army or Navy "reserve" after the first year's training for eight more years.
3. Subjection to additional "refresher" training periods as prescribed by the President or Congress.
4. Fine and imprisonment for violators; no provision for conscientious objectors.

The bill is opposed for the following reasons (among many):

1. The bill would establish conscription as a peacetime norm that would lead to the complete militarization of our educational system and of our American life. The state as an absolute military power (Fascism) would be given control over youth at its most impressionable age.
2. Universal military training offers no assurance of peace, but instead builds the basis for war. The seeds of militarism blossom into war. War blossomed first in a universally-trained Europe.
3. Wartime provides no opportunity for sane, deliberate consideration of the implications of this bill. Several church and educational bodies have voted to request Congress to postpone action on legislation involving postwar conscription until after the war.

4. We dare not saddle youth, which has had no voice in our decision, with a system which would have such lasting effects upon its future. We want the sort of peace which will not require compulsory military service of all citizens.

If, after weighing these and other considerations, you feel that the May Bill is a threat which must be opposed, will you join in the efforts working against it now? No time is to be lost. If this bill—or any similar measure—passes, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to undo the damage later. Cards and letters written to Congressmen now will let them know how you feel while opinions and plans for voting are still being formed. Will you get your friends to do the same?

Write to:
The Senate Military Affairs Committee, Senate Office Building, Washington, D. C.
Democrats—Albert B. Chandler, Ky.; Sheridan Downey, Cal.; Lister Hill, Ala.; Edwin C. Johnson, Colo.; Harley M. Kilgore, W. Va.; James E. Murray, Mont.; Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Wyo.; Robert R. Reynolds, N. C. (Chairman); Elbert D. Thomas, Utah;

(Continued on page 6)

Poverty and Pacifism

By DOROTHY DAY

For the last month I have meditated on the use of spiritual weapons. In Father John J. Hugo's pamphlet, "Weapons of the Spirit," he advocates as weapons, devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Rosary. The love of the humanity of our Lord is the love of our brother. The only way we have to show our love for God is by the love we have for our brother. "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, you have done it unto Me." "You love God as much as the one you love the least."

Love of brother means voluntary poverty, stripping one's self, putting off the old man, denying one's self, etc. It also means non-participation in those comforts and luxuries which have been manufactured by the exploitation of others. While our brothers suffer, we must compassionate them, suffer with them. While our brothers suffer from lack of necessities, we will refuse to enjoy comforts. These resolutions, no matter how hard they are to live up to, no matter how often we fail and have to begin over again, are part of the vision and the long-range view which Peter Maurin has been trying to give us these past ten years. These ideas are expressed in the writings of Eric Gill, in the Dominican monthly, Blackfriars. And we must keep this vision in mind, recognize the truth of it, the necessity for it, even though we do not, can not, live up to it. Like perfection. We are ordered to be perfect as our heavenly Father is perfect, and we aim at it, in our intention, though in our execution we may fall short of the mark over and over. St. Paul says, it is by little and by little that we proceed.

Jobs and Work

Poverty will result from our examining our conscience as to jobs. (Since beginning this article I have read Carol Jackson's article in *The Living Parish*, which also takes up that question of voluntary poverty, manual labor, and jobs. A beautiful presentation.)

If these jobs do not contribute to the common good, we pray God for the grace to give them up. Have they to do with shelter, food, clothing? Have they to do with the works of mercy? Fr. Tompkins says that everyone should be able to place his job in the category of the works of mercy.

This would exclude jobs in advertising, which only increases people's useless desires. In insurance

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THE FALLACY OF AN ARMED PEACE

"Numerous troops and an infinite development of military display can sometimes withstand hostile attacks, but they cannot procure sure and stable tranquility. The menacing increase of armies tends even more to excite than to suppress rivalry and suspicion."—LEO XIII: Consistorial Allocution, 1889.



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Deo Gratias

It is a grey dark day and it has been trying to snow. A scattering of white flakes is outlined against the broken-down old fence in the backyard, and against the red brick of the rear building. The ground is damp and there is a dampness in the air. As I sit here in the front office working on copy for the December issue of the paper, men keep coming in asking for coats, for underwear, for socks, for shoes. Duncan and Deacon are working to get ready for the mailing out of the paper, but they leave their work every time and try to serve all those who come in. John Fleming comes in and tells us about his work in Harlem, and Michael comes in from Easton and tells us how everything is progressing on that front. We set him to work typing and pray others will come in to help too. We keep on working during these interruptions, trying to remember all the things that ought to go into the paper this month.

Blessed Are the Patient

First of all we must ask all those who do not get answers right away to their letters and subscriptions, to forgive us our slowness. There are very few of us to do the work these days of war. And we are unprofitable and inefficient servants. And we must thank all our friends for helping us, for answering our appeal which started to go out in October, and which is still being sent out, a few hundred at a time. (It takes us two weeks to mail out the paper each month.) Our friends and readers were generous and, as usual, the bills are getting paid, with only a few hanging over us. St. Joseph always sees to it that we have some debts remaining to us, so that we can continue to feel pressed, so that we do not get too confident and extravagant. It was wonderful to see the clothes being sent in last month, and we hope that they continue. Many of our readers went directly to the stores and bought stockings, socks and underwear and had them sent to Mott street. And closets and attics were ransacked, and everyone, it seems, was mindful of that saying of St. John Chrysostom, "The coat that hangs in your closet belongs to the poor." Our hearts are warm with gratitude to them all and we thank them for this warmth to us, as well as for the warmth they supplied to our poor "Ambassadors."

Who's Where

All the work these days is being done in the front store, which is warmed by a good coal stove in the front. The offices in the rear building on the first floor are closed these last two years, not only because there are so few to help, but because of the coal shortage. One floor is used as a clothes room, and the other still houses the printing press which we eventually intend to move down to the country. It is pretty crowded out in front, of course, what with papers, packages, clothes coming in, the mailing going out, the card catalogues, the files. Sometimes the place looks like an old curiosity shop. Sometimes it is oppressive with its clutter. But if it gets too thick, then John Pohl or Billy Duffy get busy and wash windows or Agnes Bird comes in to wash out the sink, and right away the place is brighter. We all think, "Oh, if Joe Zarella were only around here to go through the place like a streak of lightning and clean and paint, and throw things out!" But Joe, Gerry, Jack, Dwight are at the four corners of the earth, separated from each other and separated from us. This column of detail is to give you a smell of the old place and to send you Christmas greetings.

Upstairs in the kitchen Mr. Birmingham and Shorty, Chu and Hans are preparing supper. Tonight it is spaghetti. The line is short these days. Not more than a hundred and fifty, thank God. People have work and food, but the kind of work our men get, odd jobs, restaurant jobs, don't provide enough for decent housing or clothes. The poor remain poor. Those that are left on the line are the migrants, the sick just out of hospitals, or the unemployables.

Shorty loves his kitchen, with its radio and the cluttered shelves of spices, canned goods, its bins of bread, its air of plenty. He is making a collection of gadgets to tell the weather by. There is, of course, the thermometer, a barometer and then a little house with two figures which pop out to let you know whether it will be stormy or clear. Shorty can tell the weather by looking out the window. But it gives him a greater sense of comfortable warmth and security to have these aids.

I finally got a few words out of Chu, our Chinese helper, the other morning. We were alone in the kitchen, breakfasting

and listening to the 9 o'clock symphony. I bethought me how long Chu has been with us, and we knew nothing about him at all. But now, from our little conversations, I learned that he comes from the land, and that he lived in China for twenty-eight years. I asked him if he had read Pearl Buck's "Good Earth," but he says he cannot read, he can only look at the funnies.

I should recount here the last visits I paid to our groups while I was on my November trip. It was good to visit the Detroit houses and to see how they are flourishing. St. Francis House and St. Martha house are running steadily and smoothly and the need there continues. Justine L'Esperance, who is in charge of Martha House, told me of the families that came to them for shelter, with the money to pay for rent, but nowhere to go. It is hard for families with children to find a place to live. Detroit housing is an abomination anyway. On one occasion there was a Southern white family and a colored family in the house together, and at first the air was electric with tension, but soon the white mother was taking care of the colored children while the mother looked for lodgings, and vice versa. On another occasion there were five adults and ten children in the



house in two families. There are always young and old women in need of friends, and care, and the house is a Godsend.

There is one old woman there who wants to go out every day at six in the morning, to walk from one end of the business district to the other to sell shoelaces and pencils, and it is all Justine can do to cajole her into staying home. She is just out of the hospital, and during the days that I was visiting there, the rain poured down. But each morning she would get up and want to go out.

We had some genial dinners at St. Francis house. Tuesday nights, the men who have left the house for jobs come back to treat the others to a good dinner and the neighbors come in and there is singing and folk dancing. Thursday night there was a good meeting, with Fr. McGoey from Canada there to talk about the land movement and home crafts.

I did not get a chance to visit the Cleveland house, but went directly to the farm, Our Lady of the Wayside, out in Avon, Ohio. It was good to see the children (it was my first glimpse of them) and the two-year-old was impressive in her fervor. When we sat down to supper, little Anita folded her hands and said energetically, "Pray-Pray!" One could well see that that was the indispensable prelude to an important function. There is a big common house on the farm, and there are going to be days of recollection there once a month during the winter, given by Fr. Urban Gerhard, of Lorain. We beg our friends in Cleveland to please take note.

Before I leave this column I must recall other events of my trip, such as my stay with Don and Mary Humphries in Rob-

It is one of those beautiful rainy fall days and I am at the Catholic Worker Farm at Easton, attending the November 30th retreat. The trees are black against a dull sky. The wind sighs in the branches of the bare trees. The brown grass waves on the hillside back of the house. But that lower field in back of the big barn is bright with the winter wheat, a sign of hope, a sign of resurrection. It sure did look good to me, coming up that muddy road. That field of bright green looked almost as good as the big stove, burning brightly in the middle of the chapel.

It has rained day after day. The roads are a sea of mud and one slips and slides through the barnyard. However, it is still mild, so that the cow, Columba, and the goats, Angora, Buck and Whitie, and the sheep and the calf, who loves to dance in the wheat field, are still out rioting in meadows during the day.

The barn, however, is warm and dry. The old tom cat, blue-grey and white, comes in, wipes himself dry with a pink tongue and crawls into the bookcase to sleep through a conference on top of a pile of *Commonweals*. Sparrows perch on the windowsill over the altar. Downstairs in the kitchen refectory, Stanley is

helping Duncan prepare a savory meal. Up here in the conference chapel, twelve of us listen to Fr. Roy talking of faith and the supernatural life.

Perhaps you'd like to have some of my notes. They are pretty disjointed. I can't take notes very fast, but these are just some of the ideas I was getting those three days.

Notes

All nations have turned away from God. The only visible sign of Christianity is brotherly love. Where is brotherly love today?

"What about a little brotherly love, brother?" Where have I heard that before? Oh yes, it was in front of a police station in New

binsdale, a suburb of Minneapolis. Don and Mary had been on the Atkin farm for the past year or two, and left it not only to be near church and school but to enable Don to paint and carve wood and do his work, for which there was neither time nor space on the as yet undeveloped St. Isadore's farm. He was at work on an altar for Mary-house while I was there, and the children were helping him sand-paper the wood. It was from a tree he had cut himself on the Minnesota farm. Mary was going to weave an altar hanging on her loom.

During my Detroit visit we had the pleasure of visiting Sister Helene at Adrian, and I would have liked much to stay for a week or so and practice lettering and weaving in her very marvelous department at the college. My daughter is giving lessons in spinning at the farm to some of the Grall girls who are helping there to build up the retreat house. We hope to have looms soon, so that we too can weave our own blankets and clothes.

Notes On Retreat

York City after the Bremen riot, back in 1935. They had arrested some of the comrades for tearing down the Nazi flag, and a crowd was demonstrating in front of the police station afterward. The police were ordered to break up the meeting and began clubbing everyone, and as we ran down the street, a Communist who recognized me shouted, "What about a little brotherly love, brother?" Who believes in brotherly love these days?

Living Christ

We must become convinced of Jesus and try to reproduce His life. Someone said to me once at a meeting in Brooklyn, "But He's a long time dead." And another time when we were begging for fish for the House of Hospitality down at the Fulton Fish Market, and talked of Christ and His fishermen disciples, and of St. Peter and how he was told "Feed My sheep," the men said, "Aw, that was a long time ago." And, of course, it will seem that way until we begin to act Christlike.

So much talking, so much writing, so much organizing, so much fighting. And there is only one thing needful.

In India, five million mendicants live like the hermits of old. Priests lead mortified and prayerful lives. "When you give us something better," they say, "we will embrace Christianity."

It is only so far as we are Christ ourselves, that our Lord loves us. He loves only Jesus in us. We must live not as men but as Christ. And Sons of God. We must convert ourselves first. St. Francis Xavier, the Little Flower, converted more than all the priests in the world. The love of God is the love of preference. It is not a feeling. He gives us plenty of trials to prove our love, to show we prefer Him. Most of our actions are tainted with self-love.

Counsels and Precepts

In the order of intention we must aim at perfection. It is a lifetime of warfare. We must preach perfection. We must all aim at sanctity. The only difference between a Carmelite nun and a married woman is that the nun binds herself by a vow to use the same means, the very same means, that we must all use. The married woman must be chaste, must be pure, even though she is not celibate. She must be poor, putting off the old man and putting on Christ; she must be obedient to her husband.

The counsels are means to reach the end; the precept is that we love God with our whole heart. This is a commandment for us all.

"No man spoke as this man speaketh." He gave us the very highest code, the most strict, the only code to give us infinite happiness. But, humanly speaking, it is foolish. Blessed are the meek, blessed are the poor in

The next retreat begins
Dec. 27, and will be given
by Fr. Harvey Egan. It will
end Jan. 1 in the evening.

spirit, blessed are those that mourn, blessed are ye when men shall revile you and curse you, etc.

(Gandhi carries in his hand a script containing the beatitudes, not only as a reminder to himself but as a reproach to the West.)

But we are not educated as children of God; we are educated as human beings. There is a greater difference between God and man than there is between man and a dog. Christianity has been left on the natural plane. Perfection to most people means a good natural life. "Anything

(Continued on page 8)

+ From The Mail Bag +

Dear Dorothy Day:

I want you to know the paper is well read, with a touch of personal feeling towards you, Theresa and Peter Maurin, since Father Kanaly and Louise Hickman (Young Christian Workers delegates to Rome in 1939) stayed at your house.

When we're through with the Catholic Worker we pass it on. The O. C. D.'s and students at Ponca City enjoy it.

I read with great interest about your Theresa's wedding, was wishing I had been closer.

After listening to Msgr. Ligutti, reading Catholic periodicals, etc., we moved to the country. We have been living out here two years, and are happy and satisfied. We live as our Creator designed, have more security, enjoy peace and contentment. We have provisions months in advance. In the city we lived from pay-day to pay-day, scared to death for our bread-winner to lose a day.

We bought an old, run-down estate, three acres of land, all buildings worth reclaiming. With persistence and lots of hard work we have most everything repaired and painted. Now we are so proud and happy. We did most of it ourselves. It has developed into a real community and co-operative spirit among the family. We have four children, aged 12, 15, 17 and 19. Our eldest said, "I never knew town life was so monotonous until we moved into the country."

This place is high, with a grand view of countryside and a gorgeous skyline. We see the sun rise and set, something we never saw in town.

My husband was raised in Chicago. He thinks this is the only life, and spends all his spare time at home, working on the place, or reads to develop better methods. He's so handy at carpentering, painting, etc., and is crazy about livestock, makes pets of them all. We have a goat, sow, two-year-old helper, two fat hogs, ninety chickens, sixteen guineas, two turkeys, three rabbits (does), twenty young rabbits (part of our meat supply). The girls and I put up 350 quarts of vegetables and fruit. We raised eighteen bushels of potatoes, three bushels of sweet potatoes, several bushels of peanuts, besides feed for our stock.

Our evenings are our own, which we could not say of an evening in town. Our children have their home-work, and we all like to read. Radio reception is good away from all industrial plants and power lines. We have gas and electricity. We live on an all-weather road, ten miles from Walter's work and the Catholic school. The children ride to school with their father. They go to daily Mass, and only leave home twenty minutes earlier than we did in the city. The countryside gives one time to meditate and see the beauty of God's work.

I was born and raised in the country, so moving here was going back home for me. I heartily endorse the back-to-the-soil movement, and only wish more families would go back. Naturally, it's hard work, but we never spend sleepless nights or come to the table without an appetite. We left our medicine cabinets in the city.

I hope this isn't taking up too much of your time. May our Lord give you the grace and strength to continue the good work.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) WALTER PIPER.
Kildare, Oklahoma.

Dear Editors:

The paper is surprising and exciting. It is like hearing someone shout in good, clear English, the things one has been thinking about and whispering about, in a foggy and disconnected manner, for years. In college a group of us tried to battle against "things as they are"—mostly with words, of course—but the conservatives, young and old, always went into the chorus: "Things have always been that way and always will be. People have tried for centuries to change things and couldn't. You can't either. Go away and be quiet, or people will take you for a Communist" (lately) "and/or say you're un-American and somebody will investigate you." We were leaderless, violent and united only in opposition to the status quo. We had to yield physically, but we never submitted mentally.

It is wonderful to find that there are people who think that something can be done and are trying to do it.

In regard to the letter in the October issue from the missionary in India who wanted a copy of the paper, perhaps he has been taken care of by now. If not, however, could you spare him a few copies for the inclosed dollar? If the postage is too much every month, I would be glad to take care of that, first-class, to make sure that they reach him. I could send the amount to you monthly.

At any rate, this dollar is unemployed and needs a job.
J. V.

Dear Miss Day:

I received your Fall letter and am finally replying, though late. I inclose a small sum to help you in your work for God's poor. I hope you can foster the retreat idea. The world is too much with us. Especially those whom poverty strikes heavily and harshly have need of retreats.
God bless you!

(Rev.) T. F. D.
Connecticut.

Dear Dorothy:

It is almost time for a "Merry Christmas" from a long-silent but faithful friend who has been following faithfully the C. W. fortunes and your own interesting year of "in-service" training. It was a splendid inspiration, and if from it has come a stronger retreat movement, for one result, very profitably spent. Nothing we can do with the poor is of any avail if it does not lead to a greater appreciation of and a more steadfast living the life of sanctifying grace. Sometimes I wonder if self-deception, a double-dealing, an inability to face the facts about ourselves is not the greatest obstacle to "brotherly living." If so, retreats are one powerful remedy. Insincerity!

I am much in agreement with the no-conscription drive.

Have you seen any of the pamphlets put out by the Catholic Committee on co-operatives—the statements of the Popes and Bishops, a complete bibliography on co-ops as written up in Catholic magazines. This last was done by Eva Ross and Trinity College Students. Miss Mary Dooling at the Queen's Work in St. Louis is secretary.

My prayerful good wishes for a happy and holy Christmas to yourself, to Peter and the workers who so manfully persevere in the Green Revolution.

Faithfully yours,
SISTER P.
Montana.



Dear Editors:

Please send to me 100 copies of your special supplement on conscription.

JOHN SWOMLEY, JR.
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Day:

Enclosed please find 25 cents, for which please send me about half a dozen copies of your November issue. It was excellent. Three cheers for the conscription article! What a better world this would be if all clergymen preached along these lines on conscription!

Your paper is very courageous. May you be blessed for the stand you take and always have.

(Mrs.) C. S.
Grantwood, N. J.

SAINT NICHOLAS



About the Special Supplement

Orders for extra copies of our November issue began to arrive as soon as it was mailed. We had intended to reprint Father Hugo's "The Immorality of Conscription" as a pamphlet, but due to the urgency of immediate orders we had 10,000 copies of the supplement printed. These are now available at one cent each, plus postage. Here are a few of many letters we have received concerning the supplement:

CINCINNATI, OHIO, NOV. 29, 1944, 12:17 P. M.
CATHOLIC WORKER,
115 MOTT ST.
RUSH EXPRESS 150 COPIES
NOVEMBER ISSUE. ADDRESS,
6188 ROGERS PARK PLACE.
W. V. SCHMIEDEKE.

Dear Miss Day:

Kindly send me three hundred (300) copies of the November issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER. I want to circulate these copies among the members of our Labor School and among the parishioners with whom I work on Sunday. I have already preached twice against conscription, and intend to do everything I can to defeat any law of conscription.

Kindly send me also ten (10) copies each of the two pamphlets you mention in your introduction to Father Hugo's article.

Respectfully yours in Christ,
(Rev.) R. T. DETERS, S.J.,
Director, Institute of Social Order.
Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dear Friend:

We could do with a hundred copies of Rev. John J. Hugo's article. It certainly deserves attention and we will try to see that it gets it. We will mail them free of charge to strategic centers. It will be added on to our free bibliography lists.

Here in Canada, conscription is just about to replace the voluntary system that prevailed so far. Of course, pacifists who object to warfare automatically object to conscription for it.
BRO. FRANCIS GERALD.
Montreal, P. Q.

Dear Editors:

Enclosed please find check for \$1.50 for 150 copies of the November Catholic Worker. I should like to give a copy of the C. W. to every parishioner each month. Please send me a bundle each issue.

May God bless you,
Sincerely in Christ,
(Rev.) G. W. HAFFORD.
Butler, Wis.

Dear Editors:

Enclosed please find check in the amount of \$1.00, for which kindly send me 20 copies of your Special Supplement, "The Immorality of Conscription."

Thanking you in advance, I am,
Very truly yours,
A. M. H.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

I believe your issue for November the finest issue ever published. In the editorial and the article on The Immorality of Conscription the spirit and language is so uplifting it makes one's heart sing. As the beloved Father McGlynn said, "We must take heart of hope."
GEORGE LLOYD.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Editors:

Just after breakfast this morning the monthly copy of your paper arrived. Its articles are certainly a great consolation to anyone Christian-minded. Kindly accept my very sincere congratulations for the splendid supernatural work you are doing. Each day I will pray at Mass that God may abundantly bless you and your work.

Would you please send me ten copies of your November edition?

In Christ Jesus, Our Lord,
FRANCIS CASEY, ptre. cure.
Jacquet-River,
Comte de Restigouche,
Nouveau Brunswick, Canada.

Dear Miss Day:

May God bless you and your fellow-workers in Christ. I have just finished reading the last word in the November Catholic Worker. As usual, it is excellent. I think we have a great debt of gratitude due to God for Father Hugo; his articles are excellent and timely.

The suggestion that appears on the top of Father Hugo's article that you might not be permitted "to exist" perhaps may prove true. Persecution is inevitable for those who "seek to live piously in Christ Jesus." If you preach Him you will be persecuted as He was.

Keep up the good work. Be assured that you receive a memento in my Holy Mass daily.

Again, may God bless you.
Yours in Jesus and Mary,
A Fellow-Worker,
(Rev.) F. M. OTT.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Editors: I enclose check for \$10. Half of it will pay for the 400 copies of your admirable supplement to the Catholic Worker. With some part of the other half, please send 300 copies of the same supplement to Miss Mary Cadigan, Milton, Mass.

With every personal greeting and good wish, I am,
Faithfully yours,
(Rev.) JOHN WRIGHT.
Brighton, Mass.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

It is with extreme pleasure that I read Father Hugo's article on the morality of conscription, or better, as he entitles it: "The Immorality of Conscription."

It is my opinion that every Bishop in the country should have a copy of this enlightening and yet most consistent, logical masterpiece ever put into print on the morality of conscription. Every priest in the country should also read it.

Enclosed please find some money for about 20 or 25 copies of the November issues of the Catholic Worker for my own personal distribution.

With prayers for success in your noble work and consistent stand against war and conscription, I am,

Your devoted fellow-worker in Christ,
(Rev.) A. A. NOVIELLO.
St. Dominic's Rectory,
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Dear Editors:

Will you be kind enough to send me 10 copies of the Catholic Worker for November, 1944, and a personal subscription for 1945?

ABBE GERARD DION.
Faculte des Sciences Sociales,
Universite Laval,
Quebec, Canada.

CULT

CULT

Liturgical Week

UNDER the patronage of the Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, Liturgical Week, 1944, will be held in New York City on December 27, 28 and 29. Religious services in connection with this conference will be celebrated in St. Patrick's Cathedral. Discussion meetings will be conducted in the evening of the 27th and three times daily on the 28th and 29th of December, in the auditorium of Cathedral High School for Girls, located at Lexington Avenue and Fiftieth Street, New York.

Purpose

The purpose of Liturgical Week is to bring together for consultation and cooperation all interested in a deeper understanding and more active participation in the official public worship of the Catholic Church. By means of discussions of the underlying theology and the historical background of the liturgy, current practices in our public prayer are clarified. During Liturgical Week, the solemn functions of the Catholic Church are not only talked about but inspiringly executed. Apostolic in motive, this conference seeks to demonstrate the words of Pope Pius X: "The primary and indispensable source of the true Christian spirit is the active participation in the most holy mysteries and in the public and solemn prayer of the Church."

Details

The opening session of Liturgical Week will be held in the auditorium of Cathedral High School, Lexington Ave. and 50th St., on Wednesday evening, December 27, at 8:30 p.m. The introductory address will explain the purpose and evaluate the significance of the liturgical revival. On the following two days, addresses and informal discussions will be held in the same auditorium during three daily sessions scheduled at 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m. and 8:30 p.m.

Two Solemn Masses in St. Patrick's Cathedral will be offered in connection with the program of Liturgical Week, the first on Thursday, December 28, at 9:30 a.m., and the second, a Solemn Pontifical Mass, on Friday morning, also at 9:30 a.m. Compline, the canonical night prayer of the Church, will be sung in the Cathedral on Thursday and Friday afternoons at 5 p.m.

History

This gathering of the Liturgical Conference in New York City marks the fifth time that such a meeting has been held in the United States. Previous conferences took place at Chicago in 1940, St. Paul in 1941, St. Meinrad, Indiana, in 1942, and again at Chicago in 1943. Best known and perhaps most successful of liturgical gatherings in foreign countries were the Belgian *Semaines Liturgiques*, held annually for twenty-five years until 1939, under the auspices of the world-famed Abbey of Mont César. During the past fifteen years conferences of a similar character have been held in Canada, Chile, Spain, Italy and Austria.

For Our Slain Brethren

THIS liturgy, arranged by James Rogan from the prayers of the Church and including excerpts from Pope Pius XII's Encyclical on the Mystical Body, arrived too late for the November issue. Since December 7th marks the anniversary of our entrance into the war, we are using it this month.

To what shall I compare you? or to what shall I liken you, O daughter of Jerusalem? To what shall I equal you, that I may comfort you, O virgin daughter of Sion? For great as the sea is your destruction: who shall heal you?

Priest: I will please the Lord in the land of the living.

Men: I have loved, for He has heard the voice of my prayer.

Women: Because He has inclined His ear to me, I will call upon Him all the days of my life.

Men: The sorrows of death surrounded me, the perils of the grave seized upon me.

Women: I found great trouble and sorrow, then I called on the name of the Lord.

Men: "O Lord, save my soul." The Lord is merciful and just; yes, our God shows mercy.

Women: The Lord guards the little ones; I was brought low and He rescued me.

Men: My soul, return to your rest, for the Lord has been bountiful to you.

Women: For He has delivered my soul from death; my eyes from tears; my feet from slipping.

Men: Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord,

Women: And let perpetual light shine upon them

Priest: I will please the Lord in the land of the living.

Priest: Let us pray for the dead who died in the bombing of Pearl Harbor. O God, whose property it is ever to have mercy and to spare, we humbly beseech You on behalf of the souls of Your servants whom You have called out of this world, that You deliver them not into the hands of the enemy, nor forget them, forever, but command that they be taken up by Your holy angels and borne to our home in paradise, that having put their hope and trust in You, they may not suffer the pains



Who shall separate us now from the love of CHRIST?

Ado Bethune

of hell, but may come to the possession of eternal joys.

Men: Let us pray for those who died in the bombing of Amsterdam.

Priest: Absolve, O Lord, the souls of Your faithful departed from every bond of sin.

Women: And by the help of your grace, may they be enabled to escape the avenging judgment.

Men: And enjoy the happiness of everlasting light.

Priest: Let us pray for those who died in the bombing of London.

Men: O Lord Jesus Christ, King of glory, deliver the souls of all these faithful departed from the pains of hell and from the deep pit.

Women: Deliver them from the lion's mouth, that hell may not swallow them up, and may they not fall into darkness, but may Your holy standard-bearer, Michael, lead them into the holy light;

Priest: Which you promised to Abraham and his seed.

Women: Let us pray for the dead who died in the bombing of Warsaw.

Men: We offer, O Lord, sacrifices and prayers, receive them in behalf of these souls whom we commemorate today.

Priest: Grant them, O Lord, to pass from death unto life;

Women: Which you promised to Abraham and his seed.

Priest: Let us seek to imitate the breadth of the love of Jesus Christ. One only is the Spouse of Christ, the Church; but the love of the divine Spouse is so vast that it embraces in His Spouse the whole human race without exception. Men may be separated by nationality and race, but our Saviour poured out His blood to reconcile all men to God through the Cross, and to bid them all unite in one Body. Genuine love of the Church therefore is not satisfied with our being within this Body members one of another, mutually careful one for another, rejoicing with him who glories, suffering with him who suffers; we must also recognize as brothers of Christ according to the flesh, destined together with us to eternal salvation those others who have not yet joined us in the Body of the Church.

Women: Yes, let us pray for the Jews, slain so unmercifully.

Men: Incline your ear, O Lord, to our prayers, in which we

Great Antiphons

⊙ **Wisdom,** THAT proceedest from the mouth of the Most High, reaching mightily from end to end, and sweetly disposing all things: *Come! and teach us the way of prudence!*

⊙ **Adonai,** AND LEADER of the House of Israel, who appeared to Moses in the fire of the flaming bush, and gave to him the Law on Sinai: *Come! And redeem us by Thy outstretched arm!*

⊙ **Root** OF JESSE, who stands as the ensign of the peoples; before whom kings shall keep silence; to whom the nations shall pray; wait no longer! *Come! Deliver us!*

⊙ **Key** OF DAVID and Sceptre of the House of Israel, who opens and no man shuts; who shuts and no man opens: *Come! Lead the captive from prison, sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death!*

⊙ **Orient** SPLENDOR of eternal light and sun of justice: *Come! And enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death!*

⊙ **King** OF THE NATIONS, and their Desired One, and the Cornerstone that maketh both one: *Come! And save man whom thou madest from dust!*

⊙ **Emmanuel!** OUR King and Lawgiver, the Expectation and Saviour of the nations: *Come! And save us, O Lord our God!*



HIC EST
SANGUIS
MEUS

humbly entreat your mercy; and bring to a place of peace and light the souls of these people whom you have summoned to go forth from this world;

Women: And bid them to be numbered in the fellowship of your saints.

Priest: There are some unfortunately, today especially, who proudly boast of enmity, of hate and spite as something that elevates and honors the dignity of man and his power. Let us, however, follow on after our King of Peace, the while we gaze with sorrow on the pernicious consequences of that teaching. He has taught us not only to have love for those of a different nation and a different race, but to love even our enemies. While our heart overflows with the sweetness of the Apostle's teaching, we sing with him of the length, the width, the height, the depth of the charity of Christ, which neither diversity of race or culture, neither the wasteless tracts of ocean, nor wars,

be their cause just or unjust, can ever weaken or destroy.

Men: Yes, let us pray for the dead who died in the bombing of Hamburg.

Women: We humbly pour forth our prayers, O Lord, on behalf of the souls of Your servants and handmaids, beseeching You in Your mercy to forgive them the trespasses of which they were guilty during life and to admit them into the glad company of those whom You have redeemed.

Priest: Absolve, we beseech You, O Lord, the souls of all your servants, both in the Old and the New Worlds, that dead to the world, they may live to You, and wipe away by Your most merciful forgiveness what sins they may have committed in life through human frailty. Through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Men: Amen.
Priest: Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord.

Women: And let perpetual light shine upon them.

Priest: May they rest in peace.
Men: Amen.



— FUTURE —

— CULTIVATION —



E. M. Catich

Workers and The Machine

(The following is a letter we received from Eric Gill back in 1937 in regard to the problem of the machine. Whenever we devote much space to discussing the evils of industrialism, the land movement, non-participation, exploitation—always the question of the machine comes in. What about the machine, people are always asking. What are you going to do with the machine? Here are a few things Eric Gill had to say which bear repeating.)

Dear Mr. Curran:

Thank you for your letter. I cannot write at length now about this machine problem. I should like to say simply that fundamentally the problem of the machine is one which should be dealt with by those who actually use machines.

At present, as you know, the responsibility for using or not using machines is entirely that of men of business whose interests are, of course, simply in buying and selling and not in making, and therefore, in a broad way it may be said that the first thing to be done (first in the sense of most important) is for the workers to recapture the control of industry. This, of course, is the Communist idea, but, unfortunately, the Communists couple with this their very crude materialist philosophy and their equally crude idolatry of the machine. For the rest, it should be obvious that some things are better made by machines than by hand. For instance, it would be ridiculous to make typewriters except by mass production; otherwise they would be absolutely prohibitive in price, and the whole point of a typewriter is to save money and time. But again it should be obvious that the whole idea of saving time and money, to such an extent as we have developed it, is a product of our quite mad and unholy commercial competitive rush.

Then again, such things as water-mills and windmills, which save human labor (grinding corn, sawing wood, etc.), are obviously proper instruments, and this brings us to the point of distinguishing between those machines which simply save human muscular labor and those which displace human creative skill.

I might use a watermill to saw stone, but it would be quite another thing for me to introduce

The Images of Mary

A Non-Catholic Begins to Feel a Greater Love for Them

By HARPER G. BROWN

I STAND among the 14th and 15th century altar pieces at the Museum of Art in Philadelphia. I try *not* to try so hard to decide what they are all about, but simply today to be open to them—actually, to look upon them today with the same placid face that Mary has in all of them. For once I quell my critical mind and let these altar pieces whisper whatever they wish to me. None of the names or the written lives of the artists who made these pieces stand between me and what they have made, because, fortunate for my purpose today, I am unfamiliar with the names of any of these 14th and 15th century men, who wished to understand religious truths—more than to understand, who wished actually to participate in these religious truths, to put into form some of the color and feeling these truths had for them. It does not matter what I begin with; I am open—and for this moment, I find myself drawn to the one thing evident in all the pieces: *the quiet look on the face of Mary.*

Here on this side of the room is the Nativity Virgin with the live Child, over and over again; and there on that side of the room is the Crucifixion Virgin with the dead Son, over and over again. The Nativity Virgin is always composed. The Crucifixion Virgin is sorrowful—but oh, this quiet look always on her face. Why? I wonder. And shouldn't there be yet another version of Mary when she realized that He was alive, that He always would be, that though she had seen that Child die, that He still lived, even still lived in spirit within her, that she still contained Him, that she was still the one to be patient in order that His impulse could come to greater fulfillment within her? But I somehow feel that her face even in this version would be as untouched by anxiety as all the Nativity versions show her.

Can all these 14th and 15th century men who, instead of using ink, paper, and words, chose wood, pigment, canvas and picture-language, be insisting on a divine truth—that all men must be patient, male and female, alike, that the fulfillment of the Christ-spirit can come about within them? That the very tensions and anxieties we fill our lives with, actually destroy the chances of our ever being able to get more of the healing, enlightening, radiant Christ-spirit to come to birth from us? Is it that we are still depending on ourselves to do it all, not really believing in that Greater Spirit and Power?

MARY has an inner assurance that reflects in her quiet face; she is *being* the Mother of Jesus. She is thinking what is necessary that He be born and be perfect. She knows the divine wants to be born within her. Every posture is one of grace, for she is in harmony with divine, creative forces. Unhurried Mary—there is nothing of the strident feminist in your expression, nothing of the over-zealous-business man, nothing of the type of reformer who will even use cruelty to achieve his—or her—goal. Yet in your face there is light and power. From you shines a radiance that can melt the hardest of heart, and so overcome evil. Darkness must turn away and vanish before your type of strength. In your passivity is a sweet kind of alertness, as if you are listening to a heavenly message coming to you in silence.

I see you today as a really blessed Mary in these altar pieces—as teaching us all a lesson about all the creative ideas and plans within us who are trying to find that better way for all men to live peacefully as children of God together. You offer the child food, adoration, and love, but you do not whip the child into shape. It would be shocking to everyone if you were shown beating the young Jesus into shape. Yet what do most of us do—we beat all our plans and all we do with a sort of vehemence that says, "This better show up well after all I've put into it, after all I've done. . . ." We are filled with anxieties and vanity; we will not let the Christ come to birth within us. Perhaps if we used our will to withhold all destructive thoughts and feelings as well as to withhold destructive action, a new Christ-impulse could be born. We are always over-planning, over-articulating. . . . But Mary says nothing in the altar pieces. She only looks upon the Christ and upon us looking at the altar pieces. The Mother of Life must hope that we all learn what is here today to be learned in the silence of this art museum. . . . In a way, it is remarkable that we on earth have got along as well as we have, considering how we go about it within.

into my workshop a letter-cutting machine. In the former case I am using a common-sense contrivance to do a job as well as it can be done; in the second case I use a contrivance which inevitably reduces the quality of the work and has no advantage but that of turning out the work more quickly and therefore cheaply. Obviously what we want is a world in which the quality of work done rather than its cheap-

ness is the ruling consideration. We shall never get this world all the time we are ruled by men of business. We might get it if the world were ruled by the workers, but only if they themselves were led and inspired by religion.

Yours,
ERIC GILL.

Pigotts,
High Wycombe,
Naphill 42, England.
(From C. W., Dec. '37.)

A Rural Episode

By CECELIA CURRAN

AFTER five months' stay at St. Benedict's Farm at Upton, Mass, we are keener than ever for life on the land. John had been invited by Carl Paulson to work with Frank O'Donnell on building a stone and cement house, and when we arrived Frank had already built the well and cistern and dug the foundation trench. Together they dug a cellar under the small house, put in cement foundation with cellar steps, poured the foundation of the fieldstone house, 34 by 17 feet, poured a four-inch cement floor on top of crushed rock, and built the west wall of the house to the plate. Inside the wall of one-foot thickness is to be another three-inch wall with a one-inch air space to keep out cold and moisture. Except for a cement mixer borrowed from the town of Upton, all work was done by hand, and stones and water had to be carried by hand. A wood bathroom was added to the small house, and a drain to catch surface water for the cistern was installed under the fieldstone house.

When we arrived on June 29 the main house was empty, but by midnight it was full. John and I arrived about 7 p.m., Dorothy Coddington and her three children came about 9, and about 11:30 p.m., a car drove up with Peter Maurin, Arthur Sheehan, Father McGee, Victor Smith and a friend, and none of the parties knew the others were to arrive.

The next Saturday Leonard Austin, maestro of the piano and folk-dancing, arrived, and that evening was a happy one with



Ade Bethune

organ, guitar and banjo music and little children singing and dancing to old-time tunes.

Upton's First Masses

Father Joseph Woods, of Portsmouth Priory, came on September 3 and stayed until the following Wednesday. He said the first Masses at St. Benedict's, one at each of the houses. Each of the Masses was impressive, and especially the one on Wednesday at the O'Donnell home with the rising sun breaking through the mist and shining on the altar and on the little tots so serious and innocent in their devotion. Yes, Eric Gill is right; where things are good and true, "Beauty looks after herself."

It is easy to see that children are an asset on a farm when Damien O'Donnell, 9, and Marty, 7, take the two-man crosscut saw and produce firewood, look after the chickens and do the many chores that go with farm life. It was too late in the season for John and I to have a garden, but Damien kept us well stocked with fresh vegetables and Frank supplied chickens. Everyone works hard, and the

work gives a deep satisfaction which no city job can give. The housewifely instinct has full play in canning and serving fruit that grows in abundance. The conveniences of the city are exchanged for healthful hard work that drives away the nervous tensions of crowded city life. The mind is at peace and the beauty of the fields and woods, the curve of the farm road, lift the heart in thanks to God naturally and effortlessly, whereas in the city, with its stop-lights, advertising signs, the roar of traffic and the jostling of people, frustration is stamped upon the face.

Glimpses of Beauty

On Sundays we walked three miles each way to Mass at Upton, and this came hard at first, but as the weather grew cooler it became enjoyable. Sometimes we would get a lift in a car, and one Protestant minister saved us many steps. Usually the children, or some of them, were with us, and we learned much from them on where to find butternuts, hickory nuts and berries along the road. On All Saints' morning we left the house at 6:30, with the moon shining through the fog, and the woods had that look of the movie scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," very eerie and as though full of goblins. Upton certainly has something for those who like scenery. Nowhere have we seen prettier moonlight nights that compel one to investigate the old familiar scenes.

Among visitors to St. Benedict's during the summer and fall were Jack Cuddahy, of New York; Walter Conly, of Boston; Isabel Conlan and Eleanor Corrigan, of Mott Street; Mrs. Coddington, with her children, and Vincent Summers, an artist who painted murals for the O'Donnell children. Later, in November, Ade Bethune and her father came up and surveyed the farm. Ade stopped with Mary Paulson in the little house that holds so many people, and Mr. de Bethune stayed in the big house. In the evening before going to bed he would stop in our kitchen for a chat and a "shin heat," as the Irish say, and John and I certainly enjoyed the conversation with this charming gentleman. We see where Ade inherits the simplicity and common sense that are so rare today.

In retrospect, it is hard for me to recall the material changes and improvements, such as John Magee plowing and loaning his tractor, saw-rig and sulky plow. It is the number of little personal happenings, the atmosphere of serenity and health, and the many laughs which keep coming to mind.



Big Dan Is Dead

He died on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, the 12th anniversary of the starting of *The Catholic Worker*. He was our oldest apostle in point of service. Everybody knew him as Big Dan and visitors to New York from all over the country often were introduced to *The Catholic Worker* by seeing him selling the paper in front of Macy's or on Fourteenth street. These last years he had been working as a taxi driver, but he kept up his interest in the work, he carried bundles to the post office, brought us food for the breadline, and came faithfully to the office every few weeks to see if there was anything he could do to help.

"Everybody Happy?"

He was a huge person, tall and stout and it was hard to get clothes to fit. He used to fill the doorway as he came in shouting always — "Everybody happy?" and everybody in the office would groan "NO!" His second words usually were, "Anything to eat?" but he more often brought food than ate it with us these last years.

Big Dan came to us back in 1933, during the depth of the depression, when *The Catholic Worker* was housed on Fifteenth street. He had been looking for work and tramping the streets of the city, and he told us frankly that his feet hurt. Margaret, our Lithuanian fellow worker who was doing the cooking at that time, hospitably offered to let him soak his feet, and that was his introduction to us all, a large genial man, with a round happy face and sparkling eyes, sitting there in the kitchen soaking his tired feet. He stayed for supper that night, and Peter engaged him in conversation about jobs and manual labor, the dignity of poverty and work. He always listened to Peter with great respect and lowered his great eyes in talking to him. He could not resist interspersing what Peter termed wise crackings, however, and Peter, with his French mind, would pucker up his face and try to understand what was the point that Big Dan was trying to make.

After that first visit, Dan felt entirely at home and took over the sale of the paper on the streets, it did see his heart and soul on the corner of Fourteenth street and Broadway with a bundle of papers, shouting, in opposition to someone who was shouting "Read the Daily Worker" — Read *The Catholic Worker* daily." Often when he saw me, either on Fourteenth Thirty-fourth or Forty-second street, mischief overcame him and he added to his shouting, Read "The Catholic Worker" — Romance on every page!" and on one occasion, "Read *The Catholic Worker*, and here comes the editor walking down the street!"

Brother to All

He had an immediate appreciation of the personalist technique of the movement. He made friends with all those who were carrying sandwich signs, advertising a gypsy tea room, or a children's furniture store, or gardeners on the instalment plan, and found out their needs and tried to supply them from our clothes room or food stocks. Margaret, the cook, used to chase him with the rolling pin when he raided the ice box or pantry. He used to mimic her and dodge out of the room, begging her not "to tell the pasture on her." (Margaret always called the pastor the pasture, much to Dan's de-

light. He had a collection of her sayings with which he is probably regaling the angels in heaven now.)

He sold the paper, he helped us move families who were evicted, he helped take care of old Mr. Breen whose room he shared, he walked with us on picket lines during the picketing of Ohrbach's, the Mexican consulate, the German consulate.

He was a city boy, born in Jersey City and knowing only New York and his own home town. But he helped us look for the farm which we later obtained at Easton. Mrs. Porter Chandler, a reader and benefactor of the paper, loaned us her car during an icy winter to look for a place, and Big Dan did the driving. When we finally found the hill top farm at Easton, he climbed with us to the very top of the hill and then lay down in the center of the alfalfa field and looked up at the blue April sky. "This is the place," he told us happily, and proceeded to take a nap while we discussed acreage and payments with the owner.

Prayerful

Always on these trips he reminded us of the Angelus and at the stroke of twelve or six, we would pray as we sped through the countryside. And it was at the stroke of the Angelus that he died, on the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in the House of Calvary, surrounded by his family and the friends for whom he had worked these past years, before the gas shortage made him take up taxi driving. They were our friends, too, since it was through the generosity of Miss Gertrude Burke and the House of Calvary that we have the use of the House of Hospitality on Mott street.

Dan Orr was one of those "called to be saints" of the C. W. He was always serving others, always happy, always generous. One never heard him say an unkind word—there was never malice or detraction in his speech. He was one of the "little ones," good and pure of heart, faithful and kind. We are happy to have known him and to have worked with him.

He was buried with a Solemn High Mass from St. Lucy's Church in Jersey City, and may God rest his generous soul. Big Dan, please pray for all of us you have left behind.

St. Louis

Dear Miss Day:

The November Catholic Worker arrived this morning. I'm sending one copy to the editorial department of the Saint Louis Globe Democrat, which has been printing column after column in favor of permanent conscription that the war-mongers want. They'll probably institute proceedings for its demise (the C. W., not the conscription issue).

This afternoon a friend of mine, who was also connected with the C. W. House we had here, asked if there was any possibility of getting it back in existence again. I told him I didn't know, that it seemed a bit doubtful, since most of the major minds of the former project are elsewhere. He suggested writing to you for your opinion on the subject, and see what you thought about the possibility of reviving it under the existing conditions and circumstances.

May our Lady continue to bless you most bountifully.

MICHAEL G. I. CALLANAN.

Conscription

(Continued from page 1)

Larry S. Truman, Mo.; Mon C. Wallgren, Wash.

Republicans—Warren R. Austin, Vt.; Sturley Warren R. Austin, Vt.; Chan. Gurney, S. D.; Rufus C. Holman, Ore.; Chapman Revercomb, W. Va.; J. T. Thomas, Idaho; George Wilson, Iowa.

The House Military Affairs Committee, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Democrats—O. C. Brooks, La.; John M. Costello, Cal.; Clifford Davis, Tenn.; Carl T. Durham, N. C.; P. J. Kilday, Texas; A. J. May, Ky. (Chairman); Matthew J. Merritt, N. Y.; Phillip Philbin, Jr., Mass.; John E. Sheridan, Pa.; Robert L. Sikes, Fla.; J. J. Sparkman, Ala.; Paul Stewart, Okla.; R. Ewing Thomason, Texas.

Republicans—W. G. Andrews, N. Y.; Leslie Arends, Ill.; Charles Glason, Mass.; Charles Elston, Ohio; Ivor D. Fenton, Pa.; Forest Harness, Ind.; J. Leroy Johnson, Cal.; Clare Boothe Luce, Conn.; Thomas Martin, Iowa; Paul W. Shafer, Mich.; Dewey Short, Mo.; J. Parnell Thomas, N. J.

The House Select Committee



on Postwar Military Policy, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Democrats—Leo E. Allen, Ill.; Schuyler O. Bland, Va.; Alfred L. Bulwinkle, N. C.; Alfred J. Drewry, Va.; Lyndon B. Johnson, Tex.; Warren G. Magnuson, Wn.; Harry R. Sheppard, Cal.; J. Buell Snyder, Pa.; Carl D. Olson, Ga.; Clifton A. Woodrum, Va. (Chairman).

Republicans—W. Sterling Cole, N. Y.; Melvin Maas, Minn.; William J. Miller, Conn.; James W. Mott, Ore.; D. Lane Powers, N. J.; James W. Wadsworth, N. Y.

Dear Miss Day:

Please accept the check for your work and in partial payment for the many inspirational thoughts gleaned from your paper and writings. May God continue to work through you to spread knowledge and love of His Son.

Please continue to send me the paper, every word of which is read by my assistant and myself. We not only enjoy but also approve the really Catholic spirit and the apostolic zeal in every line.

With our priestly blessings, (Rev.) JOHN F. MARTIN, C.P.P.S., Pastor, (Rev.) MICHAEL SPEGELE, C.P.P.S., Assistant, St. Anthony's Church, Linton, N. D.

Wisconsin Benediction

The earth its altar stone, a crimson host quivers in the sky.
It rests upon the fingerlings of pine
To shower evening's blessings on the land.

The angels draw a web of white, the tabernacle veil, across the sky.
The golden monstrance slowly fades from view
And candle-tinted clouds return to blue.

While men deny the sovereign rule of God

All nature sings His praise,

"Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar."

JAMES ROGAN.

Notes On Retreat

(Continued from page 2)

not ordered for the greater honor and glory of God is inordinate." (St. Ignatius.) Even a good action for a natural motive, rather than for the love of God, contains in itself the germ of sin. God acts against the sense common to man. His way is not our way. Sowing is against common sense. To throw away wheat to get more wheat is against common sense. We must sew our judgment to get the wisdom of God. Most Christians rely only on prayer and the sacraments and leave out mortification (sowing). They leave out the most important thing. The turning from creatures to God, the preference of God, the love of God. "Do penance, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

There is no sacrifice without mortification. The word mortification means dying. We must die in order to live. We must give up our life to gain it. Of course, prayer and the sacraments give us the courage to do this. "Without Me you can do nothing." Will a farmer get a crop without sowing?

Sowing

Sow time to gain time. Sow grain to get grain. Sow happiness to gain happiness. Sow money to gain money.

God's way in the natural order is a sample of His way in the supernatural order. To make a vine bear more fruit, the farmer prunes it. If we don't do these things for ourselves, God will do them for us. This is the great mystery of love. In the book of Malachias God, saying, "You have defrauded Me, giving Me crippled animals for sacrifice. You have neglected your tithes. Come back to Me and I will come back to you."

Never lose an occasion to thank God. Job said when he lost his family and his wealth and his health, "God giveth and God taketh away." He didn't say the devil did it or anyone else. It all came from God. We have far more reason to thank God for crosses than to thank a man for a sack of gold. Should we say it is too heavy, and reject it?

Once you realize the plan of God, you begin to understand all that happens to you. To get angry at anyone is not to see the will of God. Very few people resist themselves to detraction, injustice, loss of goods, reputation, etc. Poor, ignorant people. He gave them the most exacting doctrine. He judges the intention. If you love anything except for Him, it leads to sin. If you love those who love you, even the publicans do this. Sow the earth, harvest heaven. Sow yourself, harvest God.

Recreation

To rest our minds and bodies, to serve God better, pleasure and recreation are good. But we need much less than we think. The more we satisfy our appetites of sense, the less pleasure we have. It is the opposite with the things of the spirit. Attachment to creatures is darkness, a wall between us and God. If the eye be dis-

eased, the whole body is dark. The eye is the intention. You cannot serve God and money. Money represents the pleasures of this world; that is why God is pleased when we give it away.

We must pass from death to life. We should read the sermon on the Mount at least once a week and then examine our consciences by it. The kingdom of God is not for those who only pray and receive the sacrament, but for him who does the will of God, and who lives by the sermon on the Mount. "Was it not in Thy name we prophesied, cast out devils? Depart from Me, ye workers of iniquity!"

St. Thomas said that Dives went to hell for enjoying the good things of life. Mortal sin is a turning from God and a turning to creatures.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, what God hath promised to them that love Him, that prefer Him to all creatures.

Hard Sayings

These are all hard sayings, indeed, and will bear some studying. I'm beginning to think I'll have to start over again on this Christian life, and pray for a conversion on my own part. No use worrying about the rest of the world. Just myself. "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." As Father says, it is not the will that needs strengthening, but the intelligence.

These last couple of days the rain stopped and the days grew colder. These are retreats of penance in the winter time. It went down to fourteen above zero the last night, and the barn was cold, and I'm betting that the Christmas retreat will mean a blizzard. However, there it is. If one is too weak to deny himself and take up his cross, here's a good opportunity to have it handed to one.

John Fleming Reminds—

Dear Friends:
Every year St. Anthony's Center, at 105 East 119th St., gives the children of East Harlem a Christmas party. Your help has made this possible, so again we are appealing for your aid.

Your contributions can be candies, toys, clothing or money. The party will be December 24.

We wish you a happy and holy Christmas and New Year.

Dear Editor:

Merry Christmas to all, and I hope and pray good St. Joseph will do a good job in providing the "sinews of war" for St. Joseph's House and all the C. W. Houses this Christmas.

The C. W. paper is tops—a combination of St. Augustine, Horace Greeley, St. Vincent de Paul and Catherine of Alexandria. "Keep on keepin' on." (I should have added St. Paul and the Catholic Digest editors to the above roster!)

Bay Pines, Fla. K. A. M.
(The sinews of war? For the Catholic Worker?—The Editors.)

Poverty and Pacifism

(Continued from page 1)

ance companies and banks, which are known to exploit the poor of this country and of others. Banks and insurance companies have taken over land, built up farms, ranches, plantations, of 30,000, 100,000 acres, and have dispossessed the poor. Loan and finance companies have further defrauded him. Movies, radio have further enslaved him. So that he has no time nor thought to give to his life, either of soul or body. Whatever has contributed to his misery and degradation may be considered a bad job.

Manual Labor

If we examine our conscience in this way we would soon be driven into manual labor, into humble work, and so would become more like our Lord and our Blessed Mother.

Poverty means non-participation. It means what Peter calls regional living. This means fasting from tea, coffee, cocoa, grapefruit, pineapple, etc., from things not grown in the region in which one lives. One day last winter we bought broccoli which had the label on it of a corporation farm in Arizona or Texas, where we had seen men, women and children working at two o'clock in the morning with miners' lamps on their foreheads, in order to avoid the terrible heat of the day, which often reached 125 degrees. These were homeless migrants, of which there are some million in the United States. Carey McWilliam's "Factories in the Fields," which you can get at any library, tells of the conditions of these workers. For these there is no room at the inn.

We ought not to eat food produced under such conditions. We ought not to smoke, not only because it is a useless habit, but also because tobacco impoverishes the soul and pauperizes the farmer, and means women and children working in the fields.

Poverty means having a bare minimum in the way of clothes, and seeing to it that these are made under decent working conditions, proper wages and hours, etc. The union label tries to guarantee this. Considering the conditions in woolen mills, it would be better to raise one's own sheep and angora goats and rabbits, and spin and weave and make one's own blankets and stockings and suits. Many groups are trying to do these things throughout the country, both as a remedy for unemployment and for more abundant living. The School of Living at Suffern, N. Y., the Catholic Rural Life Conference at Des Moines, Iowa, both have publications discussing these ideas.

As for the dislocation in employment, if everyone started to give up their jobs. Well, decentralized living would take care of such a situation. And when we look at the dirty streets and lots in our slums, the unpainted buildings, the necessity of a nationwide housing project, the tearing down that needs to be done (if we do not in the future wish to have it done in the hard way and have them bombed down), then we can see that there is plenty of employment for all in the line of providing food, clothing and shelter for our own country and for the world. We should read A. J. Penty on the machine and Fr. Vincent McNabb, the greatest apostle of all. Their books are in all libraries.

Poverty means not riding on rubber while horrible working conditions prevail in the rubber industry. (Read Vicki Baum's "Bleeding Wood," and Andre Gide's "Congo Journey." And what a strange conglomeration

of authors I am handing out!) Poverty means not riding on rails while bad conditions exist in the coal mines and steel mills. Poverty means not accepting that courteous bribe from the railroads, the clergy rate. Railroads have been built on robbery and exploitation. There are stage-coaches, of course, and we are only about a century past them. But pilgrims used to walk, and so did the saints. They walked from one end of Europe and Russia to the other. We need saints.

Fr. Meus, the Belgian who is a Chinese citizen, since his missionary life began in China, has walked thousands of miles. He said he would dearly love to walk from one end of the United States to the other. Of course, we are not all given the grace to do such things. This article is to call to mind the vision. It is true, indeed, that until we begin to develop a few apostles along these lines we will have no mass conversions, no social justice, no peace. We need saints. God, give us saints.

How far we all are from it! We do not even see our infirmities. Common sense tells us, "Why live in a slum? It is cheaper to live in a model housing project, have heat and hot water, a maue or pink bath and toilet, etc. We can manage better; we have more time to pray, to meditate, study. We would have more money to give to the poor. Yes, this is true according to the candlelight of common sense, but not according to the flaming heat of the Sun of justice. Yes, we will have more time, more money, but we will not have more love. "The natural man does not perceive the things of the spirit." We need to be fools for Christ. What if we do have to pay higher rent in order to live with the poor? What if we do have to buy coal by the bucket instead of by the ton? Let us squander money, be as lavish as God is with His graces, as He is with His fruits of the earth.

Rejoice in Poverty

Let us rejoice in poverty, because Christ was poor. Let us love to live with the poor, because they are specially loved by Christ. Even the lowest, most depraved, we must see Christ in them, and love them to folly. When we suffer from dirt, lack of privacy, heat and cold, coarse food, let us rejoice.

When we are weary of manual labor and think, "What foolishness to shovel out ashes, build fires, when we can have steam heat! Why sew when it can be better done on a machine? Why laboriously bake bread when we can buy so cheaply? Such thoughts have deprived them of their good manual labor, in our city slums, and have substituted shoddy store-bought goods, clothes and bread.

Poverty and manual labor, they go together. They are weapons of the spirit, and very practical ones, too. What would one think of a woman who refused to wash her clothes because she had no washing machine, or clean her house because she had no vacuum, or sew because she had no machine? In spite of the usefulness of the machine, and we are not denying it, there is still much to be done by hand. So much, one might say, that it is useless to multiply our tasks, go in for work for work's sake.

But we must believe in it for Christ's sake. We must believe in poverty and manual labor, for love of Christ and for love of the poor. It is not true love if we do not know them, and we can only know them by living with them, and if we love with knowledge we will love with faith, hope and charity.

Essays

(Continued from page 1)

when we die
without
giving us hell
here and now.

IV. Two of a Kind

1. The Bourgeois Capitalist tells the Bolshevik Socialist "We got what we got because we got it and we are going to keep it no matter how we got it."
2. The Bolshevik Socialist tells the Bourgeois Capitalist "We want what we want because we want it and we're going to get it no matter how we get it."
3. The Bolshevik Socialist is the Spiritual son of the Bourgeois Capitalist.
4. All the sins of the father the Bourgeois Capitalist are found in the son the Bolshevik Socialist.
5. He is a chip from the old block and the old block is a blockhead who has not learned to use his head.

V. Class-Struggle

1. Bolshevik Socialists credit Bourgeois Capitalism with an historical mission.
2. If Bourgeois Capitalism has an historical mission then Bolshevik Socialists should not interfere with the historical mission of Bourgeois Capitalism.
3. By interfering in the fulfilling of the historical mission of Bourgeois Capitalism through the technique of class-struggle Bolshevik Socialists help to perpetuate Bourgeois Capitalism.

VI. Grave Diggers

1. Bolshevik Socialists want to be the grave diggers of Bourgeois Capitalism.
2. They refuse to let the Bourgeois Capitalists dig their own graves.
3. Fascists refuse to let the Bourgeois Socialists dig the graves of Bourgeois Capitalism.
4. Fascists maintain the Bourgeois Capitalism is not dead yet and they will try to keep it alive.
5. By trying to be the grave diggers of Bourgeois Capitalism Bourgeois Socialists bring in Fascism.

VII. A New Society

1. Why not let the Bourgeois Capitalists dig their own graves?
2. And while the Bourgeois Capitalists dig their own graves why not create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy but a very old philosophy a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

Books to Read

1. If you want to know why the things are the way they are, read:
 - a) "Man the Unknown." by Dr. Alexis Carrel
 - b) "What Man Has Made of Man" by Mortimer Adler

New Horizons

(Continued from page 8)

physical, mental, and spiritual growth for the full development of the human persons—an essential part of education for life. It goes without saying that the work itself should be worthy of an intelligent being.

For the first time in my life I began to understand something of the nature of woman, that she is made for generosity, made to spend herself on others, pouring out her love in service. Women who are giving themselves wholeheartedly to their vocations, whether it be in marriage, the religious life or a life of service in the world, experience great joy, peace and contentment; whereas women who do not give themselves completely to the task for which they are destined, or those

women who have tragically missed the particular work for which God has created them, are restless and miserable whether or not they are surrounded by friends, amusements and comforts of all kinds.

Now I could see why so many working girls are unhappy and frustrated. They are merely "marking time." A job is a bridge to gap the years between their single and married life. In fact, frequently the "job period" of a young woman's life is a period of loss. The months and years wasted on monotonous activity dull their minds and hearts, and their lives become crabbed and selfish because there is no outlet for the natural desire to love and serve others.

MY CONCLUSIONS

"But," I can hear someone exclaiming indignantly. "Just what does all this mean? Do you propose that we leave our jobs and go out to the land? Wouldn't that be utter confusion?" No, I would not advise young women to leave their jobs, and as for going out to the land, well, to be honest, I don't think you would be very welcome there. It is speaking from hard-won personal experience when I say that we must work to earn our bread on a farm, and few of us city people are equipped to do that, either physically or mentally. Let's not give up our jobs to leave the city (at least, not yet), but do let's examine our jobs to see whether they are worth keeping. Surely, God did not create us to become so many robots, working dully for the interests of a large corporation, finally to be rewarded at the age of sixty-five with a small weekly pension that we might now live the rest of our lives in peace, giving praise and thanks to the "large corporation" for its good care of us all the years of our life.

If God created women with talents and capabilities, I dare say He expects us to develop them and to use them in fruitful actions. Let us get away from the slavish idea that work must mean a job and a salary, the parcelling out of one's day into hours of labor and hours of leisure. As human beings, it is our vocation to spend our entire life working, to live a happy life full of effort and achievement. If we accept life courageously and radiantly, we will see that we have little time to waste on mediocre jobs and salaries.

There is much to be done, whether it be done in the home, preparing for marriage; working among the destitute in the slums; caring for the sick; starting Catholic Action centers and libraries where the work of the lay apostolate may be propagated; working among the Negroes in the Harlems of America; preparing for leadership in the rural life movement. The opportunities are so diverse and so numerous that they challenge the imaginations. Yes, there is work to do; work which will require the keenness of our minds and the willing labor of our bodies; work whose actions will praise God because these are noble deeds we are doing, worthy of creatures made to His image and likeness.

These are some of the ideas which have become my own convictions through my stay at the Grail, and which have given new significance and purpose to my life. I am now returning to participate in the year's school of leadership, for I see it as essential not only to prepare myself to live this new and fuller life on the land, but to bring the vision I have received to as many others as I possibly can.

Negro Housing

(Continued from page 1)

protest meeting at Friendship House. Among the speakers at the CORE-sponsored meeting were Horace Cayton, a Negro authority on housing in Chicago; Nathan Mann, a Jew, and Dr. Arthur Falls, a Catholic physician.

On the west side the first protest meeting was held at the Blessed Martin Center. Fliers sent from the Center read: "We live on the west side, but if we do not cry out against this injustice we become a party to it. We share in the guilt of those who commit the crime. When one member of the Body of Christ suffers, the whole Body suffers with it. The health of the Body of Christ depends on the health of its members. And we are together the Body of Christ."

Speaking at the Center, Father Carlson, O.P., declared that this sin cried to heaven for vengeance. Any oppression of the little ones of Christ will not go long unpunished and merits the wrathful anger of God, Father said.

To Right a Wrong

A Virginia Dobbins fund has been set up to help this victim of racial hatred to buy a new home. The CORE meeting raised \$70, Friendship House pledged \$100 and \$40 has come from the Blessed Martin Center. Plans for more meetings are being made. Any reader of the Catholic Worker who wishes to help right this injustice may send contributions in care of Miss Marie Klein, 4257 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago, Ill.

We are reminded of Eric Gill's Stations of the Cross. From the eighth station: "Let us consider how we make mock of the gospel of Love and Justice. They took the Body of Christ and crucified it, but we take the very gospel and desecrate it. They crucified the Son of Man. We crucify humanity itself. . . . In these latter days, in this dry wood, how have we defaced the image of God?"

James Rogan.

- c) "The Bourgeois Mind" by Nicholas Berdyaev
2. If you want to know how we got that way, read:
 - a) "A Guildsman's Interpretation of History" by Arthur Penty
 - b) "Charles V" by Wyndham Lewis
 - c) "Religion and the Rise of Capitalism" by R. H. Tawney.
3. If you want to know the way out, read:
 - a) "A Personalist Manifesto" by Emmanuel Mounier
 - b) "Freedom in the Modern World" by Jacques Maritain
 - c) "A Philosophy of Labor" by Etienne Boerne

NEW HORIZONS

By GRACE ELIZABETH GALLAGHER

I AM a city girl who has always been surrounded by skyscrapers, subways, milling throngs of people; a working girl surrounded by typewriters, file cases and a profusion of wire baskets, manila envelopes and paper clips. It took a trip to the land, however, to show me that outside of my twenty-four-hour-a-day existence there is an entirely different way of life. One that is sharply in contrast to my world of machines and paychecks, and one which I have come to love and prefer.

I didn't just go to the country. I went to visit the Grail at Loveland, Ohio, where work and its meaning are really understood and fully practiced. Here, on the well-equipped 186-acre farm, there is being offered to young women from all parts of the country a full year's school of leadership which has as its primary purpose the formation of capable lay leaders who will play an active part in the restoration of Christian life in America. In addition to the year of training, specialized courses are conducted at regular intervals on various phases: Woman and her special task in the lay apostolate; the need for a strong Catholic culture; the liturgy as the cornerstone of our apostolate and life; the family, the community and the land as the basic concepts of normal living.

MY INTRODUCTION TO THE LAND

The Harvest, the rural life school in the fall, brought to a close a very active and revolutionary summer. It was for me a most upsetting experience. I knew that the apostolate embraced all fields of activity: the home, office, factory, college and university, but I did not know it reached out into my work itself, that in Christian living there is a vital connection between man's dignity and the labor of his hands. This became a conviction for me through the lectures and study of the courses and also in many personal experiences which made the Christian philosophy of work a vivid reality in my own life.

The first days of my summer at the Grail were deceptively calm and quiet. I sat in the sun and peeled and quartered apples; prepared lima, soy and string beans for canning. So this is work, I thought lazily to myself, as I toasted first one side of me and then the other. It was not until later that I learned my pale and anemic appearance had discouraged my being given anything else to do. But some days of rest and life-giving sunlight gave me enough energy and curiosity to start looking about and wondering exactly what was going on.

Was I interested in making cheese? Oh-h, you mean you don't buy it in two-pound wooden cartons? "No," they explained gently. "We get cottage cheese from the same cow which gave us our butter, and we also make brick cheese."

There being only one way to learn, I promptly started to help in cheese-making. Why, this was actually fun, I thought in amazement. And as I separated the curds from the whey, I kept thinking over and over, so this is what that silly nursery rhyme meant; at last it has some meaning.

The brick cheese really earns its name in the most painful manner. We pressed the cheese into cans for a mold, then placed a heavy load of bricks on the cans in order to squeeze out all the moisture. The cheeses are then banished to the cellar for a

patient period of ageing. Such a trying and humble life do the cheeses live.

At the idea of making sauerkraut, my nose resisted an impulse to twitch. Sauerkraut was all right if you had a taste for it (some peculiar people did), but in my estimation it had always held a lowly position in the kitchen kingdom. Besides, I had always thought that, like Topsy, it had "just growed" in the wooden barrels located in all butcher shops. But no, the transition from cabbage underwent quite a process before the sauerkraut rested in its sturdy stone crock, ready now for a busy time of fermentation in the dark recesses of the cellar. The cellar, by the way, was miraculously filling with rows and rows of preserved tomatoes, beans, applesauce, onions; crocks of fermenting wine; various shapes and sizes of cheeses. A reassuring place to visit when the thought of the long, cold winter ahead became too depressing.

I could not remain long on a farm without experiencing the joy of baking bread, and truly this is no exaggeration. It was a joy to busily knead the dough; kneading and kneading and yet patiently kneading while all about me were the sounds, smells and movements of a sunny kitchen, intently fulfilling its noble function of preparing for the wants of man. When I had my first taste of crisp whole wheat bread, I was able to set at rest a gnawing worry which had upset me for a long time. No more did I fret over the monks in the desert who subsisted on bread and water for years and years. If this was the quality of their bread, I am certain they were better nourished than their more modern, but foolish brothers.

I may give the impression, however, that we spent all our time in the kitchen. But this was only a small part of our life. We enjoyed the privilege of listening to outstanding leaders in the rural life movement, and our daily program of prayer and work, lectures and discussions, formed a perfect balance of Christian living.

MY CONVERSION

I had been in the country some time when, one evening at supper I glanced around the table and was shocked into the first stage of awareness. The table that evening was abundantly filled with steaming platters of corn on the cob, fresh green beans, wooden bowls of crisp lettuce and tomato salads, heaping plates of fragrant brown bread still fresh from the oven, and pitchers of cold, creamy milk. Why, everything on the table comes right from this farm—not a thing has been purchased in the city, and, moreover, we all helped to prepare the food ourselves.

This thought was so staggering to me because, ever since I can remember, we were taught in school to trace the long route our different food items had to travel in order to reach our table. Coffee comes all the way from Brazil, laboriously picked by hand, and then shipped up to North America. Cheese and butter come from Wisconsin, and so on. Why, that's nothing to be proud of at all, I thought, in astonish-



ment. Indeed, what a parasitical existence we live! We are completely dependent upon all these sources, and, if anything ever happens to prevent these shipments of products (and now it has), we are trapped in our own careful planning. No amount of money will purchase butter if there is no butter to be had.

Once I started to think about the self-sufficiency of a farm, and contrasted it with the dependency of city dwellers, it was remarkable how many other evils of city life flocked into my mind. I thought of young married women crowded into tiny apartments and intent upon doing as little manual labor as possible.

The more gadgets a kitchenette has the quicker does it disappear from a "to rent" column in a newspaper. But these labor-saving devices not only save the housewife from work, they bar her from it. Even if she wants to do something with her hands, she has no outlet for her energy but to press a button or flick a



switch. Her hands have become useless tools, because she no longer knows how to use them.

For a brief compromising moment I wonder if such time-savers might be of some value if a busy woman had many important things to do. But this thought died in embryo. In the first place, the task of the wife and mother is to be precisely a wife and mother, and that comes before all other things she might like to do.

An honest glance at the activities with which the labor-free woman fills her time left me with the conviction that they are extremely worthless pursuits. Does a bridge club, an exhausting and boring shopping trip, a gossipy luncheon, an afternoon wasted on an insipid motion picture give a woman the right to be a slovenly housekeeper and a dull companion to her husband and children? For that is what she becomes when she limits her own development so rigidly. A successful homemaker will not only be able to work with her hands, but her mind works diligently because it supplies the inspiration for her labor. A wife and mother who sees her place in life clearly knows that God expects her to bring her family "heavenwards"; it is she who, with the help of her husband, will instill in her children an intense desire to love and serve God and see the way in which they are best suited to serve Him. This knowledge develops more completely in a home

"THE GOOD NEWS"

"Behold, I bring you good news of great joy which shall be to all people."

The Grail will conduct its Christmas School of Apostolate for one week, December 27 to January 3, inclusive, at Grailville, Loveland, Ohio. The full year's course will begin January 15, continuing to January 15, 1946, also at Grailville.

The Christmas School will be a week of:

1. Serious study on the present world crisis and the need for positive Christian action.
2. Lectures and discussions on the principles and practices of the lay apostolate.
3. A full program of common prayer, manual work, study, feasting, and rejoicing in the Christmas spirit.
4. Practical planning for the carrying of the "Good News" of the full Christian life to our particular environments during the coming year.

The school is open to young women between sixteen and twenty-four years of age. The fee, including room, board and tuition, is from fifteen to thirty dollars. For applications and additional information write to Grailville, Loveland, Ohio.

School of Apostolate

The School of Apostolate for young women, from January 15, 1945, to January 15, 1946, will be a Complete Year of Formation, organized under the patronage of the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, in which young women can make themselves ready for their individual and collective roles in the apostolate of the laity.

FORMATION IMPERATIVE:

"The crisis we are experiencing is unique in history. It is no longer permitted to anyone to be mediocre... everyone has the imperative duty... of doing the impossible" (Plus XI.) To accomplish the impossible, we must be vitally aware of the seriousness of our time. We must be willing to embrace our responsibilities wholeheartedly. We must become thoroughly formed apostles in all spheres of life. For this reason, the Grail, under the patronage of the Most Reverend John T. McNicholas, Archbishop of Cincinnati, has organized a year's school of apostolate to prepare young women for competent leadership in the Christian world renovation.

AN INTEGRAL PROGRAM:

The school is planned to give a vision of life through a 24-hour-a-day program of uncompromising Christian living. The following fundamental concepts form the structure upon which the curriculum is built:

- The Liturgy as the Well-Spring of Christian Life.
- The Joyful Spirit of the Cross.
- The Nature and Task of Woman.
- Education for Motherhood.
- The Family as the Basic Unit of Society.
- The Development of Individual Talents for Leadership.
- The Dignity of Manual Work.
- The Building of a Christian Culture.
- The Practice of Agriculture as a Way of Life.

For those seriously interested, the school is open to young women between 17 and 25. As the program is organized on a family basis, the enrollment is strictly limited. The fee for the year, including room, board, and tuition, is from \$400 to \$800, each student contributing according to her means. The next semester begins January 15, 1945. New students will be accepted at that time.

ARE YOU A PRIEST?

Then you are interested in promoting apostolic action in your parish. You will want well-formed leaders upon whom you can rely to help in spreading a truly Catholic outlook and spirit among the parishioners.

ARE YOU A SISTER?

Then you will know of girls in your classes who have talents with which they can influence their fellow classmates, and who, by becoming wholehearted apostles, will be a leaven among the entire student body.

ARE YOU A YOUNG WOMAN?

Then, like all of us, you are thinking much about the future these days and wondering what is your part in building a better world. It is a tremendously important part, one which you must realize and courageously fulfill if you are to help in bringing about a new Christian era.

WHOEVER YOU MAY BE...

If you are interested in modern world problems and the efforts being made towards a Christian solution, this announcement is for you!

I LOOK AT MY JOB

But then the thought came to me that a married woman who is missing the whole meaning of her vocation is simply the result of a girlhood very superficially lived. It was easy for me to criticize married women, but it would be far more profitable if I asked myself a few pertinent questions about the way in which I and my young unmarried friends spent our time. Most of us were working in offices, department stores or factories, I reflected, and we had a more or less smug feeling that we were getting along quite well. But were we? What were those eight hours a day doing to make better women of us? We were working for firms in whose business we had no interest whatsoever; in fact, the idea was to forget one's work at five o'clock and "enjoy" the rest of the day. This unpleasant truth struck me with full force. We were leading completely selfish lives because we were giving nothing of ourselves and feeling no qualms about taking money for it. The theme song of every office was "do as little as possible and make as much as you can." Work, however, develops the worker. If entered into wholeheartedly, it increases a person's talent and abilities to do all things well. Work is an important means of

(Continued on page 7)