

# CATHOLIC WORKER



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## PERSONALIST DEMOCRACY

By PETER MAURIN

### I. Bourgeois Democracy

1. The economic royalists who believe in property without responsibility do not have the right concept of liberty.
2. They use liberty to become rugged individualists.
3. They don't use liberty to become gentlemen who try to be gentle.
4. In a letter addressed to French Catholics Cardinal Pacelli, now Pius XII, reminded them that "liberty does not grant license to act against the moral law nor should social liberties infringe upon the civil order and the common good."

### II. Arithmocracy

1. People used to say: "The king can do no wrong."
2. But kings can do wrong, and very often they did wrong.
3. The kings that did wrong were the kings that had lost the sense of kingship.
4. Some seem to think that the majority can do no wrong.
5. But the majority can do wrong and it often does wrong because the majority has not yet acquired what makes people kind to mankind.

### III. Poetry and Dictatorship

Padraic Colum says:

1. "In our time a political philosophy has risen

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## Open Doors to Displaced Persons, Release War Prisoners, Pope Urges

Homeless displaced persons, destitute victims of the war, should be offered asylum by the more fortunate countries, as a work of Christian charity, and prisoners of war should be repatriated without delay, Pope Pius XII asserted in his address to the College of Cardinals on June 1.

Condemning the trend toward state absolutism, the Holy Father declared on this occasion of the feast of his patron Saint, Pope Eugene I, that the Church is the champion and guardian of true liberty. That liberty, he emphasized, is the liberty to reach out to what is true and good, liberty such as will be in harmony with the well-being of every people in particular and of the whole great family of peoples. Such liberty, he reminded, the Church has ever proclaimed, guarded and defended.

"Over sixty years ago Our great predecessor, Leo XII, called on the evidence of history to show the Church's incessant solicitude to protect the peoples against the despotism of princes careless of the common good, to defend municipalities and families against unjust interference on the part of the state and to uphold the dignity of the human person and the rights of every citizen," the Pontiff said. He decried the activity of non-Christian elements which he presented as standing for "the spirit of domination of state absolutism, which claims for itself all the controls of the political, social and economic machine, of which men—living beings made to God's likeness and sharers by adoption in God's own life—would be only the soulless wheels."

Appealing for justice and charity for the displaced persons and prisoners of war, the Holy Father said:

And now, venerable brethren, after Our intimate celebration of this festive recur-

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## GOOD NEWS

The House of Christ the Worker, 522 South Front st., Philadelphia, Pa., is reopening this month. As soon as David Mason finishes making up this issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER, he will start Philadelphia friends, and all our Philadelphia friends who used to help us so valiantly, are invited to come pay calls. We will need a good deal of help in starting up again and equipping the place. Much equipment was moved to New York and to the farm at Easton, which is in the Philadelphia Archdiocese, during the war years while the house was closed. Many of us from the Easton farm will go down to the foot of our hill, where the bus conveniently passes, and take the coach for Philadelphia to help Dave get opened up again. What about some of us meeting there on the feast of St. Anthony of Padua (one of David's name days), and start cleaning? There will be a goodly pot of coffee on the stove waiting for you.

## STRIKES

Labor faces a bitter struggle in these post-war days. Threats directed against the right to strike have suddenly become ominous. The powerful interests which would like to see unions eliminated from the industrial picture seem to be determined to take advantage of this opportune moment to achieve their objective.

Present conditions at home and abroad give every advantage to those who choose to carry on anti-union action. Employers know that today's circumstances favor them, and that they are in a position to sit tight in contract negotiations, refusing to meet even the just demands of the most conservative labor unions. The time is ripe, from their viewpoint, because acute shortages of the things men need, or think they need, can be blamed on strikers, though reduced stockpiles of materials are due primarily to the most devastating war in history. The time is ripe because men are in an irritable, short-tempered state of mind, the result of war nerves and the new fears engendered by the threat of atomic destruction. Irritated, ill-tempered minds are easy prey for anyone who seeks to play on their prejudices and appeal to their narrow self interest.

Industrial management knows (Continued on page 7)

## On Pilgrimage

At the Farm

WE HAVE had much rain during the month of May, so during the Rogation days we asked for fine weather as well as good crops. And we prayed for the world, for Russia, for famine victims the world over, that God would come to their assistance. Rogation days before Ascension Day are the time for great askings. Fr. Lalle-mant says that we pay a compliment to God when we ask great things of Him.

It is just after dinner and all have gone back to their various chores, Harold digging post holes for the new pasture, Joe making a new rabbit yard for our ever-increasing family of rabbits for stew, Hans painting, Duncan helping with the screens, John Daly up the hill with Vic digging away at the new well on Vic's three acres, and my son-in-law extending his chicken yard to accommodate the new families of chicks that have just hatched out.

The girls are in the kitchen and laundry and garden, and today Clarina is planting endive and Swiss chard. We appreciate the salads on fast days, such as today when we have spaghetti; we are still getting all kinds of wild greens, lamb's quarters, wild mustard, dock and today, nettles, which were a little coarse but very tasty. I have been gathering herbs, too, to use as medicines—shepherd's purse, jill on the ground, mallow and mullein, which latter herb smoked is good for asthma, they say, and catnip, which is a good sedative tea.

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## C.P.S. DECLARED ILLEGAL IN TWO COURT CASES

At this late date the courts are finding that the whole Civilian Public Service set-up was and is illegal. A jury of eight men and four women found Glenn Edward Elliott not guilty when he refused to obey an order signed by Col. Kosch, as did Judge James A. Fee, who in Federal Court held Americo Chiarito not guilty in refusing to obey a similar order signed by Col. Kosch ordering him to Mancos. The court ruled that the order "was and is void and of no effect and contrary to the law which requires that conscientious objectors be under civilian control and direction." This, incidentally, has long been the contention of the great majority of Catholic C. O.'s.

Amnesty hunger strikes by imprisoned conscientious objectors, which started on May 11, are still going on. C. O.'s in prison are treated with less consideration than murderers. Even when paroled they must report to local boards for periodic checkups as though they were criminals. We urge you to get in touch with the Committee for Amnesty, Room 1029, 5 Beekman st., New York 7, N. Y., or write to President Truman asking for immediate and full amnesty for all war prisoners.

Men at Glendora, Big Flats and Cascade Locks C.P.S. camps, as well as fourteen men assigned to Coast and Geodetic Survey, have been on strike during the past month, the reasons for the strike being:

1. The use of punitive trans-

fers without the consent of the transferee.

2. The use of penalties without warning in advance, a hearing at the time, or the right to appeal.

3. The threat of peacetime military conscription.

4. The inexcusably slow demobilization of the conscientious objectors and the unpaid forced labor situation.

Members of the C. P. S. unit at Philadelphia State Hospital expressed their solidarity with the strikers, though concern for the patients prevented their actual participation. The men at Germ-fask expressed the same sentiment, but for reasons peculiar to their situation did not actually strike. They have long been on a slowdown.

## FAIR EMPLOYMENT PRACTICE LAW IS URGENTLY NEEDED NOW

Since V-J Day, a wave of reaction has swept the country, leaving misery in its wake. Employment offices are now flooded with requests for white workers only. Workers of minority groups are once again face to face with job handicaps which were temporarily defeated during the manpower shortage created by the war.

Two factors work to keep alive the employment problems of minority groups. First, the hostile attitudes towards these groups on the part of powerful men who profit from discrimination and prejudice. Second, public apathy. If the public would turn its attention from baseball to politics long enough really to know the principles of the men it elects to office, the scene would be brightened. It is up to the people to take an active interest in establishing a Fair Employment Practice Council. The problem of job discrimination is not a problem for the minority to solve. It has been thrust on them. It is a problem for the majority to solve.

It is going to take something in addition to prayers and moral support to keep FEPC alive. It is going to take good hard work on the part of those who believe in it. They must solicit contributions for funds

from their friends and civic organizations. For FEPC has died as far as the government is concerned. No longer does it receive financial support from the government. It is now up to the people to decide if they want an America in which economic democracy is more than a term.

We want an America in which men are employed according to their qualifications and God-given abilities, not according to their nationality or color. We want an America in which all men are granted dignity. To create this America, there is a need for a permanent Fair Employment Practice Council. Will you help to fill that need?

### Present Status of FEPC Bill

The perennial Fair Employment Practices bill, bottled up for many months in the House Rules Committee, may yet make its appearance on the House floor before the present Congressional session adjourns.

Because of the long illness and absence of Rep. Mary Norton, the bill's sponsor, the House Labor Committee voted 8-3 to appoint a new chairman, who is expected to bring the measure up for vote on the floor some Calendar Wednesday.

The action was taken on the (Continued on page 8)



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## Love Is the Measure

We confess to being foolish and wish that we were more so. In the face of the approaching atom bomb test (and discussion of widespread radioactivity is giving people more and more of an excuse to get away from the philosophy of personalism and the doctrine of free will); in the face of an approaching maritime strike; in the face of bread shortages and housing shortages; in the face of the passing of the draft extension, teen-agers included, we face the situation that there is nothing we can do for people except to love them. If the maritime strike goes on there will be no shipping of food or medicine or clothes to Europe or the far east, so there is nothing to do again but to love. We continue in our fourteenth year of feeding our brother and clothing him and sheltering him and the more we do it the more we realize that the most important thing is to love. There are several families with us, destitute families, to destitute to an unbelievable extent and there, too, is nothing to do but to love. What I mean is that there is no chance of rehabilitation, no chance, so far as we see, of changing them; certainly no chance of adjusting them to this abominable world about them, and who wants them adjusted anyway?

What we would like to do is change the world—make it a little simpler for people to feed, clothe and shelter themselves as God intended them to do. And to a certain extent, by fighting for better conditions, by crying out unceasingly for the rights of the workers, of the poor, of the destitute—the rights of the worthy and the unworthy poor in other words, we can to a certain extent change the world; we can work for the oasis, the little cell of joy and peace in a harried world. We can throw our pebble in the pond and be confident that its ever widening circle will reach around the world. We can give away an onion.

We repeat, there is nothing that we can do but love, and dear God—please enlarge our hearts to love each other, to love our neighbor, to love our enemy as well as our friend.

This is the month of the Sacred Heart, the symbol of Christ's love for man. We are supposed to love as Christ loved, to the extent of laying down our lives for our brothers. That was the New commandment. To love to the extent of laying down our lives, dying to ourselves. To accept the least place, to lay back, to ask nothing for ourselves, to serve each other, to lay down our lives for our brothers, this is the strange upside-down teaching of the Gospel.

We knew a priest once, a most lovable soul, and a perfect fool for Christ. Many of his fellow priests laughed at him and said, "Why, he lines up even the insane and baptizes them. He has no judgment!" He used to visit the Negro hospital in St. Louis, and night and day found him wandering through the wards. One old Negro said to me, "Whenever I opens my eyes, there is Father!" He was forever hovering over his children to dispense the sacraments. It was all he had to give. He couldn't change the rickety old hospital, he couldn't provide them with decent housing, he could not see that they got better jobs. He couldn't even seem to do much about making them give up liquor and women and gambling—but he could love them, and love them all, he did. And he gave them Everything he had. He gave them Christ. Some of his friends used to add, "whether they wanted Him or not!" But assuredly they wanted his love and they saw Christ in him when they saw his love for them. Many times I have been reminded of this old priest of St. Louis, this old Jesuit, when I have visited prisons and hospitals for the insane. It's hard to visit the chaplains and ask their help very often. They have thousands to take care of, and too often they take the view that "it's no use." "What's the use of going to that ward—or to that jail? They won't listen to you."

If one loves enough one is importunate, one repeats his love as he repeats his Hail Marys on his rosary.

Yes, we go on talking about love. St. Paul writes about it in 1 Corinthians 13. In The Following of Christ there is a chapter in Book III, Chapter Five. And there are Father Zossima's unforgettable words in The Brothers Karamazov—"Love in practice is a harsh and dreadful thing compared to love in dreams." What does the modern world know of love, with its divorces, with its light touching of the surface of love. It has never reached down into the depths, to the misery and pain and glory of love which endures to death and beyond it. We have not yet begun to learn about love. Now is the time to begin, to start afresh, to use this divine weapon.

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WE HAVE been celebrating everyone's name day and baptismal day lately and have decided to forget birthdays forever. Newman said that were it not for the life of grace, the birth of a child into the world would be a most tragic event. We can easily understand that, considering the state of the world today. I have heard many a liberal and radical say that no one had a right to bring children into the world today. And of course many social workers, practically all who are not Catholic, think it the duty of the poor to practice birth prevention.

First we celebrated Irene Mary Naughton's Baptismal day. She renewed her vows after one of the conferences of the Easter week retreat.

"The vow promised in Baptism is the greatest and most indispensable of all vows," says St. Augustine. "The principal source of all disorder among Christians comes from forgetfulness and indifference about the vows of their Baptism; hence the best remedy for these disorders is the sincere renewal of these vows." (Council of Sens.)

Peter Maurin's baptismal day was celebrated with a little play in the evening. The feasting was meager (it was Friday), but the celebration was joyous. John Daly, Stanley, Leo, Duncan, Harold and Vic acted out three of Peter's essays, When a Greek Met a Greek, When a Jew Met a Jew, and When an Irishman Met an Irishman, both a thousand years ago and today. The Angora goat's beautifully combed hair for whiskers, and the Greeks were clothed in sheets as they philosophized. After the pageant, we read aloud some of Peter's essays.

### Lay Retreat Houses

THERE is a very fine article in *Blackfriars* this month about lay retreat houses, and if the article had not disappeared in the suitcase of one of our Canadian visitors who wished to translate it, I should be quoting from it now. It mentioned our Houses of Hospitality, but there was no mention made of our retreat house and our plans for future retreat houses. We are hoping to be able to go out, two by two, and open up other houses in other sections of the country later when our staff increases to such an extent that we can branch out. I should like much to have a place on the seashore somewhere (does anyone have a house to give us?), especially as I read the story of St. Justin this morning, and how he paced along the seashore meditating, and was visited by an angel who conversed with him about God.

The article in *Blackfriars* stresses the need of small lay groups, living together, and retaining some part of the Office, and giving hospitality to those who wish to make retreats, study and pray. And as I read the article, I thought of the prayer and the preparation which had gone into this retreat house at Maryfarm, and the sufferings involved in getting the work under way. Looking through my notebook the other day, I find this bit of planning back in May, 1944.

"Ideas for life at Maryfarm: The lower stone farmhouse has an attic which will do for a dormitory and a work room. There are two large rooms on the second floor and a kitchen and lean-to room on the first floor besides a back basement dug into the hillside.

"When we begin to have retreats the pattern of life can be thus: prime for morning

prayer, reading the prayers of the Mass, the offertory, consecration and communion (what Father Matteo calls a St. John's Mass) on all those days when there is no priest. It is too far for all to walk to town. The proper of the feast should be read too. There should be much silence also. For our own spiritual growth and for example—to discourage time-wasting and idle conversation and hanging around. We can only live together in community when we emphasize silence. If girls come to help as they have in the past, they are to take charge of the kitchen in rotation. Meditation at twelve. Peter, or visiting priests, and laymen and women to give an instruction every day whether about books, ideas, or in crafts, spinning, weaving, carpentering, sewing and knitting, etc. Work can be done during lectures too. More work after supper. Much emphasis on work always. Compare our

rugs this week. There is always a good deal of sewing going on, of course.

We are proud too of our laundry which Cecilia Hugo set up for us. She was the first helper who came to help effect the transformation which has taken place; she has already given us two or three months of her time and I hope will give us more time this summer. Her ideas as to the use of space and the arrangement of room have been invaluable.

As I write there is a smell of roses, syringa, grape blossoms (Margaret Bingham first called my attention to those) clover and locust flowers in the air. The birds sing all day, the cattle graze on the hillside, the goats leap with joy and there is the crow of a rooster in the distance. And being a pilgrim I have to tear myself away from all this and go into town.

Mott Street

I ALWAYS travel by bus because with the open windows there is the smell of the fields for a few hours more. Of course the smell of the Jersey meadows, the fertilizer factories, the dumps assail your nostrils too, the last half-hour of the trip. But sometimes if the wind is right there comes the salt smell of the sea which you often have in New York, and then a warm love of the city rises in you, that huge sprawling city that is really made up, in its poorer sections, of so many little villages, and in which I feel so much at home.

Canal street is a constantly humming stream, and it used to confine the Chinese village to the south, but now it straddles the stream, and Mott street, where we are, is almost half Chinese and half Italian. There are a few factories, the offices of the Chinese Daily News, a laundry, a lumber yard, a Chinese hall where a strange band practices, and a play ground with a painted pond on the brick wall on one side and a jungle on the other. These paintings and the fruit and vegetables on the pushcarts are the only splash of color on this drab, narrow, dirty street full always of parked cars, men playing cards, and mothers sitting by the baby carriages. Sometimes the inside of THE CATHOLIC WORKER office looks as drab as the street, but these past months, thanks to Gerry Griffin, Jack English, Dick Leonard, Joe Connell and others, the place has become colorful with the walls freshly painted, and even the floor. There was the comforting smell of food when I arrived in town and it was good to sit down to a meal, even though as we ate and enjoyed the food we had to think of the great difficulty of getting it for our bread lines each day.

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lives to that in industry, or of those who serve for a wage and have to think in terms of a time clock, and piece work. Are we really working hard—for God, for our neighbors, and incidentally for ourselves? Or is everyone seeking his own, his own ease, his own will? We certainly each one of us need secretly to examine his conscience on this point. Compromise for evening prayer and lights out at ten. Projects, building shrines to our Lord on top of the hill, and to Our Lady at the entrance. Beautifying the entrance, and the house and barns and gardens. Taking constant care of the chapel and planning more room for guests and crafts. Helping neighbors where we can, picnics for feast days, inside and out, according to the weather. Visiting prisons and hospitals."

And now exactly two years have passed and it is wonderful to see that these plans have worked out to a great extent, and in some cases far better than we dreamed. Instead of having priests with us only for retreats, we have been blessed with a chaplain for a year and a half, and a chaplain who has helped with building, plumbing and electrical work. It is true he wanders off on a preaching trip every now and then, but the last time God sent us another who was great on beautifying the place too. Two shrines were put up during his five week's stay, one to St. Joseph at the picnic grounds at the end of the Stations of the Cross, and the other a huge crucifix on the brow of the hill. The house and barns were painted during his stay and the stone wall at the side of the road whitewashed.

The big attic room in the stone house is done, a new slate roof put on and dormer windows, three of them back and front, and there is room for four double-decker beds and in the center of the room there is the loom and spinning wheels. The loom is a recent acquisition, and is just set up, a beautiful thing from Canada. There was spinning and carding done last winter, but no weaving as yet. We are starting on two small hooked

## Dates of the 1946 Summer Retreats

June 23.  
July 4 Weekend.  
July 21.  
August 4.  
August 18.  
Labor Day Weekend.  
September 15.

These retreats will all be given at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa. Full-week retreats begin Sunday night, on the dates specified, and continue until the following Saturday. Write to us at Maryfarm if you are interested in further information regarding retreats.



# In the Name of the Sacred Heart of Jesus We Beg

## A Chinese Bishop Appeals for Help

Dear Friends:

Herewith a poor Chinese Bishop whose faithful during eight years have undergone numberless tribulations, is reporting some details to you. My diocese or vicariate is situated near the most illustrious birthplace of the great Chinese sage Confucius, in the southern part of the Shantung Province. It embraces six wide counties with a population of more than one and one-half millions of inhabitants, of whom about 35,000 are Catholics. The centre is the town of Jangku, but ordinarily I am residing in my largest Catholic community of Po-li-chuang, where the seminary and several schools are situated. Generally, every year, we had fine progress of our holy faith; my zealous priests and a number of male and female catechists instructed several thousands of heathens so that there could be one to two thousand baptized yearly.

As soon as the Japanese arrived here, in the end of 1937, all conditions sadly changed. They occupied the town of Jangku and all other towns and greater villages of my vicariate and oppressed the whole population with terrible exactions. During the hard winter time, their soldiers most unfeelingly robbed all wooden objects like tables, chairs, house doors, wooden beds, even windows of the mud houses of the villagers to use them as fuel in order to warm themselves or to make their meals. They took away the poor people's quilts, clothes, money, killed their poultry, pigs and cattle without any compensation, even beat, wounded or killed the poor peasants when they showed some disagreement. Because nobody here could understand their language, they instantly became furious when the people didn't move. Men and women were beaten, and often whole compounds were burnt down.

During the first years of the Japanese invasion, everywhere gangs of irregular Chinese soldiers tried to resist the Japanese. With greatest horror and grief, I think of the sad fact of the massacre of many of my catechists and my good priest, Rev. Fr. Suen. In the village of Bu-hsien irregulars and Japanese fought during several hours. At last

the Japanese became victors and instantly they killed all the people of the village, among them my priest, two female teachers, seven catechists and more than 30 catechumens. All houses were burnt down.

In another place of my Jangku district, the Japanese occupied a village and forced the inhabitants to serve them and to carry away their army service corps to the next town. A few days later, irregulars came in the village, charged the heads of the village with conspiracy with the enemy, killed more than 40 families, among them 12 of my good Catholic families there, burnt down their compounds and robbed all others entirely. In several other places similar bad deeds occurred, so that the poor people suffered immensely.

By and by the Japanese had to retreat into the larger towns, because irregulars, robbers and Communists grew like locusts everywhere. These gangs began to fight one another, and always the poor helpless villagers were the suffering mourners. At last the godless Communists, on account of their stronger organization, won the upper hand in all the counties of my vicariate and are dominating now with terror and callousness. Everyone is watched over, one cannot speak a word without fear of espionage, whoever seems to be angry or speaks incautious words is captured and heavily punished. In about all my more than a thousand Catholic communities, common prayer is impossible, my priests are like prisoners in their mission stations, the spiritual help to the faithful has ceased about entirely. In order to provide the necessary food for my orphans, I had bought some thousands of pounds of cereals, early, but during these years of incessant troubles all have been robbed by irregulars, robbers and Communists. My good Catholics became impoverished, my priests are without help, more than a thousand of my Catholic families are fugitives or have been killed, the distress of my mission is beyond all description, the flourishing vicariate has become a heap of ruins, all mission work has come to a standstill and there is the greatest peril of many apostasies because the greater part of my faithful had been baptized only a few years ago. May God have pity on us and restore real peace, soon!

May the noble Catholics there support me, the poor, grieved Bishop of my suffering flock, with their prayers and kind alms!

Blessing you all and asking

God's rich benedictions upon you and your families, I beg for your generous spiritual and material assistance.

THOMAS NIU,  
BISHOP OF JANGKU, SHANTUNG.

## Pray, Fast, Do Penance

Dear Friends:

We must remember how Father M. in his retreat stressed the need of belief in the devil, which he followed by emphasizing the exorcism of Baptism with its full equipment for our daily effort to live the supernatural life, adding that we should make it a practice to exorcise creatures which we are obliged to use.

Today we look at brimstone and fire falling upon cities and thousands of souls, under the disguise of intellectual advancement, progress, science—earth turned to hell, with good people helping it along in remote laboratories. Why can't we make an extraordinary effort to fight the leader, the devil, who is absolutely powerless over man's will?

We should all fast one day a month for the intention of the return to Christ, asking quietly among ourselves that many of our priests be called to the work of giving retreats—a request to the Holy Ghost. Maybe we have not been specific enough with the Holy Spirit. And what about a voluntary fast day with each retreat as Oakmont had?

Let us pray and fast one day a month with the many readers of the CATHOLIC WORKER who will offer a day of fast, suited to the individual's convenience, for the return to Christ. The saddest part of our tragedy is that good, sincere leaders are victims of hardening of spiritual arteries, spiritual blindness and ears that "will not endure sound doctrine."

Here is a suggestion for a fast menu: Breakfast, 2 oz. whole-wheat bread with hot water or coffee, a little milk. One full meal midday or evening. One 8-oz. meal midday or evening.

Let us pray, fast, do penance, to balance the awful scales of justice.

REGINA MARIA BRADY.

## From Paris

Dear Friend:

Please read this letter attentively: it is a question of life or death for many children.

I left the States for France last

September to get back with my religious order, whose sole aim is the care of the poor. We take charge of parishes in the slums of Paris among the poor where God was steadily losing ground with all its terrible consequences. No doubt the present circumstances are hard for many but they were very specially trying for the poor we are looking after. Personally, I am in charge of the children: my heart bleeds at the sufferings and misery I see. Cold and hunger is their lot. In my despair, I thought of you and I know you will do something for my little ones. The problem is to feed them, but we have nothing. And we want to pick out one thousand of these poor children, exhausted by long years of undernourishment, and take them to the country to rebuild their health, both physical and moral.

Yes, it is a question of life or death for many poor little ones. Won't you help? Please do, please! Won't you hurry before it is too late?

How can you help? By sending food parcels and clothes. Or again by sending money enough to take one or several children to the country for six weeks: the price for one child is 50 dollars. Don't forget that any amount, ever so little, will be most welcome in the present circumstances.

I promise to pray and have my little ones pray for you and those dear to your heart.

God bless you for your kind heart!

Rev. GEORGE BRIAND.  
Parish St. Vincent de Paul,  
96, Boul. Jean-Jaures,  
Clichy (Seine), France.

P. S.—It is not possible to send a check direct to France, but your bank will do it, or you may address your check to Rev. Wenceslas Giasson, Blessed Sacrament Fathers, 184 East 76th St., New York, N. Y., who will see I get the money, or again you may send your check to my mother, who lives in Montreal; her address is: Mrs. Albert Briand, 8901 Berri St., Montreal, P. Q. Canada. For the parcels, you may send them at my address given above.

## For Hungary

Dear Miss Day,

Thank you heartily for the nice write-up about the Social Mission Srs.

If you see it fit I would appreciate the printing of this additional information, which I had not mentioned because I did not

know whether these houses still exist:

Sister Mercedes Kende, Superior of Szeretethouse, Bethania, Szikszó, Abaujmegye, Hungary. This house takes care of 80 adolescent girls, taken from among the poorest of the poor.

Sister Angela, Superior, Ottocar orphanage, Pomaz, Pestmegye, Hungary, takes care of 80 orphans.

The Sisters convent, 125 Krisztina korut was hit by 105 bombs; 20 rooms are uninhabitable; others were fixed with cardboard so the wind would not blow in. This is the convent in Budapest, Hungary.

Sister HILDEGARDE.

The following addresses are those of convents and persons in Hungary to whom food and clothing may be sent:

Motherhouse:  
Mother M. Berchmana,  
Klebensberg Kuno utca 1 sz., Sopron, Hungary.

Mother M. Lauriana,  
Szent Imre Herceg utja 5-7 sz., Budapest, Hungary.

Mother M. Mechtildis,  
Szent Jozsef Intezet,  
Klebensberg Kuno utca 3., Sopron, Hungary.

Laszlo Marton Urnak,  
Fo utca 51 szam.,  
SZANY, Sopron megye., Hungary.

Uj. Varga Istvanne, Asszony-szagnak.

SZANY, Sopron megye.,  
Pap utca 13 szam., Hungary.

Sister M. Maurina,  
Zardaiskola,  
Gyorszabadhegy, Gyor megye, Hungary.

Laszlo Jozsef Urnak,  
Veisz Manfred Korhaz,  
Csepel, Pest Megye, Hungary.

Fotisztelendo P. FR. Morie,  
Domonkosok Zardaja,  
Szombathely, Vas megye, Hungary.

## From Boston

Dear Fellow Workers:

May I subscribe to your wonderful paper? I enjoy reading it so much. I have sent packages to some of those addresses you published and have had some nice answers recently.

I would be glad to hear from anyone in this locality wishing to join me in collecting, packing and mailing food and clothing to Europe.

I look forward to a visit to your paper some time in the future.

(Mrs.) RUSSELL N. NOVELLO  
338 Beacon St.  
Boston 18, Mass.

## Appeal From the Pious Union Of the Death of St. Joseph

Dear Friends:

This day the Holy Father, Pius XII, with paternal action and ardent love, in the Basilica of St. Peter, the great Temple of Christianity and marvelous symbol of the Church, founded on the unshaken Rock which is Christ, living and working in His Vicar, gathered the children of Rome to represent the children of all Italy, to raise touching prayers of gratitude in favor of the generous benefactors of the United States, "heralds of gentleness, dispensers of charity and withal, pioneers of concord and peace in the world" (Pius XII) who assist us with so much generosity.

In the name of our orphans we say "thanks from our hearts," thanks for your charity great and active; thanks for the packages you sent with clothing and food so precious and so much needed; thanks for the offerings which are the best testimony of your goodness.

Our needs are numerous and our means so limited for our large family of orphans at St. Joseph's. Great and precious are the helps of well recognized U. N. R. R. A. but equally precious are the helps of our American benefactors which we receive with expressions of joy and gratitude. Those dear and good persons, whom we feel we love so much are remembered each day in the prayers of the poor, the humble, and the orphan whose prayers penetrate the clouds.

Do all that you can, my dear friends, with the thought of dressing the Infant Jesus and from Him you will receive recompense. He who cannot give his charity in this form may remember us with an offering.

Sincerely and gratefully yours,  
FATHER JOSEPH PREATONI.  
The Holy Crusade  
6-43 Q. Trionfale  
Rome, Italy

## HELP STARVING INDIA!

India is facing stark famine. Experts say that 10 to 20 million persons face certain death from starvation before the year is out. India could pay for food, but owing to the world-wide food shortage she cannot obtain even her minimum need in foreign markets. Domestic crops have failed because of a succession of catastrophes; a cyclone, a tidal wave and the failure of the monsoon rains. Foreign purchases depend on Combined Food Board allocations, but since commitments already made to UNRA for other countries are not being met, how can further allocations be made for India?

Only private action can help to save the lives of these people and that means food from America. Unlike other foreign countries, there is not a single private agency working in the United States specifically for Indian relief, nor do Indians have relatives here who can send food packages, etc. The War Relief Services of NCWC have just allotted a first food shipment for India—five hundred tons of wheat to be distributed by Archbishop Roberts, S.J., of Bombay. This

is just a trickle compared to the actual need (estimated at two million tons this year.)

Will you please send money at once to one or more of the mission organizations listed below, to be used in buying powdered milk and eggs, rice, canned baby foods and other concentrated foodstuffs for the starving people of India? Twelve dollars and fifty-four cents will buy enough powdered milk to make 120 quarts of liquid milk for babies.

Other foods cost in proportion. Freight charges are very low for shipments in bulk (\$10 for 250 pounds). Your dollar could not stretch further or do more good. Please send what you can right away today! Indicate that your donation is in response to this appeal and is to be used for Indian Relief. This appeal is sponsored by the Committee of Catholics for Emergency Food Relief to India.

The Medical Mission Sisters,  
8400 Pine Road,  
Fox Chase,  
Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Holy Cross Fathers,  
Bengal Mission,  
Catholic University,  
Washington, D. C.

Patna Mission Service,  
1110 South May Street,  
Chicago 7, Illinois.



# FOR THE WORKERS

A Chapter From "Old Principles and the New Order," By Vincent McNabb, O.P. Pub. 1942, Sheed & Ward.

This is the time to think about work, wages and hours—about the wage system as opposed to the property system. When people are on strike they have time to think. We wish that every Catholic on strike throughout the country would make a retreat and ponder in his heart about this world and his share in making it what it is.

We are neither talking "pie in the sky" when we urge retreats, nor working towards a Utopia. We do believe that things do not have to be as bad as they are; we believe that God when He made the earth provided for man's necessities in the way of materials for food, clothing and shelter. The work is there for man to perform.

Practical men, realistic men, have brought things to such a pass that war, famine, pestilence, homelessness, strikes, imperialism, class and race war are the result.

The following article by Fr. Vincent McNabb, Dominican, who died three years ago this month, is very pertinent to this time of widespread strikes here in the United States:

THE British Association at a meeting in Edinburgh in 1921, discussed the problems of Wages and Labor. On September 8 of that year, Mr. A. A. Mitchell read a paper "On the Breakdown of the Minimum Wage." The condensed report in the *Times* of September 9 is such a challenge to all that labor might be expected to stand for, that we must set it down in full:

"Mr. Mitchell said that on all the recent wages controversies it seemed to have been assumed as an axiom that wages must conform to a predetermined standard of living. This conception found little or no place in economic textbooks.

"A wage based on an arbitrary standard of life beyond actual subsistence was not based on economic law, though it might be made a matter of legal or moral obligation.

"A minimum wage was inconsistent with the nature of wage which was repayment for a service. No one was compelled to employ at all, no one could be compelled to employ at a loss. Even the rulers of a Socialist state could give their workmen no more than an equal share of the total national product, which might very well be less than the desired standard.

"We were coming near or perhaps had reached the point where the entire wealth of the country was insufficient to pay the wages demanded.

"A wage based on a standard of living and not on the value or selling price of the product tended to unemployment or inefficiency."

1. This statement of the group of wage-givers is nothing if not frank. To ignore it would be to copy the defense tactics of the ostrich. The writer of it is expressing the considered opinion of a number of men who view any national resistance to their opinion as the economic ruin of the nation. We have no right to doubt the intellectual and moral honesty of these men. But, again, we shall not be libelling them if we presume that their actions are the outcome of their principles.

2. The spokesmen of the wage-givers makes the minimum wage identical with the living wage. Probably he himself, on reading his own words in print, might be astonished at their objective callousness. "It seemed to have been assumed as an axiom that wages must conform to a predetermined standard of living. This conception found little or no place in economic textbooks." In point of fact, we wonder if there could be any other standard of wages, or of price, except a standard of living. If such a conception has little or no place in economic textbooks, the reason is that few or none of these textbooks are written by the wage-earners. But at least one economic textbook, the *Rerum Novarum*, insists that where the relation between one man and another is a wage, it shall be a living wage, and if the wage-

earner has a family it shall be a family wage. In other words, the standard of commutative justice between wage-giver and wage-getter shall be a standard of living. Thus the wage shall be measured, primarily, not by the work, but by the worker.

3. It is almost inconceivable that a responsible economist should publish such a statement as that "a wage based on an arbitrary standard of life beyond actual subsistence was not based on economic law, though it might be made a matter of moral obligation." The writer of this revolutionary principle seems to doubt that good ethics are good economics. In other words, he thinks that the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," is an ethical, but not an economic, truth. He is of the modernist camp, who hold that some alleged facts like the resurrection are true in theology but not in history. It may perhaps rouse such men to the essential wrongness of their thought if they recall another group of thinkers, their predecessors, who hold that the commandment, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is valid as a principle of ethics, but valueless as a rule of life.

4. But Labor's chief concern with this manifesto from the wage-givers is the suggestion that a minimum wage, i.e., "A wage based on a standard of living and not the value or selling price of the product," cannot be economically given under the wage system. This principle, so bluntly advocated by Mr. Mitchell, is probably true. It is asserted not merely by wage-givers, but by others. Thus in a discussion in *The New Witness* between the present writer and Mr. E.S.P. Haynes, the latter objected that families should be artificially limited because the wage system could not afford "the family wage." To this overwhelming truth, which the authority of economists forced us to accept, our only reply was the question, "Would you not, therefore, wish to end the wage system?" To that question we received no reply.

5. It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Mitchell that to base the wage system, not on the standard of life, but on the just price, is to jump, if not from the frying pan into the fire, at least from one frying pan into another. Can any thoughtful economist frame a theory of the just price which is not based on a standard of living?

6. But all these thoughts lead up to the central thought that labor has now heard it said quite definitely that the wage system cannot give the workers a living wage. It is for labor to ask what is the alternative to a living wage. There are but two alternatives: One is an alternative wage under the wage system; the other is an alternative of the wage system.

The second alternative is that of the men and women who have found utterance and a rallying point in the most authoritative



economic statement of all modern times, the *Rerum Novarum* of Pope Leo XIII, who says, "The law should favor ownership and its policy should be to induce as many as possible of the humbler classes to become owners."

But, for the moment, labor does not accept this change of system. On the contrary, by its official acts it accepts the present system in the vain hope that by Parliamentary and extra-Parliamentary action, by force of law and even by force it may obtain a wage based on a standard of living. Yet labor now hears its masters definitely, and, we may add, sincerely pleading that the wage system cannot bear a living wage. If labor does not at once accept this plea as a challenge, but if, on the contrary, it still hopes to secure under the wage system both sufficiency and security, will it not make the great refusal?

In fairness towards some critics, I ought to say that by the wage system is not meant a system in which some workers receive a wage, but in which the vast majority receive a wage. Thus to strive, as Pope Leo XIII would have us strive, for the extension as far as possible of the ownership system as against the wage system is not necessarily to exclude a wage relation from the system, but from being dominant in the system. In an agricultural as against an industrial system, industry would not be excluded. But agriculture, not industry, would be dominant.

We must make an exodus from the flesh-pots of Egypt, or we will die. Already the state of things is such a denial of the necessities of human existence that men are beginning to talk freely of a revolution. But the revolution we need is to leave Egypt and not to assassinate Pharaoh!

There now seems no hope that the modern urban organization of society will give the minimum necessary for a home and a family. All parties seem implicitly to agree on this fundamental fact, because all parties, and even a large growing section of the Labor Party, see in Neo-Malthusian Birth Control a necessary factor in social reconstruction.

But if town organization when made dominant has proved itself on the one hand equal to giving us state schools, museums, parks, tramcars, and on the other hand unequal to giving us homes, it has proved its bankruptcy. If the machinery in a stocking factory became capable of making a smoke or a noise, and incapable of making stockings, it would be scrapped!

Now, the main means of scrapping the antiquated social machinery which has produced the slums and tenements of our cities is to leave the city for the country.

But it will be said, "People don't want to go on the land. Would you compel them?"

The reply to this very pertinent objection may open an important furrow of thought. The human race as such has certain duties, some of which are individual and some collective. Thus it is the duty of every individual not to steal—and indeed, to earn his food by work. But it is the collective, not the individual, duty of mankind to marry and beget children. So necessary is this duty that theologians have thought that if the human race were perishing through lack of marriages it would be necessary for monks and nuns to enter the married state. Nevertheless, these

(Continued on page 6)

# CULT :: CULTIV

## Apology for the Monastic Life

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM: Book III, No. 14

BUT, you will say, it is not the same for a layman to commit a sin as for one who at some time consecrated himself to God: for since both do not fall from the same height, their wounds are not equal. Now, you deceive yourself completely if you think that certain things are required of laymen, other things of monks. The difference between laymen and monks is that one takes a wife and the other does not; but for all other things they will both render an identical account. For everyone, whether secular or religious, who is angry at his brother without cause, offends God in the same way; and whoever looks upon a woman to lust after her, in whichever state he is, will be punished for adultery. If reason may add anything to this teaching, it may be said that a layman who commits adultery is less worthy of forgiveness. For the malice of one who, having a wife and enjoying this consolation, is ensnared by a woman's beauty, is certainly greater than the malice of a man who is wholly deprived of such help and is overcome by the evil of adultery.

Again, every man who takes an oath, in whichever state he is, will be similarly condemned. For Christ did not make any distinction when He treated of this matter and fixed the law. He did not say, "If a man who takes an oath is a monk, he shall be guilty of wickedness, but not if he is a layman." On the contrary, He said, absolutely, once, and to all: "But I say to you, not to swear at all" (Matt. 5). Again, when He said, "Woe to you that now laugh," He did not add "to monks," but He laid the law down for all. And He did the same thing in all His other great and marvelous commandments. So also, when He said blessed are the poor in spirit, those who mourn, who hunger and thirst after justice, the clean of heart, the peacemakers, those who suffer persecution, and those who are reviled for His sake by those outside. Here He added no distinction between lay and religious, but the distinction was added by man. The Scriptures know nothing of this distinction but wish all men to live like monks even if they have wives.

HEAR what St. Paul says—for when I quote Paul, I quote also Christ: He demanded all monastic zeal from those in wedlock and those rearing children, for He barred them entirely from all pleasures, namely those concerned with food and with dress.

"In like manner also women in decent apparel; adorning themselves with modesty and sobriety, not with plaited hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly attire. But as becometh women professing Godliness, with good works" (1 Tim. 2, 9), and again: "For she that liveth in pleasures is dead while she is living" (1 Tim. 5, 6). Once more: "But having food, and wherewith to be covered, with these we are content; for they that will become rich, fall into temptation. . . ." (1 Tim. 6, 8).

What more than this could one demand of monks? Likewise when Paul instructed men in controlling their tongues, He made definite laws—laws that even monks cannot observe easily. He rules out not only obscenity and giddiness in speech, but also scurrility; he removes from the mouth of the faithful, not only rage, anger and bitterness, but also tumultuousness. "Let all anger and indignation, also tumult and blasphemy be absent from you,



ST. ANTHONY

with all malice" (Eph. 4). Do these things appear small to you? Wait and hear about the far greater obligations he has imposed on men in regard to enduring evils. "Let the sun not set," he says, "upon your anger" (Eph. 4, 26). "See to it that no man returns evil for evil; but always seek what is good for one another and for all" (1 Thess. 5, 15). Again: "Be not overcome by evil, but overcome by good" (1 Rom. 12, 26). Have you not seen the greatness of wisdom and longanimity ascend to its supreme climax?

MARK what he commands concerning charity, which is the chief of the virtues. After he has extolled it and described its glorious works, he declares that he expects from laymen the same charity that Christ exacted from His disciples. As Christ has said that the extreme test of charity consists in giving one's

(Continued on page 6)



# CULTURE VATION ::

## Man Into Machine

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

"DID YOU EVER SEE A MAN turn into a machine?" "O sure!" I replied. "Many times—why I have known many fine people who have been changed into machines. It happens even in the best of families."

"You're laughing at me," my friend replied. "I am serious."

"I am sorry," I replied.

"That is all right," my friend said. "I can't blame you for being skeptical. I should have explained myself. After all, men just don't turn into machines."

"Hardly—"

"Yet I saw a man turn into a machine."

"But how can that be?"

"Simple. The philosophers tell us that we tend to grow in union with that which we love. They say that our very being cries out to be assimilated into the object that holds our greatest affection."

"Hold on, there," I replied. "Speak English."

"In plain words it means that if we love something we want to become like it. Nothing strange about that. People who are deeply in love tend to grow alike and develop the same characteristics, so much so, that a stranger can always pick them out as man and wife. The same is true with chicken farmers, stock raisers—all these people as the years go by seem to acquire some of the physical and mental characteristics of the animals that they love the most."

"Yes, but they don't turn into them."

"That is because their love is divided between the object and themselves. Take the case of this man who turned into a machine."

"Go ahead," I replied. "I promise not to interrupt."

"At that time," he said, "I was a salesman for the Atlas Lubricating Company. Our firm handled all types of lubricating oils and my duties brought me in contact with mechanics of all types. On the whole they were a decent bunch, full of joy and life, and thoroughly unlike the machine which they tended all the day long. But the reason for this was that most of them were indifferent to their machines and looked forward to the day when they could retire and raise chickens."

"Now I prided myself on the fact that our company carried the best lubricating oil in the world. Not only because the sales manual told us so but because I used it around the house for keeping all the gadgets in running order, and so I was rather put out when showing my line to a prospective customer to have him sneer at my samples and turn them down."

"I must admit that the fellow was a rather odd type. Not because he turned down my products—a lot of others have done the same who weren't up on things at all, but because this guy—his name was Hardt—reminded me more of a machine than of a human being."

"It was fascinating watching his hands move back and forth with mechanical regularity as he spoke to me in a harsh grating voice. I had the impression that I was dealing with a robot, but lesson ten of our sales man-

ual was written primarily for dealing with unusual sales, resistance.

"Is there anything wrong with our lubricating oil?" I asked in the sweetest voice I could muster.

"It's all right," he replied. "But it's not good enough for Bessy—that's my machine."

"But our oil is used for some of the finest machines in the country," I told him, and I proceeded to name a few. It was a mistake for Hardt turned up his nose in disgust at the mere mention of their names. Jealousy was written all over his face. Quickly covering up my blunder I asked him if I could see his Bessy. It was the right move, for Hardt's face cracked into a smile and he beckoned me to follow him.

"He led me to a huge padlocked door. You'd swear that he had the wealth of the Bank of England stored there. 'Have to be careful,' he said. 'There's a lot of people would like to kidnap my Bessy.' And he asked me to take off my shoes—he was very apologetic about it, but he told me that he was afraid to bring dust into the room where his Bessy was."

"Burning with curiosity to see his Bessy I entered the room. Knock me down with a feather and call me Pete if she wasn't the most unusual contraption that I ever laid eyes on. Even Rube Goldberg in his wildest moments couldn't have conceived of her. There she was sitting on top of a huge mahogany table as though she were a valuable piece of jewelry. I stepped up closer to view it: the machine was just one complicated mass of thousands of gears and wheels and rods cleverly intermeshed."

"Hardt was evidently pleased by my admiration for his Bessy, for he danced around the room in glee. 'Here, let me show you how she works,' he said. And pushing a button he set that complicated piece of machinery into motion. Thousands upon thousands of gears and wheels started moving in every direction. Endless pulleys and belts started revolving; it was amazing and I was a bit jealous that my lubricating oil was not being used for this machine."

"What does it do?" I asked him and hardly had the words left my mouth when I realized that I had blundered again. A hurt look came over his face. It bade me feel cheaper than two cents."

"Does my Bessy have to do anything? Does a mother require that a baby do anything except be beautiful and talk? And my Bessy can talk."

"His statement didn't startle me at all. There was something uncanny and weird about the machine and had it suddenly got up and started walking around the room I don't think that I would have been in the least fazed. I put my ear close to the machine and I actually heard the



## BOOK REVIEW

*Spiritual Problems of Our Times*  
by Luigi Sturzo, Longmans,  
Green & Co., New York.

The book is of great interest because it is born of the author's experiences in his fifty years of the most varied activity among all sorts of persons. His great learning, cultural background, past attainments, and the long list of previous publications make him a reliable guide. Permeated with religion and in the charity of it, he speaks, out of a heart full of understanding, sympathy and with a fatherly solicitude, of the outstanding spiritual problems of our day.

From the beginning of the book one is made to feel the love and goodness of God, but the wonderful thing is that nowhere does one feel awed or discouraged; instead the way opens clear and you see what there is for you to do; no great difficulties obstruct the way to God; sanctity seems quite possible, and even the old are moved to make a fresh start, wondering all the while why they had held back so long.

The young people of our day, who are said to be nothing if not sincere, will find this book invaluable.

Do not let Part I of the book frighten you, for you will be amply repaid in Part II, but if you just can't delve through the chapters on knowledge and the absolute, do not miss Part II.

*MOTHER OF CARMEL, A Portrait of Teresa of Jesus,* by Allison Peers; Morehouse-Gorham Co., New York.

If you are like myself, awed and frightened by mystics, because they seem to dwell on a height and in a light inaccessible with St. Teresa of Avila and St. John of the Cross in the lead, read Allison Peers' impressions produced by the study of her writings. Though he is a non-Catholic he will rouse in you a strong thirst to know that wonderful Carmelite, and, to your surprise, you will discover that the secret of all the wonder of her is in that she strove with all her might to do God's will in every detail of her life. God supplied the rest.

Sr. MARY NORBERT, R. S. M.

thing talk as plainly and clearly as I am talking to you.

"Hardt," it said. "I love you." Over and over again it repeated that phrase.

"Did you hear what Bessy said?" Hardt asked in great delight. "Bessy says that she loves me." With great signs of delight marked plainly on his face Hardt skipped around the room. He displayed all the signs of a lovesick swain. You could plainly tell that Hardt loved that machine with a pure and disinterested love. It was written all over his face.

"How did you get it to talk?" I asked him.

"I don't know," he replied. "I was taking care of her one day when suddenly she started to talk. I think it must have been that new gear that I made for her. I hope some day to be able to carry on a real conversation with her. That will be wonderful."

"It was several months before my duties called me back to that town again, and the first thing I did was to make a beeline for

## Ecce Homo!

He is the Man of Sorrows, bruised for all  
In Him there is no beauty to desire  
City of Peace, God's judgment you will call  
Upon yourself; and that consuming fire  
Will never leave a stone upon a stone  
Within your walls. What has He done to you  
That you have set Him bleeding there alone?  
Choosing a thief, breaking His heart anew?

Is this the city, joy of all the world  
That leads Him out in darkness, not in light?  
Great as the sea is this destruction, swirled  
In a storm of hatred, black as night.  
I am this city, O Lord, pity me.  
Your flood of mercy sweeps me back to Thee.

JAMES ROGAN.

## DENVER JOURNALISM STUDENTS WRITE THEIR APPRECIATION

Appreciation of The Catholic Worker is expressed in ten letters written by members of the Denver (Col.) Cathedral High School journalism class. This class, under the direction of Sister Therese Martin, has been reading the paper as a study assignment during the past two years.

"When we first started reading The Catholic Worker about this time last year," Mary Anne Connors writes, "it was so foreign to our way of thinking that it provoked many a heated debate. Now, however, we look forward to your work. As yet we do not agree entirely with your points on some matters, such as conscription, but I think it is because we have seen and experienced so little of the real work that you and your associates perform on Mott Street and at Maryfarm. . . . In our opinion Peter Maurin is the Chesterton of today—paradoxes and all."

**Interested in Our Work**  
Barbara Ackermann has been impressed by our stories telling of the work of the House of Hospitality. "Before I came into Sister Therese Martin's class I had never heard of the Catholic Worker," she says. "I know there are many Catholics who would find, as I did, that in helping others you make yourself happier. You seem to stress this point over and over again in your paper. It's really a pity that more people are not able to get in contact with it. If more people, especially Catholics who are slipping away, would get to reading your paper I know they would change their viewpoint immediately."

"The Catholic Worker has made me realize the great need for Catholic Action, and . . . I shall do all I can to further the work so well done through your articles and hard work. . . . I would like very much to know more about how the Catholic Worker came about," writes Peggy McGovern. (The information desired may be found in Dorothy Day's book, "House of Hospitality," published by Sheed & Ward.)

**Why "Easy Essays"?**  
Jo Albee is puzzled by the title given to Peter Maurin's writings. She writes, "Since our journalism class has been studying the philosophy underlying the Catholic Worker, many questions have arisen in my mind that I can't answer. After reading sev-

Hardt's place I was curious to know how his romance with Bessy was getting along.

"Hardt met me at the door and I was amazed at the transformation that had come over him. He was bent over double and his face had a frozen expression. Not a hint of emotion or human warmth could be detected there, and his movements were of such mechanical regularity that one could easily determine his next move, but it was his eyes that betrayed him. Great sorrow was written there. It was his beloved Bessy he informed me that was the cause of his great grief. It (Continued on page 7)

eral of Peter Maurin's Easy Essays time and again, I find that they are quite deep. . . . Therefore, Miss Day, I was wondering if you had some plausible reason for calling them 'Easy' Essays.

"I enjoy reading your column 'Notes by the Way' because it makes me feel that you are talking to me alone."

The title "Easy Essays" is of Peter's own choice. He does not mean to imply that the essays are predigested mental pabulum. His idea is that they are relatively easy expositions of matters which would be much harder to understand if they were presented in formal textbook style. Peter aims to stimulate thought, not to eliminate it.

### Personalism Discerned

Most of the letters comment on the personal nature of our writing, as Jo Albee did. This is a good sign; we are happy to see that the conception of personalism, basic in our work, impresses our writing with a character discernible to these young students. And beyond discerning it, they are influenced by it, as Carmelea Reichl's letter shows. She writes, "I have read about twelve issues of the Catholic Worker, and since I have read them my whole outlook on life has been changed."

Jo Anne Campbell writes, in similar vein, "After my graduation, I am going to continue to subscribe to the Catholic Worker, as I feel it helps me walk the path our Lord wants me to walk."

### Thanks to Fr. Hugo

Addressing Father John J. Hugo, Jerry Vierling states, "I was very much taken up by your article in the September (1945) issue, 'Peace Without Victory.' Before reading your article and the way you put the atomic bomb problem and its principles and looked at it in the way all Catholics should, I didn't see much harm or wrong in the atomic bomb, but you changed my mind, and good. Thanks for making me see the right side of an awful wrong."

### And to Ade Bethune

Ken Pollack appreciates Ade Bethune's art work. "I have enjoyed very much your wonderful choice of woodcuts and drawings for the Catholic Worker. Somehow they always seem so appropriate, never out of place, at times even inconspicuous. You have done much more than merely relieve the pages, you have brought new ideas into them. Congratulations for the wonderful work you are doing."

Betty Sutton wrote an interesting letter, but unfortunately it disappeared from our desk before we started to write this story. That is one of the vicissitudes of journalism about which the class will learn later on.

We appreciate deeply the interest shown by the class and Sister Therese Martin, and thank each student for her letter. THE EDITORS,



## FR. McNABB

(Continued from page 4)

straits have never been reached in the past, nor is there a likelihood of their being reached in the future. The collective duty of marriage is quite easily fulfilled by those whose inclinations lead them to marry. And in these days it is not the internal inclination to marry that is failing, it is the possession of the external circumstances necessary for married family life.

In the same way the human race has the collective duty of tilling the soil. Every other duty is secondary to this. Just as an individual cannot allow himself to die of starvation, but must live and therefore must work to have a livelihood, so, too, the community must live by tilling the soil in order to have the means of living. And if there was a danger that the human race might starve through lack of land-workers it would be necessary for monks and nuns and clerics to till the soil.

But the human race, God's perfect workmanship, is happily so perfect an organization that this collective duty of tilling the soil is easily met, in normal circumstances, by those who wish to till the soil, just as the collective duty of marriage is fulfilled by those who wish to marry.

This desire to till the soil being widespread, there is no need to compel people to go out on the land. Indeed, something like compulsion, or at least temptation, is needed to coax them or warn them off the land. This is the inwardness of the present coal crisis. Coal was, and is, exhaustible wealth. To live on coal was to live on capital. When England and Scotland elected to live on coal, they coaxed labor from the land into the pits by a high money wage. It was criminal and unpatriotic. But we are feeling the after-pangs of the national drunkenness which drew men from the land by the temptation of high wages—i.e., of heavy helpings of token wealth.

We may, then, formulate a historic fact so absolute as to have the character of a law of nature: *The demand for small holdings is so great that it has never been met.* To the present writer this fact, after the fact of the Catholic Church, is the most hopeful sign he finds in the world of today.

There is, then, no need of compelling anyone to go to the land. The horrible conditions of modern town life are compulsion enough. So little is it necessary to entice people to go to the land that we have an elaborate set of laws making access to the land very difficult. These land-locking laws should be repealed!

But even with these laws operating it is not impossible to facilitate an exodus. It is the opinion of the present writer that probably in no civilized country of the world can land of equal fertility be bought so cheaply as in this country. Nowhere else is agricultural land of so little real value as distinct from token value.

Let my readers consider what would be the present state of Scotland if the powerful and wealthy miners, shipbuilders, ironworkers had invested one-half or one-quarter of their funds in buying land in Scotland, instead of banking their money or investing it in Government securities, which can be confiscated at a moment's notice.

The Durham and Northumberland Miners' Association have had the wit to build a number of homes for the old miners. It is probable that, in the present crisis, these homes are the most valuable asset of the miners. But what would have been the position if these miners of Northumberland and Durham had brought some of the rich land of Northumberland and Durham? Even at the

rate of £50 (say \$250) an acre they could have had an estate of 4,000 acres for £200,000 (\$1,000,000). If that estate had been laid down for food-growing the present coal crisis would not have come to pass.

Even now it would be worth their while setting aside a yearly share of their income for buying land, if only for the purpose of gradually adjusting the community to the change which must come with the exhaustion of the mines.

No investment is so little speculative as investment in agricultural land. In no other kind of commodity does the ordinary buyer run so few risks in buying and in re-selling what he has bought. It is comparatively easy for even an amateur townsman to find out the rent of the land. This can be taken as a basis of value. Twenty to thirty years' purchase will not put the buyer in inextricable difficulties. Moreover, if after a few years' possession the buyer wishes to re-sell, he runs less risk of selling at a dead loss than if he were selling any other commodity. All this should go to induce even townsfolk to buy some agricultural land—now that it can be had cheaper than almost any primary commodity in the commonwealth.

But as the buyer of this land is flying from the economic and moral evils brought in by modern industrialism with its machinery and money, he must make it a point of wisdom not to attempt the development of the land with those industrial methods which have proved to be the ruin of the town. He must fly as far as possible from everything that comes to him from machinery and mass-production. He must try to do with the minimum of markets. He must not seek as an ideal to have as large a farm as possible; but, rather, to have as small a farm as possible. The craze for the big farm ends by impoverishing the farmer and the farm. Nowhere—and certainly nowhere less than in farming—is mass-production the same as intensive production. Cattle ranches of a thousand acres are almost a criminal impoverishment of the land.

If only the young men about the town whose sporting instincts are satisfied with football or cricket could seek to satisfy these instincts by colonizing England and Scotland, they would find the game of their life. What a fine game it would be to take a wood-axe, an adze, a saw, and hammer and nails, and from the wood on the neighboring hill build another of these timber-framed houses which have stood for two or three centuries. The present writer speaks with some feeling on this matter, for a wood-axe was almost his daily companion during the four years of the war. It was then he realized that if a man will only go and cut with his own axe he might buy enough timber to build his future wife a cottage for £10 (\$50). Indeed, an experienced architect to whom I unfolded the romantic game of building one's own house with the materials on the spot agreed that the whole house could be done for £150 (\$750). He further agreed that he and I could build such a house in three months, and that when it was built it would be more commodious and sanitary than the rooms occupied by 75% of the people of my parish in London. Indeed, he agreed with all this so enthusiastically that, in spite of his three-score and ten years, he pressed me to spend the next three months building such a house. Alas, I was not master of my own time. Moreover, my job was not to build houses but to help the saving of souls by talking about the building of houses and the building up of homes.

## A CORRECTION

Dear Editors:

I shall be suspected of heresy unless you publish a prominent correction of a typographical error in the March, 1946, Catholic Worker. The last paragraph in the third column of page 6 should read, "Just as Jesus by emphatic repetition ruled out any reasonable alternative to the LITERAL (not liberal) meaning of His words promising the Blessed Sacrament, in John VI, so His unconditional, insistent teaching of a higher way to overcome evil by patience, rather than by violence, in the Sermon on the Mount, is in contrast to those occasions when He indicated a counsel by such phrases as 'if thou wilt be perfect. . . he that can take it, let him take it. . .'"

Apart from the vindication of my orthodoxy, the whole force of the appeal to the Eucharist as an emancipation from even righteous violence depends upon a LITERAL acceptance of our Lord's words concerning the Blessed Sacrament.

Sincerely,  
(Rev.) MICHAEL J. DEACY

## ART

Thirty-four aquatints in color, the "Passion" and "Le Cirque" groups of Georges Rouault, acclaimed the greatest living Catholic artist, are now on view in the current exhibition at Henry Kleeman's New York gallery. The spiritual quality of Rouault's "Passion" is stressed by critics, who note steadily growing interest in this artist and his work. Raissa Maritain has written appreciatively of Rouault in her books, "We Were Friends Together" and "Adventures in Grace."

Another exhibition of special interest to our readers is the first one-man show in New York of the water-color work of Arthur Sappe, whose pen drawings have appeared in these pages on several occasions. Sappe, a conscientious objector, began to paint without formal training while he was living in the Catholic C. O. camp at Warner, N. H. His show will open June 22 at the Chinese Gallery, 38 East 57th st. A number of his paintings are now being exhibited in a half-dozen galleries in New York.

## AID FOR C.O.'S

Conscientious objectors who have been in Government camps, Catholic C. O. camps or in jail, and who wish to continue their college or postgraduate education are requested to communicate with the Committee on Educational Aid, 252 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Wallace Hamilton is the executive secretary. This committee has been established by a group of educators and religious leaders to assist C. O.'s who have been primarily in Government and Catholic C.P.S. camps and in prison.

Other groups may also be helped by the committee, which hopes to raise a fund of \$194,000 for this purpose.



## CHRYSOSTOM

(Continued from page 4)

life for one's friends, St. Paul now hints at the same thing when he remarks: "Charity seeketh not her own," and commands that charity of this kind be observed. If he said only this, it would be right to argue from his words that the same charity is required of laymen and monks; for this is the bond and root of great virtues. Yet he goes on to detail the single parts of charity. What greater wisdom than this is necessary? For when he commands us to be above anger, fury, tumult, avarice, gluttony, magnificence, vainglory, and other worldly things, and tells us indeed to have nothing in common with the world, and that we should mortify our members, it is evident that he expects the same kind of life from us as Christ did from His disciples, and that we should be as dead to our sins as though we were already dead and buried. For that reason Paul writes: "For he who is dead is justified from sin."

Sometimes he exhorts us to imitate Christ Himself and not merely the disciples. He takes examples from Christ when he exhorts us to charity, to forgetfulness of injuries, and to modesty. Now can you say that the excellence of the monks is greater, when Paul so commands men to imitate, not merely the monks and disciples, but Christ Himself, and threatens with punishment those who fail to do so? It is necessary that all men ascend to the same height: the world is turned topsy-turvy by the assertion that only monks need such earnestness, while other men may live negligently. It is not so, not so: for the same wisdom is required of all: that I affirm most vehemently, and not I only, but He that shall judge us all. If you still marvel and demur, go again until we immerse your hearing in the same waters, that the wickedness of your incredulity may be washed away.

I WILL take my witness from the punishments of the last day. Dives will not be so cruelly tortured because he has been an unfeeling monk, but because (if one may speak one's own opinion), while living in the world, he enjoyed riches and wore fine garments but despised poverty-stricken Lazarus. For the rest I say nothing except that he will be punished severely because he was unfeeling. Likewise the virgins, because they had too little esteemed good breeding, were shut out from the dwelling of the bridegroom; and if there is need to add anything let it be observed that because they had cherished virginity, not only were the torments not increased in this case, but in fact, were made milder. For the foolish virgins did not hear the words, "Depart into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels," but only, "I have not known you."

If someone says that these two expressions mean the same thing, I will not object. For what I wish to show at present is that the monastic life does not carry heavier punishments, but that when laymen commit the same sins as monks, they will receive the same punishments. The man who was dressed in every-day garments (i.e., at the wedding feast) and the one that exacted the hundred denari, did not suffer the things we are told they suffered because they were monks; but the one perished on account of fornication and the other because he would not forgive a debt. And if one goes through all the cases that were visited by penalties, it is evident that these were received only on account of sins.

Notice too, that this is true, not only of the punishments for sin, but even in regard to admonitions. For when Christ says: "Come to Me all you who labor and are burdened and I will re-

## Judge Not

"BROTHERS, do not be afraid of sins in men. Love mankind in its sins: this is the height of charity. Love God's creation as a whole and love it in all its parts and you will reach God's secret in all created things. . . . Humility and love, not pride and hatred, do vanquish the world. Friends, ask God to give you gladness. Much indeed may be hidden from us, but all of us possess some consciousness of our link with other worlds. Our highest thoughts, our noblest feelings, are not rooted in this world. . . . Judge no one . . . If you and I are truly righteous, no third person could become a criminal . . . If the wickedness and cruelty of men stir you to indignation and unspeakable sorrow, even to the desire of revenge, fear this desire above all things. Go and find suffering for yourself as though you were guilty of others' cruelty. Accept your cross, and bear it. Then your heart shall be assuaged, and you will understand your own guilt: your charity might have lit a lamp for the wicked man's dark path, and your charity had slept instead. . . ."—Dostoevsky, "The Brothers Karamazov."

## FROM POLAND

May this, our card,\* with our big home happily untouched by bombs, remind you always that, in the convent of the Sacred Heart children and nuns will ever pray for you and your dear ones.

This is our message to our dear friends in U.S.A.: "May our Dear Lord reward your kindness of heart, and be always the generous Providence of your dear home, the sweet joy of your happy days, and in days of trouble may He be your one, true Comforter and Friend."

Our convent in POZNAN-PLAC, Nowomiejski, has been destroyed by fire; please, send all the parcels here, where we are all together.

Polska Wies  
Pobiedziska  
p. Poznanski—POLAND.

With our best and most affectionate thanks, in the name of our Rev. Mother, the nuns, the children, and all those you have cheered by your generous heart.

Yours very sincerely,  
ANTOINETTE LALESKA.

fresh you. Take up My yoke upon you; and learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart and you will find repose for your souls." He does not speak here only to monks but to the whole human race. Nor when He tells us to enter into the narrow way is He addressing monks only but all men; and when He states that men should despise their own lives, and other similar teachings, He is commanding everyone. If He is not speaking or enacting a law for all, He makes this circumstance clear to us. Therefore when He speaks of virginity He says: "He who can take, let him take." So also St. Paul, who watches everywhere to observe the Master and when he had come upon the same matter, said: "Concerning virgins, I have not a precept from the Lord."

One would be altogether contentious and impudent to deny any further that it is necessary for lay and religious to attain the same heights, and that, if either falls, he will sustain the same injuries. . . .



# THE POPE SPEAKS

(Continued from page 1)

rence, how could We leave you without directing Our thoughts to so many other sons of Ours whom the war and the post-war period have for many long years deprived of every family joy?

Feast days and domestic anniversaries make them feel only more keenly than on other days the bitterness of exile. We intend to speak of the prisoners of war and of civilian internees, then of those who, having been stripped at times to the last farthing of their meager savings, have been driven from their homes and their native land, and finally of those who, singly or in wandering groups, have not the heart to return to their old homes, no longer such for them in the present circumstances, and who seek anxiously to make a new home for themselves elsewhere.

We spoke about them recently in Our last Christmas message and in Our address to the diplomatic corps which came to greet us last February. We readily acknowledge that in the past few months notable contingents of prisoners of war have been repatriated. If then today We dwell once more on the hundreds of thousands of men still held prisoner and those unhappy people without fatherland or home, it is because We feel ourselves driven to it by the innumerable petitions imploring Our intervention and because such a situation calls imperiously for a speedy and efficacious remedy.

These multiple and insistent appeals on behalf of the prisoners of war come to Us from people of every social condition. There are mothers who yearn to have again their sons, so far off. There are wives who can no longer support the burden of family needs weighing on their own weak powers now at length worn out. There are sons who vainly await the encouraging smile and practical aid of a father who will mold and prepare them for the hard requirements of life. Groups of townspeople and public authorities demand the return of their youth, the best forces with which to begin and carry on the work of reconstruction in their own countries. And with that work is bound up the general restoration of the society of the nations.

Among the prisoners, some very young were conscripted en masse just before the end of the war and without ever having handled a rifle find themselves thrown into concentration camps. Of the others, far more numerous, not a few away for a whole seven years from their fatherland have already passed possibly five or six of them languishing in captivity, or dragging out a miserable life in labor squads. We are not unaware that the cold texts of international law do not oblige the victor to free his prisoners till after the conclusion of peace, but the daily aggravating spiritual and moral needs of the prisoners themselves and of their relatives and the sacred rights of matrimony and of the family cry to heaven more loudly and more strongly than all the juridical texts and demand that an end be put to this regime of prisoner of war and concentration camps.

If, however, one or another of the victor states for economic reasons judges it could not dispense with the manual labor of these workers, they would do well to consider if

such an advantage could not be equally or better secured by substituting for them free men of the same country as the prisoners on just and humane terms of discipline and work.

Nor are We unaware of another difficulty often brought forward to justify the painful delays in repatriation: namely, the scarcity of transport and the imperative necessity of other shipments. Still We cannot but express the hope that humane feeling and political wisdom, which urge everyone to be deeply interested in these men's return home, may take precedence over other considerations and interests, however legitimate, and many point out opportune expedients such as will provide both for the restoration to their homes of prisoners detained overseas and for the exigencies of post-war traffic.

As to the other two categories who have been exiled or otherwise obliged to live far from their fatherland, sometimes in territories with a population already superior to what their agriculture and industry could support in normal times, there should be a question of providing for the settling of these poor people overseas; and We are quite confident that the states and continents capable of receiving them will not fail to open their doors to them, and so perform a work of great Christian charity.

## For the Feast of the Sacred Heart

On this first day of the month dedicated in a special way to devotion to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus We feel even more keenly than usually an immense sorrow at the sight of human society more than ever withdrawn from Christ and at the same time an inexpressible compassion at the spectacle of the unprecedented calamities with which it is afflicted because of its apostasy.

For that reason We feel urged to raise Our voice once more to recall to Our children of the Catholic world the warning the Divine Saviour has never ceased to stress down the ages in His revelations to the privileged soul He deigned to choose as His messenger: Disarm God's punitive justice by a crusade of expiation the world over, oppose to the band of those who blaspheme the name of God and transgress His law a world league of all those who give Him due honor and offer His offended majesty the tribute of homage, sacrifice and reparation which so many others deny Him.

It is therefore Our ardent desire and Our express purpose that the month which begins today and will close this year with the celebration of the solemn Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus may be in its entirety a devout and fervent preparation for that feast, above all by giving practical effect to that great mission of expiation and reparation through acts of piety, charity and penance.

We trust that the zeal of Our most venerable brethren in the episcopate of priests and religious members of Catholic Action, and especially of the young, will draw the hearts of the faithful of the universal Church a confessor of humility, repentance and trustful recourse to the divine mercy with such sincerity, ardor and intensity of spirit to compel, so to speak, Him who is bountiful to forgive (Is. 55, 7) to fulfill in favor of the new alliance the promise already made by the people of Israel: *Revertere avertatque faciem meam a vobis, quia sanctus ego sum, dicit Dominus et non irascar in perpetuum.* (Jer. 3, 12). (Return, O rebellious Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not turn away my face from you: for I am holy, saith the Lord, and I will not be angry forever.)

# PETER MAURIN

(Continued from page 1)

that tends to contradict what poets amongst all races, at all times, in all places have felt and shown.

2. This philosophy insists that the individual has no dignity in himself, but only through his association with a race, a state, or a class.
3. More and more it limits freedom of choice."

## IV. Liberty or Discipline

1. Fascist countries discard liberty for the sake of discipline.
2. The greatness of a nation is the greatness of people's character.
3. Some people have good character.
4. Some people have bad character.
5. Some people have no character; they are yes men.
6. Through the power of thought and example people of good character transform the people of bad character.

## V. Liberty or Security

1. Patrick Henry said: "Give me liberty or give me death."
2. Patrick Henry wanted the power to think, the power to choose, the power to act.
3. Many people today are willing to give up liberty for the sake of economic security.
4. When everybody looks for economic security nobody gets it.
5. But when nobody looks for economic security and uses liberty trying to be what he wants the other fellow to be then everybody gets economic security.

## VI. They and We

1. People say: "They don't do this, they don't do that, they ought to do this, they ought to do that."
2. Always "they" and never "I."
3. It starts with "I," one "I" and one "I," makes two "I's," and two "I's" make "we."
4. "We" is the plural of "I," "we" is a community, "they" is a crowd, "they" is a mob, "they" is a gang, and "they" are gangsters.
5. Don't be a gangster, "be yourself," says Shakespeare.

vobis, quia sanctus ego sum, dicit Dominus et non irascar in perpetuum. (Jer. 3, 12). (Return, O rebellious Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not turn away my face from you: for I am holy, saith the Lord, and I will not be angry forever.)

With the hope deep in Our heart that this confession and profession of the entire world presented to the Father in heaven, by the Heart of Jesus, which is a propitiation for Our sins and Our peace and our reconciliation (Lit. of the Sacred Heart of Jesus), may placate His justice and draw down on the whole human family an abundance of His grace, We bestow on you, venerable brethren, on as many as are yours in the Lord and on all those who are one with you in communion of thought and feeling Our apostolic benediction.

# ON STRIKE

(Continued from page 1)

that it can depend on the commercial press to serve its interest. The press is dependent for its very existence on the advertising checks handed out by industry. So the journalist can be depended upon to use all the tricks of publicity—name calling, ridicule, caricature, viewing with alarm, misrepresentation—to stir up public opinion against the union when it must strike. Then, when public opinion has been prepared, the public official can step in and pull management's chestnuts out of the fire.

The President of the United States performed a perfect chore of chestnut pulling in his handling of the railroad strike. It is not possible to say at this date whether he did as well for the coal operators, as we do not know what will happen when the mines are handed back to the owners. There is no room for doubt that he intends to do everything in his power to break the threatened seamen's strike. The new Commander in Chief has promised to use the naval forces of the United States for that purpose.

Strike-breaking is not a proper function of government, but our government, under present management, is apparently determined to assume that role. In this its technique is based on the principle established by Calvin Coolidge when he broke the police strike in Boston! You can't strike against the government. A wonderful principle for those who wish to prevent the worker from using the sole effective tactic he possesses, the withholding of his labor. That is the right to strike, and it is a basic right of every man employed in industry. Without that right, labor unions would be useless. Industrial management knows this, so it convinces public officials that they should take possession of any industry which is threatened with a strike. The workers can then be told that they cannot strike against the government. It is as simple as that.

Yesterday it was police and firemen who were taught the lesson. Today it is railroad workers, coal miners, seamen. Tomorrow it will be every class of worker. We have the word of the President of the United States for it. Read his plea to Congress for anti-strike legislation. "I request temporary legislation to take care of this immediate crisis," he said. "I request permanent legislation leading to the formulation of a long-range labor policy designed to prevent the recurrences of such crises and generally to reduce the stoppages of work in all industries for the future." (italics ours).

Has such legislation been requested by organized labor? It has not. It is legislation of the type desired by the enemies of organized labor, those who would deny the employee the right to unite with his fellow-workers in an association to protect those mutual interests which the individual workman is powerless to

defend against organized capital and management. That right is inherent and inalienable. Government cannot deny it in justice, because it is not a gift of government. The Papal Encyclicals on labor leave no room for doubt regarding the validity of this right. Unprejudiced men recognize it and respect it. None but the prejudiced and the special pleader will attempt to deny it. Space limitations will not permit answers to their widespread voluminous and vicious propaganda here. The workers know the answers, anyway, and it remains for them to act on their knowledge and stand their ground. The preservation of true freedom in the face of threatened fascism is their responsibility.

# MACHINE

(Continued from page 5)

seems that some pranksters had managed to get into his padlocked room and had sprinkled sand into the delicate bearings of Bessy. And Hardt had spent a miserable month taking her apart and cleaning out the sand.

"They were cruel, those men," he said. "Had I caught them I would have killed them! My poor Bessy! How she must have suffered." And there were tears that welled up in his eyes.

"We walked into the padlocked room and fascinatedly I watched him put that clever conglomeration of gears and wheels into motion."

"Listen!" Hardt said. And somewhere from that maze of machinery came a hollow voice speaking words of endearment: "Hardt," it said, "when will you come to me? I love you."

"Did you hear that?" Hardt asked in great excitement. "She loves me! Bessy loves me! You heard her—didn't you? Bessy loves me?"

"It was uncanny the way that machine spoke. At first I suspected that he had a record concealed in the machine, but actually Hardt had so cleverly placed the gears and wheels that their scraping produced the sound vibrations that were akin to the human voice."

"The sound of the machine had produced a strange effect upon Hardt. A rapturous look came over his eyes as he stood staring immovably at his Bessy. You could sense a communion had sprung up between the two; there seemed to be an affinity there which I could not comprehend. Hardt looked more like a huge piston that was ready to start moving than a human being. I felt my presence was profaning something sacred and so I quietly departed."

"That was the last that I saw of Hardt and his beloved Bessy, for upon my next visit I found the house was empty. Inquiry among the neighbors disclosed the fact that Hardt had disappeared and no trace of him could be found. The neighbors thought that Hardt had run away with some girl by the name of Bessy, for it seems that prior to his disappearance Hardt had gone around town like a man deeply in love. All he could talk about was a girl by the name of Bessy and the fact that they were soon to marry."

"His last appearance in town was to pick up a brand new suit and a wedding ring. And that was the last that anyone saw of him. Fearful of foul play the police had broken into his house but had discovered nothing except a strange machine which seemed to serve no purpose. The odd part of it was that the police found the wedding ring attached to the machine, but the tragedy of the matter was that the authorities, judging the machine to be of no value, had contributed it to the scrap drive."

[Reprinted from "The Torch"]

**Study Course On**  
**The Summa of**  
**St. Thomas Aquinas**  
 Conducted by  
**FR. PIERRE CONWAY,**  
**O.P.**  
**The Tract on Charity**  
 Begins Friday, June 7  
 7:30 P.M.  
 Continues Friday Evenings  
 Thereafter  
 St. Joseph's House  
 of Hospitality  
 115 Mott Street, New York



## ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 2)  
several hundred, morning and evening.

### Families

EVERY day our work creeps out, spreads, even geographically. We used to have just the rear house, of twenty rooms, and there were all single people making up this little community of the Catholic Worker. Now there are several families with us, and children to be considered and their needs.

Houses of Hospitality in the city, and Houses of Hospitality on the land. These are the great needs. Gathering up people from the highways and byways and compelling them to come in to hear the Word. We were told to do it by our Lord Himself, and now the recent Popes cry out for the lay apostolate. When people talk of our work turning into a religious community, I am impatient at this lack of understanding. This is work for lay people to initiate and to manage. The priests are there to give retreats, to instruct, to preach, to dispense the Sacraments. They could use every minute of their time for that and still have not enough time. The harvest is great and the laborers are few.

The other day, the feast of St. Angela of Merici, we read her complaints about the family. We hope that when people come to our retreats they will go home and say, "Why can't we live this way all the time, have morning and evening prayer and spiritual reading, and a constant turning to our Lord and His saints in our thoughts and ponderings. We are, after all, domestics in the house of God, part of the fellowship of saints."

Even the littlest ones take to prayer. The other night at supper, my little grandchild Rebecca, aged one year and two months, looked seriously around the table as we said grace, and then folded her hands too and tried to make a sign on her baby chest, to join with us.

### Visiting Mary

JUST as we have to see Christ in his most degraded guise, on the Bowerys and skid rows of the country, so we must see the Blessed Mother everywhere too. I read this once, and it is a terrible thing, a hard thing. How hard it is to see her in inmates of a mental hospital for instance, in the "disturbed ward" which is generally the worst ward, and one least visited. Going to see our Mary a few times last month, I thought of this. I have a strong feeling that she will get better, though she is in a terrible state right now. The very fact that she has for years wished to help these cases and work along these lines makes me feel that God is allowing her to experience the worst in order that she may know what she is dealing with later on. Certainly our friendship with Mary has taught us all a great deal. We have learned, all of us who go to see her and who have lived with her this past year, that there is nothing to be afraid of in this contact with mental patients. What with visiting her and another of our friends, Chris, at Byberry in Philadelphia, I have been thinking a great deal about these dead storage warehouses, as one of our readers has termed them.

I remembered our horror as children in reading Jane Eyre, of the first wife who was mad and confined in an upper room of the house. Since coming in contact with people who have for the time being lost their minds, I have come to the conclusion that given a large house, it is far better for a family to have that locked room for a loved one where a patient can be cared for at home, than putting them out of sight and out of mind. We do

not love enough, that is the trouble.

On one occasion, visiting Mary at Bellevue, she was in partial restraint, her arms tied in front of her in a half straight-jacket. At Ward's Island, on one occasion, she was wholly confined in a straight-jacket and could move neither hand nor foot, tied flat to her bed in a huge canvas contraption that looked like some instrument of torture. From her conversation, I gathered that she had been going about "kissing the lepers" and the other patients did not like to be so regarded and a disturbance resulted. Given a kind attendant, a small room where she could be separated from the others, instead of the eight-bed ward, and this cruelty would not have been perpetrated. In visiting Mary I have seen her in four wards, two of them disturbed wards.

A chaplain told me that it was no use his going to see patients on such wards. I can only feel that more faith and hope are needed. Where there is life there is hope. Which is a trite thing to say, but how can we ever give up either in the case of the sinner or the sick? There is too little visiting the prisoner, too little visiting the sick in mental hospitals. Generally it is regarded as of no use.

I again advise all those who have friends or relatives in such hospitals to read "The Snake Pit" and they will think twice as to whether it is necessary for them to tuck away old senile relatives, incontinent, wandering, forgetful old people, or simple-minded young ones, in these horrible, vast, concentration camps of human misery. They are making them bigger and better all the time from the standpoint of buildings, but less and less is being done for the individual. Efficiency is the watchword, just as in business, but such centralization of human beings is neither efficient nor efficacious. There are more and more mental cases in our present social order, and less and less being done for them aside from confining them in vast storehouses where they rot away forgotten.

During the month I spoke in Philadelphia before a Catholic Doctors' Guild, and one of the doctors who is a surgeon at Byberry said that a great majority of the cases at Byberry did not need to be there. I drove around the miles of grounds, after visiting Chris, with the chaplain, and out of all the vast buildings, and they are ever building more, there are only two buildings on the woman's side and two on the men's each holding about two hundred patients who are considered dangerous. There are more than six thousand patients there, much more, I believe, but I am not sure of my figures. At Ward's Island there are six thousand also.

### Items

EVERYTHING goes into this Pilgrimage column, which is more or less of a letter to our readers, supplementing the serious material in the articles. Here is one of the odds and ends of the month. We have come across, in a recently issued catalogue of rare books, listed as a collector's item, our little Eric Gill pamphlet, The Stations of the Cross, which one of our priest friends issued to distribute to his whole parish in Wilkes-Barre, and which we sent out free to many of our correspondents. Its listed price in the rare books catalog is \$1.00. We have none left at Mott Street, though David Hennessy may have some at the farm, being the Gill enthusiast he is. He also has some Eric Gill books for sale which he has traced and run down, either from England or here in New York. The "Autobiography" and

"It All Goes Together" are still in print and he has those and also some out-of-print books.

Another curious item: picking up a most reputable Catholic monthly magazine, I find an article by a former president of the Catholic Sociological Society which quotes, with no quotation marks, quite a few paragraphs from my edition of last January, "Called to Be Saints." I had quoted Audin in that article but these quotation marks were also left out. And by leaving out a few sentences, it didn't quite make sense. If anyone wishes a copy of the leaflet as is, "Called to Be Saints," just send for it to the Catholic Worker Penny Press on the farm at Easton, Pa.

### Clothes

THE men in the office at Mott street beg me to ask our readers for more clothes for men, underwear, sweaters, shirts, pants, shoes—anything at all. We do not need clothes for women, as most of our work is for men. However there was a batch of women's dresses that came in last month, for which I am duly grateful, as they just fit me. They are summer dresses, flowered silks, and they are long enough and wide enough, and beautifully made, and I wish to thank whoever was so thoughtful. They were brought into the office one evening, and how glad I was that I saw them. I have used two of the dresses already for speaking engagements, before the seminarians at McMahon Hall at Washington and before the Doctors' Guild in Philadelphia. *Deo gratias* for our kind friend. We are all clothed like lilies of the field around here and in the most distinguished clothes. Sigrid Undset, who has returned to Norway, brought us many things, and many priests have sent clothes. Please, dear friends, remember us again, and send clothing for our men, these ragged ones, in whom it is hard indeed to see Christ, but there He is, we do most firmly and steadfastly believe. Oh God, increase our faith, and take away our hearts of stone and give us hearts of flesh.

### F.E.P.C.

(Continued from page 1)

motion of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell (D., N.Y.), who, at the permission of Rep. Norton, moved for the appointment of a substitute chairman with authority to bring the bill up on Calendar Wednesday. This means that the bill may be voted on although its discharge petition is still incomplete.

Powell said that from now on, every Representative who favors FEPC legislation must be in his seat every Wednesday to be able to cast his vote when the bill reaches the floor. "Unless Rep. Joe Martin breaks his personal pledge to me that he will support Calendar Wednesday, the FEPC can be passed now," Powell was confident.

The wartime FEPC folded May 2, long before the June deadline originally set by Congress, because the remainder of its appropriation was stricken from the deficiency appropriation bill last month. It is believed to be the first time Congress set a deadline for operation of a federal agency, then refused funds with which to carry out the order.

### Milwaukee Passes FEPC Law

Determined pressure has forced the Milwaukee Common Council to pass a Fair Employment Practices Ordinance, making it the second city in the country to outlaw job discrimination. Chicago was the first to pass its own FEPC law.

The Milwaukee ordinance calls for a fine of \$10 or five days in jail for discrimination because of race, color or creed. It was passed only after some 200 Milwaukee citizens went to a meeting of the judiciary committee, in whose hands the bill was languishing, and forced an open hearing.

## HOME MAKING

By CATHERINE E. DORFF

FOUR of us, members of the Grailville family, were visiting one of our neighbors in Loveland and, in the course of our conversation, we spoke of our accomplishments of the day. Judith told of the new curtains she was weaving for our dining room; Mary Ann described the beautiful batch of brown bread she had made; Elizabeth bragged of her special care for the chickens and the quantities of eggs we were receiving as a result; and I amused the group with the story of my first cheese. Suddenly, Mrs. Rae said in great surprise, "Why, that would be a wonderful place for a girl who really wanted to prepare for marriage!"

That was exactly my reaction to Grailville. At the time I visited I was planning to marry in the near future, and when I caught a glimpse of the arts and skills that the girls were learning I simply couldn't get back quickly enough.

THAT visit brought to light all of the vague fears I had been experiencing about my future success as a wife and mother. During the past four years I had climbed the ladder of success in the office world—clerk, typist, stenographer, and finally secretary. I was skilled in typing, filing, transcribing shorthand notes, answering the telephone with a pleasant voice, greeting visitors, and closing my desk on the dot of five. But since my decision to marry I was bothered by my lack of any real preparation for the biggest job of my life. True, I had a cursory knowledge of cooking and housecleaning, but I was usually too tired after work to be of much assistance at home. Besides, I felt that such work infringed on the little leisure time I had from my eight-hour working day.

I thought if I learned to cook and sew, to plan menus and study the theory of keeping a house in running order I would certainly emerge a full-fledged housekeeper. Instead, I have learned what it really means to be a woman, a wife, and the mother of a Christian family. I see homemaking as a wonderful opportunity to grow into the kind of person God wants me to be. Since I have been at Grailville the skills I have learned I have learned by doing. I realize that in fact my life will really be spent in learning what talents I possess and in perfecting and developing these talents for the good of my husband and family.

For I had hands but I felt not. When I picked the typewriter in preference to the mixing bowl I had chosen the poorer part. The feel of yeast crumbled; of soft, warm dough; the forming of a loaf; these were all new sensations to me. Never before had I picked vegetables in the morning, cleaned them at noon, and eaten them for supper. The soft mass of newly churned butter, the spongy curd all ready to be pressed—why, I almost felt as if I had been given another sense!

THE amount of time and planning it took to keep just a kitchen in good working order amazed me, to say nothing of a whole house. To decide how much food the family will need, not only for the coming week but for the coming Winter seemed to me at first an impossible feat. I found it quite an undertaking to plan even a day well. How would I ever be able to help plan the everyday life of a family? More and more I am convinced, however, that it is just such requirements that enable a woman to develop fully all the gifts which God has given her especially for this work. As women and the future mothers we are fitted to do all these things which have become so foreign to us, and it is just a matter of developing the talents which have so long lain dormant. For it is by developing our capabilities to the greatest degree possible that we are able to discern the abilities and talents of our children and lead them to the right channels of expression.

If I was ill prepared for the smaller aspects of homemaking,

I was not prepared at all for the larger and all-embracing sphere over which I would preside. When we were children we used to delight in tossing stones into the water and watching with fascination as the circles grew ever wider and wider. I see now that the task of the homemaker is much like those circles. For I will handle precious goods, indeed, food for the table, wood for the hearth, the material wealth of the family, but I will also be mistress of a much wider realm. I must supply the fuel for the all-important fire of the family spirit. My hands and the hands of my husband must pave the way and chart the course by which we can bring our family each day closer to God.

We can do this only if our life together has Christ as its center. Together I hope we can learn more each year of the rich heritage which is ours as Christians, soldiers of God, and heirs of heaven. The wealth of our family will lie in the great treasures which the Church has stored for us. The spirit and mood of the Church will be the spirit and mood of our family life together. Her feasts and occasions for joy will be ours. Using her life for our pattern, we cannot fail to attain our goal—to raise saints for God.

REALIZE now that the vision I had of accomplishing this in a three-room apartment, or even a row house, was woven of a baseless fabric. My solution to what seemed once an insurmountable problem is a simple, wholesome life on the land where the family can really live together. With the means in embryo of deriving their livelihood from their immediate surroundings, husband, wife and children are given the opportunity to develop their individual gifts and to contribute to the welfare of the whole. Much joy results from activity in common, prayer, work, play and study. These are things which are instrumental in the building of a full Christian family life.

Moreover, I see that the kind of home a woman makes determines the kind of community. A community should be a group of families living in union with one another. The ideal community should be just like a family in that all of the members should work together, develop together and contribute time and talents for the good of the group. Although the homemaker can make her influence felt indirectly by raising a good Christian family it is also her task to see that her family actively contributes to the needs of the community.

Did I say a lifetime job? There is work enough to keep us busy for an eon or two. But it's challenging work. At the thought of such a vast undertaking, do you feel completely inadequate? Listen, then, to the heartening words with which our Holy Father spurs us on:

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

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