

CATHOLIC WORKER



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EASY ESSAYS

By

Peter Maurin

Let's be Charitable for Christ's Sake

I. Fallacy of Saving

1. When people save money that money is invested.
2. Invested money increases production.
3. Increased production brings a surplus in production.
4. A surplus in production brings a slump in business.
5. A slump in business brings unemployment.
6. Unemployment brings a depression.
7. A depression brings more depression.
8. More depression brings red agitation.
9. Red agitation brings red revolution.
10. That's what people get for saving money for a rainy day.

II. Wisdom of Giving

1. To give money to the poor is to help the poor to buy.
2. To help the poor to buy is to help business.
3. To help business is to reduce unemployment.
4. To reduce unemployment is to reduce crime.
5. To reduce crime is to reduce taxation.
6. So give your surplus to the poor for business' sake for humanity's sake for Christ's sake.
7. And don't forget that "when man dies he carries

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Letter From Camp For Our Children On Staten Island

Tells of Trouble With Health Dept. and Race Prejudice

The Board of Health is bothering us again. Why they cannot understand that even though we give the place the beautiful and important sounding name of Our Lady Star of the Sea Camp, simply because we put the care of the children in her hands, it is not a camp. We have just a few children at a time and care for them as if they were ours.

The inspector insists that next year we must get a permit to take the children, we have been taking children out the past seven years without asking the city for permission to take children out of the miserable slums for a few weeks in God's country, because they might get contagious germs from the other children. Why doesn't the city clean up the slums of contagious germs, rats, roaches, instead of worrying about their catching germs in the fresh air, where they go swimming every day, can take a shower afterwards (a privilege few enjoy in the city), where they got plenty of milk, butter, eggs and fresh vegetables and fruits.

Prayer and Work

Our Lady was very good to us this summer and I am sure it is because every night when we recited the Rosary together we prayed for all including our enemies. That is why the inspector didn't arrive until just a week before we closed the

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Pray for the Government

We pray Thee, O almighty and eternal God, Who through Jesus Christ hast revealed Thy glory to all nations, to preserve the works of Thy mercy; that Thy Church, being spread through the whole world, may continue, with unchanging faith, in the confession of Thy name.

We pray Thee, O God of might, wisdom, and justice, through whom authority is rightly administered, laws are enacted, and judgment decreed, assist with Thy Holy Spirit of counsel and fortitude, the President of these United States, that his administration may be conducted in righteousness, and be eminently useful to Thy people over whom he presides, by encouraging due respect for virtue and religion; by a faithful execution of the laws in justice and mercy; and by restraining vice and immorality. Let the Light of Thy Divine wisdom direct the deliberations of the Congress, and shine forth in all the proceedings and laws framed for our rule and government; so that they may tend to the preservation of peace, the promotion of national happiness, the increase of industry, sobriety, and useful knowledge, and may perpetuate to us the blessings of equal liberty.

We pray for his Excellency, the Governor of the State, for the members of the Assembly, for all the judges, magistrates, and other officers, who are appointed to guard our political welfare; that they may be enabled, by Thy powerful protection, to discharge the duties of their respective stations with honesty and ability.

We recommend likewise to Thy unbounded mercy all our brethren and fellow citizens throughout the United States, that they may be blessed in the knowledge and sanctified in the observance of Thy most holy law; that they may be preserved in union and that peace which the world cannot give; and, after enjoying the blessings of this life, be admitted to those which are eternal.

—Archbishop Carroll.

Objectors Camp Opened This Month In New Hampshire

First Catholic Objectors to Work on Fire Control

Civilian Service Camp No. 15, the first camp to be opened by the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors, was visited this last month by the editor of the CATHOLIC WORKER. The camp is situated in Stoddard, N. H., fourteen miles from the nearest church, and fifty miles from Manchester, N. H., in which diocese it is.

Throughout the country there are nineteen C.O. camps, financed by Quakers, Mennonites, Brethren and also helped by other sects. Here present at the camp are only two C.O.'s and Dwight Larrowe, the director of the camp. Another C.O. is on his way from Los Angeles, another a wheat farmer from North Dakota, is being transferred from a camp in Colorado Springs, where he is a lone Catholic among about 180 Mennonites. Around August 15 about ten more are expected.

Fire Control

No forestry supervisor will be sent until more are present, but there is a good deal of work to do around the camp in getting under way. The work to be done by our camp is probably to build reservoirs, fire lanes, clear hurricane debris and other work to prevent fires, as well as to fight fires when they occur.

When one sees the havoc wrought by forest fires around Stoddard, the desolate stretches of burnt-out land, the loss in property and wild life, it is

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DAY AFTER DAY

August 1.

It is the end of a long month, long because I have been traveling all this time, covering CATHOLIC WORKER houses, farms, all over the country, and the Civilian Service Camp for the Catholic Conscientious Objectors at Stoddard, N. H. It is actually two months since the paper came out, since we issue only a July-August paper in the summer, and there has been constant traveling since June.

June first. This was the feast of Pentecost and Jon Thornton, one of the leaders of the Baltimore work, was confirmed in the cathedral. Members of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore groups were present. The confirmation was at night, and at midnight we drove back to Easton in the station wagon. How we bless the benefactor who gave it to us, and on how many works of mercy, spiritual and corporal, has this station wagon taken us. It was beautiful driving back through the warm night, and there was not much traffic along the roads. Quite different from a night trip we had made a few weeks earlier, when we picked up a few soldiers, home on furlough, one of them from Trinidad and one from Texas. They and we became quite stiff with the cold.

June six. Paid the installment on the mortgage on the farm at Easton. There is two thousand still to go. We do some heavy praying this time every year and God rewards our reliance by moving the

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Conscientious Objectors In St. Francis' Time

Tertiaries shall neither accept nor carry weapons for use against any man whatsoever (VI 3). This radical prohibition, however, was later qualified and exceptions were made in favor of the Roman Church, the Christian faith and one's own country. . . . Everyone will readily comprehend that the observance of this rule in its primitive rigor had a powerful influence in quelling feuds, in crippling the autocracy of the feudal lords, whose main power rested precisely in their right to press their vassals into military service.

The popes, convinced of the salutary influence of military exemption, maintained this point of the Rule from the very beginning against the assaults of the municipal officials and other local rulers.

We find the first example of this kind in the brief of Honorius III to the bishop of Rimini, emanating in the very year in

which the primitive rule was written, December 16, 1221. The popes had learned that the Brothers of Penance, living in Faenza and in the several neighboring towns and villages had refused to bear arms and go to war, though previously bound by an oath to their liege lord and that this was the cause of great molestation to these tertiaries. Honorius III was grieved and commissioned the bishop of Rimini to induce these troublemakers to leave the tertiaries in peace. Gregory IX extended this brief exemption and applied it to all Brothers of Penance in Italy in his bull, *Nimis Potentes* (June 25, 1227).

Excerpt from "The Third Order of St. Francis." Historical essay by Fr. Fredegund Callaey, O.M., Cap., Doctor Historical Science, Louvain; Archivist General of Capuchin Friars minor, St. Augustine's Monastery, Pittsburgh.

On the Use of Force By St. John Chrysostom

"That they may now understand that this is a new kind of warfare and an extraordinary way of fighting when He sends them forth empty with only one garment, without shoes, without a walking staff, or walking clothes, without baggage; and when He commands them to receive hospitality from everyone He does not stop speaking at this point, but bringing before them His ineffable power, He commands them to go out in such a way that they show forth the meekness of lambs although they are to go to wolves, and not simply to go to wolves, but even to go in the midst of wolves; in this way He especially shows forth His power for when the wolves are overcome by the lambs, although these lambs are in the midst of wolves and are torn

by countless wounds, they are in no way eaten up, but they even gradually change the wolves into their own nature.

"For certainly it is a greater work and much more marvelous to change the minds of opponents and to bring about a change of soul than to kill them. Especially when they were only 12 lambs and the whole world was full of wolves. We ought to be ashamed, therefore, who act far differently when as wolves we rush upon our adversaries. For as long as we are lambs we conquer; even if a thousand wolves stand about, we overcome and we are victors. But if we act like wolves we are conquered, for then the aid of the Good Shepherd departs from us, for He does not feed wolves but sheep."

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'The Only Sin Is Not to Love'

How many of our editorials have had to do with this subject? In fact there even started to be a series, "Hell is not to love any more," using a quotation from Bernanos. St. Augustine said, "Love God and do what you will." St. John of the Cross said, "Love is the measure by which we shall be judged." And now Fr. Roy, Josephite priest working with a negro parish in Baltimore, made the above statement, title of our editorial, on his recent visit to New York.

"He who really loves God never uses the word enough," Blessed Sebastian Valpre said. That is why we use again and again this one topic for the editorial page. A Eucharistic congress, summer schools, social action congresses, are being held all through the United States, all through the summer, and representatives of the CATHOLIC WORKER, from all over the country are at these gatherings, to speak or to listen, or to distribute literature. There is much discussion of our approach to the problems of the day, war and peace, to racial discrimination, to social injustice.

It Is Hard to Love God

And irritation is apt to set in, at the repetition of our favorite theme, "Love God and do what you will." "Practically speaking, they are anarchists," a number of our critics have been known to say. They little know how hard it is to love God! Who was it that said that we love God as much as we love the one we love least. In other words, if we look upon any of our brothers with disdain, with scorn, with hatred, even with indifference, that is the measure of our love for God.

Have we race attitudes? Then we love God as much as we love the Jew or the Negro, or the Japanese, or the German, or anyone we picture as an enemy, individually or in general. We love Him as much as we love the enemy who is tearing our reputation to shreds, who is criticising our every move; we love him as much as we love the conscientious objector who is soft and selfish and dragging the name of all other C.O.'s in the dust; we love Him as much as we love the belligerent politician who wants to go after Communists with two feet of rubber hose; we love Him as much as we love officials of the oil and steel industry and their like who are providing means of warfare and not only for one side but for all. How much easier it is to hate!

But it has been said that our enemies are the galley slaves that row us into Heaven. If we cannot overcome their enmity, then we had best thank God for them. And the job is to strip them of their associations and think of them as brothers in Christ, creatures of body and soul, someone for whom Christ died, and whom he loves. This is usually called hating the sin and loving the sinner. But what a job it is!

Counsels and Precepts

There is much confusion of thought about counsels and precepts. The precept of perfection is incumbent on all. We all have to aim at it. We have to love God with all our heart and soul and strength. This is a total love. And this is a commandment. The counsels are a few of the means taken to achieve this end. They are usually thought of as religious vows, but as a matter of fact, every lay person has to practice poverty, chastity and obedience. He has to practice inner poverty, poverty of spirit, he has to practice chastity (not continence if he is married). And most certainly he should practice obedience to the Holy Father and our bishops, and to the state insofar as such obedience does not go contrary to conscience. Some means are more perfect than others. But some means are more apt for one person than for another. St. Thomas More achieved the position of canonized saint and he was a married man with a family, a statesman, and a man of wealth. One can lead a luxurious and self-indulgent life in a slum, or in a convent, one can keep the letter of a vow but not the spirit. God help us if we judge others and don't see the beam in our own eye.

We Have Not Yet Begun

While there are wars throughout the world, certainly we are not loving God. Peace is the fruit of charity and we cannot begin to talk about peace or justice, until we know what charity means. Every other virtue without charity is worthless. And charity is a precept, a commandment, an obligation. "Christianity has not failed. It has not yet been tried." This is an oft-quoted saying of G. K. Chesterton, and indeed where is the love of God, or the love of neighbor in the world today.

"My little children, love one another." Who will listen to St. John? Who will be "fools for Christ" and with the folly of the Cross, think on these words?

Letter from Camp

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camp instead of the beginning. The only concession I feel we should give him is to put up the sink outside to throw the water we wash in, etc., rather than on the open grounds. This is a simple matter since there is an extra sink at Mott street and we need only dig a hole three feet deep and fill it with stones. We felt like St. Francis gathering stones the past week. We brought some from the beach and the rest from the ground around and have a big box full. The pipe and trap we can beg. However, behind all these visits we have had from the Board of Health is the race-prejudice of our neighbors. They object to our taking colored children. I know this for a fact for when the men were cleaning the outhouse early in June, the neighbors had the inspector rush over and give us a summons. We were not supposed to do this ourselves, although we built it and the men always took care of the cleaning on the farm. The judge gave us a suspended sentence but pointed out we should have licensed men to do it next time, so now we have that added expense. I asked one of our neighbors who was so irate about two unlicensed men from the C. W., cleaning the outhouse, whether it was this fact, or whether it was her prejudice. She admitted very frankly that she and many others didn't want us and they were going to do all they could to stop us.

Good Times

But enough of that. We had nine children this summer and all of them looked brown and rosy for their stay—all but little Jo Jo, who should be away for several months rather than two weeks. We had two picnics at Wolf's Pond, took a hike in the woods, picked berries, made pear sauce with a crate of bruised pears the vegetable man gave us free. We taught the girls to cook oatmeal and vegetables. They made potholders, sewed handkerchiefs, learned how to mend, make their own Christmas cards, rake, use the sickle, made wood fires, learned their prayers (all of them took turns reciting a decade each at the Rosary).

Marcella who helped me the first two weeks cleaning and cooking was invaluable. We gave her a party before she left and little Annie drew a picture for her of the little house with all of us outside doing something, one was playing with a cat, another climbing a tree, etc.

Much for Little

The milk bill is about twelve dollars but the two families that store their tents in the camp during the winter offered to pay it. Marcella gave about ten (besides buying a chicken and other delicacies on her own); Mrs. McKeon a dollar, a box of candy, towels and then the last week when we had next to nothing, I found a dollar on the road—Manna from Heaven—so that clears up all the bookkeeping. Mother Magdalen's gift of sneakers, blouses and rubbers just fit and were put to good use.

Next year, God willing, we will paint the house, be able to take more children and raise our own vegetables.

Julia Purcelli.

DAY AFTER DAY

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heart of one of our friends to send us five hundred dollars.

June 7. Miss Tracy from Santa Barbara, California, was in for a visit. She told us about a strike out there of lemon pickers. It is the largest lemon grove in the world and there are hundreds of Mexican families living on it. They have been there for a long time, but now they are being dispossessed and Okies hired in their place. This issue of ownership is a tremendous one. No matter what the wages, the conditions, people are not going to be content to be under a paternal system, under a form of serfdom. It is a denial of their human dignity. Property is proper to man. "How much land does a man need?" is the title of one of Tolstoi's short stories. Certainly not 298,000 acres.

June 10. Spoke at the American Jewish Congress Women's luncheon in New York.

June 11. Started on my trip, first stop being at Sister Peter Claver's retreat house at Gillette, New Jersey, for one day. Here there are retreats and days of recollection for Negroes, and we can bring anyone we wish, no cost and our Lord will feed us. "If He doesn't send us food there is always bread and water," Sister says. But we've never had to go on that yet. As a matter of fact, last time we were there, Julia felt it necessary to make a day of penance, she had so enjoyed the good meals the sisters provided, and she fasted from both food and drink all the following Friday until sundown.

Soap and Soup

June 12. Arrived at midnight at St. Joseph's House, Pittsburgh, where Father Rice is the head. This is the only house we have which has a priest in charge. Some years ago, Bishop Boyle turned over an old orphanage to our group and beginning with a few rooms, the men in the house have cleaned, painted, furnished the entire house so that in the depths of winter as many as 250 have been accommodated in one night. It was a terribly hard struggle at first, even to provide soap, let alone soup. I remember one visit when we were having parsnip soup and sassafras tea for a week, than which there can be no more mortifying diet. And all the while Mr. Lenz, who from the first has been one of the most faithful workers in the house would sit and tell us how good it was for us all. He cannot bear to hear me describe some of those meals now. It was never as bad as I painted it, he rebukes me. But it was pretty bad. Now, thanks to Father Rice's energetic begging, everyone sits down to three good meals a day.

Run and Overrun

There is daily Mass and rosary and benediction in the evening. There are meetings, people in the neighborhood are being affected by the work, children are taken on picnics and swimming every Saturday, there is growing up a community spirit. The atmosphere of the house, while orderly, is of such informality, that Father's sitting room is always being overrun, his books walked off with. Donald McCarthy is in charge of the house and authority is dele-

gated to many others in charge of different departments of the house so that everything runs with great smoothness. The entire place has been built up by the men who have come in on the line, and Father Rice's job has been to direct and co-ordinate activities. Which means that he gets all the blame and all the criticism. His interest was originally with organized labor, but he has always recognized the greater need of the unorganized and the unemployed and has done a great job to keep members of the unions reminded of their poorer brothers.

Man's Dignity

One of the successes of the labor movement has been to make men recognize their dignity as men and their responsibility to their fellows, but one of the mistakes of the organized worker is his class war attitude, his recognition of his dignity on the basis of power and strength of the union. This comes out clearly when a man loses his job or his union card because of his inability to keep up with dues. His dignity as a worker evaporates. Instead of that consciousness of his dignity being derived from the fact that he is a brother of Christ, that he is a temple of the Holy Spirit, a creature of body and soul, it is derived from a sense of power over the bosses. First of all, we must have Christians before we can have good union men. There will be no true solidarity or unionism until workers realize the Fatherhood of God.

Laundry Worker

June 13. Had lunch with Amy Ballinger, vice-president of the laundry workers' union which has a membership of 1,400, seventy-five per cent Catholic and eighty per cent organized. A great deal needs to be done for the laundry workers in New York. Spoke to the men in the House of Hospitality after supper. Meant to speak ten minutes and probably spoke an hour. A stimulating audience.

June 14. Visited Brother Matthews' St. Francis House, which is a center on the top of a high hill, looking out over the city and surrounded by various institutions belonging to the Passionists. The group at St. Francis work with families in the neighborhood, and is a center rather than a House of Hospitality. We could do with many centers in many towns. Groups come in for discussion, books and pamphlets and papers are kept circulating and Peter's favorite work of "indoctrinating" goes on apace.

Midwest Houses

June 15 and 16. Visited the three Houses of Hospitality in Cleveland and the farm. The good work of Tom Marrigan at Blessed Martin House and of John Carmody at St. Anthony's house, makes it possible for Bill Gauchat, the leader of the work in Cleveland, to spend a good part of his time at the farming commune (Our Lady of the Wayside) where they had summer school this year.

June 17. Visited the Toledo house and farm (the latter is an uncertainty as yet). Bernard Duck and Jim Walser were keeping everything go-

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Catholic C.O. Camp

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easy to comprehend the importance of the work.

For a time last spring it was feared that the village of Stoddard itself would be wiped out; the fires came so close. One of the neighbors of the camp, the only Catholics in the town, said that her husband had become ill as a result of the worry and fright during the springtime of the fires.

"All our trunks were packed," she said. "We were all ready to get out, all prepared to lose everything, it was so close. Then we didn't have to go and we've never been able to find all of our things since."

New Neighbors

It is fourteen hundred and twenty feet above sea level at Stoddard and it seems very far away, this camp on the top of a hill, surrounded by mountains. The town is scattered. Down the hill around a "pond," eight miles long, are some houses and two stores. There are some summer camps, and a few homes where people live the year round. Up the hill is the town hall, a small library, a church and some more dwellings. The camp consists in about six buildings, built in some open fields. There are the ruins of an old barn, one hundred and fifty years old, nearby. Time was when this village of a few hundred people was snowed in in winter but now they say the road is cleared.

Of course, if you have a good car, a two or three-hour drive will bring you to the Rutland House of Hospitality, St. Francis house, or to St. Francis Farm at Shrewsbury, Vt. And another few hours will bring you to the C.W. cell of Norman Langlois in Burlington, where there is a Catholic circulating library and a cooperative store, and a discussion Center for students. Just outside the city is the Blessed Martin Farm of Donald Langlois, where there is a country hospice with a bunk house which can accommodate four-teen men.

Three hours, five hours, even six hours from New York—all this does not seem like much as distances go, but if one is detained by the government in a civilian camp for an indefinite period, it does not matter how near or how far our various centers are. The camp takes on the aspect of a Siberia (it goes down to twenty-five below during the New Hampshire winter).

Support Needed

I draw this picture to call the attention of our readers to this aspect of the peace movement. Here is something that they can do, a way in which they can help. The camp needs support. Many of the C.O.'s are unable to pay the thirty-five dollars a month needed as their share of the expenses in the upkeep of the camp. The camp buildings and equipment are turned over to the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors by the government, but the men who are drafted and who are given the status of C.O.'s are forced to pay for themselves, or be supported by the association, which, of course, has no assets at all, being made up of the C.O.'s themselves. There is

Fr. Lord's School Attended By Catholic Workers

Every summer the members of *The Queen's Work* staff travel through the country to conduct summer schools of Catholic Action in many of the large cities. The summer schools which are largely attended by leaders and members of school and parish sodalities, consist of a week of conferences on aims and purposes of sodality work as part of the lay apostolate, and techniques of Catholic Action.

Members of Catholic Worker groups will attend at least two of the summer schools this year. A recent letter from Jim Rogan of the Baltimore group tells us that: "Father Louis Mendelis of St. Alphonsus Church is going to send John and me to Father Lord's Summer School of Catholic Action at Fordham University from August 18th to 23rd. We stopped in to see him after Mass last Thursday and he made the proposition out of a clear sky. He told me to write and reserve a room for the two of us at Fordham and said we could alternate in serving his Mass at 6 or 6:30 each morning. He is taking in the school as part of his vacation. It was typical of his great generosity toward us."

Labor Play

And Tom Sullivan, of the Chicago group, writes us that he is busy being stage manager of a labor play which John Cogley has written, and which they will produce for the Chicago Summer School of Catholic Action.

Past summer schools have emphasized the importance of Catholic action rooted in the spiritual life and in the development of personal holiness; the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ is stressed as the basis for practical application of Christian principles to the social order.

the telephone and electric bill, there is the repair of equipment. Right now there is a twenty-three-dollar repair bill on the electric pump for the water supply of the camp. An army major comes around periodically to check up on food supplies, and to see that the meals are kept up to the standards required by the government. There are doctors' bills as the men must all be checked over, given typhoid and small-pox inoculations. There is the need of transportation for the C.O.'s as this also is not provided by the government.

We Need—

Here the paper is all made up, ready to go to press, and Gerry asked: "Did you put in an appeal?" He is the one who has to do all the buying, pay the bills, listen to the complaints and hunt for money to take care of one need after another, as it comes up.

Summer is our hardest time. Our friends are away, schools are closed and it is hard to find some one to approach for help. We must make our appeal general. St. Cajetan, our missal says, showed such faith in God that he did not even go out to beg, neither he nor any members of the order he founded. Instead they waited for God to provide. But our bill collectors will not wait. Our telephone is shut off (this seems to happen every summer). Our bread bill and grocery bill is enormous. Our printing bill is near a thousand dollars.

It is true that most of the able-bodied men have gotten jobs. It is true that unemployment has lessened. But it has not been the able-bodied that we care for. It is the lame, the halt and the blind. Our beds are all full, our line is as long as ever. And anyone who says, "Why don't those people get jobs?" should come down some morning to see the breadline and judge for himself whether these people are capable of jobs. There are sick ones. There are those just out of the hospital. There are our women. There are still two babies in the house. We have a family of over a thousand a day to feed. And the family of fifty living under the roof of Mott street have many needs even though cut to a minimum.

We know that somehow or other we will keep going; we will keep on feeding, clothing and sheltering people. But we must ask you to help. What you give to the poor you are giving to Christ, and what you sow you will reap.



Christ who was stretched out on the cross is crucified at our gates and tortured in the person of the poor. In this man, either wholly naked or half clad, Christ languishes and shivers—in the person of the poor.—Peter of Bloise.

Second Calvary

Christ must be weeping in the sky
As men go mad and virtue dies
And bloody rivers stain the earth's green floor
Now Satan is triumphant as of yore.

When at the end all mankind stops aghast
Seeing with fear-filled eyes the awful past
Will they then turn and see Christ crucified
And hear from bleeding lips? (For this I died.)

Kneeling at last before that age-old Cross
Will they then know that power and gold are dross
And knowing try to match his boundless love
Then peace will reign on earth and joy above.

W. E.

Day After Day

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ing, with the help of a committee.

June 18. Stopped for the first time at the South Bend house, operated by Norbert Merdinski and Julian Pleasants, both of whom graduated from Notre Dame this June. There were about seventy-five men a day being fed and cared for on the upper floor of an old house. Father Mathis and a few other priests at Notre Dame have been helping in the work, and come on Sundays to offer Mass right at the house.

On the Mississippi

June 21. The past three days were spent in Davenport, Iowa, where there were a few days of discussion on social action, during a summer school at St. Ambrose College. Ade Bethune and I were both on the program speaking on a Philosophy of Labor, voluntary poverty and the works of mercy, farming communes, etc. Father Catich and Msgr. Hauber gave me a little Ford coupe to drive back to New York, 1930, good condition, unobtrusive looking, but noisy sounding. Fr. Catich and Ade painted on either door the insignia, The Catholic Worker, and what with the Iowa license plates, people will be misled into thinking we have an Iowa house or headquarters whereas in reality we have not, only friends. Ade and I were taken out fishing on the Mississippi.

Milwaukee

June 25. Visited the new Milwaukee House for the first time. It is nestled between railroad tracks and the river, and trains and the lake boats keep the night alive. The house is a good one, large dormitory upstairs, huge meeting room downstairs. So much food is contributed that they cannot dispose of it all at times. There has always been a large and faithful group who come to the meetings and keep the work going. There are scholars who teach at Marquette, workers interested most in the labor movement, C.O.'s headed by Frank Bates and, although there may be differences of opinion, there is no dissension.

June 26. On to Libertyville, with Nina Polcyn, to spend the day with the Ladies of the Grail. There is a good story of their work in this month's *Orate Fratres*. Here is a place of retreat which has been used by the Milwaukee group and by friends from Chicago. There is constant discussion on the lay apostolate and techniques of action. A stimulating crowd.

Peter in Chi

June 27. Met Peter in Chicago and a crowd of us sat on Al Reser's back porch and talked until midnight. Fr. Hugo said the "creature" to which the CATHOLIC WORKER adherents is most attached, is talking. Which is true of course, but then it is not often that a group from several houses get together with Peter.

John Cogley has written a play which is being put on this summer. The Chicago Catholic Worker has not come out for a few months and everyone is missing it and asking why. Finances for one thing, summer also, and I suppose John's play. It had better be good!

Lou Murphy

June 28. Arrived for a few days' visit at St. Benedict's farm, run by Lou Murphy of

the Detroit C.W. It is a place of beauty. The chapel is in the house and before I had caught my breath after my all-day trip, Don Goughlin had dragged me in to admire the new marble altar, constructed by one of the men from marble slabs from a bank. It would take an edition of the paper to tell of the work in Detroit, in the two houses and on the farm. Eventually we are going to try to bring out a paper-covered book, a history of all the houses so that others, throughout the country will be encouraged to open hospices in their cities. After this war they will be more needed than ever. Even now, though most of the younger men have found work, there is still a tremendous need since relief rolls and WPA rolls have been cut. There are not only those older men, the injured and sick, the incapable, but also the transient, looking for work. Our breadlines are as long as ever.

Fr. Hugo

July 3-11. Spent this week at St. Anthony's orphanage, just outside of Pittsburgh, on a retreat given by Father Hugo. Eighteen members of our groups from the middle west were there. St. Anthony's village has about two hundred children but room was made for us in the gymnasium and one of the classrooms. We spent this period in complete silence, the day beginning at six and ending at ten. For spiritual reading at meals we had the entire life of St. Francis by Jorgenson, and there were five conferences a day. These were so stimulating that not a moment dragged. We read nothing but the New Testament, and we all took copious notes. It was a time of real study, to put off the old man and on the new, and we came out with a real sense of renewal, a feeling that we had obtained a perspective, a point of view that gave balance to our outlook. Fr. Hugo follows the retreats given by Fr. Lacouture, a French-Canadian Jesuit, who has given many to priests.

Bishop Boyle

I had a good visit this time at both St. Joseph's house and St. Francis Center. Also Bishop Boyle kept me conversing for almost three hours one evening on rammed earth houses, on Mexican friends from the steel works at Homestead, on cooperatives and the craft movement, and other aspects of the work of social reconstruction. He has been always a good friend to the Catholic Worker movement.

Before I left, Fr. Rice bought me four new tires for my car which made us venture the mountains of Pennsylvania with more confidence. After all the little car was used to the plains.

Only two days were spent at home, at Easton and Mott street. Then the traveling began again.

July 19 I spoke at St. Bonaventures, at Olean, and met many of our friends there. July 21 I visited and spoke at the Cooperstown camp for Conscientious Objectors, which is run by the Quakers. And the rest of July I spent at our own C.O. camp and at the Houses and farms in Vermont.

"The Church lays the rich under strict command to give their superfluity to the poor."

—Pope Leo XIII.

THE LAND

Life in the Fullness of Summer

"... for if you live according to the flesh, you shall die; but if by the spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live."

These words of today's Epistle answer many of our discussions and are an explanation for many people who do not quite understand our way. Life will be much richer on the farm now, as Father Woods will say Mass every morning. For the first time after long waiting did we all assemble in our little chapel today. The birds sang the choir and we felt very close to God's creation.

Abundance

When we load the table with vegetables from our gardens I can never forget to think of the small seeds we placed in dry ground this spring. And when we dug new potatoes, and especially when we harvested and threshed the first eleven bushels of wheat ever matured on the farm, we knew that we have a treasure for which no money can pay. We will have to grow flax next year, too; for a good friend of ours has installed her big loom on the upper farm, and we will weave and spin this winter. As our population grows and we desire more and more to tend all our needs, we look with a slight concern over the limited acreage of our hills and woods and fields. Peter Maurin is trying to get 100 acres in addition so that we might raise more wheat, oats and other grains, that we might have enough wood for our fires and the many building needs, and that we would also have pasture for sheep. We have now just enough grass and hay for our two cows and twelve goats, a number that is not sufficient to supply us with butter and cheese. But we look up to St. Joseph with confidence, for he has taken care of us always.

Birthdays

On a sunny morning in June we found Molly on the pasture followed by a new-born calf, already strong enough to run away, and a few hours later, Isabel, the goat, was licking two snow-white baby kids. As soon as they were dry and could just barely stand on their feet, they were nosing for the source of milk. How rich our farm became in that one day!

But the great day was yet to come. It was June 18 when tiny Mary Elizabeth Heany was born, so much more helpless than the little kids, but with a soul that will be able to perceive God. We poor mothers cannot stay on the home-steads to give birth to our children. They take us into hospitals, as if we were sick, and the fathers can only get one glance at the babies before the ten days are over. We civilized people seem to be hopelessly divorced from Nature.

God's Child

Many of us went to little Mary's christening, even 2-year-old Eileen did, and she followed all the ceremonies with large knowing eyes, while Mary slept, securely wrapped in God's graces. Now she is waking slowly and her eyes search for the light. She will

grow up amongst trees, flowers and little animals; she will listen to the birds and the wind. The distant rumor of the city will be unreal, and she will be up in the clear air with all the dust and smoke lying far below her on the valley. Her eyes will reflect the love of God, a light which is dimmed by city slums, dirt, hunger for freedom, and craving for wealth.

City Children

Some big boys from the city are staying with us this summer. They are drunk with the wide spaces and the sun; they live a new life. All summer long we had the house full of children, small boys at first from the suburb, with all its restrictions and egoistic neighbors. We could watch the children open and blossom like flowerbuds in the sun. When they left the house echoed empty and our life lost much of its richness, though it became easier and more quiet. It's for our children and all the children that come to us, that we build this new way of life, which is really so very very old. But we will hardly see a full success ourselves. We are pioneers after all even if we only dig up the old truths. We work hard and yet a million things have to be left undone.

Peter's Ideas

There is a mystery in planning a full and yet not overcrowded life. Peter Maurin apparently knows the secret. As he had promised to hold summer school in two other places he could only be here in June. That is too early for most students to get away, but Peter recruited an audience from the farm itself. Discussions often went till late into the night. He surely had many striking things to tell us. He said, most work we are doing will not be necessary in the final farm plan. All the canning is only an outgrowth of civilization. It is easier and much healthier to get along on the vegetables and grains that will store over winter. There should be also milk, cheese and eggs, some pork and other meat. We should not grow more of the perishable greens and fruits than we can consume in the summer. All the winter supply should be grown in fields and cultivated by horses. That would eliminate much weeding. A very careful preparation of the ground would also make work easier in summer, and if some plants should be crowded out by weeds, they should both be ploughed under and returned to the ground.

Peter has many more revolutionary ideas, which have not taken root here, but the most radical one seems unachievable in our lifetime, namely that we only would have to work five hours a day to take care of our bodily needs, all the rest of the time could be given to spiritual life. That is about the program realized in monasteries, and might be possible for us, if we have a sufficiently large community. I cannot see it myself, I have always so many things to leave undone. There are clothes to make,

sweaters to knit for the winter, children to teach, baking recipes to be tried out and hundreds of other things. The men will have to build wells, houses, stables, and soon it will be time to think of firewood. All that is in addition to tending the stock, the fields and the gardens, getting the harvest in and canning for winter. This year we will have to can as much as possible, as we did not plant enough beans, peas, grains and roots to last us over the hard time, and we are not all converted to this rough diet. Peter will be back in August for more indoctrination.

Clammers Co-op

The delicious odor of clam chowder is rising to me from the kitchen. The longing for the sea and the seafood and the high appraisal of clams as valuable food has resulted in a trip to our old clammings-grounds in Staten Island. It didn't cost us anything, as we earned our living and the rent for the equipment by selling clams, and we brought back five bushels. Two of them will make a Sunday chowder in Mott Street, and I hope it will be enough for the long line of hungry men.

Many things have changed in Staten Island. We were surprised by the high prices the clammers receive for their hard-earned day's work. Since last summer the price went from \$1 per bushel to \$1.75 in the hard winter months, when only a few days' work could be risked, and is now \$2.75. This is the result of a buyers'-cooperative, which was started a few weeks ago, but which is in great danger to be killed by the independent buyers, who hold the prices high now, so that the clammers go to them and the co-op has to lower their prices. The clammers themselves, do not understand anything about cooperation; they sell where they get the most money. There does not seem to be a sufficient educational program among them, and they will only learn after they have all deserted the co-op, and the prices will automatically go down again. We are going to send Bertram Fowler's book about the Nova Scotia fishermen to one of our friends, and hope to get more literature to them. They will have to go through another hard winter before they will begin to understand.

We got frightened some weeks ago by a letter from the Department of Taxation, which threatened to sell 12 acres of our land for unpaid taxes. We found out, however, that we still might have a year's breathing spell, as we are only three years back in payments.

Preparations

We are looking forward to the retreat Aug. 24 and are gradually preparing for it. There will be six days of si-



lence and instruction, followed by two days of discussions. Much has grown and developed since last retreat, but life has become harder, too, for everybody and our work risen in importance. As times grow steadily more bitter and merciless we have to be ever conscious of being Catholic Workers, the lay-apostles of Christ.

A Full-Moon Night

Officially it was Nancy Lennert's departure from the farm that we were going to celebrate with a corn-roast on the hillside, but we seemed to have forgotten all about that. It was mainly the red ball of the setting sun, the quiet dusk, and the rising full moon that wrapped us all in peace and happiness as we were dreaming into the glow of the fire, singing all the old songs. It happens so seldom that the heat of the day, the urgency of work, and the private interests of the different family-groups can be tossed aside and we all can spend a quiet evening together. Just before we had studied Nancy's loom, which she is going to leave with us as a great gift, and we had carded the first wool, to get it ready for spinning. It is a slow work, requiring skill of the hands, and it reminded us of the times, when people really had some leisure to do such things and to sit in groups preparing their clothes from the very beginning of taking the raw-product and finally holding in their hands clothes and blankets made to their very personal taste.

Food and Fun

The evening on the hill was

again putting us back to those times when the gifts of the earth were duly celebrated and thanks was given to God for the abundance of the land. In the big kettle, which one of our boys had carried up on a wheel barrow in the sweat of his brow, the corn was simmering, and some of the ears were roasting right in the coals. Mrs. Buley had baked some specially good bread, though not yet from our own wheat, and the first apples were made into applebutter, a reminder of fall not far off.

Nearly everybody was there, even Mrs. Buley, who lives so much for her work and her family, hardly leaving herself time to enjoy a little of the community life. And our youngest member of the family was there too, the Heany baby, sitting in her mother's arms by the fire, listening to the old songs. There was no strong chorus, mostly a soft humming, or single voices, like Joe's, our young guest, a colored boy from the city, who knows all the beautiful negro songs, and lets them sound into the night, making us forget the nearness of the city, transferring us into the vastness of the land.

Father McGee and his sacristan Peter were our guests. They spend their days amidst the Syrians, down in the poorest section of Easton. They enjoyed the peace and the quiet of our hill and promised to be our guests more often. Only reluctantly did they go down the hill late in the night, with the moon still brightening their way.

Eva Smith.

EASY ESSAYS

By Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

in his clutched hands only that which he has given away during his lifetime" as Jean Jacques Rousseau used to say.

III. He Left So Much

1. When a man dies and leaves a lot of money the newspapers say: "He left so much."
2. Why did he leave so much?
3. Because he did not know enough to take away with him when he died by giving it to the poor for Christ's sake during his lifetime.
4. Too dumb.

IV. First Christians

1. At the beginning of Christianity the hungry were fed at a personal sacrifice; the naked were clothed at a personal sacrifice; the homeless were sheltered at a personal sacrifice; the ignorant were instructed at a personal sacrifice.
2. At the beginning of

Christianity the pagans used to say about the Christians: "See how they love each other."

3. Now the pagans say about the Christians: "See how they pass the buck to the W.P.A."

V. Rich and Poor

1. Dissatisfied with the State, the rich who like to get richer turn to the Church to save them from the poor who don't like to get poorer.
2. But the Church can only tell the rich who like to get richer: "Woe to the rich who like to get richer if you don't help the poor who don't like to get poorer."
3. It is the rich who choose to become richer who make the poor dissatisfied to be poor.
4. But it is the rich who choose to become poor who make the poor satisfied to be poor.