

CATHOLIC WORKER



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SALVATION IS OF THE JEWS

By

Leon Bloy

I. Poor People

1. In writing a book about the Poor how could not I have spoken of the Jews?
2. What people is so poor as the Jewish people?
3. Oh, I know well enough there are the bankers and the speculators!
4. Legend and tradition would have it that all the Jews are usurers.
5. People refuse to believe anything else.
6. And this legend is a lie.
7. It concerns only the dregs of the Jewish world.

II. Their Very Abjection

1. Those who know this people and look at it without prejudice know that it has other aspects and that bearing the miseries of all the centuries it suffers infinitely.
2. The thought of the Church in every age has been that holiness is inherent in this exceptional, unique and imperishable people which is protected by God, preserved as the apple of his eye in the midst of the destruction of so many peoples for the accomplishment of his ulterior designs.

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Peace Now

The destruction brought by the war among the nations in the material and spiritual plane is all the time accumulating to such an extent that it calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end.

Pope Pius XII.

Chicago C.O.s Open New House Of Catholic Worker

Small Hospice Will Begin Works of Mercy Among Poor

June 20.

Dear Fellow-Workers:

St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, Chicago, has a new address at 1208 Webster, just one block from the Alexian Brothers Hospital. We begin the new venture in fear and trembling because we know the great good that was done at Blue Island Ave. On Thursday night a group of nine conscientious objectors from our unit held the first discussion meeting. Marty Paul from the St. Isidore farming commune at Aitkin, Minn., was telling of the work there when Father Harvey Egan stopped in. So we were blessed with the presence of the clergy on our official opening. Several days previously Lucian Lupinski had interested Father Bapst, a priest patient at the hospital, in the house, but there was

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DAY AFTER DAY

Since the last issue of THE CATHOLIC WORKER came out, almost two months ago, Odell Waller, the Negro share-cropper was put to death in the electric chair. All appeals for clemency were in vain. Perhaps those in authority thought that with Waller dead, the issue of the injustice would die with him. So many men are dying these days.

* * *

A Japanese correspondent (a young girl in college) writes the sad story of a little Japanese boy playing ball, and the ball rolling outside the fence of the stockade in which the Japanese were confined, and the shooting to death of this same little boy.

The Japanese in concentration camps are getting out mimeographed papers and one of the sheets warned its readers not to go near the fences any more. * * *

Panchelly, Woodworth and
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Argument Against War

To my mind the strongest argument we have against war is the unity of all men under Christ as their Head and Redeemer. This is the redemptive aspect of the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ which St. Thomas stresses and which is so applicable to the modern world. If it is true that Christ is the Head of all mankind, then all men belong to Him and constitute His members, even though all may not be equally united and close to Him. If this is true, then what is war but fratricide? Men are killing their own brothers in Christ when they take up arms against one another instead of trying to settle their disputes as brother should, by using their reason and exercising charity.

This aspect of war I have tried to emphasize in "The Layman's Call." I do see the possibility of a legitimate war of self-defense, but I look upon war at best as a dreadful necessity which should not be resorted to except as the last measure of self protection and defense. I respect and honor those who are in conscience opposed to taking up arms in any war, even in a just war of self defense, and I am very glad that our country respects this right. I am only too happy to defend this right, especially for Catholics when it is attacked or denied by their fellow-Catholics.

Rev. Wm. R. O'Connor.
St. Joseph's Seminary,
Dunwoodie, Yonkers, N. Y.

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Peace Now

The present moment in its onward rush asks and demands from the church that she use her authority to secure that the present terrible conflict may cease and the flood of tears and blood may issue forth into an equitable and lasting peace for all.

Pope Pius XII.

St. Benedict's Farm New Venture Of Rochester Group

House of Hospitality Being Remodeled Despite Difficulties

402 South Avenue,
Rochester, N. Y.

The big news here is about the farm. Milt Fess, his brother, Gerard, Gene and Bob Yatteau and Father Vogt have bought a farm near Scottsville. The farm is to be known as St. Benedict's Farm. It comprises 250 acres of good land, of which about 20 acres are wooded. There is a large farmhouse in excellent condition, a horse barn, a cowshed, a silo and a few small sheds on the property. The barn itself was burned down in a fire some years ago. However, Milt hopes soon to have a barn of rammed earth.

Beginnings

Milt lived on the farm all alone during the month of June. Last week the Yatteaus,

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INDUSTRIALISM

By

Peter Maurin

I. It Started with England

1. Lenin said: "The world cannot be half industrial and half agricultural."
2. Lenin made the mistake to industrialize Russia.
3. Lenin industrialized Russia because the Japanese industrialized Japan.
4. The Japanese industrialized Japan because the Americans industrialized America.
5. The Americans industrialized America because the Germans industrialized Germany.
6. The Germans industrialized Germany because the English industrialized England.
7. It started with England.

II. A Few Englishmen

1. R. H. Tawney said that "the Englishmen wear blinkers."
2. Because they wear blinkers the Englishmen lack vision.
3. Because they lack vision the Englishmen are very strong for supervision.
4. And supervision is not a substitute for vision.
5. A few Englishmen got rid of their blinkers.
6. Among the Englishmen who got rid of their blinkers one can name: William Cobbet John Ruskin William Morris Arthur Penty Eric Gill.

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IN THE VINEYARD

A Footnote

By FR. JOHN L. HUGO

There are some who hate footnotes (for example, Hilaire Belloc). Most people simply skip them. But those who have the patience to read them sometimes find that they are the most important part of a book. I hope that if any have followed these articles so far, they will stay to read the footnote; for there is no idea in the whole series more important than that which I will now describe. Why authors of books keep the most important matters for footnotes is difficult to understand—perhaps it is one of their professional secrets. The reason for my doing so is no secret, and I shall explain farther on.

I have been addressing myself to those who are working in the Vineyard, that is, to those anxious to take some part, however modest, in spreading the Kingdom of God

on earth. Accordingly, I wish here to state that necessary and indispensable means of bringing Christ to men is a true and selfish devotion to Christ's Mother. Let us formulate this teaching in the words of Blessed Louis de Monfort: "It is through the most Holy Virgin Mary that Jesus came into the world and it is through her that he has to reign in the world... Jesus Christ is not known as He ought to be because Mary has up to this time been unknown."

Louis de Monfort, now Blessed, was a priest of the eighteenth century who wrote of the Blessed Virgin as one inspired by the Holy Spirit. His book, "True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary," is one of the great works that have been written on Our Lady, and it bears the approval

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It Takes So Long to Die

How many Irish are there in this country, and of them how many of them remember the Famine and the long slow death? And of them that remember what happened in Ireland, how many of them are thinking of what is happening in Europe today where men, women and children are slowly being starved to death by the blockade, used as a weapon of war?

Do people know what famine looks like? Do they know what it smells like, what it sounds like, least of all what it feels like? Every day we look at the men on our headline, and they are lean, gaunt men but they are not starving. There is plenty of bread, there is soup to go around, there is even meat and fish. We have to do with many a hungry man, but as to how many of them are starving, we do not know. We know that it is bad enough as it is, and God deliver us from such sights and sounds as are

going on in Europe today.

It takes so long to die. It takes so long to crush the life out of a body. Living skeletons, lying in heaps, with grotesque shapes, just skin and bones and fetid odors and inhuman sounds,—do they know they are creatures of body and soul, temples of the Holy Spirit? Do they know they are dying for a great and noble cause—are they pleading with us not to send food so that their countries may be free?

How can we speak in such terms? How can we forget what is going on in Europe? How can we consent to it by our silence?

Padraic Colum in a letter to the Times says that "it is a sign of the frightful numbness of sensibility which, because of years of horrible happenings, affect all of us, that we can be passive while men, women and children starve to

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IN THE VINEYARD

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of several modern Popes, of great ecclesiastics, of the best spiritual writers, and of countless devout Christians. If one should be skeptical concerning de Montfort's inspiration, let it be added that there are sound doctrinal considerations to justify the illuminating and important principle that I have just quoted from him. Let me set down two of these.

1.) Jesus is Truth, the very Word of God (Jo. xiv, 6; i, 1). Now the Word became flesh, the Scriptures say; let us remember, further, that He became flesh through Mary. That is to say divine truth entered the world through Mary. This was according to a plan and a decree formed by God from all eternity. Since there is no shadow of change in God, Mary must still be the means of bringing divine truth to the world.

The first task of the apostolate is to spread God's truth; so that workers in the Vineyard must look upon a right devotion to Mary as an absolutely indispensable means for realizing their aims.

Life thru Mary

2.) Jesus is Life (John xiv: 6). God's truth is not abstract but living. "To know God is to live." "The words that I have spoken to you are spirit and life (John vi: 64)." The Word of Truth is Himself a living person, and He has come into the world to give men some share in the divine life. "I am come that they may have life (John x: 10)." It was, however, only through Mary that this divine life came to our humanity. She was, by God's will, the instrument through which life came into the world. And, once again, since God does not change, it is still through Mary that life must come into the souls of men.

As it is the work of Jesus to bring life, so it must also be the work of the apostolate. Evidently this can be done only through a right devotion to Mary. Men cannot afford to neglect the instruments designated by God for His work.

The immutability of God is the solid doctrinal foundation of this teaching. As God is once, so is He always. Eternity is wider than time—eternity includes all time. God's de-

cree that Mary should be the instrument in bringing truth and life into the world holds for every age. You and I have a supernatural life through Mary; and all our future growth in that life shall likewise be through her. It is a cold doctrinal fact that, if Christ is to reign in the world, He shall do so through Mary. Father Faber goes so far as to call the age in which Christ shall be everywhere known and loved, "the Marian age."

True Devotion

The reader will notice that I have each time qualified the word "devotion" by insisting upon right or true devotion. Since we are accustomed to look upon any devotion to Mary as acceptable, the idea that there is such a thing as false devotion to her may be surprising. De Montfort enumerates seven kinds of false devotion to Mary, and he says that souls are damned because of them.

Obviously it is necessary to know what is meant by true devotion. I will not here attempt to describe what it is, but urge the reader to study Blessed de Montfort's book, and to practice true devotion to Our Lady as it is there explained.

Not by Tepidity

One word more. It is certainly true that the world can be saved, even on the temporal level, by Christianity; but not (this has been the theme of these articles) by the diminished Christianity that we Christians have been practicing. Here it must be affirmed that, if Christianity is in fact to come into the world, it can be only through Mary; once again, however, it is not through such lukewarm and false devotion to her as is now found among us. The following words which Father Faber spoke of English Catholics, can be applied equally to us.

Mary Withheld

"Here in England Mary is not half enough preached. Devotion to her is low and thin and poor. It is frightened out of its wits by the sneers of heresy. It is always invoking human respect and carnal prudence, wishing to make Mary so little of a Mary that Protestants may feel at ease about her. Its ignorance of theology makes it unsubstantial and un-

worthy. It is not the prominent characteristic of our religion which it ought to be. It has no faith in itself. Hence it is that Jesus is not loved, that heretics are not converted, that the Church is not exalted; that souls which might be saints wither and dwindle; that the sacraments are not rightly frequented, or souls enthusiastically evangelized. Jesus is obscured because Mary is kept in the background. Thousands of souls perish because Mary is withheld from them. It is the miserable, unworthy shadow which we call our devotion to the Blessed Virgin that is the cause of all these wants and blights, these evils and omissions and declines."

Let me conclude by explaining why I have waited to explain so important a matter in a mere footnote. It is because only those who seek to live according to the cross are capable of being true clients of



Our Lady; and I had first to describe the conditions necessary for a full and fruitful christian life before suggesting this mode of devotion to her. In "The Secret of Mary," a pamphlet in which de Montfort gives a brief summary of his devotion, he points out those who are to be given this secret, namely, "only to those persons who deserve it by their prayers, their almsdeeds and mortifications, by the persecutions they suffer, by their detachment from the world, and their zeal for the salvation of souls."

A Secret

It seems strange that he would go so far as to call true devotion to Mary a "secret." It is not, of course, because he believes that Our Lady could reject any who have a genuine love for her, but because so few Christians, by their manner of life, are prepared to understand—much less to practice—true devotion to her. True devotion to Mary will ever remain a secret hidden from the carnal man, the natural man, the Christian who refuses the cross. "The sensual man does not perceive the things that are of the Spirit of God for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand, because it is examined spiritually (1 Cor. ii:14)."

"If then, as is certain the knowledge and the kingdom of Christ are to come into the world, it will be by the necessary consequence of the knowledge and the kingdom of the most Blessed Virgin Mary, who brought Him into the world for the first time, and will make His second advent full of splendor." (de Montfort.)

("True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary," and "The Secret of Mary," can both be obtained from: The Montfort Fathers, Bay Shore, New York.)

Jessica Powers

OF THE JEWS

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3. The very abjection of this race is a divine sign, the very manifest sign of the permanence of the Holy Spirit over men so despised who are to appear in the glory of the Con-solator at the end of time.

III. We Forget

1. Imagine that people about you spoke continually of your father and your mother with the greatest contempt and treated them only with insults and with outrageous sarcasm.
2. What would be your feelings?
3. Well, that is exactly what is happening to Our Lord Jesus Christ.
4. We forget, or rather we do not wish to know that Our Lord made man was a Jew, the Jew par excellence, the Lion of Judah; that His Mother was a Jewess, the flower of the Jewish race; that His ancestors were Jews along with all the prophets; finally that our whole sacred liturgy is drawn from Jewish books.

IV. Anti-Semitism

1. How then can we express the enormity of the outrage and the blasphemy involved in vilifying the Jewish race?
2. Formerly, the Jews were detested, they were gladly massacred but they were not scorned as a race.
3. On the contrary they were respected and feared, and the Church prayed for them remembering that Saint Paul, speaking in the name of the Holy Spirit, promised them all things and that they should one day become the lights of the world.
4. Anti-Semitism, an altogether modern thing, is the most horrible blow which Our Lord has received in His Passion that continues forever; it is the most bloody and the most unpardonable because He receives it upon the face of His Mother and from the hands of Christians.

V. The Only People

1. The history of the Jews damns the history of the human race as a dike dams a river—in order to raise its level.
2. The Jews were the only people

from which came forth all the recording secretaries of the commandments of God.

3. The interpretation of the sacred writings was formerly considered the most glorious effort of the human spirit, since according to the testimony of the infallible Solomon "it is the glory of God to conceal the word"—Proverbs XXV, 2.—
4. It was then the day of the masters and the tranquil reign of lofty speculations.

VI. It Is Therefore

1. Now it is the hour of servants and the decisive victory of earthly curiosities.
2. It is therefore at best superfluous to hope for a little attention and I would carefully avoid asking for it, if I did not know that people are dying of hunger in the stables of the Shepherd and that a great number of voices are already clamoring for the key of the age to come for which the needy suppose that Providence has reserved the refreshment of all spirits.

VII. But It Is True

1. It is my sorrow not to be able to offer my ambitious contemporaries an authentic revealer.
2. It is not my business to be the doorman of the Mysteries, and the Future things that have not been placed at my disposal.
3. Present-day prophets are besides so completely devoid of miracles that it seems impossible to discern who they are.
4. But it is true that they are in demand as a natural consequence of the point of faith which holds that they must one day come. I would like to know why they are never sought among the only people from which came forth all the recording secretaries of the commandments of God.

(The above quotations from Leon Bloy, phrased by Peter Maurin, are from the recent book of Raissa Maitain, "We Were Friends Together," published by Longmans Green.)

Married

Joe Zarrella, one of the leaders of the N. Y. Catholic Worker, married Alice Lautner of Tell City, Ind., June 24. They are now living on Mulberry St. behind old St. Patrick's Cathedral.

THE RAG MAN

"I am the divine rag dealer of love."—Jesus to Saint Teresa.

The rag man's cry has summits like a song.
Far down the street I hear his music stir:
The shrill unhurried wheels that would prolong
An endless journey, the slow clomp of hoofs,
The cry with spires, with little pointed roofs.
I think of what Teresa said to Jesus,
And how He answered her:

"I go where no one else would care to venture.
I take what even angels would not touch."
O Jew, is the heart's cloth then worth so much
That its soiled scraps would drive Thee to this buying,
This walking through the streets, this endless crying,
Leading Thy donkey through the fetid slums
Down streets no other rag man ever knew,
Waiting at doors until the sharp voice comes:
"Down from my doorstep, Jew!"

Jesus, when Thou hast reached this alleyway,
Stop at the broken door and presently
One will come forth to deal this day with Thee,
One who computes the value of her love
By Thy indignity.

Civilian Public Service Camps

STODDARD, N. H.

On August 15th, 1941, Camp Simon was officially authorized by Selective Service as a Civilian Public Service Camp to be operated by the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors for the benefit of Catholic C O's. Two men had arrived at Stoddard on the 26th of June but were technically on the rolls of another camp. The Feast of the Assumption was chosen by Selective Service as the date on which officially to recognize the camp. We beg you to join us in prayers of thanks and in petition to Mary for her continued assistance.

The Camp has grown from two men to thirty-nine. Fourteen more are at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital in Chicago. More are assigned month by month.

At this year's-end it is time to examine what we have been doing. Though we object to participation in this war, our aims are really much the same as those of the Army. We all want peace. We all want order. The Army is attempting to impose peace by force. We would attempt it by love—by an insistence upon living at peace even with our enemies. And so, of necessity, our camps differ as night from day.

Compulsion or Conviction

We try to live according to a philosophy of love rather than of might. The utmost of freedom is allowed so that men may have every opportunity to practice charity—also that they may learn to discipline themselves. Real discipline must be more than a conforming to the weight of convention, or a fear of punishment. We seek the discipline that is based upon conviction. So we allow as much freedom as possible under Selective Service.

There are abuses of this freedom. But isn't an abuse of freedom one of the marks of our civilization? Men have become supreme individualists—have ignored their responsibilities to the community. Injustice and suffering has resulted. Society now concludes that we must have order at the price of freedom. As a result we have the totalitarian state. Not only are the Fascists and Communists totalitarian, but we are becoming more socialized every day.

Nations, however, are still rugged individuals. They have ignored their responsibilities to each other and now we are at war.

God is forgotten—First man becomes all important, the individualist—then to correct one error another error is made—the state becomes all-important—totalitarianism.

In its essence we have the same problem at Stoddard. So we try to educate ourselves to our responsibilities. We try to learn again the proper relation of Man to God and Man to Man. We believe it can be found and maintained far better through love—through Christianity—far better than through force. It is the great necessity of the world—to love God, and for the love of God, to love one's neighbor.

Failure

We have our failures—men loaf on the work project, the camp is not as neat and clean as it should be, we are inconsiderate of each other, a few are left to bear the burden of the thoughtlessness of others, nerves are frayed and tempers are lost

occasionally. These things seem small, yet they are the seeds of war.

In encouraging freely given cooperation and charity we have allowed injustice to exist. We ask for contributions to the camp—if they are not given then all the assignees must suffer whether they believe in our ideals, our convictions, or not. We ask for freely given help around the camp—if not enough is given then those who give are fools—suckers—(from a natural viewpoint). They labor and others benefit. True, but we are learning. I am convinced that many of us are happy to serve others, even to receive ingratitude. Happy for supernatural reasons. And that is the lasting growth, the real progress.

As Christians, who are pacifists, our first concern must be the love of God and the love of our neighbor. Neither of these things can be legislated into our hearts. Of course, there must be a minimum of regulations but we try really to keep them at a minimum.

In an age of materialism and statism in which outward, conventional order and success is the ideal, we wish rather to emphasize the supernatural—the life of faith and charity.

Dwight Larrowe.

CHICAGO

(Continued from page 1)

little to show him; curtained windows, a huge, bare room with several long tables left by the last tenant. It had been a manufacturing place for shoe dyes. Father Bapst was from the diocese of Fort Wayne, and a Notre Dame student of his parish had told him of the CW movement. Father Egan is an old friend of the work.

The men of our unit are greatly interested in the project and ask about our plans, but of course we have none. We hope that we can shelter and feed some of God's little ones, the poor who have no other refuge. Al Reser has been sending is the correspondence of those who helped the Blue Island house. The Sisters from the Cenacle, a retreat house for women, have sent over some furniture. Miss Helen Stokes, a visiting nurse of the health department, has offered to supervise the cooking for the bread line on her holiday. Thank God for those who make possible the care of the poor.

Our routine at the hospital remains about the same, though the work is more pressing. Some of the older nurses are taking their vacations. So the new group of c.o.'s are on floor duty and doing very well. We begin in the morning with serving breakfast trays at 7:30 and work until 12:30, making beds, giving baths, charting, dusting, admitting patients, serving dinner trays, and answering bells until our own dinner at 12:30. We come back and work from 3 to 7 p.m., folding linen, taking temperatures or passing out wash water, serving supper trays and giving alcohol rubs. It is a long day, but it is good for us to be exhausted when the day is over. We can better appreciate the words of Jesus, "Deny yourself, take up your cross, and follow Me." He suffered exhaustion many times when the crowds pressed around Him, and He fell three times

beneath His cross. We must know, too, that if we put aside this cross, we will have another which is heavier to bear, as Thomas à Kempis writes in "The Imitation."

I have had a second opportunity to visit the Ladies of the Grail at Doddridge Farm near Libertyville, Ill. Miss Stokes took Brother Christopher and me along with her last Saturday. There were young women arriving during the afternoon from various cities in the United States for a two weeks' course preparing them for leadership in the lay apostolate. It is called The Vineyard. Most of the girls were college-trained, that is, the ones coming for the course. Four were from Los Angeles, several from Pittsburgh, and quite a large group from St. Paul. Miss Tully explained that the program would include work and prayer, centering around the liturgy of the Church. Monsignor Hillenbrand of St. Mary of the Lake seminary will be there for some of the conferences and Ade Bethune is also on the program.

Pray for us in our duties at the hospital and for the work of St. Joseph's House.

In Christ,
Jim Rogan.

Industrialism

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7. The best of all is Eric Gill.

III. Legalized Usury

1. "The sex problem, the marriage problem, the crime problem, the problem of armaments and international trade, all these problems could be solved if we would recognize the necessity of abolishing trade in money and especially the international trade in money that is to say the usury, the legalized usury, practiced by the banks under the protection of their charters with the support of the so-called orthodox economists."
2. "That is the first thing to be recognized."

—Eric Gill.

IV. God and Mammon

1. Christ says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you give to the poor for My sake."
2. The banker says: "The dollar you have is the dollar you lend me for your sake."
3. Christ says: "You cannot serve two masters, God and Mammon."
4. "You cannot? And all our education is to try to find out how we can serve two masters, God and Mammon," says Robert Louis Stevenson.



God's Coward

Latest adventures of A. Hennacy, whose jail experience in the last war and whose refusal to register for the present war were reported in previous issues.

City Park Dairy, R. 2, Denver, Col., July 1, 1942.

I have waited this long to write until I was settled. Moved in here today. Have been milking cows here since July 7. Arrived in Denver on the 5th. Looked around on Monday for jobs. Might get one later with a grain mill run by the Farmers Union; the folks there are pacifistic. Also made application at the one other dairy where horses are used to deliver milk. All the ads in the paper call for defense work or skilled work at which I am not adept.

Milk Factory

Eight hundred cows are to be milked, mostly by machine. We milk them at noon until 4 p.m. and from 1 a.m. until 5 p.m. For a time I followed the milking machine and stripped about 100 cows each shift. Other times I have milked from 9 to 12 cows during a shift. Some give a large pail of milk; some are very hard to milk and others easy; some are nervous and kick often, but most of them are like people—stolid—although the slogan of this dairy is "Our cows are not contented; they try to do better." The dairy is two miles from the city limits of Denver, southeast, and I have had to walk this four times a day, leaving little time for sleep. I get \$90 a month and now that I live at the dairy along with 30 others I pay \$20 a month for room and board. The meals are excellent and there is plenty even for a vegetarian. Time goes very fast and the work is not difficult and is really necessary. The ones who happen to get finished with milking cows let out the cows, clean the barn, put feed for the next batch (there are three batches to a shift) so there is always something to do.

A Good Job

The fellows are nice to work with. Many young fellows who have 4F classification—and older men. Many come and go for better jobs or get drunk and do not come back. I asked for a wagon route and was told that there was none available just now but if I milk cows until there was a vacancy it was O.K. They did not ask my name for several days, but took me on trial. My hands did not get sore enough to bother and so then they asked my name and I am a regular employee.

As I write this letter I am sitting by the one window of my room looking out southwest toward the mountains in the distance. Some Mexicans are walking across the field from their work in the field—looks like the whole family from the distance. Calves are bawling for their mammas' to my right and the whir of the machinery in the milk plant has just died down. Some workers have left for "Cow Town Tavern" and others to a dance at the Grange Hall. Others are reading or visiting.

The Lord Provides

You know how I believe that all things work together for those who love the Lord. Before I left

Milwaukee I asked the D.A. if there was anything more he wanted of me and he said that I was free to go as I pleased. I had just returned to him by registered mail my occupational survey card, telling him that I did not acknowledge the right of the government to send me such a questionnaire. I have stood my ground, continued my propaganda (selling papers to the recent American Library Association Convention in Milwaukee) etc., I am doing useful work and have not kept quiet to get a job. (In my application for a driver at the other dairy I told of my refusal to register, etc., and the manager said nothing against it.)

Gave CATHOLIC WORKER to Rev. Houser, Supt. of the Methodist Church in this district and father of George Houser, one of the Union Theological boys who went to Danbury. Also to some people in the same building where he has his office. Also to the Universalist minister here with whom I visited. He formerly lived in Philadelphia and was familiar with C. W. there. Also to the Quakers, where I attended last Sunday night.

Lay Apostolate

Here is a story of my trip from Milwaukee to Denver. The buses were all off schedule and crowded with soldiers.

Got on a second bus which was full mostly of drivers who had driven trucks from St. Louis to Pontiac, Mich., and were returning to St. Louis. They made this trip three times a week. Sat with one Irishman who was much against the war. Do not know sure if he was a Catholic or not, but he was glad to get the C. W. with my statement in it and said he would read it.

Next for about ten hours I sat next to a young married woman who was going home to visit her folks on a farm in Mo. She lived in Akron, Ohio. Her husband is in the aviation service. First she mentioned visiting prisons in Akron and how prisoners were human after all.

I did not know her background but told her bit by bit until I told her that the person who was talking to her was this ex-convict whom I was describing. I mentioned John Dunn and she said she was a Catholic. Then I brought out the May and June issues and gave them to her. She seemed very enthusiastic and had never heard of the C. W. before.

Anti-Catholic

Then I rode into Denver with an old man from Florida who was going to Nevada to gain a residence to get a divorce from his "no good Catholic wife who was having a fling with another man." He was an old union man and had known Debs and was against the war. I had quite a time getting him to touch the C. W., for he hated Catholics, but he finally promised to read the May issue which contained my statement.

Then in Denver I went to a Jehovah's meeting until it was time to meet my family. Here I sat next to a man who very kindly allowed me to read from his book. He introduced himself to me as a former Catholic who now saw "the light." I was just out of C. W.'s by that time but told him about the C. W. and said I would come again some night and give him a copy. He had never heard of it. Don't you believe that your Tolstorian missionary was led by God on that trip?

CATHOLIC WORKER

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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We Are Importunate

115 Mott Street, N. Y. C.

Feast of St. Ephrem the Syrian

Dear fellow workers in Christ:

There is a little statue of the Infant of Prague here on the desk, given us by one of the women we took into the house of hospitality almost ten years ago. She had just come from the hospital and needed a place to rest for a few weeks. She was a colored woman, and when she got a job, at heavy housework, her first thought was to bring us this little present. I ask Him to bless this appeal. We ask St. Ephram too. He lived in the desert most of the time but came to the cities to feed the hungry during a famine.

We just sent out an appeal two months ago but not enough money came in to pay our bills. There was a five hundred dollar installment due on the mortgage of the farm at Easton, July first. There are taxes due on the little camp on Staten Island where Negro boys will go this summer for two week outings. There is the gas and electric bills and the printer's bill.

Many ask if there is still need for our work, considering the increased employment all over the country. There is no employment for those we serve. They are the lame, the halt and the blind. They are those over age.

Due to rationing our sugar has been cut down to one hundred pounds a week, and our coffee to ninety pounds. We have some donations of bread but we must buy much more every day. There is meat and fish, potatoes and rice, carrots and cabbage. There are seven hundred or so coming to breakfast, three hundred for lunch and supper, and we are a family of sixty and more, young and old, mostly old. It is a large family with almost too many guests!

We do need more funds. We are sending this appeal again, heeding our Lord's story about the importunate friend. Remember how He told it, the story of a man coming late at night, a most inconvenient time, to his friend's house, asking for bread. He has unexpected company, his responsibilities have been increased to more than he can handle. He goes to his friend. His friend, with the freedom of long acquaintance, sure of not being misunderstood, shouts at him from the window. "Why do you come at these inconvenient times? It's war time. We have many responsibilities, many heavy taxes, many other good causes to contribute to; home missions, foreign missions, to take care of. You are always asking me to help you with your foolish improvidence, with your impetuous hospitality. Besides, look what time it is, and my wife and children are asleep! Go away! Go hungry!" Only a friend could be so gruff, so dour!

But Our Lord said, in telling this little story of the importunate friend, "Keep on knocking. If you need, you must ask, and ask of those around you. You cannot expect me to let down a sheet from Heaven filled with meat, as in St. Peter's dream. And if not because he is your friend, then because you are importunate, he will give you what you need."

So taking this advice, we are importunate, (with you too dear Lord) and with you our friends and fellow workers. And may St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother pray for us.

Gratefully in Christ,

The Editors.

DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 1)

Brown, the three seamen who were arrested in Hoboken on New Year's day, 1937, for getting into a fight with a longshoreman who afterwards accused them of robbing him of \$20, (which money was never found) and were sentenced to fifteen years in Trenton penitentiary, were released last month on parole. The Sister who sent Panchelly her stamp collection will be happy to hear this good news.

Letters and cards were received from O'Toole who works on a transport to Australia, and from Ossie Bondy, former head of the Windsor House of Hospitality who is now in England. We had not heard from O'Toole for some months so we thank God for his safety.

Another old friend of the paper, James McGovern, first mate of a tanker lost his life a few months ago. He leaves a wife and child.

During the month Chuck Larrowe, brother of Dwight,

HAS NO ONE
BEEN FOUND
TO RETURN
AND GIVE GLORY
TO GOD BUT THIS
FOREIGNER?
...
ARISE, GOTHY
WAY, FORTHY
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SAVED
THEE.



A. de Bethune

who is head of our Catholic camp for C.O.'s, sailed for Egypt to drive an ambulance for the American Field Service.

Peter Maurin, theorist of the Green Revolution, spent the last month at Easton at Maryfarm. Now he is leaving for Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, at Avon, Ohio, where Bill Gauchat conducts a summer school at which Peter Maurin and Ade Bethune will teach. Peter will visit the Alcuin Community at Danvers, New York, which the boys from the Philadelphia farm have joined, and the new farm outside of Rochester. Later in the summer he will take a trip through New England, so those friends and readers of the paper who wish a visit from Peter will please get in touch with us.

We have so many visits from FBI men who are making inquiries as to the sincerity of young Catholic men claiming the status of conscientious objectors that we all but wrote an editorial this month on "Love and the FBI." One government man acted as though he had never heard of the Sermon on the Mount, and the idea of loving one's enemies is strange to many of them. You come from an interview slightly dazed, not quite sure whether either of you knows what the other is talking about. These government men are

supposed to inquire only as to the reliability and credibility of the men they are investigating, but to do this they seem to have to query you as to your beliefs, the work you are engaged in and the why and wherefore of it.

* * *

Letters also came during the month from the Office of Censorship in Washington. So far there is a bureau set up to impose only a voluntary censorship. It publishes a Code of Wartime Practices for the American Press. Objection was made to our story on the Japanese, in the same issue, and to our calling attention (naming locations) of anti-aircraft nests on the west coast. The exchange of letters was pleasant, we apologized for our indiscretion in naming locations such as cities and monastery gardens by name, and they thanked us. But we are forced to repeat our protest at the presence of anti-aircraft batteries or some kind of camps along our waterfront, on the property of Catholic Institutions.

This charge was made during the Spanish Civil War—that Churches and Catholic Institutions were used as military centers and that is one reason why Churches were burned and priests put to death. Now again during a visit to a Catholic Institution along our East Coast, I find that six acres of the grounds have been taken by the War Department of the United States (at a rental of a dollar for the duration of the war) and that a small army encampment has been set up.

* * *

It is ten o'clock at night as I write, and very hot indeed. There is scarcely a breath of air stirring. These hot July nights people from the tenements round about sit late in the park. There is a special bench across the street in the little park, right under the shadow of the city jail, where the women from our house stop to refresh themselves before going into the close house.

The dimout is refreshing, one can see the sky, the moon and stars. The leaves of the plane trees have started to fall already and are carpeting the bare ground in back of the benches. "There's an Italian saying," quotes Mary, our neighbor, "with the fifteenth of August, say goodbye to summer."

The women's house is crowded now, sixteen of us, with three more in the country, including Eric. There are enough vegetables coming in from the farm to feed the women's house, but not enough for the men's, because of the breadline there.

There are thirty on the Easton farm, and the little camp on Staten Island has been packed with small boys, fifteen of them, for the past two weeks. Now they have gone home and four mothers with their children have taken their places.

Summer is a time of vacations, of visitors, of retreats for all the members of our groups. This summer all our friends are making their annual retreat at Pittsburgh and there will be none on the Easton farm until later in the fall, and then only for the group there. (The next retreat for women at Oakmount, Pa., is

from August 2-9th and that for men is from August 9-16. For further information, write Fr. Farina, St. Anthony's Village, Oakmount, Pa. Fr. J. J. Hugo gives the retreat.)

Visitors

We have much appreciated the help of Nina Polcyn of Milwaukee and Justine L'Esperance of the Detroit group this summer. It would have been hard sledding but for them, what with the shortage of men. Larry Blum, seminarian from the Society of the Divine Word came for a brief visit and remained to help for a month, and Jack Thornton and Gerry Griffin are still with us though they will probably both be gone before another month is out.

The women visitors rejoiced over the new house on Bayard street, though Nina complained that she had been kept awake last night by a Communist meeting in a neighboring house where there was singing of the International and a discussion.

"Christ was the first communist" and

"What has that got to do with Lenin," was all she heard of it in between snatches of sleep.

We have had our share of plagues this summer, to bring this account up to date. Rats as big as ground hogs, suddenly have infested the house, there have been fleas, cockroaches and bed bugs to an alarming degree. And the rain has poured down, in between heat waves, leaving everyone to steam and stew and itch. But there are traps and cats for the rats, and kerosene for the bugs, and in these poor neighborhoods, thank God, people live like gypsies out under the sky a good part of the summer. So I shall put this writing to one side, and go out into the stillness of the night, and sit on a bench under a plane tree across the street and looking up to the sky, say to the Lord, "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of Thy house," even if I do not care for my own.

It Takes So Long to Die

(Continued from page 1)

death. Twenty years ago we would have made strenuous efforts to relieve such a situation.

"Military and political objectives stand in the way of sending food to Europe, we are told. But if we grant this, we declare our Christianity is subordinate to other aims. For the beginning and end of Christianity is charity...."

"I believe that if their kin in America chartered ships, loaded them with food, sent them to Europe under the flag of the Cross, no Power would prevent their going, prevent their entering the ports, or prevent their cargo from being properly distributed."

There has been talk of the difficulty of putting American relief money to work in Nazi occupied territory. Now Msgr. Ready of the National Catholic Welfare Conference complains of Russia's preventing aid from being given to the two million Poles exiled in Siberia.

We may complain of the Nazis and we may complain of the Russians, but the great obstacle in the way is the enormous apathy of the American people, who are consenting to the British blockade of Europe.

+ From The Mail Bag +

Camp Claiborne, La.

It has taken me a very long time to get around to thank you and the organization with which you are so capably connected for benefits, hospitality and even inspiration received. I was drafted a little over a year ago from a location just a block away from Mott and Hester streets, which is—or was—one of those "Lyons" lodging houses, and from which humble surroundings I often visited the Catholic Worker offices and felt quite keenly a new approach to an old problem.

My particular problem was the varying fortunes of a "gandy dancer" of the tribe of Kane—not the Biblical one, I suppose, but the visions which the name raises in the mind are perhaps not altogether inapplicable to that present denizen of the Bowery labor market. Three summers of "gandy-ing" and three winters of hibernating on the Bowery (one long search for a bed) gave me plenty of opportunity to learn many things the "hard way," as they say. But it was easy, knowing the Catholic Worker movement in a trying part of my life and for practical benefits received, if for nothing else (and there is more) I should be and am grateful.

Very sincerely yours,
William Stafford.

P. S. Enclosed are a few dollars for the movement. Perhaps sometimes you can send me a copy of the paper, CATHOLIC WORKER, which is really what I started out to request in this letter.

Chicago, Illinois

About God

How wonderful are the works of the Lord! Jim loaned me his copy of *The Way, the Truth, the Life*, Fr. Hugo's notes of Fr. Lacouture's retreat which I read during retreat last week, and which in turn coincided with the beautifully simple conferences given by Father Higgins, C.Ss.R. Both converged to make a profound effect on my mind, and I hope eventually, my conduct. It is not that I am over-stimulated, but rather that I am just beginning to realize how much I have been missing. Seven years in Religion, and just beginning to wake up!

Again, in regard to those retreat notes, one of the most soul-shaking impressions I derived from them was the infinite goodness of God. I understand now why it is that the soul is magnetically drawn toward Him upon the separation of body and soul at death—I tell you, those notes are spiritual dynamite (with due apologies to Peter for borrowing the term). There is enough packed away in those pages to blast the smugness out of every self-centered religious on the face of the earth if they were given the opportunity of reading them and pondering them. I doubt very much, however, if anyone could have needed them any more than I did at the particular time that I read them.

About Mexicans

Re: Importation of Mexican laborers into the States, I came

by a rather interesting bit of information.

A cousin of mine visited me over the week-end. He is from my birthplace, Meadville, Pennsylvania, a college town and manufacturing center for rayon, mechanical implements, and the Talon Hookless Fastener. The population averages between thirty and forty thousand souls. I can never remember of ever having heard of or seen a Mexican in the town. In the past year a T.N.T. plant has been in the process of construction about ten miles south of the town at a "cross-roads" called Geneva. Jim, my cousin, told me that they planned to employ twenty thousand men at the zenith of production. Now, the point I wanted to mention is the fact that in a town where hitherto there has never been a Mexican, various agencies have encouraged a continuous inflow of them for cheap labor. I had been more or less under the impression until now that Mexican exploitation was confined to the West and Southwest.

Brother Christopher.

Dorothea Lynde Dix

Dorothea Lynde Dix also was a crusading apostle of "Back to the Land" movement; one to warm the heart of our apostle crusader Peter Maurin. She also believed that getting the majority of sufferers from nervous and mental troubles, back to nature, to more natural living on the land, busied with the pursuits of agriculture and allied occupations, would be the best remedy, and preventive, of their ailments. She evidently foresaw what the herding of people in crowded industrial towns and cities was bound to do to their health of body as well as mind, not to speak of the havoc spiritually.

To attain this desideratum she petitioned Legislatures and the National Congress. Naturally she met with opposition, all sorts of opposition; some of the opponents were in good faith; many were not, advancing spurious objections for obviously ulterior partisan and selfish motives. But a few years after the Mexican War she succeeded in getting her Bill granting 12 million acres of public lands passed by the House of Representatives and the National Senate, only to have it meet with the Presidential veto.

It may amuse, as well as interest, some of your readers to know that Dorothea Lynde Dix even turned her attention to the maltreatment and neglect of mental patients in Scotland, and proceeded to correct the deplorable conditions she found there, establishing a system of family care after the plans so successfully carried out in the Gheel Colony of Belgium, where the system has been in effect for many centuries.

St. Dymphna, the Irish princess who suffered martyrdom at Gheel more than 1000 years ago is the Patron Saint of the mentally afflicted. There is a Basilica of St. Dymphna at Gheel, erected (circa) 1210 on the site of the original edifice which was destroyed by fire,

Pax

An Association for the Promotion of Peace England.

I have been intending to write to you for some time, ever since we saw in the *Catholic Herald*, that the C. W. group is holding fast to its pacifist principles despite the unpopularity and odium which such a position entails.

Pax now numbers about 500—mostly Catholics—and we have our share of troubles at the hands of our Catholic brethren and the clergy as well, unfortunately. Only today the secretary of our group here at Princes Risborough



was sentenced to four months hard labor for refusing his medical examination for military service. He is a recent convert.

I was wondering what you and your friends would do when the United States got involved in the war. It is a great joy, and a source of strength to us to know that you are standing firm. I felt that it was my duty and privilege as acting chairman of Pax to write and tell you so, and to wish you every blessing in the troubles which no doubt lie ahead.

God bless you and prosper your most excellent work.

Yours very sincerely,
H. W. Grant Scarfe.

Conscientious Objectors

"It seems to me that any Catholic, or group of Catholics, are perfectly within their rights in taking a pacifistic stand in regard to waging war. The civil law itself recognizes this and there is nothing in our moral theology or ethical principles against it. After enlistment, of course, a person is not free to fight or not; but before enlistment he has a perfect right to enroll as a conscientious objector and so to be prepared to do what the Government will determine people of that persuasion to do in time of war. They are usually sent to camps where they do work that does not involve participation in war."

Rev. Wm. R. O'Connor.

Seattle, Wash.

June 24, 1942.

Fellow Worker:

It is indeed saddening to think of the thousands of American-born Japanese who are loyal to this country, and who have sons serving in the armed forces of the U. S. A., being confined in concentration camps. Is this not the very thing we condemn the Nazis and Fascists for doing in Germany and Italy?

I have lived among the Japanese, living in their rooming houses, for the last ten years. I have found them to be a clean living, honest, industrious and thrifty type of people, and 90 per cent of them have always been law-abiding. They are intelligent and sober.

Kind Enemies

For many years the King County Welfare Department has roomed its sick and physically disabled unfortunates with the Japanese people. The Japanese have always run clean rooming houses at very reasonable rates. They have for the most part been courteous, kind and considerate to these sick people. Following the Japanese evacuation here in Seattle, the white hotel managers took over and in many cases raised room rent 100 per cent higher than what the Japanese charged.

Unkind Friends

Many sick and old-age pensioners have been evicted by these white landlords because they were unable to pay the exorbitant rents charged by them. However, the Government is reported to be setting rent back to April 1, 1941, to take effect July 1.

Now the King County Welfare Department is arrogantly forcing many of its sick and physically incapacitated out to Camp Carnation, Washington, forty miles out of Seattle. This is a sort of a concentration camp, run by King County for its unemployables. Reports reaching your scribe are that conditions at Camp Carnation are none too good for these poor unfortunates.

Protests Injustice

So while we are fighting against the Fascists and Nazis abroad, let us not forget the social injustices and inequalities that exist in our own country and try to correct them.

The writer of this letter is an American-born citizen, whose father fought in the Civil War against human slavery.

Many Japanese people here belonged to Protestant and Catholic churches. The Government has been sending many of them from the concentration camps back East to work, which is a small step in the right direction. However, many white employers will no doubt take advantage of these Japanese wage slaves to force them to work long hours for low wages, under very unfavorable living conditions.

Here's looking to the CATHOLIC WORKER in its splendid fight for the poor and oppressed.

Sincerely yours,
Guy B. Askew.

"He who will introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world."

Franklin.

Upton, Mass.

St. Benedict's Farm.

It's good to be back at Upton if only for a visit. The place is a riot of children. I am writing this on a typewriter on my knee. Damien is slowly driving me crazy with his playfulness while I am typing. The other boys, four of them, are playing all around me. Damien tells me to tell you that he has a new brother. His name is Michael, and he is about two months old.

Carl has just come back from Boston. He works five days a week from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. in Connick's on the stained glass, then takes the train to Westboro and bicycles to the farm. He milks the cows and does some of his gardening in the morning and the rest after he returns at night.

New House

Frank is near completing his home. It is going to be a beauty. Saturday I helped him to finish the front room, put moulding around the edges and today while he was putting in shelves in the pantry, I was painting the front windows. The house is two stories as you know. The children will sleep upstairs and have the whole floor to themselves. It will make quite a playroom in rainy weather. Frank has managed to get running water into the house by a pumping system, which costs the munificent sum of \$2 a year to run. It certainly will take a burden off Loretta's shoulders to have this convenience.

Visitors

Yesterday Mary MacSwiney was here with a group on a picnic. We ate in the open and it was lovely here beneath the trees. The little Coddington children know the Benedictine grace before meals and it is funny to hear them reciting it in Latin.

We spent most of yesterday afternoon picking blueberries, something which has become a habit around here this last week. There is one terrifically big field of them and it is a shame to see them rotting on the bushes for lack of pickers. They have picked quart after quart and are drying them in the sun for three days, then placing them in boxes for the Winter.

Food and Flowers

The gardens are coming along fine. Soy beans, peas, carrots, corn, potatoes, tomatoes, rhubarb, Kohl Rabi, and cabbages are planted. The flower gardens are nice too. Petunias and sunflowers are growing in front of Mary and Carl's place.

Their home which they intend to live in until they can build a stone house is nicely fixed up. They have fireproofed the roof with asbestos shingles and the red effect along with the white of windows is beautiful. The eaves collect water for the rain barrel which provides the water for washing.

Carl is now milking the cow. She gives fourteen quarts a day but this soon disappears with the children.

Father McCormack is still pastor and it certainly was a pleasure hearing a forceful peace sermon yesterday. I was beginning to think that they didn't exist any more.

Arthur Sheehan.

Houses of Hospitality

Los Angeles, California
Our Lady, Queen of Peace,
1325 E. Twelfth st.
Jack Wagner.

Sacramento, California
Queen of Peace,
1931 Second st.

Chicago, Illinois
St. Joseph's House,
1208 Webster ave.

South Bend, Indiana
St. John and Paul House,
403½ S. Chapin st.

Detroit, Michigan
St. Francis House (Men),
1432 Bagley st.

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

St. Louis, Missouri
St. Louis Hospice,
312 Duchouquette.

Buffalo, N. Y.
House of Christ the Worker,
683 Swan st.

New York, N. Y.
St. Joseph's House (Men),
115 Mott st.

New York, N. Y.
Mary's House (Women),
104 Bayard, rear.

New York, N. Y.
St. Anthony's Center,
1812 Lexington ave.

Rochester, N. Y.
St. Joseph's House,
402 South ave.

Troy, N. Y.
Our Lady's House,
406 Federal

Cleveland, Ohio
Blessed Martin House,
2305 Franklin ave.

Cleveland, Ohio
Sacred Heart House,
3610 Scoville ave.

Toledo, Ohio
Sacred Heart House,
26 Fourteenth st.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
St. Patrick's Guest House,
101 W. Chickesaw
Rev. F. X. Neville.

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Blessed Martin de Porres
House,
248 Liberty st.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
House of Christ the Worker,
South and Front streets.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
St. Joseph's House,
61 Tannehill st.
Fr. Rice.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
St. Francis House,
2418 Carson st.
Brother Matthew.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Our Lady of Good Counsel
House,
Catholic Evidence Guild Head-
quarters,
28 Fernando st.

Seattle, Washington
St. Francis House,
1010½ King st.

Washington, D. C.
Blessed Martin de Porres
House,
1023 Lamont st.
Llewellyn Scott.

Windsor, Canada
Our Lady of the Wayside,
209 Crawford ave.

FARMS

Ramsey, Illinois,
R. R. Nazareth House,
Mrs. Carmen Welch.

Rehoboth, Massachusetts,
Harrison Lincoln.

Upton, Massachusetts,
St. Benedict's Farm,
Carl Paulson.

S. Lyons, Michigan,
St. Benedict's Farm
Milford Road, near Six Mile.

Aitkin, Minnesota,
St. Isadore's Farm.

R.F.D. Cape May Court
House, New Jersey,
St. Joseph's Farm,
Ernest Lundgren.

Scottsville, New York,
St. Benedict's Farm,
Smith Road.

Avon, Ohio,
Our Lady of the Wayside
Conrad Road,
William Gauchat.

Easton, Pennsylvania,
Maryfarm,
R. F. D. No. 4.

Cuttingsville, Vermont,
R. R. No. 1
Mrs. Edna Hower.

Shrewsbury, Vermont,
St. Francis Farm,
Allan Shelden.

"Come Apart— Rest a Little ..."

In his anniversary address, the Holy Father called upon all Catholics to return to the spirit of the early Christians. Surely such a return, and renewal, is necessary today. We are all agreed that only Christianity can solve our problems—social, economic, political. But it is not the kind of Christianity most of us have been living; if this were sufficient, then these problems would not exist. We are all agreed, further, that the world has turned away from Christ and that it suffers because of that infidelity. But is the responsibility only the world's? Have we Christians no blame in the debacle that we are witnessing today?

Our Fault

Rather, the responsibility is ours first of all. God desires to save all men, and He has called us to cooperate in the work of spreading His Kingdom. But nothing can be accomplished—nothing has been accomplished—by a Christianity that is accommodated to the bourgeois world, a Christianity that is diluted. For all our vast organization and all our efforts, we have seen in our own life-time upstart movements, springing from paganism, capture whole nations. And is our own nation free from that paganism? The "black paganism" condemned by Pius XII was not only the paganism of Hitler or Russia; it was the paganism of the movies, of the secular press, of all our modern pleasure seeking. Do we need no reform in these matters?

Retreat for Priests

Pius XI said that, despite all the modern evil, there is stirring of the Holy Spirit in the world today. And it is certainly true that in every part of the Christian world that there are movements calling men to greater fervor and showing them the way to it. We wish to call to the attention of readers a retreat for priests that aims to take some part in these movements. If the world is to be won for Christ, then priests must lead the way; and it is their own personal sanctity, not mere natural gifts, that will enable them to enkindle supernatural life and love in the hearts of their people. This retreat, which will last for eight full days spent in complete silence, seeks to bring home the message of Christ's Sermon on the Mount in its complete purity; it would seek to bring those who make it to a deeper love of Christ, so that they might in full earnestness cry out with St. Paul, "to live is Christ!" The retreat will be held at St. Fidelis Seminary, Herman, Pa., about thirty miles above Pittsburgh. The Seminary can be reached from east and west on Route 422; or from Pittsburgh, north on Route 8. Butler, Pa., is the nearest town of any size; and it can be reached by bus or railroad. Further information can be obtained by writing to the Rev. Thomas Lappan, 2005 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Reservations should be made beforehand, also with Father Lappan. The retreat will begin on Monday evening, August 24; it will close on Wednesday, Sept. 2nd.

20,000 Negroes Protest at Garden

Last month there was a meeting of Negroes at Madison Square Garden. It was a meeting to protest against injustice done them in industry, in schools, in the Army and Navy. The meeting had been called by J. Philip Randolph, head of the Pullman Car Porters' union, and head of the March on Washington movement among the Negroes.

There is a dimout all along Broadway now and the strangeness of the setting added to the ominous feeling of the meeting. There were twenty thousand at that meeting and it lasted from seven until midnight.

The speakers were quiet, sincere, not oratorical. There were balled singers. There was a series of sketches, strikingly done, showing their bitter resentment at exploitation. The actors portrayed a nurse, a gold star mother, a radio mechanic, a rookie, a carpenter. Most amusing was the meeting of the domestic workers union. The stooge official of the union who was trying to postpone any decision on the march on Washington movement brought forth the most vehement reaction of the evening when he used the phrase "Mah white folks—"

At this there was a spontaneous roar of derision, coming from 20,000 black throats.

When the rookie stood before the draft board and said calmly that if he was expected to clean up Hitler, Mussolini and Hirohito, he wanted a chance too at those "damn Georgia crackers," there was another uproar from floor to gallery, of shocked and incredulous delight.

There's been that lynching, not long since, down in Sikeston, Missouri, and at any mention of retaliation, of sabotage, there were swift bursts of approval. And you cannot arrest an audience of 20,000 for disloyalty.

Touching on the loyalty of the Negro, Frank Crossworth, recently appointed by Mayor La Guardia on the New York Housing Authority pointed out that while others had come to this country to seek liberty, his father and mother and the forebears of others in the audience had come to this country losing theirs.

There were few white people there at the Garden that night. A few of us from THE CATHOLIC WORKER sat high up in the gallery. Fr. LaFarge, editor of *America* was the one white speaker of the evening, and according to a comment in the *New York Times* next day, one of the sponsors of the meeting said that of those who had been invited to speak, Fr. LaFarge had been the only white man to accept.

The story the *Daily Worker* carried of the meeting held a note of high scorn. A few days later they too sponsored a meeting, at which the emphasis was placed on a second front.

Of all the speakers at the meeting, the briefest, the saddest, was Mrs. Waller, mother of Odell Waller, who was to die some weeks after, and who did die in the electric chair, despite the appeals of many organizations and many leaders of the labor movement for clemency.

ST. CHRYSOSTOM: "No one must do his neighbor a wrong or meet injustice with injustice, but wrong must be willingly endured, nor must we hate the wrongdoer—rather must we love him, do him good and pray for him."

St. Benedict's Farm

(Continued from page 1)

Gene and his wife, Loretta, and their children, and Bob and his wife, Pearl, and their baby, moved out. It is good to see families on the land. Loretta is a "valiant woman." Because the property was acquired late in the season, because the land had been neglected, and because he lacked tools and sufficient help, Milt was unable to cultivate as much land as he desired. However, with the help of Father Vogt, he managed to get several acres under cultivation. Father Vogt is working his patch for the House.

Priest Farms Too

In this connection we must note the charity of our neighboring farmer, Mr. Tom Martin, who sacrificed much time and labor to plow and cultivate the land that we are working. We hope to be able to make some return for his charity. Milt has planted corn, tomatoes, peppers, potatoes, beans, lettuce, radishes and peas for the farm. Father Vogt has planted tomatoes, potatoes, carrots, onions, peppers, corn and beans for the House. I helped him with some of this work.

There are now about 175 two-month-old chickens on the farm. There are also three goats and two young bucks. There will soon be more chickens, at least two cows and, we hope, two horses.

Pray for Them

The address of the farm is St. Benedict's Farm, Smith Road, Scottsville, N. Y. Smith Road is a good, one-lane, dirt road. It is almost a private road, the only other farm on it being that of our good neighbor, Mr. Martin.

I asked Milt to write to you about the farm, but because he is very busy, he requested me to do so. This is the inadequate response. We'll send you more details as we progress. Please keep St. Benedict's Farm and its owners and faithful workers, Father Vogt, Milt and his brother, Gerard, Gene and Bob Yatteau and their wives and families in your prayers.

House of Hospitality

About the House of Hospitality. We're painting the walls and ceiling. Mary Katherine and Betty Finegan are going to work together on some murals for our walls. We hope to have The Holy Family, St. Stephen, Blessed Martin and a special one of The Holy Spirit. We have a fire-escape and hope soon to have it erected. We hope soon to begin work on our chapel. The first thing that must be done on the chapel is installing the electric wiring and fixtures. For this work we depend on Gene Yatteau, who has done all our electrical work so far. But he is so busy now.

We hope, too, as soon as we get the fire escape erected, to extend our charity to our guests. This means more plumbing facilities. Page Mr. Weider. He is very busy now, but he or/and Joe will somehow soon find time to install the plumbing facilities we need.

This will mean more work for me, or rather, more for St. Joseph. I have cultivated a special devotion to St. Stephen ever since I read about his appointment as director of the first Christian house of hospitality.

Tom Scahill

WHERE IS THE REAL NON-RESISTANT?

(Matthew V, 38-48)

Who can surrender to Christ, dividing his best with the stranger,
Giving to each what he asks, braving the uttermost danger
All for the enemy, MAN? Who can surrender till death
His words and his works, his house and his lands,
His eyes and his heart and his breath?

Who can surrender to Christ? Many have yearned toward it daily.

Yet they surrender to passion, wildly or grimly or gaily;
Yet they surrender to pride, counting her precious and queenly;
Yet they surrender to knowledge, preening their feathers serenely.

Who can surrender to Christ? Where is the man so transcendent,
So heated with love of his kind, so filled with the spirit resplendent
That all of the hours of his day his song is thrilling and tender,
And all of his thoughts to our white cause of peace
Surrender, surrender, surrender?

—Vachel Lindsay.

A CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

Good, simple, natural food which includes bread made with natural, as opposed to denatured and chemically treated ingredients, is important for the well being of the individual and of the group. But while very important it is not enough. "Not on bread alone does man live." He is a creature of soul and body. The needs of the former must be provided for as well as those of the latter.

In every community rural, as well as urban, and particularly in the former which is going to loom so large in the days ahead, there should be, apart from the parish church which is the center and heart of the community, a place, times and opportunities for the education and enlightening of those interested in acquiring knowledge of a practical nature, for using that knowledge for their own and the common good and for the expression of everything reasonable and good that the human being is capable of and that the formation of his character and the rounding out or developing of his personality call for.

Play Needed

Instead of families living aloof, they should be encouraged to come together as often as possible to sing and dance, to entertain or to be entertained by others and thus develop a warm spirit of human comradeship and co-operation. Men and women must work, but they must also play; they must have joy and laughter to counterbalance the tears and sufferings of this world. They must, if they are to be reasonably happy, try to help each other "to bear one another's burdens" in every walk of life. That is, in the words of St. Paul, the fulfillment of the law of Christ.

Folk festivals in which people of different national origins contribute from the store of their heritage to the enjoyment and enlightening of others, dramatic performances staged by members of the community, indoor and outdoor sports, demonstrations or exhibitions of individual talents in the fields of literature, arts and crafts should be encouraged in every community and should form part of the common life. It is in this way that a culture is created and developed.

Pagan Culture

We are living at present under the influence of a pagan culture based on rank materialism, the very antithesis of Christianity. Most of us, although we call ourselves Catholics and would resent being referred to as "baptized pagans," are affected by that influence and live according to its standards. Some of us talk about establishing a Christian civilization and at the same time indulge in and encourage the very things that perpetuate materialism.

If activities of the kind described above were encouraged by persons who have the local prestige necessary to initiate them we would get somewhere near the establishing of a Christian culture. They can be initiated in cities as well as in the country where, if they once took hold, life would not be the deadly dull and crushingly monotonous thing that it is. In rural surroundings it

could be beautiful and satisfying, far superior to anything that the cities have to offer. Our present civilization is urban and, therefore, soulless, selfish, money-worshipping and mechanical. These qualities have nothing to do with Christianity but they will go on dominating the lives of most of us until a culture based on love of God above all things and of our neighbor, or fellow-men, takes their place.

Country Foundations

The foundations of such a culture cannot be started in cities saturated with paganism. It will eventually influence urban life, but its foundations must be laid in the country amid simple things, where men and women can hear the voice of God and see His handiwork in every tree and flower, in the good earth and its products that lie at their feet and in the sun, moon, stars and its products in the heavens above them, where men and women, by force of circumstances in the future, will learn co-operation and through it Christian Charity and many other Christian virtues.

That culture must center in and radiate from the parish Church where the priest or priests must be men who know their people and take an interest not only in their spiritual but in their temporal welfare, guiding and directing them in all their activities not for any mercenary motives but for the pure love of God and the welfare of their people. A Christian civilization will only and can only spring from priests and people who follow faithfully the simple but uncompromising teachings of Christ.

Love of Neighbor

1. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God—and thy neighbor as thyself.
 2. "For he who does not love his brother whom he has seen, cannot love God, whom he has not seen.
 3. "He who loves God, must love his brother also."
 4. So it is, and so it must be in our works.
 5. Work is for the love of God and of our neighbor.
- There is no other proper object of working, and this applies to the form and quality of things made as well as and as much as to their physical usefulness.

LIVE-WATERS



Farm Economy

By William Gauchat

Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, Avon, Ohio

In checking over expenses for the past several months we were much mortified to find that it cost us \$0.43 a week per person for food. Forty-three cents may not sound like a very large outlay of cash to keep the vital fires burning in a human being for seven days, but the fact that we live on a farming commune changes our outlook on cash values. It is true that our meals are wholesome and of pleasant variety, that it is winter and there are no garden and orchard to draw from, but still forty-three cents is too much.

The following is a list of groceries we use; the first column is made up of the things we must buy at the



BABIES AT EASTON

Helen Montague and her four children and Teresa holding Eve Smith's baby.

store, and the second list is of those things we get from the farm and their retail values. (To show the fallacy of money values, the milk we use is goat milk which retails at forty-five cents a quart but is put down on the budget at the same price as cow's milk.)

Budget for two (per week):

STORE	
Coffee, 1 lb.....	0.19
Yeast, 3 cakes.....	.06
Honey, 1 lb.....	.12
Meat.....	.30
Oats, 2 lbs.....	.13
Soap.....	.05
	.85
FARM	
Eggs, 2 dozen.....	0.80
Milk, 7 qts.....	.77
Wheat, 6½ lbs.....	.18
Corn, 2 lbs.....	.05
Potatoes, 5 lbs.....	.20
Carrots, 2 lbs.....	.10
Jam, 1 pt.....	.25
	2.35

We hope that within the year we can reduce the first column to the single item of coffee. For example, we are experimenting in making yeast; and soap (but the fats are so hard to get), and in the spring we are getting several hives of bees.

We make our bread from the whole wheat. With a small hand mill we grind the flour and corn meal. And a very good cottage cheese is made from sour goat milk. Rabbit and chicken give a pleasant variety to the meat diet.

Other expenses besides food are (per household): Lights \$0.15 (Kerosene); Heat \$0.15 (Cordwood); Shelter \$0.04 (Taxes on house and two acres a week).

The diet does not contain sugar nor butter. Honey takes care of the necessary sweetening for bread and biscuits, etc.

rise up to enormous amounts.

It is this debt to God that has to be paid before your death that should decide your joining a CATHOLIC WORKER Farm, or any true Christian community. The greatest gifts any girl can pray for are: a loving husband, many healthy children, and a piece of land to feed them on where they can grow up in sunshine and freedom. What shall we render unto God for these gifts if we have received them? We will feed the hungry and sick, we will make a home for the homeless, give love to them that come to us because the world does not love them. We will shelter the children, ministering with all that to Jesus. We will not be solicitous of the winter, trusting that the Lord will pay the labours in His vineyard.

Serving Others

Where can we do this better than on a CATHOLIC WORK-

We are hoping to get a cow and so butter. And pigs and so bacon—and pork chops.

Our farming commune is financially independent. The taxes are paid, and our hens bring us the small weekly cash income to take care of small needs. During the growing season we farmers sent in quantities of produce to the houses of hospitality, and on the feasts of Blessed Martin and Christmas a hundred pounds of meat in the form of rabbit and chicken.

We are trying to keep our enthusiasm for the land bounded by the hard lines of figures, and hence our bookkeeping and budgeting. And we are sure that, if one is willing to do without the gadgets, to live a full life, there is no place like the farming commune.

AN OPEN LETTER

(Continued from page 8)

you and it seems harder than to pay mortgages and have a place all your own. But, wait a minute, will you even be able to get a farm by your own savings? Your future husband may be in the army or in a C. O. camp before he has saved enough money for the marriage-license and the down-payment. And if you get the land and he should be conscripted, you might be very lonesome among cold-hearted, city-minded neighbors. People do not like to give and help and much less to accept gifts. They do not want to be in anybody's debt. But they let their debt to God

ER farm? There are always people to be taken care of. We can put all our spare-time in the service of the community as long as we don't have too many children to demand most of our time. But the reward will be visible already here on earth. For our little work we will finally earn a hand-built house for our growing little crowd. We will get an acre of land for our garden. We will have the help of the horses, the milk of the cows, the use of the tools. We will finally have more than we were going to buy, for we will be members of a big farm family. You will most likely be able to raise your family undisturbed for the Lord has need of devoted parents and little Christians.

On the wall before me hangs a hand-carved frame and a psalm is written into it: "Blessed are all you who fear the Lord and walk in His ways. When you eat what the toil of your hands has earned, happy and blest are you. Your wife is as a fruitful vine on the walls of your house. Your children are as young olive branches around your table. Behold, so is blessed the man who fears the Lord. May the Lord Bless you from Sion. May you see the prosperity of Jerusalem all the days of your life. May you see your children's children. And may peace be upon Israel."

This is the promise by which we live. Would I be glad if I could show you how much happiness it brings. Can't you see it? You forget all about war and emergency and immediate danger, get married, uniting yourself and your husband with Christ, and join one of the farms. They are all short-handed. Or you could even start a new community. From here on God will lovingly take your life in His hands. He will prepare you and strengthen you for suffering also, when you have to partake in the pain of Our Blessed Lord.

This is written to you, dear girls, who are lonely and undecided and bear within yourselves a deep love that is hungering to be given away. But it is specially written to one among you who is attached by a special friendship to my heart.

I recommend you all to the special loving care of Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

Eva Smith.

From the Front

Dear Friends:

We do, indeed, pray for all of you and we like to feel that you keep our missionaries in the Far East in your prayers, too. According to recent news, Father Hessler must have been in Hong Kong during the siege by the Japanese. He and our other Maryknollers there are reported safe, but we have had no word from either priests or sisters in the Philippines, and Japanese possessions. But we know they would not change places with any of us. The message of Christ is needed now more than ever.

Gratefully yours in Our Lady of Maryknoll,
The Cloistered Sisters of Maryknoll.

THE LAND

HERB OF THE FIELDS

Two Pig Weeds

"I HAVE GIVEN YOU EVERY HERB BEARING SEED UPON THE EARTH, AND ALL TREES THAT HAVE IN THEMSELVES SEED OF THEIR OWN KIND, TO BE YOUR MEAT."—GENESIS I, 29.

It is claimed by those that have made a study of pigs that they are very much more sagacious animals than is generally believed. Perhaps this is why they are so fond of such a variety of common plants, and, therefore, why so many different kinds go by the name of "pig weed". We mention here two of these, which sagacious people, as well as sagacious pigs, find good to eat: **I—Pigweed, Goosefoot, Lamb's Quarters, Chenopodium Album.**

Lamb's Quarters is a very common coarse annual weed, growing two to seven feet tall, with a stem slightly grooved and almost woody when mature. The leaves are one to four inches long with angular toothed edges, giving the fancied resemblance to the foot of a goose from which the scientific name is derived. The whole plant has a pale, bluish-green color, and the leaves are generally white and mealy underneath. The tiny green flowers are clustered together in spikes.

Plentiful Food

This is probably the most common weed which is good for human food. It grows in barnyards, gardens, and cultivated fields, or wherever there is a rich, well-manured soil. It is especially fond of potato fields, where it grows after the last cultivation. One sometimes sees enough Lamb's Quarters growing as a weed on a single acre, to supply a dozen families with two or three meals a week.

It is a native of Europe and Asia, and has now spread all over North America, except the extreme north.

In Europe, as also among the Indians of our Southwest, the leaves have long been cooked and served like spinach or beet leaves. Beets, spinach, and Lamb's Quarters all belong to the same family. It should be cooked about twenty minutes with butter and a little lemon or vinegar. Gather the leaves in spring or early summer, or just the tender tops of the larger plants if the season is later, or otherwise the food will be woody and fibrous.

Cooked or Raw

The leaves are also often eaten raw as a salad, or mixed with other salad leaves. As in droughty years this weed is the only plant that will do well in some vegetable gardens, it would seem wiser to take advantage of its edibility, and not throw it out as a nuisance, as is usually done.

The Southwestern Indians grind the seeds into meal, and make cakes and gruel. The plant is almost invariably found growing around the pueblos of New Mexico.

Lamb's Quarters is reported to be a source of hay fever, though a very minor one. But even if it were a bad hay fever plant, like Timothy, Red Top or Rag Weed, this would be no reason for not taking advantage of the edibility.

of the leaves and tops when the plant already exists.

Perennial

A very close relative of Lamb's Quarters is *Chenopodium Bonus Henricus*, also known as Allgood Wild Spinach, Fat Hen, Goosefoot, Mercury, and Good King Henry. Most garden vegetables are annuals, and it is good to find one which like this is a perennial and grows up from the same roots year after year. Allgood is rarer than Lamb's Quarters in this country and smaller, growing only to two and a half feet high. It has triangular arrowhead shaped leaves not so mealy underneath, and shoots which when peeled and cooked are eaten like asparagus.

Another near relative, and probably much the most important, is the *CHENOPODIUM QUINOA* of Peru, and the whole Andean region of South America, where the seeds constitute the staple and principal food of millions of inhabitants. Every civilization is based upon some kind of grain or grains, for without this, groups of people cannot live close together and there can be no cities. Wheat, Rye, Oats and Barley are the traditional grains of Europe; Rice and Millet of Eastern Asia; and Corn and Quinoa of South America. All these except Quinoa are grasses. Quinoa and Buckwheat are the only staple grains that do not belong to the grass family.

Seeds are Good

In ancient times the marvelously complex and high civilization of the Incas was supported by this grain. It is almost as important today in Peru, Chile and Bolivia as formerly. The nutritious seeds are produced in great abundance, and are made into soup and bread, or fermented with millet to make a kind of beer. Boiled in water like rice or oatmeal the seeds make a gruel. Slightly roasted, boiled and strained, they make a coffee-like drink called Carapulque. The grain is also good for poultry, and the whole plant makes a good green feed for cattle.

Most of these *Chenopodiums* contain large quantities of iron in the form of digestible organic grain is not only rich in minerals, but is a powerful stimulant to compounds, and many species provide Soda in abundance. The flow of milk, and is used by nursing mothers in some African tribes for this purpose.

Quinoa has been introduced into Europe and large crops have been grown in France, but owing to a somewhat unpleasant acrid taste efforts to commercialize the marketing of the grain have not been successful. The U. S. Bureau of Plant Research has also made unsuccessful experiments. As they are always concerned with the problem of selling to a market the effort to utilize Quinoa has been given up.

Just having enough of the best kind of milk to start one's baby healthily into life, or the avoidance of serious diseases which are thought to be connected with the atrophy of the mammary function, is evidently not considered an important enough reason to study and de-

velop these plants. They must be sold to a big public in a big way, with big profits resulting for the necessary investment, if they are to be considered worth while.

2—Pig Weed, Purslane, Pusley, Portulaca Oleracea.

This second "Pig Weed" is a small creeping plant which hugs the ground closely. It has smooth succulent stems of a rich red color, small fleshy, thick, rounded leaves of dark green growing alternately on them, and small, light yellow flowers that open only on sunny mornings and for a few hours. It is an annual.

It is considered a native of India, where it has been used for food for some two thousand years, though some say it came to India from Persia



still earlier. It was early introduced into Europe and was eaten there as a pot herb for centuries. In North America it was naturalized in colonial times.

Nature is Rich

It turns up in most old gardens, especially those with a fertile sandy soil and becomes a troublesome weed. Like Lamb's Quarters it is often the most luxuriant plant in a vegetable garden, and will grow strongly when the planted vegetables do badly in a drought. It seems wise then to eat it, rather than root it up and throw it on the weed pile.

The young stems and leaves are often eaten as a spring or summer salad, having a slightly acid but pleasant flavor. The older stems and leaves are cooked and served like spinach, its use as a pot herb being very general in China and India. The longer stems of the plants that have gone to seed may be pickled in salt and vinegar for use in winter salads. It is cultivated in Holland for these purposes and several upright varieties have been developed in Europe. In Southern Europe it is used in soups, and it is sold in the markets of Mexico. In France, the soup called "bonne-femme" is made of equal parts of Purslane and Sorrel.

It is curious how this plant has been neglected in the U. S. Our tendency to standardize a few marketable vegetables, rather than take advantage of all the richness that Nature spreads out for us in succession with the changing seasons, may be a partial explanation.

Graham Carey.

AN OPEN LETTER

Dear Girls:—

Now that you have left school and taken jobs that satisfy you more or less, you often think of your real vocation, of becoming wives and mothers. Most of you will eagerly desire to be mothers, but the uncertainty of the present, the possibility of having your husband taken away and your children made to suffer, of dire need after a false prosperity, make you hesitate in fear.

On our Farming Commune we try to prove in the little labors of the day, in fields and gardens, in the stables, and in the kitchen, that there is even now a way of raising families pleasing to God. No coming disaster can make your little ones suffer much if you have a piece of land where you can grow food for them, and if you know how to do it. God gives so generously. For little work, he supplies abundant crops. You put a tiny seed into the ground early in the Spring, tend it a little, and pounds and pounds of tomatoes will be given to you. If God would ever give according to the measure of our work, we would all starve. We have so few people this year that can work in the gardens, that the weeds grow happily beside the plants, but we have enough to eat for as many people as come to stay with us, and St. Joseph will take care of us in Winter.

Enough Food

Surely there is much work on a farm. You can't just play with your babies all day and show them off to your friends. You have to get out in the garden, tend the chickens, do dirty and unpleasant work, but you will have the satisfaction that your babies grow up healthy, sun-tanned and strong from the fresh vegetables, happy and without nervousness. And you can have as many children as you have the strength to bear and to nurse, for the abundance of the fields does not count the mouths that are to be fed.

Most of you like the land and the animals, the green grass and the swaying trees. But you scare from the never ending work. There is always work to be done on the farm, and if you have many children, you will have to sit up late to mend clothes and knit stockings. But there are

ways to lessen the burden. Your children will be a great help to you soon, if you can show them love for work. Jesus blessed the work of our hands in His carpenter's shop, and with our labor we can help to redeem the world. Most of you will have to learn that yourselves, for you were not brought up to know it. School-learning was the only thing made important to you. City-people know a hundred short-cuts for saving work. They buy canned and prepared food, and when they lose their teeth or get headaches, etc., they do not know why. They have to have machines of all kinds, and electricity, and one day, when all that will be no longer available they will be totally destitute.

Work for All

We are safe from every crisis if we can feed ourselves, make our clothes, and build our houses. And we can do all that on a farm, if we love our work and make our children love it. It is wonderful to see Nancy and Ray getting strong enough to pitch hay, and to watch the little Montague girls gaining a great interest in the animals, and to see baby Catherine gain control over her hands, playing with everything and eating her hard bread.

You tell me you love the land, but you want a little farm of your own. You want to have the deed to it, pay your taxes and your mortgages. You don't want to live on a Catholic Worker Farming Commune. You have heard too much about them. There you have to live with all kinds of people. Your children may hear a language you don't want them to learn. As a young woman you might have to cook for a lot of men as long as you have not too many children. You might have to bake bread for the whole gang. Your berry bushes and fruit-trees belong to everybody. If you have early vegetables and the others haven't you share with them. If the cows give little milk, you might not even get enough for your children. Your kitchen may be a community room, with discussions and sometimes quarrels till late at night, and only in one little room you may have privacy.

That's what the boys told

(Continued on page 7)

Prayer for a Rural Family

Wise and compassionate God, accept this our prayer:
Sheltered from storm and darkness, under this roof,
This family kneels to adore Thee.
For the day just past,
For keeping us safely, body and soul,
Now we most humbly thank Thee.
For hilltops and verdure,
For sunlight and wind and boundless space,
For rain and the sky's rich color,
For boughs and blossoms and cold clean snow,
We are eternally grateful.
For birds, and beasts,
For the good black earth and the seeds producing
The plenteous harvest; for times without number
When we have eaten of that same harvest,
We thank Thee and bless Thee forever.
Deliver us safely, if such be Thy will,
From deluge and drought,
From famine and war and disaster.
Give us tomorrow, as yesterday and today,
All things most needed for rightful living;
And move our hearts that we may have sorrow
For sinning against Thee.
God of the hearth and the harvest,
Thy children, here kneeling, adore Thee.
Bless now our rest
And cherish us safe till the morrow.