

CATHOLIC WORKER

Vol. XI. No. 6

June, 1944

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Charity and Poverty

Peter Maurin

I. Wisdom of Giving

1. To give money to the poor is to enable the poor to buy.
2. To enable the poor to buy is to improve the market.
3. To improve the market is to help business.
4. To help business is to reduce unemployment.
5. To reduce unemployment is to reduce crime.
6. To reduce crime is to reduce taxation.
7. So, give your surplus to the poor for business' sake, for humanity's sake for Christ's sake.
8. And don't forget that "when man dies he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away in his lifetime," as Jean Jacques Rousseau used to say.

II. Then and Now

1. In the beginning of Christianity the hungry were fed, the naked were clothed, the homeless were sheltered the ignorant were instructed at a personal sacrifice.
2. And because of that, speaking about the Christians the pagans used to say: "See how they love each other."
3. Speaking about the Christians: the pagans do not say today "See how they love each other," They say on the contrary "See how they pass the buck to the taxpayers."

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Random Reflections

By Dorothy Day

We are all oppressed these days by a sense of guilt, of sin. Arthur Koestler brings this out in his latest book, *Arrival and Departure*. Abbott Marmion advised one of his penitents to cultivate a sense of compunction. St. Augustine talked of the wickedness, the turning toward evil that exists even in little children. We must all do penance, and the desire for penance is instinctive in every human breast.

I think it is in the encyclical of Pope Pius XI, quoted in the Breviary for the lessons on the feast of the Sacred Heart, that the Holy Father brings this out. One desires to share in the sufferings of Christ. One desires to share in the sufferings of the beloved—hunger, cold, thirst, vigils—and, since in times like these, we here in this country are so far removed from the scene of combat, then it is necessary to do it by self-imposed deprivations, mortifications.

To some the word mortification is repellent. But it is dying to self, in order to live for others. St. Paul wrote, "always bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our bodies." It is love that gives these desires and love is a glowing, happy thing, a radiant warming fire. We want to strip ourselves to clothe others. We want to fast because of the hunger of others, and if we cannot feed them, we will share their sufferings.

The very instinct that propels people into war, that makes them accept conscription like sheep, is a profound feeling that we must suffer with one another. It is as perverted, however, as that desire of some heretics in the mid-



ST. PAUL

—Ade Bethune

dle ages to cast themselves over cliffs, a religious revival which led to mass suicide in an effort to escape from matter, from flesh,

from life, from what they conceived as evil.

Today there is this preoccupation with pain, with suffering. The very publication of such books as Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*, as Koestler's, as Vicki Baum's *Weeping Wood* with their detailed description of torture, attests to this. When such details are mentioned by hagiographers, the world accounts the martyrs psychopaths for enduring such evils for so slight a cause. Oh, God! so unknown, so unrecognized.

Folly of Love

This blindness of love, this folly of love—this seeing Christ in others, everywhere, and not seeing the ugly, the obvious, the dirty, the sinful—this means we do not see the faults of others, only our own. We see only Christ in them. We have eyes only for our beloved, ears for His voice.

This is what caused the saints to go to what writers like Aldous Huxley (not to speak of our own Catholics) called repulsive extremes. Perhaps hagiographers were too prone to dwell on the physical detail—one gets it too in Hemingway—in some of the writers of this present war. But it is all "to make their point," as Peter Maurin would say. The saints rose above the natural, the human, and became supernatural and superhuman in their love. Nothing was difficult to them, all was clear, shining and beautiful on the pathway of love.

There is that prayer of thanksgiving after Communion, written by St. Bonaventure. There is that chapter from the *Following of Christ*, Book III, chapter five.

What mother ever considers the ugliness of cleaning up after her baby or sick child or husband? These things are not mentioned by critics. But to the saints everyone is child and lover. Everyone is Christ.

Bodily Infirmities

I have been reading New-

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Come Out of the Grandstand

By David Mason

They buried a young man from Mulberry Street last week. I stood on the sidewalk in front of the Church of the Most Precious Blood and watched the procession of black cars disappear down Baxter Street, carrying his relatives and friends to the final scene of a tragic story. It was one of the saddest funerals I have ever witnessed, for the passengers in one of the cars were a mother and a father who had to bear a double burden of sorrow and shame. Their son had been, electrocuted by the State of New York.

The newspapers called him a "gangster," and the State charged him with the fatal shooting of another "gangster." He had been reprieved three times, but the State had finally exacted the death penalty, and Louis Parisi's life was ended at the age of 24.

For twenty-four years he had lived in this neighborhood, a boy indistinguishable from the thousands who are crowded into these tenements and grow up in the city streets. His parents are decent, respectable people. They have a modest basement restaurant on Mulberry Street near Grand, where you can get very good home-cooked Italian food. There is a small bar in the restaurant, and some moralists might consider that as a possible contributing factor in the downfall of Louis Parisi. I don't know anything about that. However, I do know that the same evil influences surround and crowd in upon all the boys and girls in sections like this, no matter what business or trade their parents are engaged in. Drunkenness is a common spectacle, and the temptation and opportunity to engage in unlawful activities are ever present.

This is not going to be a sermon, though the temptation to moralize is very strong when one begins to consider stories like that

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"A Farm In Ireland"

Father Duffy has never been the man to take an active part in discussions about how to get people to go back to the land. "You don't need to worry about it," he will say. "The sins of man and the just judgment of God will take care of all that for you."

"People will have to go back to the land," he says, "whether they want to or not, and the reason is very simple. They will have to go back in order to eat." And that has always ended any discussion for him. And for our part we must admit that it is a better way to end a discussion than to begin one. Nowadays there is, too, general agreement that something will have to be done.

There Is a Problem

Just the same, we have never been convinced that Father Duffy's dismissal of all such discussions was justified. After all, there is a problem. If we are going to be realistic about the matter we might as well admit in the beginning that attempts at rural resettlement have never been conspicuously suc-

cessful, even when there has been plenty of capital to back them.

Perhaps a majority of such attempts fail and many families that tried without experience or money to go back during the last depression, ended up back in the city again, back on the very relief rolls they left the city in the first place to escape. (Father Duffy has always insisted that some capital and some experience, or cooperation with people with experience are absolutely necessary for success.)

The Art of Remaining a Peasant

What will happen if people are once more forced back to the land by the millions, as they were during the thirties? How will they be able to stay on the land? The old country proverb puts it neatly: "There is no art in becoming a peasant: the art is in remaining a peasant."

The failure of rural resettlement projects in the past has always seemed to us to call for discussion and clarification in the matter of methods and

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OUR FRIEND JOE

Dear Friends:

This has been a very pleasant couple of weeks for me indeed. I have been working on a farm and enjoying myself thoroughly. My employer (I rather think of him as a friend) calls himself an "isolationist" from city life. He was raised in a big city and didn't move to the country till he was thirty years old and was the father of two children. Getting out was tough, he said, because he was "city ridden." He told me that getting out of the city is best done by gradual steps.

No doubt there are many married couples and small families that could follow the example of my friend. He first figured that he had paid enough rent to landlords to pay for a real farm. What gripped him most was that when he lived in the city his kids rarely got out to expand as they should. He told me of how his wife would have to shop and cook and sew. Then she would have to go seven blocks to a public park where they played on concrete. She could only keep them out for about two hours and then drag them back to prepare for supper. The kids were always down with colds. If they played on the street there was always the danger of traffic or falling down cellar doorways. They had to be screamed at so as not to do this

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Aid For Italy

This article is all the editor's fault. He asked me to write about the National Catholic Welfare Conference Clothing Campaign for Italy for this issue. While riding home on the N. Y.-New Haven one Saturday night, I spotted CATHOLIC AID CLOTHING DRIVE in the newspaper: a gentleman was reading. It further stated that a letter by Archbishop Spellman would be read in all the Masses the following Sunday concerning this drive. I eagerly leaned forward to read further but the man (he was no gentleman) turned the page and so I had to buy a copy of the newspaper to finish reading the article.

Sunday morning I smugly announced to the family all about the letter to be read at Mass, only to listen in vain for a reaction. Monday I stopped into the rectory to find out if my parish was going to take part in

the campaign. The priest with whom I spoke asked if I had a big bundle of clothes and I laughingly said no, but I was writing an article about it. Father gave me a clipping from the Catholic News which gave details of the drive which took place between May 28th and June 11th. The clothing collected was to be good clothes, the slogan is, "If you would not wear it yourself, don't give it." Rev. Joseph Pernicone who is the diocesan director, is pastor at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church, 627 East 187th Street, Bronx, New York.

Tuesday I telephoned the rectory to find out more information and spoke with Father Goodwine, who kindly gave me additional news and informed me of the meeting the following night and invited me to it.

Wednesday was a damp

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CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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Telephone: CANal 6-8498

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one
hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

Prophet or Architect?

Not so long ago, a friend of ours asked us to get him a copy of Harold J. Laski's latest book, *Reflections on the Revolution of Our Times*.

The incident made us reflect a little on this revolutionist of our times, Mr. Laski, and his reputed power of economic prophecy.

Years ago we had been reading considerably in the dull science, economics, and we were often coming across the name of this professor from the London School of Economics. He had first earned his reputation for the foretelling of economic events because of articles he had written before the first World War.

So when at last we had the opportunity to hear him in person at Ford Hall in 1937 in Boston we grabbed at the chance.

Mr. Laski was in good prophetic form. He was introduced by Felix Frankfurter, not yet Supreme Court Justice. Mr. Frankfurter made an observation that night when introducing his friend that seemed very significant to us. He declared that the day that he looked forward to in the year with the most joy was the day when Mr. Laski came to stay with him in his home in Massachusetts.

Now, when you realize that Mr. Frankfurter had the reputation for being the advisor to certain persons in Washington, you can well have understood our added interest in listening to this advisor to the advisor.

Coming events certainly were casting their shadows before them. Ford Hall forums were then being managed by David K. Niles, now campaign manager of President Roosevelt's fourth term.

The Vision

That night Mr. Laski told his audience that he wished to speak to them of a vision he had had of a place called the United States of England (loud laughter). The Supreme Court of this country had recently done certain un-New Dealish things to President Roosevelt's New Deal. Mr. Laski said that in his vision he had seen mobs rising up against the big lawyers of this country in the year 1959. The mobs were so enraged that they had hung the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

So much for the national situation. On the international front, he affirmed that the four great democracies, Russia, China, England and the United States should get together to crush out Fascism and to set up a strong central control. Remember well that this speech was made in 1937. Teheran was then only a word in the geography books.

We were much disturbed by this speech and we wrote to Mr. Laski, saying that we thought it illogical to try to get rid of Fascism by using force, Fascism's main weapon. He replied that he liked our reasoning but didn't admit our premises, probably meaning that he disagreed with our other statement that the democracies should try to show by example that they could work out their problems better than could the dictatorships.

We now shall tell you of another meeting, a meeting held in Symphony Hall in Boston. The Communists were having their convention and out of curiosity we wandered in to this meeting and sat down with the delegates. After the latter had told the gathering of their successes and failures in recruiting members, Mr. Browder got up to speak.

We listened with close interest to every word he said. It was a very serious heart-to-heart talk he gave the delegates that afternoon. He told them that the great democracies would have to gang up on the Fascists. That was the party line and he was saying exactly what Mr. Laski had said in that other Boston hall.

When Mr. Browder spoke of educating Americans to Marxism, we listened still more intently. He told his audience to remember that it wouldn't be an easy victory. It probably would take twenty-five years of educational work. He said for them always to remember that while Communist tactics changed, the principles did not change. Peaceful, political tactics were to be used now, but it was to be remembered that Marxism as developed by Lenin demanded a bloody revolution eventually. 1938 plus 25 gives you 1963. Mr. Laski was more definite still. He named the year 1959.

Some years later we had a debate with a Communist work-

Random Reflections

(Continued from page 1)

man's sermons and one of them is on bodily infirmities. When you are ill you meditate on our enemy the flesh, which is also our dear companion on this our pilgrimage—our body, through which we receive our greatest joys of body and spirit. Our senses convey to us knowledge of the truth, we hear of the faith with our ears, we see and understand things invisible through things visible; we speak words of earthy and eternal love with our lips. And alas, words of ugliness and hate.

Our dear flesh, our good bodies, which God made and which begin to die even as we begin to live—ever dying, ever renewing and finally decaying and being put into the ground like grains of wheat to rise again with new life at the last day. "I believe in the resurrection of the body and life everlasting."

"Brother Ass," St. Francis called his body, and what burdens of joy and sorrow it must bear, what torrents of pleasure pass over it, into what an abyss of pain it can fall!

A woman contemplates her body, "that earthen vessel," that temple of the Holy Spirit, and young or old it is always holy. Young it is as fresh and fragrant as flowers. Old it is worn and stale—there is the smell of age and corruption. If a woman is a wife and mother she rejoices that her flesh is used and worn. If she is virgin, a single woman, if she has willingly cast herself

into the arms of the Lord, then blessed are those who have not seen but believed in this love, this terrible overwhelming, demanding love of the living God.

One does not dwell upon the pleasures of the body, nor talk of them. There is barracks-room talk of wine, woman and song, the talk of starved men, seeking an anodyne from pain. This is not the kind of remembrance even the most gross woman wishes of herself in the memory and conversation of those she loves. Pin-up girls, flesh in the abstract, tempting the memory to gloat on the grossest and most fruitless of pleasures, to still the fearful expectation of the most useless pain. The disassociation of the flesh from the spirit is evil and a bitter fruit in the mouth.

As with pleasure, so in regard to pain, to sickness. We are so subject to our bodies. At their slightest bidding we make ourselves warm, cool, fed, refreshed, and we count ourselves most spiritual when we are never conscious of them because they have been so well satisfied. They are so well cared for that they are perfectly comfortable and never bother us. When we are ill we are humiliated at being so subject to the flesh.

The bourgeois, the materialist, fights for abstractions like freedom, democracy, because he has the material things of this life. (Which he is most fearful of being deprived of.) The poor fight for bread, for increase in wages,

er before the party-controlled American Student Union at Hunter College, N. Y. C. The subject was this party line idea of collective security, the democracies, all four of them, to wipe out the Fascists. We remember preparing for our opponent's arguments by reading Molotov's speech on the subject. We knew that our opponent would merely echo Molotov's words. She did. So did the American Student Union members.

So when our President accepted as his foreign policy the Communist party line, we never had any doubt that he would eventually lead us into war. The only thing that we wondered at was the slickness of the propaganda that had carried him into such ideologic arms.

Doesn't Like Christianity

As events have unrolled, we have come to have a great respect for Mr. Laski's prophetic powers. So we could well understand why our friend was disturbed when he read Mr. Laski's book. Mr. Laski doesn't believe that Christianity has much to offer this troubled world. He is very contemptuous of its power.

On page 197 of the above-mentioned book he says:

"The secularization of society is a final achievement in the evolution of mankind."

On the same page he again says:

"The faith we have to build is a faith in the values of this world, not in the values of another."

And on page 295 we read:

"By making themselves the mediator of salvation between an unknown God and the masses for whose ignorance the Churches conspired, they (the Churches) made themselves, through the centuries, the agents of a social order whose inner and imminent principle has been to confine the main goods of this world to the few at the expense of the many. It is not accident that the Roman Church has been the main prop of . . . monarchism and fascism in Spain. . ."

All of which reminded us that Mr. Laski stated that night in 1937 in response to a question from the audience that he didn't believe there would be any organized church in the time of his vision. Only, maybe, some few people with Franciscan tendencies.

Christians, if Mr. Laski wants it that way, you'd better watch out. Just look at what happened at Teheran.

Cradle of Civilization

And the name Teheran, if we are geographically and historically minded must make us think of many things. It will make us think of Ur of the Chaldees not so far away where Abraham was given his promise by God. It will make us think of Babylon near the Tigris and Euphrates River, of its fall from high glory and the sorrows of the exiled Jews who wept beside the waters. Of Daniel, too, and the lion's den. And of the Flood, evidences of which archeologists have unearthed near the great rivers. And lastly, of the Tower of Babel, the ruins of which still stand.

The very history of Teheran should make us pause. Some think that the oil of Mesopotamia will rule the world, consequently the political interest in the land thereabouts.

We are more certain that oil will rule the world, but it will be a different oil, one which in Greek means Christ.

for time to rest, for warmth, for privacy, for brotherhood. These things are holy.

Reading

One of the reasons I love Dickens is that he writes so much of the poor. I had always avoided reading *Old Curiosity Shop*, hearing that it was most mournfully sentimental. But one of our CATHOLIC WORKER readers in New England, I don't know who, sent me a copy with my own name in it. It had belonged to some other Dorothy Day in Massachusetts, back in 1909. But when I read it this winter, I enjoyed it much. I have read somewhere, that Dostoevsky read much of Dickens, and he must have been profoundly moved by the story of this old man who shared his vice of gambling and sacrificed his nearest and dearest to it. *Old Curiosity Shop* reminded me of *The Insulted and Injured*. And Little Nell's joy in the graveyard at the end was strongly reminiscent of the closing pages of Bloy's *The Woman Who Was Poor*. I read Saroyan, too, this winter. "Unless ye become as little children." Some of his work I liked. Some I found too stupidly sentimental, such as *The Time of Your Life*. I did like *Love's Old Sweet Song* and *My Heart's in the Highlands* and also *Human Comedy*. A reaction against *Grapes of Wrath* and *Tobacco Road*.

This last month I have been enjoying Maisie Ward's *Chester-ton*. It is an engrossing work, filled with quotations from letters, conversations, articles and from his books. You feel that you begin to know the man, his wife and his friends, his London, his England. You get a glimpse of a mind that always, even before having gone through what the world calls a conversion, "sees all things new," and is trying to get others to see the upside-down world of Christianity and the tremendous joy of it.

The following quotation started me off on a whole chapter in the novel I have been writing off and on for some years. It will probably start those of you who read this on a discussion that will last the night. It made me think of Peter Maurin's "Labor is a gift, not a commodity," and the Communist slogan of the depression, "Work, not wages."

"If a machine were used on a farm employing fifty men that would do the work of forty, it means forty men become unemployed. But it is only because they were employed that they became unemployed. Now you and I, I hope to heaven, are not trying to increase employment. It is about the only thing that is as bad as unemployment. In other words, he did not want men to be employees. Men working for themselves, men their own employers, their own employees, that was the object of Distributism."

Catholic Worker Books

By Fr. John J. Hugo

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Both for 50c

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

115 Mott St., New York 13, N. Y.

+ From The Mail Bag +

Ireland and New England

April 12, 1944.

Dear Father Duffy:

For some time past I have been reading with much interest your articles on Ireland which have appeared in the *Worker*. In a recent issue I recall seeing mention of Seumas McManus's *Story of the Irish Race* which I must some day possess. I have not seen this volume, and so do not know whether he mentions the pre-Norse Irish in America; if he doesn't, he should.

At the risk of being repetitious, I would like to call to your attention a very remarkable pre-historic stone village at North Salem, New Hampshire, only a few miles north of the Massachusetts border. It is not known for certain that this is Irish, but certain features make it nearly certain, chief among them being the masonry.

In the first place it is stone, which rules out both the local Indians and the later Norse, whose structures were of hides or wood. No similar stonework exists among any of the Western Indian cultures. We must therefore look to Europe. The village is not English Colonial, for the settlers found it there when they came. We do find exactly similar structures, however, on some of the western shores and islets of Ireland.

Greater Ireland

Further, the Irish sagas, as you probably know, mention the flight of Culdee monks from Ireland to Iceland in the 9th Century, whence they were driven by the incoming Norse somewhere around 850, or a bit later. They, thereupon, sailed to the West to a place which they called Great Ireland, and where a Bishop was confirming a hundred years before Lief Eriksson.

When the Norse arrived, they found people whom they called Scraelings, who were white men, which was the reason they called the land not only Vinland but Albania as well, "White Man's Land." These folk, to prove further that they were not mongoloid Indians, were bearded. Further, Lief's wife Gudred looked up one day in her hut and saw a white woman approaching, who spoke to her in a language she understood, and later vanished "into a hole in the ground"—probably into one of those underground barrows which still exist at North Salem. In one of the later Norse cruises two Scraeling boys were captured and brought back to Greenland; they apparently spoke Irish.

This makes a most fascinating story. I wish I could give you references to the Irish Sagas, of which I have heard but which I do not know first-hand, nor where they could be procured. If you are sufficiently interested in this stone village and in a host of similar but smaller finds, like the famous "Beehive House" in Upton, Massachusetts, I suggest you write to the young man whose father owns the Beehive Hut, and who himself has done a lot of work on the North Salem village—Malcolm D. Pearson, 47 Ferry Street, Fisherville, Massachusetts.

The owner of the village at the present is William B. Goodwin, whose address is 15 Lewis Street, Hartford, Connecticut, and who has in his possession whatever references you might care for to support these statements of mine—which I have garnered in from him and from young Pearson.

Apparently we had a rather extensive Irish culture, and a Christian one at that, here in New England a century before the coming of the Norse. I thought you might like to know of it in the unlikely event you did not already know.

Very sincerely yours,
R. F. M.

From St. Louis

Dear Editor:

Needless to say, I have been wanting to write to you for some months, or years, perhaps. The reason is that I have just lately "escaped" from a three-years sojourn in the industrial world, and have come back to life again. When you work in big industry for very long you don't continue to do such human things as writing letters. For me it was something like the "Purgatorio" of Dante or perhaps more like the "Inferno." I hope it is just purgatory for the workers, and not just all hell as it seemed sometimes to me. Now I must agree with Eric Gill with much more understanding when he says somewhere "... and so we must conclude that death is the logical outcome of industrialism, its diabolical direction."

Nevertheless, I tried to do something useful; helped organize a union in one place, and learned an interesting trade (welding) in another. But everywhere work is debased because it is subject to the "system" of hard-headed engineers whose minds never rise above "materia prima." And of course they are the untouchables because they worship the true gods!

Since May 15th I am working at the Central Bureau in St. Louis. Am slowly coming back to life again; you may hear a peep out of me occasionally from now on, which may develop into a loud noise, or perhaps, Deo volente, into a thunder, because there is some sociological thunder at the Central Bureau, I believe.

C. E.

St. Anthony Center

A. C. M. B. M. M. M.

I am sending you some ideas about the camp, as I would like you to put them in an appeal for the paper.

You see we need about four hundred dollars in order to get the camp started.

For the past four years we have been taking one hundred or more boys out during the Summer. These boys come from Harlem, East Side. The neighborhood is very congested and they come from very poor families.

In August we allowed the parents to go out with their children for a week or more, without any charge. They had a chance to learn how to prepare different kinds of dishes.

Some of the boys stayed at camp for two weeks, and in event the boy was very undernourished we allowed him to stay longer.

Every day boys come into the Center and ask us will we be able to take them to camp this Summer.

JOHN FLEMING,
105 E. 119th Street,
New York 35, N. Y.

Notes From Alexian Group

Dear Editor:

Here is a brief summary of the latest happenings at the Alexian Brothers' Hospital unit of C.P.S.

Summer is on us, and the members of the unit who are enrolled in the hospital's male nursing school are finishing their final examinations for the second year of their three-year course. If we remain here another year, twelve of us will graduate, and be qualified to take the Illinois state board examinations for a Registered Nurse Certificate.

Some members of the unit are interested in evening discussion groups on various topics. It is difficult to have all the members of the unit meet at one time, due to different work schedules for different men. However, we have managed to have a majority of the men meet for two discussions already.

The first discussion was on Race Relations, and centered about a booklet, "The Races of Mankind," which was reviewed by one of the group before the general discussion began. Members of the group felt that they gained a broader understanding of the racial question from this discussion. It was felt that everyone in his daily life has many opportunities to improve race relations in his community.

Further discussion in this field will take place this week when Jim Farmer, interracial secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, will visit the unit and speak to its members.

Co-operatives

The second discussion was on co-operatives. It consisted of a showing of the co-operative film, "Here Is Tomorrow," followed by a talk on "Co-operatives in the Immediate Post-War Era," relating to the part they may or will play in the reconstruction of war-torn countries. The speaker was Jack McLanahan, Educational Secretary of the Co-operative League of the U. S. A. Following his talk, Mr. McLanahan opened a period of general discussion.

Through the courtesy of the hospital administration, the men of the unit are able to use the hospital recreation room or library for these meetings, and are able to bring their wives and friends into the discussion groups.

Meanwhile, the manpower situation at the hospital grows steadily worse. New Selective Service rulings setting up definite jobs in which men under 26 years of age might be deferred, did not include male nurses. Consequently, the hospital will probably lose over half of its non-C.P.S. nursing personnel, since these men, students and graduates of the hospital's school of nursing, are almost all under the age limit.

In seeking a way to keep operating the entire hospital, the administration has requested more C. P. S. men from Washington. Due to the shortage of men in some of the forest camps, it is impossible to get an increase at this time, however. The hospital administration has also offered to employ paroled C. O.'s. These seem to be the only sources of available manpower which could meet this crisis, and if some help is not secured within the next few weeks, it will be necessary to close a part of the hospital. Since the hospital is operating to capacity at this time, the closing of part of it would mean turning away injured and ill men without proper treatment. This is the most serious problem the hospital has had since the beginning of the war.

This unit has a maximum quota of 45 men, and there are no vacancies here at this time. To obtain more men it would be necessary for Selective Service headquarters to authorize an increase in the quota, and then approve individual transfers into the unit until the new quota was met. We need twenty new men badly, and hope that by September we may be able to get them.

The chance of getting parolees here is not too good. C.O.'s in jail have some difficulty getting paroles, since Selective Service has the approval of them, and the parolees are not very numerous. Many factors enter into the situation, and men from this source could not be counted on until they actually arrive.

Last Friday, Paul Conly French, executive secretary of the National Service Board, visited the unit for a few hours, and met with some of the men to discuss current C. P. S. problems and affairs. He reported hope that Congress would authorize Selective Service to issue dependency benefits from a fund now in the U. S. Treasury which was earned by dairy farm C. P. S. employees, but withheld because no pay is allowed C. P. S. men. This would mean about \$400,000 would be available for cases of financial stress involving C. P. S. dependents.

Sincerely, in Christ,
RICHARD A. LION,
Assistant Director.
C. P. S. Unit No. 26.

Liked Speech

Elmhurst, N. Y.,
April 18, 1944.

Dear Friends:

I wish this money order were twenty-five times the amount that it is; however, when and if I get the new job that I am hoping for I shall send another money order that won't have such a stingy visage.

I don't think that I have ever thanked you for *THE CATHOLIC WORKER*, nor told you that I enjoy it thoroughly. Mr. Frank Sheed's address of acceptance to the Christian Culture Award was splendid. It was just the medicine I needed for a very severe case of "Oh what's the use."

May God bless you and help you to continue your wonderful work.
Sincerely,

M. C.

Have you renewed your subscription to *THE CATHOLIC WORKER*? It costs twenty-five cents a year.

1944 SUMMER RETREATS

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Make reservations one week in advance by writing: Retreat Director, St. Anthony Village, Oakmont, Pa.

Rosewood Writes Of Year's Experiences

May 31, 1944.

Dear Editor:

The month that has just passed marked the completion of our first year at Rosewood, a year filled with tensions and strains always to be found in getting something started. With that milestone behind us, there is reason to hope that the days ahead will be much easier for us.

During the early months there was a great deal of annoyance to bear as a result of the adverse attitude of the children we were trying to help. Derogatory remarks, catcalls followed us everywhere—so much so that it was possible for one of us in our rooms to trace the progress of another across the grounds just by listening to his reception. That has stopped. Instead, we now have quite a friendly feeling prevailing among the children and the fellows in the unit. Similarly, we had a definite resentment on the part of many of the regular employees to greet us, a situation that, we must admit, received a like reaction on our part. When it became evident, however, that we were not the expected "religious reformer fanatics" replete with beard and righteousness, most of this died down. And some of us like to believe that good P.R. work in removing this impression was done at the local taverns. It comes as a great shock to many people to learn that opposition to war can be found in ordinary men with ordinary appetites and weaknesses.

Many of the men who were part of our unit during the past year are no longer with us. Jack Tisdale is at Powellsville and Charles Squillacote is now at Mancos; the rest are out of CPS entirely. A couple of others are planning on leaving in the near future. But the foundation has now been set and the arrivals and departures to come will probably not disrupt the operation of the unit.

A few of our original problems remain, but for the most part solutions have been reached acceptable to all concerned. Our biggest need now is for the completion of the unit to its 25-man quota. Some of us have been disappointed to learn that the ACCO cannot fill the vacancies we have shown for the entire year. Certainly the work here is every bit as important as the work in ordinary CPS camps. The disappointment comes in the realization that the success or continuation of the ACCO in its only visible form is not enough of an incentive to bring its members here. Now that we have assumed the responsibility of publishing the *Catholic C.O.*, the need is greater than ever to re-establish here to the most complete extent possible the Warner group. If this can be done the future of both the Rosewood unit and the ACCO will be more secure.

The groundwork has been done; now we can almost wholly concern ourselves with "doing the work" (of Rosewood and the ACCO). If at the end of the first year the Rosewood unit is still to be classified as "unfinished business," at least we can start the second year with a far stronger hope for success than we had at any time heretofore.

GORDON ZAHN.

For Thoughtful
Comment on
Public Affairs Read

The Commonweal

386 4th Ave., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

\$5 a year 10 cl. a copy

—CULT—

—CULT—

Corpus Christi in Spain

By FATHER CLARENCE DUFFY

ON the feast of Corpus Christi, 1930, I witnessed the procession of the Blessed Sacrament through the streets of Seville, Spain. I had heard of this famous procession in which girls, somewhat in the manner in which Jewish maidens danced before the Ark of the Covenant, were reputed to disport themselves as an outward expression of joy and homage in the sacramental presence of their Saviour and King.

Actually the dancing was much different from what hearsay led me to believe it would be like. It was confined to the

Cathedral, the famous Giralda, where immediately after Mass and before the procession started about a dozen little girls dressed in white and garlanded with flowers danced a few steps of a traditional Spanish dance in the chancel before the high altar, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. At the same time they threw flowers from their baskets in the direction of the Object of their homage, and in doing so laid a carpet of flowers on the way their Lord was to pass. At intervals during the procession through the streets they threw more flowers toward the Blessed Sacrament, which they immediately preceded in the colorful procession.

At a Bull Fight

That afternoon I attended a bull fight with a Spaniard who invited me as his guest. "When in Rome, do as Rome does." I was in Spain and I was doing as the Spaniards did, in some things at any rate. It was a "dia de fiesta," but a lot of people attended the bull fight who did not attend Mass that morning. My friend was one of them. "Yes, I

his brother and a few men employed by them made beautiful glazed tiles in a lot behind a small store in the Triana district of Seville. They called the lot their factory, but most of the work was done by hand. It was beautiful work, in which all the workers, including the owners, who were also workers and craftsmen, took pride. The two brothers lived in beautiful homes with cool patios in the city proper.

My friend was an employer on a small scale who owned his own business. Communism did not, and would not naturally, appeal to him, but he was disgusted with conditions in Spain. He had not been to Mass that morning and made no secret of the fact that he had not been to Mass for years, since he was a child, and had no intention of going. He was typical of many people in Spain who were neither Communists nor practicing Catholics. They wanted a change in the political and economic set-up, but not of the type they got a few years later. They



am a Catholic," he said. "We are all Catholics in Seville, but the Mass, and the Church and the processions, they are all right for people who like them and the color and pageantry attached to them. For the majority of forward thinking Spaniards, however, they are things of a dying age. Underneath, Spain is like a boiling pot that will soon blow its lid off. The priests and the Church are going to suffer when the pot boils over."

During the *corrida*, or bull fight, he kept up a running commentary on the personages present, and on the part they would take, actively and passively, in the coming revolution. The Prince of Asturias was one of those present. The fact that he got no ovation, and was received in stony silence by the crowds when he entered, was seized upon by my friend as an indication of the popular feeling of hatred toward the Monarchy and all that it stood for. He foretold, with Spanish gestures, that one day that same crowd would cut the throat of the Prince and of others like him.

Neither Communist nor Catholic

This man who was speaking to me was not a Communist. He,

helped to remove the Monarchy, but got something in its stead that they did not anticipate.

On that feast day of Corpus Christi I saw two sides of Spain—the side that represented those who gave to Spain its title of *Espana la Catolica* and the side representing those who were no longer Catholic in anything but in name. In Seville, as in most Spanish cities, the latter were very much in the majority.

Rural Spain

Some ten to fifteen years before, as a student in the Irish College in Salamanca, I had spent my vacations in rural districts of Galicia and Asturias, two beautiful maritime provinces of Northern Spain. The people among whom I and my fellow students lived during those summer months were peasants and small storekeepers. Most of them went to Mass in the village church on Sundays and holy days, or "dias de fiesta." On the latter, and especially on the feasts of saints associated with their village, or parish, and with wayside shrines in it, they had games of various kinds, and dancing in which all of them took part. The music was provided by young men of the par-

Prepare the Harvest

Irrespective of war, and the confusion and chaos it brings in its train, the command given by Our Lord to "teach all nations," to bring His Gospel of love of God and of our fellowmen to all peoples everywhere, must be carried out. Especially is it necessary to carry it out at this time when hatred is rife, a hatred, which, one day, will be replaced, we hope, by brotherly love and co-operation that has its roots in the love of God and in the desire to obey His laws.

The command to preach that Gospel is being carried out, under great difficulty, by Foreign Missioners in many parts of a war-stricken world. In China churches, hospitals, and schools built with painstaking care have been destroyed in many places; their flocks have been scattered; confusion of many kinds has followed in the wake of war. The Missioners, however, have stuck to their posts, stuck and stayed through thousands of air raids and in the midst of battles taking care of the wounded, the sick and the starving. They have laid the foundations upon which a mighty and enduring structure of Faith may now be built to the honor and glory of God.

In the Philippines priests will be needed, native-born priests, when the war is over. They will also be needed in other parts of the world.

Circumstances are going to present us with a magnificent opportunity for the propagation of the Faith everywhere. Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing in a booklet entitled, *The Missions in War and in Peace*, is convinced of this and is preparing for it. He asks the help of those who are interested in propagating the Faith, in making Our Lord and His teachings known, not only in foreign countries but here in the United States.

Contributions may be sent direct to Bishop Cushing, The Society For the Propagation of the Faith, 49 Franklin St., Boston 10, Mass.

ish. In the evening in the church, or at the shrine, the day's festivities ended with Rosary and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Prayer, Work and Play

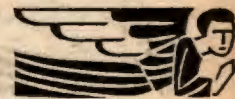
These people worked in their fields and stores during working days, but they also took time off to pray, to sing, and dance, and play in the open air among the beauties of nature. They were happy, healthy, gay and contented. I do not think many of the farmers owned their own land. They rented it from landlords. Had there been no landlordism, and if the people, as a result, had been the owners of the land they tilled, that part of Spain and the neighboring provinces would have been, from a Christian point of view, one of the most ideal places for living that I know of.

The Moral

To the east lay Oviedo, an industrial city in which there was always plenty of unrest and labor trouble. It later became a Communist stronghold and a storm center of the civil war. To the west was Bilbao, another city associated with dissatisfaction and trouble, and another storm center. There is a moral to all this. It is so evident that I shall leave it to the reader to find it.

Litany of the Feast of

By GERTRUDE



NOW I will pray the ardour of the soul as a great litany is prayed!
Now I will raise the song of praise that is not sung but loved:

I

Blood-red Secret of all that is,
Holy Heart, Divine Heart, Almighty Heart:

*Be loved, Love,
Eternal Love,
Be Thou eternally loved.*

II

Hearth in the darkness of the frozen world:

Be loved, Love!

Flame-Shadow over all the false brightness of the world:

Be loved, Love!

Burning sign in all the false rest of the world,
Lonely Heart, Flaming Heart, Unquenchable Heart:

*Be loved,
Everlasting Love.*

III

Heart deep as the nights that have no face:

Be loved!

Heart strong as the waves that have no shore:

Be loved!

Heart tender as little children that have no bitterness:

Be everlastingly loved!

IV

Rose from the flower-garden of the Invisible:
Rose from the chalice of the humble maiden:
Blossoming Rose-Bush in which heaven and earth combine:

*Be loved,
Everlasting Love.*

Royal Heart in the flowing mantle of Thy blood:

Be loved!

Breaking Heart in the stark ornament of Thy death wounds:

Heart dethroned, Heart betrayed, Heart cruelly martyred:

*Be loved,
Everlasting Love!
Be everlastingly loved.*

V

Heart before Whom the mighty find their knees:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart before Whom the careless find their tears:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart in whom thieves and murderers yet find forgiveness:

Great Heart, Heart of Mercy, Heart of Glory:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

VI

Red Thorn of our gladness,
Sorrow-Thorn of our repentance,
Fair Evening Glow of our own setting,
We ask Thee for Thy love.

TURE

—CULTIVATION—

the Most Sacred Heart

E VON LE FORT



Crimson Cloth that turns sin pale as death:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Ruby Stream after which the sick souls thirst:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Comforting Lamp for the distressed,
Lighthouse of the persecuted and the disgraced,
Hidden Chamber in which the gentle dead yet breathe,
All-Knowing Heart, All-Guiding Heart, Ultimate Heart:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

VII

Heart that takes up all to Itself,
Heart that strikes the center of all our hearts,
Heart that breaks the proud hearts of us all:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart that makes solitude into a great people:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart that makes discord into an united people:

We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart in which the whole world becomes Thy people:
Overflowing Heart, Overflaming Heart, Overstorming Heart:

*Be loved, Everlasting Love,
Be everlastingly loved!*

VIII

That Thy dawn may break with kindling light:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

That Thy day may bring fire into our hearts:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

That Thy day may burn all our hearts into Thine:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

*Mighty Heart,
Ineluctable Heart,
All-Consuming Heart!*

IX

Fire! Fire! the Angels' wings are burning,

The swords of the Seraphim are aflame!

The lights of heaven are burning, the depths of earth

are burning rocks and yesterdays are all aflame!

The expectation of all creatures burns—

The spirit burns in the darkness of high thought:

All has been taken from Love,

All must become Love:

Sing "Holy! Holy! Holy!" rustling

Flames of the Seraphim!

X

Heart from which the heavens draw their glory:

AMEN!

Heart from which the suns and constellations
draw their beginning and their end:

AMEN!

Heart from which the souls of the blessed
draw their blessedness:

AMEN!

World-Ordering Heart, World-Conquering Heart,
Thou Only Heart of Hearts:

AMEN! AMEN!

May the Day of Thine infinite love come quickly!

AMEN!

[Reprinted from HYMNS TO THE CHURCH, Sheed & Ward, \$1.50]

BOOKS TO READ

1. *Man the Unknown*, by Dr. Alexis Carrel.2. *The Emancipation of a Free Thinker*, by Dr. Herbert Ellsworth Cory.3. *The Necessity for a Church*, by Father W. E. Orchard.4. *The Eve of the Reformation*, by Cardinal Gasquet, O.S.B.5. *A Guildsman's Interpretation of History*, by Arthur Penty.6. *A Generation of Materialism*, by Dr. Carlton Hayes.7. *A Personalist Manifesto*, by Emmanuel Mounier.8. *Freedom in the Modern World*, by Jacques Maritain.9. *Democracy's Second Chance*, by George Boyle.10. *A Companion to the Summa*, by Father Farrell, O.P.

Need for Missals

Requests from 1,007 Chaplains serving with the armed forces for 786,904 copies of *My Sunday Missal* were received at the headquarters of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood, 5300 Fort Hamilton Parkway, this city, by Rev. Joseph F. Stedman, director, during a recent month. During the entire year of 1943, over 1,032,000 copies of the booklet were distributed gratis to chaplains, by the National Catholic Community Service and the Confraternity of the Precious Blood.

In order to meet the urgent immediate requests, Father Stedman has written to all the clergy in the United States appealing for their cooperation and has issued another appeal to American Catholics to help him meet the heavy demand by securing copies of *My Sunday Missal* at their local bookstores or church book racks and sending them directly to chaplains or men in service or by ordering directly from the Confraternity headquarters with or without the name of a specific chaplain or service man to whom the *Missal* will be sent.

In announcing his appeal to the lay Catholics of the United States, Father Stedman emphasized the important part that parish organizations could play in supplying *Missals* to the chaplains. During the past year, he said, the National Catholic Community Service, through its headquarters in Washington, D. C., had obtained and distributed 700,000 copies of *My Sunday Missal*. He added that large quantities were also sent directly by clergy, Religious and laity.

He requested that those who wish to send offerings to the Confraternity headquarters for the purchase of *My Sunday Missal* to be supplied to chaplains, remit 25 cents for each copy, with four copies the minimum.

The philosopher may be delighted with the extent of his views, the artificer with the readiness of his hands, but let the one remember that without mechanical performance, refined speculation is an empty dream and the other that without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than brute instinct.

Samuel Johnson.

On Straightening the Dog's Tail

By A. J. PENTY

THERE is an ancient Hindu story of a man who went to a great yogi for a formula to raise the devil. The yogi was quite willing to oblige him, but warned him before doing so that once the devil was raised up he must be kept in employment or he would turn and devour him. The man, however, was not to

be intimidated, so he took the formula and raised the devil by his incantations; he had plenty of work, and managed for a long time to keep the devil fully occupied. But a time came when work began to run out, and he lived in terror of his destruction at the hands of the unemployed monster. In desperation he went back to the yogi to seek advice. "Well," said the yogi, "I told you what to expect. But do not despair. Take this dog to your devil and tell him to straighten its curly tail. That will keep him busy forever."

This is not exactly the story of industrialism. Our industrial magnates did not seek a formula to raise the devil, but a formula to abolish work, and at the end of the process they have found they have raised the devil. But the end of the story is the same, inasmuch as we live in fear of him, and seek to put off the evil day by providing him with work. But we have not yet discovered any work-finder which promises to be as effective as straightening in the dog's tail.

Power, Money, Machinery

And all this because we worship power, money and machinery. These three, but the greatest of these is machinery. Since the dawn of history men have worshipped power and money. Power and money have corrupted society and given rise to grave social injustices; but until the advent of machinery man could still find his way about, his social relations continued to be more or less normal, he still retained the sense of his own personality; his image was still the image of God. But this gradually ceases to be true as mechanization takes place; society is churned to pieces. Man loses his way amid the growth of

complexity; he loses the sense of reality, of his own personality, until finally his image becomes that of the machine rather than of God.

We talk of power-politics, but we ought to talk of machine-politics, for all modern politics are machine-politics. Those who are out for money and power must pay homage to the machine. They must be its obedient slaves. What are international politics, the foreign policies of all nations, concerned with but to secure new markets in which to dump the surplus products of industrialism and to secure sources of raw materials to satisfy the voracious appetite of the machines we refuse to regulate? This is true of every country in the world, in proportion to the extent each has become involved in industrialism.

Peace is no longer merely a question of goodwill. The governments of all the great powers are at the mercy of economic forces they do not know how to control which owe their existence to the unrestricted use of machinery. Yet no statesman has the courage to affirm such is the case; or is it they are blind to the reality?

Fatalist's Attitude

And so because of our fatalistic attitude towards machinery we are driven to pile up armaments. It is a development that is not altogether unwelcome to millions of workers, for though the masses in all countries do not want war, they want employment; and as a work-finder rearmament is, in these days, without a rival. The equipment for modern warfare is on so gigantic a scale; battleships, guns, airplanes, tanks, munitions all are made at enormous expense only to be destroyed as rapidly and completely as possible. Work is created on a great scale; the unemployed are all absorbed either into the army or munition factories; the wheels of industry can be speeded up, there is no fear of overproduction when destruction is swift and incessant; in fact, it is only in a state of war that our mechanized industries function at their proper intensity. "If nobody else can put them to work," says Death, in a recent cartoon on the unemployed and rearmament, "I will!"

This is the logical climax to which industrialism has been moving from the very beginning. There is a definite connection between industrial development and war. In a recent book Mr. Walton Newbold has pointed out that all the great armament firms came into existence in connection with railway building, and turned to making armaments when railway building came to an end. We know that Bismarck engineered the Franco-Prussian War in order to get possession of the iron fields of Alsace and Lorraine, so necessary to German industrial development, and that the Great War was intimately connected with the struggle for markets and sources of raw material.

[This article, reprinted from the American Review, was written several years before the present war.]



ST. ANTHONY

"A Farm In Ireland" Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

(Continued from page 1)
formulas. But Father Duffy could never be persuaded to take such discussions seriously. He is not the man for discussions. If there is work to be done, he will do it, but when it comes to discussion, "I've been through all that years ago," he'll say, and go back to work.

He Milked the Cows

His serene indifference to discussion and argument finally began to arouse our curiosity. After all, Father Duffy was raised on a farm, he milked the cows and fed the chickens. He, at least, knows something of what it is all about. What kind of a farm could he have been raised on, we wondered, that it could give him such assurance that mass movements of return to the land could succeed?

When we began to pry the details out of him we got some very interesting answers. Father Duffy was one of eleven boys and girls that his parents raised on (and fed from) a farm of only fifteen acres. Think that over.

The Soil Was Not Rich

His father bought the farm when he came back from ten years of gold-mining and store-keeping in California (where Father Duffy was born). When he moved his family to this fifteen acre farm he already had three children. The soil of his little farm was not particularly rich, yet they lived from this farm, all thirteen of them, and this after the first year with no outside income. How was this possible? We questioned Father Duffy further. What did you raise on your fifteen acres? How many cows did you have? pigs? goats? chickens? horses? What about crops, agricultural implements, etc.

Huge Crops of Boys and Girls

Well, one thing that we found out right away was that Father Duffy wasn't reluctant to give specific answers to specific questions, and some of the answers were very enlightening. We began to suspect that there might be something in this old, "back-country" Irish formula that Americans could use.

After all, it is farms like his father's that have continued, year after year, for over a century, to export huge crops of healthy boys and girls. And these boys and girls that came from these simple Irish farms, became not only soldiers, and wives, and laborers, and clerks, and railroad men, but, in the second and third generations, they became priests and bishops, bankers, farmers, merchants, politicians, lawyers, judges, generals and college professors.

We concluded that we could do with more farms like that here in America, and we began to insist that Father Duffy tell his story in permanent form, in the hope that we baffled Americans might be able to put some of these old ideas to use.

He Was a Leitrim Man

Our continuous, prodding brought results. The first six of the twenty-three chapters that finally resulted, were published in the CATHOLIC WORKER under the heading *A Farm in Ireland*. This material has now been rewritten and (with seventeen additional chapters) published in a convenient, pocket-sized, paper-covered book of 83 pages.

The day the first copies of *A Farm in Ireland* came from the bindery, we begged a copy to read on a long subway ride which we had to make. No sooner had we settled ourselves in our seat on the subway than the "guard" across the aisle saw the title, *A Farm in Ireland*, and demanded where he could get a copy! (It turned out he was a Leitrim man, and before the trip was over he had talked us out of our copy.)

Next day we got another copy and went through it headlong, at one sitting. We hear of many going through it similarly at one lick. It is that kind of a book. Those who are interested at all don't seem to be able to lay it down.

Curled Around a Glass of Beer

The best story we have heard so far along that line tells of a man who picked up a copy displayed on the bar of a saloon. (Yes, here in New York, *A Farm in Ireland* is being sold—and we mean sold!—in six saloons in all!) This man bought *A Farm in Ireland* and began reading it, standing at the bar, with his left hand curled around his glass of beer. And he finished it, standing there at the bar, some three hours later, without having moved except to order (and consume) more beers!

People Are Buying It

Father Duffy is taking very seriously his responsibilities in the matter of this brain child of his. *A Farm in Ireland*, besides the regular Catholic (and some secular) bookstores, is already being sold in grocery stores, novelty and stationery stores, on a few strategically located news-stands and in the vestibules of some churches. And wherever it is displayed, people are buying it.

Perhaps Father Duffy does have something here. The book sells for only 35c a copy, and on orders for ten copies (accompanied by cash, \$3.50) he ships fourteen copies. The four extra copies represent your profit if you are a dealer. (In larger quantities the profit allowance is greater.)

Those Four Free Copies

But if you prefer not to make a profit from your good deeds in spreading the practical information in this lively little book, you can give away the four free copies in places where they will do some good. (The other ten you can sell for 35c a copy, and get your money back.)

We think there's something worth your attention here. The war may be over soon and the movement back to the land will begin to accelerate. No matter how we look at it, the time is getting shorter.

L. V.

III. Better and Better Off

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

IV. Human to Man

1. To give and not to take, that is what makes man human to man.
2. To serve and not to rule, that is what makes man human to man.
3. To help and not to crush, that is what makes man human to man.
4. To nourish and not to devour, that is what makes man human to man.
5. And if need be to die and not to live, that is what makes man human to man.
6. Ideals and not deals, that is what makes man human to man.
7. Greed and not greed, that is what makes man human to man.

V. What Saint Francis Desired

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

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

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Memo On Party Line

A friend who has been pondering for years the ideological inclination of a certain union official finally reached a conclusion last week. "It's a cinch he's a Com-mie," was the decision; "he's taken up yachting."

That's the way things have been going lately. As the Detroit Wage Earner says, the Communist Party has taken off its overalls, and indeed it seems to have burned them in back of the barn. First it renounced the Party name and became the Communist Political Association, an innocuous title guaranteed not to frighten anyone with an odor of subversiveness. It still stands for "scientific socialism," but only when its pursuit does not "divide the progressive majority of the American people."

Then the New Masses turned up with an article that reads like the diary of a honeymoon with the NAM—this upon the heels of Harry Bridges' statement that "We reject any hostility of labor to capital as such, knowing well that such approaches are luxuries that neither can now afford." Bridges himself recently recommended disarming labor to an extent which the NAM would have given its right safe deposit box to accomplish, when he disavowed the strike permanently. "The strike weapon is overboard not only for the duration of the war, but after the war," he said.

"We are fighting ourselves when we strike these days." From somewhere in the shadowy depths of memory comes the picture of Bridges calling West Coast longshoremen out on strike to hinder our preparation for war while the Hitler-Stalin pact was still in effect. It's a big picture.

Not so long ago top man Earl Browder scolded detractors of various Wall Street tycoons who, he defended, are doing as much for the war effort as others are. And this week the *Daily Worker* produced kind words about Eric Johnston, head of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, for his discovery of "three bridges" leading to U. S.-Soviet cooperation.

The new Party trend is confusing enough, but it may lead to some housecleaning in the labor field, where many union officials who have been traveling the Moscow road will be unable to follow this latest twist.

Catholics, of course, have always seen basic Marxist doctrine as a logical outgrowth of materialistic capitalism, with its concept of man as an economic animal solely. So we watch with particular interest this new flirtation, and may be forgiven a bit of gossiping over it.

HELEN HAYE.

[Is Harry one of Mr. Johnston's "three bridges"?—The Editor.]

Msgr. Barry O'Toole

By Dorothy Day

In my missal, on a separate piece of paper, there is a list of the dead for whom I pray daily, and now added to that list is Monsignor George Barry O'Toole, since 1933 a beloved friend of THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Two months ago, Arthur Sheehan wrote of his death in the paper and I was shocked and grieved to see the news. Last month I was busy writing of my daughter's marriage, so I neglected, as I had wished, to tell our readers a little about Msgr. O'Toole.

There are many memories of him in my mind. I can remember one hot summer afternoon on Fifteenth street—the first year of our existence—when we all sat out in the backyard where there were a peach tree, a fig tree, privet hedges, spider plants and petunias to cut the wet heat with their freshness.

We sat there on boxes and chairs—the whole office forces—and listened to Msgr. O'Toole talking about everything under the sun—the Chinese whom he loved, the poor whose cause he espoused, the state against which he waxed indignant.

He was a great talker. His eyes would shine, he would laugh loud and often at his own and others' jokes; he was quite oblivious to differences of opinion since on some so many points there were staunch agreements. He did not mind being argued with.

I remember on one occasion, when he came in the morning and the talk went on all day. I went to the printer in the afternoon, stayed out to dinner and, when I came back, the talk was still going on.

Sometimes he seemed to ignore questions. Yet we soon found that at the next meeting those questions would come up again and Msgr. O'Toole would have light on the subject, and would bring with him quotation and book to illuminate. He was truly a teacher.

Catholic Radical Alliance

It was he and Father Hensler and Fr. Rice in Pittsburgh, who formed the Catholic Radical Al-

liance, which was in effect a branch of THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Peter Maurin had always favored the word radical. He was always trying to get at the roots of things. So Catholic Radical Alliance it was. It was this group that caused consternation in this huge industrial area by appearing at street meetings and speaking from soap boxes. These were the three who called together laymen to start the first House of Hospitality in a store in Pittsburgh, St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, with Fr. Rice in charge of it, as chaplain, is the largest House of Hospitality in the country and occupies what was formerly an orphanage and it covers almost a block along Tannehill street, up on the hill above the business section, in the Negro section. The group moved into it room by room, stunned by its vastness. It was at this time that he wrote *Christian Wheat and Marrian Cackle* and *The Liberal Illusion*.

It was not long after this that Msgr. O'Toole went to the Catholic University at Washington to teach philosophy. It was from there that he wrote his famous series of articles, *War and Conscription* at the Bar of Christian Morals, which appeared in this paper. He was not a pacifist himself, but he held to the right of a Catholic to be both a pacifist and a conscientious objector to war and conscription. At a time when other men who had written glowingly on peace were reversing their stands, Msgr. O'Toole retracted never a word that he had written.

Senate Hearings

During the hearings before the Senate Committee in Washington, on the conscription bill, his was the lone clerical voice in behalf of the layman. I shall never forget his sturdy figure, standing before the senators seated impressively around the raised desks above a room full of dissenters, holding his paper in his fist, and reading with great emphasis and saying at the end—"Any question?" His posi-

(Continued on page 7)

A FARM IN IRELAND

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

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Obtainable in New York City from the following:

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Aid For Italy

(Continued from page 1)

rainy night and fortified by a good supper at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality I headed for the subway. Directions were to ride on the uptown subway to 149th Street, then take the "El" to 183d Street, and walk to 187th Street. Found Benediction going on in the Church, afterwards walked in the direction to the basement as it seemed well lighted.

"Hello," says a young priest who was just leaving the Church basement with a few young boys.

"Hello," I answered, wondering if his was Father Pernicone.

"The meeting for the collection of clothes is in the sacristy," Father added, pointing the way.

The Meeting

The meeting was actually in a room above the sacristy. It was quickly filled with hard-working mothers and fathers as they came from Benediction. About eighty people immediately hushed as Father Pernicone entered with another priest and spoke briefly in Italian (which I cannot understand). There was no mistaking the fact it was a pep talk, and then the other priest conducted the meeting. Anxious to know all, I edged to a young girl sitting near, as she looked like she could speak English, and asked her to tell me what I missed. She obligingly told me Father had said we send double the clothing to Italy that we had sent to England and Russia, and that there was great need of clothing in Italy, and one story he had heard was that people were opening graves and wearing dead people's clothes.

Lists of volunteers were called off and checked as to their being present and still willing. Then people were asked to volunteer for the sorting and inspecting of clothing, for mending and knitting and making of new clothes. Then checkers of all clothing, listing and packing were named. Father noticed four of us young ladies sitting together and suggested we do this. We all thought it a good idea, and gave our names. It seemed so nice to pack the boxes of clothing and to know that somewhere in Italy other hands would eagerly unwrap the box. "England better not take this shipload," a girl near me muttered, "just like she took coffee we sent for the Italians." A young boy about 10 entered with signs he had made to help in sorting sizes of the clothing.

Pictures Taken

An usher of the Church entered and took pictures of the group. With this the meeting ended. I thanked the young girls for being my interpreters. They were curious to know where I was from, and so I gave them copies of the CATHOLIC WORKER, and told them of this article I was writing and hoped they would like what I wrote. There was interest in subscriptions, and one girl said she would mention it at the next meeting of her Sodality, and see if she could get subscriptions, as it was only a quarter a year.

Father Pernicone entered as I was leaving the room, thanked me for coming and suggested that I give my pastor a copy of the rules of the clothing drive and suggestions. These suggestions cover how to staff the committee to repair, pack, label the clothing and to set up the arrangements for the volunteers to be on hand in the Clothing Centers to receive the clothing, to mend (if necessary, although washing and mending should be done before it is brought to the center) and to pack and label the boxes. Then the clothing will be shipped to diocesan temporary storage centers before

going on a ship for Italy. This appeal has been authorized by the administrative board of the Bishop's Committee of the United States and has the approval of the President's War Relief Control Board, and the American Relief for Italy Committee of which the Hon. Myron C. Taylor is chairman. About thirty archdioceses and dioceses of the nation are cooperating with great enthusiasm, for here at last is a chance to do something to help our brothers in need, right now in Italy.

New Clothing Asked

I am delighted to see such emphasis placed on the word GOOD or NEW clothing instead of OLD, for we of the CATHOLIC WORKER know the rags that many send to us in the name of Christian Charity. It is to many a chance to dump worn out, soiled, and torn garments that the poor have neither the soap, thread nor machines to mend, to say nothing of ability to do a good job.

Most of the Italians present at the meeting at Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Church were anxious to help, for they felt they were sending clothes to their families (indirectly of course) whom they could not otherwise reach. I notice that only parishes with large groups of Italians are taking part in this campaign and I wonder why the hearts of all Catholics should not be stirred to help. Giving of these clothes is a good thing in itself—a Work of Mercy. We Catholics should be Catholic enough to realize this fact.

This past Sunday my own pastor (who reminds me of the pastor in "Going My Way") announced that we were taking part in this worthy work and asked for volunteers and mentioned address of store where clothing should be brought. Attended the meeting this week and found that they were using a different technique than that used in Mt. Carmel parish. Our parish is in a small town and each worker is to call personally or by telephone to their neighbors and explain the drive. Several women will beg shoes from shoemakers and uncalled for clothing from the cleaners, another will ask a manufacturer for cord for packing.

Since my own parish was taking part in the campaign I asked to be excused from my promise to help in the Bronx. They were very understanding and said it was more important to help in one's own parish and if we all did our bit, we would be able to send a good shipload over.

Julia Porcelli.

PIUS XII

"In all the nations of the world there is a want for the future new order. But this new order must be supported by just and well-balanced moral and material guarantees.

"Hopes for a future peace would be better based and more realistic if there were not so many religious movements which have departed from the Christian church and created separatist churches."

JUST POLICY

No just peace can be reached, the Pope said, if the victor would "by force of arms" dictate the terms, according to the United Press.

"A just policy has to give the defeated nation a dignified place," he asserted. "Therefore, we hope that the rulers of peoples, think they have to tolerate a defeated enemy and show some generosity."

(Associated Press report of speech, June 2, 1944.)

Mexicans on Long Island

Father Clarence Duffy is now acting as chaplain to 250 Mexican laborers who have been imported by the Long Island Railroad as an emergency measure due to the labor shortage. The men live in several camps which are under the direction of John Cannan, who used to cook in the kitchen here at St. Joseph's House. They are all young men, many of whom are doing this work to get enough money to complete their education. Getting Father Duffy to act as their chaplain was John's idea.

The camps are four in number, located at Babylon, where there are 120 men; Bethpage, with 60; Hicksville, which has 20, and Richmond Hill, with 40 men. Father Duffy says Mass on Sunday at the Babylon camp. The men in the other camps attend



Mass in the nearby parish churches. Father visits all the camps, giving the men an opportunity for confession every week. He is trying to organize an orchestra in each camp as a basis for social activities. At Babylon Father Joseph I. Foley, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, is arranging for English lessons for the men, to be given by voluntary teachers in his parish. He has also placed the recreation facilities of the parish at the disposal of the men.

Vestments for Babylon

At least 90 per cent of the men in the Babylon camp attend Mass each Sunday morning in the camp dining room. The Mass is served by one of their number, and Father Duffy gives them a short talk in Spanish. He has experienced some delay in getting rosaries, medals and Spanish prayer-books for them, but has finally succeeded in obtaining most of the articles needed. But the real difficulty was met when we had to help him to get vestments, which are extremely scarce at this time. So long as he has been saying Mass at the Church of the Transfiguration, our parish church, he has been able to use the vestments which are available there, but there were no vestments for Babylon. It looked like a bad situation until we thought of the beautiful set which the Sisters of the Good Shepherd in Philadelphia gave us for use at the farm we used to have at Oxford, Pa. We thought they might still be stored in the Philadelphia House, but Paul Toner told us that Dick Aherne had taken them to Alcuin Community. A telegram to Ray Scott at Alcuin brought quick results, and Father had his set of vestments in a few days.

Incidentally, Father Duffy is not employed by the railroad. Whatever support he receives will come from the men themselves. And he is continuing his work here at St. Joseph's House. Just now he says he is spending half his time in railroad trains.

D. M.

Grandstand

(Continued from page 1)

of the Parisi boy. I am not going to preach, for I am not qualified to do so. I can only observe, and point out what I see.

Just now, for instance, I am looking at the playground across the street. It is a large playground, and the city is quite proud of itself because it spends so much money to provide a place where children can play instead of being on the streets and getting in the way of automobiles. That is very good for the automobile drivers.

The playground is paved with concrete, and surrounded by a high wire fence. It is equipped with swings and slides and all sorts of game paraphernalia. At night it is brightly floodlighted. It is often overcrowded, and the children shout and scream continually, each trying to make himself heard above the din of the crowd. If you are one of those fortunate persons who have had fields to play in, mysterious woods to explore and quiet pools to fish and swim in, you feel very sorry for the city children playing on their concrete acre, behind a high wire fence.

Then you look beyond the playground to the towering blank wall of the Children's Aid Society building, and what you see there strikes you as one of the most ironical sights in the city. A large area of that wall is covered by a picture. Someone said it was painted as a WPA project. Whoever did it created a beautiful thing. It is a simple composition of trees and sky and water; a picture of the kind of place the children should be inhabiting, painted where they can see it while they romp on the hard concrete!

The director of the playground has just blown a whistle. It is 9:45 P.M., and he calls out, "Everybody home!"

Home. That means a crowded flat, in a tenement that may be as many as seven stories high. Seven flights of stairs to climb to a flat where your windows look out on bricks and stone and roofs and chimneys and fire-escapes. Isn't it a miracle that a far greater number of children raised in such surroundings don't become anti-social adults?

When we write about these things we are trying to give you some idea of the conditions which confront us in our work in this house on Mott Street. It is not easy to give you an adequate picture; perhaps we should be satisfied with rough sketches, but we are not.

One reader writes from Alaska, "Your stimulating 'House Notes' has given me a 'grandstand view' of your activities, and I note with pleasure the description of the practical activities of your work." That reader is a friend who has been helpful far beyond the average during the past year, and I am happy to know that I have been able to transmit some kind of a picture of our work to his very remote seat in the grandstand.

Many of our readers probably have the same impression which this one has expressed so well, and regard themselves as occupants of seats from which they observe us. That is a good beginning, but it is not enough; we are not satisfied to let matters rest there. We need them right down here in the paddock, working with us. Not necessarily in this house of hospitality, although we would welcome with open arms any who could come, but anyone who undertakes to do even a small part of this work anywhere is our fellow-worker, and there can never be too many of them. Many will be needed in the "brave new world" the expert planners are describing in glow-

ing terms. We must remember that they are the same kind of experts—in some cases the identical men—who assured us there would never be another World War, and joyfully announced that we would never experience another depression. That was back in the twenties, and you know what happened. We stepped from the frying-pan of the worst depression in history into the fire of a war unprecedented in its extent, devastation and brutality.

So we aren't placing any faith in the predictions of the experts. That is why when we are asked for our post-war plans, we can only reply that we plan to continue the practice of the spiritual and corporal works of mercy. The need will be just as great as ever in that "brave new world."

Monsignor O'Toole

(Continued from page 6)

tion was not questioned by senators.

His, too, was the brave voice shouting out the iniquity of our sending scrap iron to Japan to bomb Chinese women and children to death.

We all of us loved Msgr. O'Toole, and his death is a grave loss. When any of us go to Washington again it will not be the same place as before. We ask you, our readers, to remember him in your prayers. May he rest in peace.

HEAVEN

For the happy

there is song of angels,
bliss of saints,
there is the precious
face of God
brighter than sunlight
to all the blessed.

There is love of friends,
life without end,
a glad company,
youth without age,
a heavenly host;
health with no pain
for all the righteous;
rest without struggle
for those happy ones;
days unshadowed,
bright, full of glory;
bliss without sorrow,
peace between friends
unceasing henceforth
for happy sky-dwellers;
truce with no struggle
in the holy gathering,
no hunger nor thirst,
sleep, nor sore pain;
nor sun's burning,
nor cold nor care,
but there the King's grace
holds forever in joy
the happy band,
fair-shining armies
with the Lord of Glory.

Cynwulf.

(From Poetry and Life, Sheed and Ward.)

Have you renewed your subscription to THE CATHOLIC WORKER? It costs twenty-five cents a year.

We wish to thank everyone who has responded to our Spring Appeal, and for so much help we are deeply grateful. However, the amount received so far is inadequate for our needs, and the rate of returns does not give much promise that our bills will be taken care of. So we are asking all our friends to make a special intention to St. Joseph for our petition that our financial needs will be met.

Our Friend Joe

(Continued from page 1)

or that and not to go here or there.

My friend said he never gave much thought to a farm at first. To him the country was a dull place and he didn't think he had any aptitudes. He even admitted that, like a lot of other boys he was raised with, he didn't know the difference between one tree and another. To him farmers were rubes and hicks.

His first step was to rent half of a two-family house. After renting this house he noticed the immediate improvement in his kids due to their being able to run around all day. Now they didn't have to be cajoled into eating or tempted by the promise of the cheap candy from dingy candy stores. In spite of city ordinances my friend raised a chicken, mostly for the pleasure of the kids. He then raised several chickens and began to see the economic advantages of the idea until the city clamped down. During all this time he and his wife began getting interested in rural literature and the idea of getting to a farm was born and developed.

Less Fatigue

From the two-family house my boss got to a suburb with the help of the FHA and here he went in for gardening and his wife did a lot of canning. Meanwhile, he said, when he came home nights from work he noticed the improvement in his wife also. She was no longer tired and her work was less fatiguing when the kids could be shoved out the back door and play outdoors nearly all the day. And they ate ravenously.

What really made my friend marvel was just how resourceful a man could be when the necessity arose. Since taking this place he has become a farmer, dairyman, carpenter, painter and general repairman. He is the master of his own destinies and I see him evenings going over his books and allotting the different fields for certain crops, come the spring. When showing me his accomplishments about the farm he always reminded me that back in the city for many years on his job in a wholesale grocery house all he did was to unload cases and cases of canned goods from freight cars or load them onto delivery trucks.

I must admit my own stupidity about the great things God has endowed us with. One day I pumped away at the water pump in the barn for nearly an hour when the boss came out and showed me how to prime the thing to start the water. Another time he sent me up to a field to hitch up a stone sled which was lying on the north end of the group of tulip maples. I didn't want to appear dumb and headed in the way he pointed. Soon I got mixed up trying to figure which kind of trees were the tulip maples and I was trying to figure also which was north. I finally doped it all out but it took me an extra half-hour.

You can see where the "hick" isn't what many people say he is. It is wonderful to see this man in his new environment being his own boss, doing his own planning and glorying in the intimate knowledge of nature's things. He and his wife and kids have gained in health, in disposition, in love and in spirit. This in contrast to the crowded section where he was raised and where he said, everyone envied or hated the other. He spoke of the past depressions and the worries of insecurity and of the times they had to live on maca-

roni for days at a time to make relief checks go through the week.

Top of the World

Now my friend is very proud of the eggs he fetches in from the hen-house. His cellar is stocked with preserves, dried fruits, vegetables, etc. And everytime he stands on the hill that looks down on the countryside neat with the squares of worked land he invariably says, "Boy, this IS the top of the world!"

I can see now the value of all that stuff you have printed on the need of a philosophy of work. This job and this man really increase my beliefs in the efficacy of the stuff you have printed from the works of Etienne Borne, Eric Gill, Fr. McNabb and Peter Maurin. It's too bad that more industrial workers are not exposed to this type of thought. It shows up in my friend, his multiple abilities, his beautiful kids and the whole pleasant and very Christian atmosphere of this farm.

Tomorrow we are going to build steps to the basement and put up some more racks for cabbages and stuff. In a few days we are going to break the manure pile and spread some on the fields and then we are going to burn some brush. Gosh, I never knew there was so much planning and management to farming. To be a "hick" means to be the best kind of manager and planner. My farm experience till now has only been with harvesting on large commercial farms. I know more clearly now what the CATHOLIC WORKER is driving at.

The work I was supposed to do is all finished now but I am staying on for a while longer, the agreement being I will take only part pay. I am being amply compensated by our discussions at the fireplace and getting a taste of real life. In view of this I am determined to hold up the very extreme in CATHOLIC WORKER ideals. I confess to often thinking that we were upholding only an impractical, unreachable ideal with the hope that we would do well if we partially attained it.

But, no. These last weeks have convinced me of the validity of a true back-to-the-land doctrine as very practical as well as necessary.

I will let you know of my meanderings and my activities. Meanwhile the country air is putting me to sleep but before turning in I will remember you prayerfully.

Sincerely,
FRIEND JOE.

FRIEND IN PRISON

An old and very good friend of the CATHOLIC WORKER, expects to be released from prison this year. He is making pins as a means of having cash to start anew. The pins are made in various kinds of wood or in plastic red, white or blue. Your name in silver or Pax Christi can be put on. The cost is 50 cents. Anyone interested may obtain them by writing to me.

Sincerely yours,
JULIA PORCELLI,
Kenilworth Road,
Harrison, N. Y.

"For the Holy See, the only system which is practical and which, further, could be applied easily with a little good will on both sides, would be the following: to suppress, by a common agreement, among civilized nations, compulsory military service."

Cardinal Gasparri, letter to Archbishop of Sens:

Englishman's Diary

By LOUIS A. DESSURNE

Dean Inge, the Anglican, and former Dean of St. Paul's, London, has often been called the "Gloomy Dean," and his words spoken a few weeks ago at a meeting held to commemorate the 125th anniversary of the birth of John Ruskin have been taken in many quarters as proof of the Dean's incorrigibly gloomy outlook.

This is what he said: "The episode of our history when we were a great and wealthy nation has come to an end, and we shall slide back into the pre-industrial England with a population of 20 million consisting mainly of agriculturists working healthily in the open air, and a number of small tradesmen working in the towns." He added that whether we liked it or not, we were coming to it.

Un-healthy Industrialism

A few days after reading the Dean's remarks I received from Fr. Clarence Duffy a copy of his excellent little pamphlet *This Way*



Out, and on reading through it I felt that he would agree with the Dean. Surely 20 million people working healthily in the open air would be better than 44 million working (when they could) in "modern" factories and under "modern" industrialized farm conditions. The "Operative" word is "healthily." No man, no matter what his job, can work "healthily" under industrialism, for to be healthily employed a man must have a whole job. Anyone who has watched a thatcher at work will know what I mean.

Industrialist Domination

Of course it is quite probable that the Dean meant to be gloomy, that he meant, like the Fat Boy in "Pickwick," to make our flesh creep! It is also probable that the very brief report of his remarks which appeared in two only of the London dailies crept in unobserved by the Editors. I am inclined to think so, because when I tried to congratulate the Dean upon his discovery and expressed my hope that England would indeed revert to sanity, my letter did not get into print. As the one and only Chesterton said: "a newspaper may be an organ, but the Editor is the fellow who plays it!" He might have added that

Faith In Israel

By REV. JOHN M. OESTERREICHER

(Continued from last month.)

It is in this prayerful spirit that we should approach the Jews if we want to work for their conversion: with the loving kindness and mercy of the crucified Lord and in that joy and thankfulness for God's graces to Israel with which Mary closed her Magnificat.

Some are discouraged by the religious contacts they try to make with Jews. If one or another attempt fails to bear fruit, they are inclined to think all effort in vain. They say the Jews of today are not spiritual-minded. It is certainly true that many are not, but is the greater number of Gentiles more so? If these Jews seem to lack a deep religious sense, it is not because they are Jews but rather that they are children of this age. Our times are not very favorable to supernatural values, given as they are to noise and haste, to the worship of science and machines, to pleasure and success.

Before the Gate They Stand

Nevertheless, the day is not without hope. Many Jews stand before the gates of the Church, but are often held back by a certain lack of sympathy, want of love or weakness of faith on the part of Christians. I know of one, a physician, who believed in Christ most fervently, but met with much difficulty on the threshold of the Church. Whenever he took a step toward Baptism, he was repelled by the anti-Semitism of some Catholics or by the insincerity of others. The prayers of his friends, all Jewish Converts, and the patient love of his wife finally brought him into the Fold. His last letter to me says in part: "Yesterday I was baptized and this morning I received my first Holy Communion. Words cannot express how happy I am. There may be other trials ahead. I know, however, that I will never forget this magnificent day! I feel as if I had just awakened from a nightmare." Nor is he the only example I could quote.

I think that I may say that the more paganized the world becomes, the more open-hearted Jews grow to the Gospel of Christ. Are not the two recent best-sellers, "The Song of Bernadette" and "The Apostle," evidence of this? Both authors are outside the pale of the Church, and the second is held by many serious errors, yet they both show a profound understanding of Christian values. Indeed, as the world abandons Christ, Jews turn to Him. Believe me, everywhere Jews are waiting to be called into the Church. You can bring them in by your love, by your prayer and sacrifice.

They are, indeed, but a small minority, yet one day all of Israel will be one with us in the unity of faith. This is the teaching of the Church because it is the teaching of the Gospel. When Christ raised the daughter of Jairus, Ruler of the Synagogue, to life, He said: "Maiden, I say to thee: Arise!" So, one day, will He summon Israel, as the Fathers of the Church explain; and it will

the score from which he plays today is written by the Industrialist.

Industrialism and the Press

I could give many illustrations of this; here is one. When Sir Albert Howard's fine work "An Agricultural Testament" was first published I asked our City Librarian to get the book for our library. This he did, and with a view to getting publicity for the work I wrote two reviews which I submitted to the two local newspapers. One of these reviews was published, the other was not. The paper which did not publish the review carried adverts of chemical manures.

(The contributor is a resident of Winchester, England.)

rise and meet Him with the fervor of a youthful heart. When Christ said that Israel's home and heart would be left desolate, He added: Until you say: Blessed is He who cometh in the Name of the Lord. Therefore, we look to that day when Israel will bless Him. The Old, as well as the New Testament, speaks of that day. Joseph, Egypt's savior, foreshadowed Christ, when he, weeping with joy, embraced his brothers and forgave them what they had done to him. So will Jesus take His brethren into His arms, and wiping away their guilt and tears, hold them forever.

The Return Home

All Israel will return to Christ. So teach the prophets on many occasions. So teaches St. Peter in his second sermon, as recorded in the 3rd chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. So also, St. Paul, in the 11th chapter of his Epistle to the Romans. In the light of this dogma we should consider the Jews our brethren to be; our brethren in faith and love, our brethren in Christ.

In 1914 a Jewish rabbi of the French army was mistaken by a wounded soldier on the battlefield for a Catholic chaplain. The soldier asked him for a Crucifix to kiss. The rabbi ran to find one, and presently returned to the soldier with it. Later, the ambulance attendants found them lying dead side by side. So will Jews and Gentiles be united in the one Church in the adoration of the Cross, and stand side by side awaiting the Second Coming of Christ. It is for us to hasten this day by our fervent prayer—this day which will be earth's new and lasting morn, the Dawn of All—All Beauty, All Truth, All Bliss.

Boston Notes

Dear Editor:

Here's a brief account of the recent happenings at our House in Boston. Shortly after the first of this year, Ignatius O'Connor assembled the workers one Sunday evening, and to our surprise announced that he felt unable to cope with the responsibilities of the House of Hospitality, and that he had decided to give up all directorship. We told him to follow his conscience, which is a reliable guide, and that perhaps he would be agreeable to a change, since he had been director for over 14 months. Later, Ed Sweny, who has been active in the movement almost since its introduction to Boston, decided to assume responsibility, and has been doing a noble job.

Last week one of our very good friends, Cletus Althoff, went home to the Middle West to see his mother, as he had news she was seriously ill. She improved, however, and Cletus was on his way back to Boston when he was taken ill, removed from the bus to the hospital, where he died, stricken I believe with a nervous shock. Cletus was a very good friend of ours. I

Ed Sweny's pet activity has been keeping the breadline open and having the meals ready on time. Ed has learned to make the most delicious stew! Many of our guests ask for a second and third helping, which speaks very well of his culinary ability—much to his surprise, I suspect, if not to the surprise of his mother. He also provides us with speakers on occasions and tends to the buying of the provisions, among other duties. Ed is a quiet, soft-spoken and agreeable person with a ready fund of stories for any and all who listen and has a keen sense of humor that makes working with him a joy. All of us who work with him to help carry on the various activities of the work appreciate his genuine patience and thoughtfulness.

CATHERINE M. O'HEARN.