

CATHOLIC WORKER



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CLASS WAR ON WATERFRONT IN NEW YORK

There are a great many strikes going on this month, so many of them that it is hard to keep track. They all epitomize the struggle for a livelihood that goes on today. Take the longshoremen's strike for instance. We'll write about that because it is representative of the deal workers are getting.

What are the men striking for? Reduction of slingloads to 2,240 pounds instead of the 6,000 pounds and over they now handle with grave danger to life and limb. One of the men on our block was crushed to death some years ago under an overloaded sling. A survey of slingload increases from 1928 to the present time showed an increase on the East Coast of 66 percent in coffee, paper 50 percent, steelpipe 200 percent, bananas 50 percent, copper 80 percent. Here is one of the reasons for unemployment. More men and more time to unload cargoes are needed.

Another demand is time and a half for meal hours worked; two shape-up periods instead of three. (The men line up along the waterfront like slaves at a slave block, instead of having a hiring hall like the seamen. It was one of the things the National Maritime Union had to strike for in 1937.) A guarantee of four hours' work a shift, and twenty men to a gang.

In addition to fighting for these things, the men are also rebelling against their leadership. Joseph P. Ryan has been head of the longshoremen for years and such a thing as elections are unknown. Union halls are dingy waterfront headquarters and there is little attention paid to rank-and-file membership. Ryan used to be a leader of the Joseph P. Ryan

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UNEMPLOYMENT

By Eric Gill

(Phrased by Peter Maurin)

1. Now in any period of history there are bound to be many unemployed persons — persons whose labor is not required to keep the world going.
2. Young children and students at school and college.
3. Old people and mentally and physically incapable people.
4. People on holidays or resting.
5. Ornamental people, — the idle rich, that is people who live upon their own or other people's savings.
6. The improvement of machinery under the capitalist system has increased the number of people whose labor is unnecessary.

The Same Thing

1. The raising of the school age is the same thing as unemployment.
2. It means that a large number of school children are no longer required for labor.
3. Old age pensions are the same thing.
4. It means that old people have less necessity to earn their livings.
5. The dole is the same thing.
6. It means that a larger number of men and women are resting or on holiday.

Very Few

1. The only reason for complaint is that the dole is so little.

2. If the dole were five pounds a week per person no one would complain.
3. Very few men and women really want to work in factories because that is their idea of the happiest way of spending their lives.
4. There are very few men or women who would refuse to accept a fortune if one were left to them.
5. Very few would refuse to take the Irish Sweep if they won it.
6. Very few would rather be factory hands than shareholders.

Unless We Scrap Machinery

1. Therefore what we call unemployment is not really a curse.
2. The curse is only the smallness of the dole.
3. There are remedies for this.
4. The smallness of the dole, the smallness of wages, the shortage of money, could be remedied.
5. But all the time we go on improving machinery and machinery is being improved day by day, almost hour by hour—there is no remedy for unemployment.
6. There is no remedy for unemployment unless we scrap machinery.

Inevitable Consequence

1. Unemployment is the absolutely inevitable consequence of the introduction and improvement of labor-displacing machinery.
2. If you introduce a machine which takes one man to make it and only needs one man to mind it and when made does the work of three men then one man is bound to be unemployed.
3. There is no escape at all unless you can get fresh markets.

WELCOME HOME LOUIS BUDENZ

Louis F. Budenz has resigned from his job as managing editor of the Daily Worker, has given up his connection with the Communist Party and has returned to the Catholic Church. His wife and daughters have come into the Church with him; they were baptized by Monsignor Fulton Sheen at the Cathedral, October 10. This is a matter for great rejoicing.

When reporters tried to reach him at his home they learned that he was on his way to Notre Dame, where he was going to teach economics. We

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4. But we cannot get fresh markets.
5. There are none left.

Various Schemes

1. I said that there are remedies for the smallness of wages and the smallness of the dole.
2. There are various schemes for the reform of the money system, the account keeping system, the wages system.
3. Schemes by which the power of people to buy things could be made equal to the power of machinery to make things.
4. For everybody must agree that there is no shortage of things.
5. There is only a shortage of money.

Too Little Money

1. The powers of production have increased a thousand fold.
2. But the powers of distribution have not increased correspondingly.
3. The weakness is not in production but in distribution.
4. And that is why the birth control movement is fundamentally silly — as well as fundamentally unholy.
5. There is not really too little food or too little power of production but simply and solely too little money — that is to say a bad system of distribution—

No Reason Whatever

1. Birth control experts

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NOTES BY THE WAY

Last night Jim Eriksen died around one-thirty, of heart failure, after a coughing spell. He just lay back on his pillow, closed his eyes and was gone. Joe Motyka, who was his roommate, ran to get Gerry, and by the time they got back he was dead. He was forty-two years old and had just been back the last month from overseas. The night before he died he worked until 11 o'clock in the office, lettering envelopes to contain the stickers to mail out the paper. He didn't want to go to bed until he finished it, he said. And then, not feeling well, he stayed up a while longer acknowledging some of the answers to our appeal. Many of you who answered us and received cards, neatly typed, and postmarked October 12, will be receiving the last words of Jim Eriksen, telling you that we of the Catholic Worker were grateful.

He died last night; his body was taken away this afternoon before the soup line started at 4:30. Duncan was helping in the kitchen, and then after supper, he took up the work where Jim left off last night and sat down to share the job of answering our friends. I went out to the kitchen to make fudge—not a good time to do it, but Gerry wanted to mail it to Jack Thornton for Christmas and the package had to get off before Monday and there was no time Friday or Saturday. Dave Mason and Herb Welsh shelled the nuts, and Shorty found me pans and wooden spoons and Chu kept washing the pots and we listened to the symphony while the fudge, made of brown sugar and milk, boiled on the stove.

The symphony was Tschai-kovsky's Fifth, the Pathetique, (Continued on page 2)

From A Priest

Stanley Internment Camp, Hong Kong, China, September 18, 1945.

Dear Dorothy and all C.W. Friends:

We are starving! Have been for 3 1/4 years. Can you help us? We have now plenty milk and eggs, bread and butter and corned beef, but are still famished for the meat that is meat indeed. May I beg you, therefore, to rush us a goodly supply of (1) the last many copies of the C.W. (hope you haven't been censored out of existence), (2) pamphlets, leaflets, books, (3) references to the best Catholic social literature in the U. S. and England. I've lost everything, worst of all my little radical library, and perhaps worse yet most of my memory. (We call this latter disease "Stanley-itis"—so common is it here). But I thank God over and over I have not lost my convictions. They are rooted more deeply than ever: e.g. the C.W. attitude toward modern war and Christian pacifism. What has happened here in Hong Kong alone is more than enough to outlaw this reincarnation of hell on earth. I could tell you atrocity stories aplenty, and not confined to one

side. Bad Christians seem to be able to far outdo bad pagans. A young American lawyer came into camp yesterday to interview each of us individually. He wanted the full details of any cruelties and indignities we witnessed, but only from the one side. I asked him if he would like to learn of some of the kindnesses done by the Japanese. "Oh no, I'm on the Crime Commission." Has the U. S. then sent out also a "Virtue Commission" or such like? He was blank and I thought, "Are we now preparing for peace or for another world war?" About a year ago our young Catholic Actionists (It is really too much to ask of old people who have gone through what we have) made quite a collection of true incidents of individual Japanese and Formosan acts of kindness and consideration. I admit it aroused a lot of criticism even among good Catholics.

But more of our "Love your enemies campaign" later. I have time now only to tell you that you must help us, and please don't count the cost, except to record it for later settlement. This isn't for me alone. My superior, Fr. Meyer, is urging me on. He arranged for several talks

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From A Soldier

Dear Father Duffy:

Thanks for your letter of last month. It was the first thing written on the subject of returning servicemen that hits on basic notions. Most of what we have been reading has been concerned with the problem of readjustment to conditions which led us into the war and not with changing those conditions.

When the American public coined the expression "GI Joe" they were unwittingly expressing a great truth. You know that "GI" in army lingo means Government Issue and is applied indiscriminately to all sorts of army equipment, institutions and customs. We have GI shoes, guns, food and diarrhea. Putting the soldier in a category with the rest of the equipment merely completes a process of government depersonalization which began long before boot camp.

Government property is well cared for. We used to keep our guns dry, and well oiled so that they would be ready for use when they were needed. If they were damaged they were repaired. When they were of no further use they were tossed in the ashcan. I wonder if the same attitude doesn't hold true with regard to the soldier.

In your letter you say that I

have had a Christian training and am aware of my Christian destiny. I wonder. It's true that I attended Catholic schools, and so did millions of other fellows. The point is, just how did we react to that training and why?

My own observation is that Catholics in the army didn't act any differently than did their non-Catholic buddies. If we were aware of our supernatural destiny it didn't seem to channel our actions into different activities from those of our companions. We pub-crawled with the rest on Piccadilly, we queued up with hundreds of others in front of native brothels in North Africa. In general we prided ourselves on the fact that we couldn't be distinguished from the man who was standing next to us in the morning formation. Yet our religion should have so marked us that we would have been as obvious as though we were wearing plaid sport jackets and not olive drab. (I sometimes wondered if a Christian had any business in an army formation.)

Maritain says that most men desire to be heroes and that the saddest thing in life is that so very few achieve their ambition. Young men coming out of the army seem to have this ambition,

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Manna Is Sometimes Rabbits

"All you that thirst, come to the waters: and you that have no money make haste, buy and eat. Come ye, buy wine and milk without money and without any price. Why do you spend money for that which is not bread, and your labor for that which doth not satisfy you? Hearken diligently to me, and eat that which is good and your soul shall be delighted in fatness."—Isaiah, 55, 1, 2.

DEAR Fellow Workers:
In our exuberance we cry out such invitations, and the lame, the halt, and the blind crowd to our doors, as who wouldn't?

This morning the mail contained a little box with a pair of baby shoes in it. One of the Maryknoll Sisters down the street gave us some good big house dresses. Tony, next door, sent us a dozen loaves of sandwich bread, and Tony on the corner has let our grocery bill go up to five hundred dollars.

Katie, who sells us vegetables on the corner, realizes how broke we are right now and gave us four bushels of string beans last night. It is taking hours to string them, but it's good food for the "line," for the Ambassadors of Christ. They are with us in the morning, about a hundred and fifty of them, for bread and coffee, and again in the afternoon at 4:30. And the line is getting longer. They are here off and on during the day for clothes, socks, coats, shirts, pants, as ragged a crew of Benedict Joseph Labres as anyone would wish to see. Our back yard is packed every afternoon, and when it rains, the halls are full.

And it isn't only a line of men who come. There are quite a few families who need help. And regularly. (We know one man in the City of Brotherly Love who has fourteen children of his own who sends ten dollars a week to another family in need.) There is a little old lady with cancer of the face who sits on the steps of the church to beg who needs to have her rent paid. Yes, she could be cared for in an institution, but if a hint of such a thing reaches her she runs away and sleeps in doorways overnight.

We know that the Lord will help us. He cares for us, St. Peter says simply. But we don't expect Him to send us food as He did to Daniel, by the hands of Habacuc, the prophet, or by the ravens, or by the widow women of Sarepta, or by the small boy with the loaves and fishes. But in some such manner the food will come* and the money to pay our bills. We can only let you know of our needs as we have done for the past twelve years, spring and fall, and beg your help.

We love to do this on some great feast like that of the Little Flower, who wishes to spend her Heaven doing good upon earth. The Psalmist says: I am smitten as grass, and my heart is withered: because I forgot to eat my bread. And sometimes food is just the thing that would comfort the heart which in its sadness has forgotten to eat its bread. I'm sure the little St. Therese would approve of such a little way, such a simple way to comfort and help people, so in her name we beg you to help us to help.

Gratefully in Christ,
DOROTHY DAY.

*P. S.: As I finished this letter, a woman reader who works in a laboratory where foods are tested called us up and offered us twelve white rabbits, the least weighing seven pounds!

Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)

the same one my brother and I listened to while we waited for his wife to have her first baby. Such music to accompany our thoughts of life and death. Struggling we come into the world, struggling we go out. Dunean came in and said he could not work, he could not stop crying. We cry for ourselves, we told him, not for those who are gone. This life is a darkness compared to the life to come. Now we are in the womb, Fr. Ehman says. We are going to be born to eternal life, there is all eternity before us, forever and forever and forever, as St. Teresa used to like to say.

All the beauty that is here, all the beauty of music, of sweet flowers, lovely smells and sights of sunsets and autumn trees and babies laughing, and women loving, and men strong in spirit

—these are such samples of the light and freedom and joy to come. Why do we weep?

Arrivals

Tom Sullivan, formerly of the Chicago Catholic Worker, is staying here for a while, just back from the Pacific. Jack English, formerly from the Cleveland Catholic Worker is staying, too. Gerry Griffin is back for good now and in charge of the house. That will give Dave Mason more time for writing, makeup, printing, and a good deal of that work can be done on the farm. He used to love the Philadelphia farm and spend a good deal of his time there. He'll be able to get more to the country now after being tied in New York for the past three years. Charles O'Rourke beams to see the gang coming back, and Father Duffy keeps thinking his labors are going to

be lightened, but somehow they never are.

Thanks to such a crew around, there has been a great deal of painting going on. The office is painted throughout. Also the front of the building painted green. The halls are washed, and part of the rear house painted red. The back fence is a brilliant green. We begin to look festive, and by the time Christmas is here, we'll probably have Christmas trees blooming in the back yard. What I've always wanted is ailanthus trees.

Next?

Looking over an old notebook, I find this: Rogation days, May, 1944. Prayer for conversions: Budenz, Minor, Mike Gold, Bridges, Curran, Lawrenson, Smith, Quill, Hathaway, Browder. Well, the first is taken care of. I don't know why I picked just those and no others. I have other much longer lists. Bob Minor, someone very nice whom I worked for in Chicago a brief period, is next on the list.

Book Reviews

And now that people are coming back from war, maybe we'll have time for a few book reviews in the paper. It is so wonderful to get all the books and so hard to write good reviews.



SAINT TERESA
Ade Behrman

Longmans Green, 55 Fifth Avenue, has been sending us such books lately that we can only beg our readers to get their catalogues and go on a spree of buying. There is a new book of Fr. Gerald Vann, Raissa Martain's *Adventures in Grace*, Margaret Monroe's *Enjoying the New Testament*, Mitri, the story of Prince Demetrius, by Sargent; *No Shadow of Turning*, by Katherine Burton, and many others.

CONTROVERSY

Some day, perhaps, I shall be able to finish the novel I was working on when I met Peter Maurin, a proletarian novel where the hero, in an era of unemployment, and in flight from the police for his agitation, gets the job of advertising a clothing store while he walks on stilts in Times Square. The heroine is likewise idiotically employed, walking as a mannikin, advertising fur coats in the window of a clothing store on Fourteenth street. The villain of the piece is capitalism and materialism. The theme of the novel is unemployment and the solution is decentralization, only to be achieved by voluntary poverty and detachment from creatures and in this effort to work for others, to continue to love others in the face of injury, hatred, war, the only motive strong enough is the motive of the love of God. And to show how this ever increasing love of God is fostered, my idea is to write about a retreat—for how can we learn unless we be taught, and the priests are our teachers—and write about it at length, giving my heroine's retreat notes, which

will be simple, fragmentary, enticing. After all, Aldous Huxley has his novels full of diaries, notes, ruminations on spiritual subjects. *Eyeless in Gaza* is chuck full of it.

But it looks as though I'm never going to get a chance to write that novel, life is so packed around the Catholic Worker, and one lives with so many people, that it is impossible to live with people in a book as you have to do when you are writing a novel.

And yet I want to write about the retreat in a way to arouse people's interest so that they will write to us for the retreat notes, which we have published, under the title of *Applied Christianity*, (inprimatur from the Archdiocese of New York) and for other literature on the subject.

We don't want too many to be asking for the retreats as yet, because we haven't room for them on the farm at Easton where we have started a retreat house and we have not enough retreat houses or priests. There are not enough priests to go around for parish work let alone for retreat houses. The South is clamoring for them, the missions—oh yes, there will always be a dearth. What a need for vocations both for the priesthood and for the lay apostolate!

On one occasion I published a page of retreat notes which I had taken on my own annual retreat at Oakmont, Pa., and there were one or two letters of commendation. Fr. Verner Moore said that they were refreshing, and a young man reading them in jail, where he was confined as an objector to war, made up his mind to make the retreat when he was released. He made quite a few retreats after he had served his sentence, and now he is studying for the priesthood in Montreal. He is a convert.

It would take a whole book to write about this retreat of ours, and that is why I get so anxious to get at my novel. I think it is an important retreat, an important means for us to use to show our love for God and our brother. Here we are engaged in this work these thirteen years, running a paper, houses of hospitality, farms, living the communitarian and personalist life. You start doing these things because you love your brother. You want to serve him. The only way you can show your love for your brother is by practicing the works of mercy and by trying to change the social order which makes so many of those works necessary. And yet one is not helping people much unless one puts them into the way of helping themselves.

We want to do so much, and are able to do so little, not only in the matter of food and clothing, but time and loving kindness. We want truly to give the best we have, and so we want to share this retreat which has brought joy to our hearts.

Unfortunately this retreat has aroused a great deal of controversy, and the published retreat notes have, a year after publication, been adversely reviewed in *The Ecclesiastical Review*, a magazine which for the most part is read only by the clergy. In addition to the published review there have been mimeographed criticisms circulated around the country. To answer these criticisms, Fr. John J. Hugo, who wrote out the retreat notes so that the retreatants themselves would stop passing around their own too often garbled versions of the retreat, issued a mimeographed answer of some length.

Anyone who wishes a copy of the notes and the reply to criticism may write to us and receive a copy of either or both. The next retreat given on the farm will start the Wednesday evening Nov. 21 before Thanksgiving, and last through Sunday evening. Make your plans now.

D. D.

PRIEST'S LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

on the C.W. in various study clubs here (we had 22 adult study groups under Catholic auspices). Many are anxious to learn more. Whatever you send will go toward our new Catholic library in Hong-Kong. Fr. Meyer will remain when I go back to Kweilin. But you can send all in my name to the Carmelite Monastery, Stanley, Hong Kong.

Let me close by saying I have felt very near the C.W. during our whole internment with these 2,500 other unfortunates (450 Catholics). The quarters, the food, the sense of dire poverty—unholy to so many yet of what sanctifying power—all brought us to Mott St. and primitive Christianity. We had our community dialogue Mass in English five days and in Latin twice a week. Without exception it has been the happiest period of my life. Physical and material want on all sides, but what spiritual freedom! We feel we have accomplished here among the British Catholics what it would take 20 years to do in the midst of worldly cares. Our chief efforts have not been in multiplying devotions but in establishing a well-informed zealous lay apostolate. About 40 have cooperated in a really wonderful way and over 200 do much more than their duty. Trusting I shall hear from you very soon, I am

Most gratefully yours in Xp
FATHER DONALD HESSLER.
P.S.—I must tell you one of my chief consolations was about 16 well-spaced letters from that ardent C.W., Rose Mazan of the Akron House. Except a couple others hers were the only ones to get through. They were always 1½ yrs. late but most welcome with their bits of C.W. news. Her last told me about your going on a year's retreat and the Baroness getting married—diversity of gifts but the same Spirit!

G. I. LETTER

(Continued from page 1)

The war, we discovered, didn't give us the opportunity we thought it would for heroic action. It seems to me that Catholics have a wonderful opportunity of tapping this immense human reservoir. All sorts of pressure groups have been formed to seize upon returning veterans, but any pressure for Christ and for the development of a Christian world from other Christians seems to be sadly lacking.

You said that we have the opportunity of laying the foundations of a Christian world. Before we can lay those foundations we must learn our trade as Christian masons. We must cease acting like animals, like good animals, like pagans, like good pagans and learn to act as sons of God. Millions of us are waiting for this chance, but where is this particular general staff school?

Best regards,
JACK ENGLISH.

P.S. I was just talking to a friend of mine. He is a Catholic and just fresh from the army. Tom has always been aware of racism. He says that in four years in the army he met only one person who was not an anti-Semite. Wow!



Clergy and Carpenter

By PHILIP HAGREEN

[From *The Cross and the Plough*, official organ of the English Catholic Land Movement.]

IT is the nature and duty of man to work. He who does not work is disobeying God's law and is a parasite on other men. In spite of the fall, and the long decline from Paradise to Pimlico, there are few men who do not want to work, in one way or another.

Of this essential activity of man the clergy say little. Perhaps this is as well, for when, about once a year, they preach on the hidden life of our Lord and speak of his work as a carpenter, what they say is usually bosh.

This excuse may be made for the clergy: that their work as priests has not changed since the time of our Lord. Their raw material, the human soul, remains the same. Their tools are still the liturgy, the sacraments and teaching. The clergy do not realize their unique immunity from the disaster that has crippled the lives of other men. To follow the example of our Lord as priest is still possible. To follow the example of our Lord as carpenter is forbidden.

We are told from the pulpit that by working as carpenter our Lord set us an example of humility and patience: that He chose a laborious trade and endured its drudgery. We hear of a menial occupation in a provincial village and of the tedium of knocking in nails.

That He who made the oak tree by His word should therefrom have made a table by the labor of His hands was indeed an example of humility and patience. We would suggest that it was also an example of how tables should be made.

Let us think for ourselves what manner of work may have been done in the carpenter's shop in Nazareth. We shall find that the things made there had a reasonable purpose and that conditions favored the right making of them. In other words, the things were works of art. They could only fail to be perfect works of art through the imperfection of the carpenter. The things made by our Lord were therefore perfect works of art: the only perfect works of art that the world has seen.

There are moot points about St. Joseph's work. What, for instance, was the range of it? Did it include what we should now call wheelwright's work and cooper's work? Were the things made mostly agricultural gear such as ploughs, harrows, and ox-yokes; or household furniture and utensils? Was the carpenter's shop also a smithy, and, if so, were nails, hinges, etc., made of iron or bronze? Of other points, and these the essentials of right making, we can be certain.

Firstly, the things made were for reasonable and good purposes. They supplied the normal needs of the neighborhood. St. Joseph dealt directly with his customers, who could discuss their requirements with him. If he were asked to make a bad thing he could refuse. In other words, the final cause of each thing was good and was clearly known to its maker.

Secondly, the raw material, the wood, was local. Trees were felled by St. Joseph, or under his supervision, and their barking, cleaving and stacking were his concern. It is not the nature of most trees to have much straight grain, and it is not the nature of woodwork to have only plane surfaces. A straight-grained piece may be set aside for a table-top, while pieces of suitable curve are selected for ploughs, etc. The saw was mainly used across the grain, where it cuts sweetly. Along the grain, the tree was opened with wedges. This is a delightful process, leaving the full strength of the wood and revealing its full beauty. Such wood will not warp and for many purposes it may be used at once and allowed to season at its leisure. St. Joseph was free to choose the most suitable wood for each part of a job. Thus the

material cause of the work was good.

Thirdly, St. Joseph's bench and tools were his own, probably because he had made them. He was free to replace them or alter and adapt them to his needs. They fitted their user, being of the right weight and proportions for his stature and strength. Thus the efficient cause of the work was good.

Fourthly, there remains the formal cause, the practical intelligence of the carpenter. In St. Joseph's case this was certainly good. In our Lord's case it was perfect.

When a Jesuit tells us that our Lord chose the dull work of a common carpenter rather than the more interesting work of a cabinet maker, the poor man is talking through his biretta. It is hard nowadays to make anyone understand what was meant by craftsmanship, because so few have ever seen any. The only skill people can appreciate now is in games. Well then, the specialized precision of the cabinet-maker may be likened to billiard-playing. The all-round woodworker, swinging axe or adze, slicing with the draw-knife and dealing with incalculable curves, may be likened rather to the cricketer, who must be able to bowl and bat and catch and run. His work depends on decisions in the air, on movements too subtle for measurement and too swift for conscious calculation. It shows a right instinct in the average Englishman that he respects the billiard champion but that he feels something of a hero-worship towards the great cricketer.

A learned priest tells us that the curse of Adam seems to have worked itself out, since machinery has removed the drudgery from work. We wonder how the clergy would like it if their work were mechanized, modernized, rationalized. If the sub-division of labor allotted to each priest not even one recognizable word of the Mass but only one meaningless syllable which he was compelled to repeat, as fast as he could stutter it, all day long and all the year round. Perhaps some of them would only jib at the long hours, for their Mass sounds very much like that as things are.

If a carpenter does bad work, the clergy think it no libel to say that he is a bad carpenter. Yet if we speak of a bad priest they think we are accusing him of unchastity, for it does not occur to them that a bad priest might be one who does a priest's work badly.

The words used about making are worthy of meditation. For instance, we admit the merit of a thing that is hand-made. But the hand is used in mechanized production. The hand is all that is used. We therefore call such production manufacture and speak of the employees as hands. The merit of the hand-made thing is that it is made by man. The craftsman uses his memories of tradition and of experience. He uses his understanding to apply these to the job in hand, and he uses his will to do the job as well as he can in the best way he can think of. Thus his hand is directed by the three powers of his soul and the thing is made by the whole man. So naturally do we think of the hand as the executive

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WELCOME HOME

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had heard that Mr. Budenz was a man of great learning in regard to social teaching of the Church. We are hoping now that he gets in touch with Mr. Willis D. Nutting, who also teaches at Notre Dame, a decentralist and a personalist. We are wondering, too, if he has read those two great books, "What's Wrong With the World" and "The Outline of Sanity," both by Chesterton, and "Christianity and the Machine Age," by Eric Gill.

We haven't the slightest idea as to whether Mr. Budenz has ever read the CATHOLIC WORKER and is acquainted with our ideas. Maybe some of our friends at Notre Dame will call his attention to this article. We congratulate him on coming back to the faith, but we do not know whether to congratulate him on his new job. We feel, as we read about it, as we felt when we found Earl Browder living at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on one of his visits. Or maybe it was Clarence Hathaway, who has since left the party.

We hope now that Mr. Budenz is not going to fight communism. With his background there is far more positive work for him to do. After all, many of the social aims of the Communists are Christian aims, as the Bishops said in a 1929 statement. Through-



out the world they have achieved a miracle, a tremendous victory in overcoming race prejudice. And this in only a generation. To them, Negro, Indian, Chinese, Japanese, Jew, Aryan or what have you, all belong to the great human race. We are all brothers. Their war is along class lines, and even there, if they would just accept St. Paul's ideas in regard to vocation, we'd go along too. It's the means being used that we of the Catholic Worker movement object to. Such means as violence, revolution, war, civil or national, or international.

Yes, the Communist denies Christ, our Brother, but in effect we do too, when we deny him in the Mexican, the Jew, the Negro, the Japanese, Indian and Chinese. Spiritually we are Semites. And we are all brothers in Christ, children of the same Father, children of Mary. Mauriac and M. Maritain both have said that those who are working for justice are working for Christ even though they deny Him.

We hope that Mr. Budenz will pray ardently for the conversion of his communist brothers—it would be sinning against hope not to do so—and we wish him a long life and joy in the strong conflict before us.

Today, America and the world are faced with one of the most important decisions in the history of the human race. There are two paths. Down one lies continued exploitation of the large cities, with eventual rule by dictators or kings and human slavery as the result. Down the other path lies individual freedom and family security achieved through decentralization of America's economy, and the world's economy.

R. J. HOWARD

Waterfront War

(Continued from page 1)
Democratic Club on the west side; and at one time we figured out that the salaries he pulled down were \$45,000 a year. Any criticism from us or from the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists led to cries of "Communist" from Mr. Ryan, who is a prominent parishioner in one of the wise-side Churches.

When the gains of the maritime union and the longshoremen's union are compared, there is a great advance shown by the maritime union, where there is a headquarters containing hiring halls, library, class rooms, recreation rooms, etc. There is recognition of the dignity of the worker there.

Under our present industrial-capitalist setup, our waterfronts are as ugly as hell, as ugly as sin, and indeed they have represented sin in the minds of most people. "Waterfront characters, waterfront dives"—such expressions showed the general attitude of the public to workers of the sea and docks. Down in Pensacola the town fathers set limits beyond which waterfront people were not supposed to pass. The waterfront was made up of brothels, pawnshops and saloons.

The only one of the CATHOLIC WORKER crowd lost in the war, Jim McGovern, who was first mate on a Standard Oil tanker, wrote a first-rate article for us once on the way sailors and dock workers were treated in the Soviet Union, as compared to the way they are treated here in a capitalistic and so-called Christian country. It appeared in a 1934-35 issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER.

Fr. Swanstrom, a Brooklyn priest who is now in Europe on a mercy mission with the National Catholic Welfare Council, wrote a book some years ago on the conditions of the waterfront, and the International Longshoremen's Union. It is a pretty scathing indictment of the old-line union, which has ceased to serve the men and which serves the officials instead.

As we write, the strike is on the way to being settled. The men may agree to go back to work, pending negotiations. Which means, I suppose, that the

first enemy, the ship owner (there are many Catholics like Basil Harris, Grace and others among them), has so far refused to negotiate. (The second enemy, of course, is the corrupt union official.)

As usual, the men are being blackmailed into going back to work. Mayor LaGuardia is telling them that the packages their Italian members are sending off to Italy have not gone out for some weeks; other newspapers are shouting that people are starving in Europe while ships return to pick up troops empty. (There are many other ports along the east coast not on strike.) They are also being frightened by the threat that Communist-led unions are going to swallow them up; that Harry Bridges on the west coast and Joseph Curran on the east coast are out to control them. Both Harry Bridges and Joe Curran have done a good job for their men in getting better conditions for them, in increasing their wages so that they can begin to live as men, instead of as slaves. As Jacques Maritain has pointed out, in working for truth and justice (that is, in this case, the dignity of the worker and his family), they have seen Christ in their brother, while Joseph P. Ryan and the ship owners have denied Him.

A survey conducted by New York's Greenwich House prior to the war revealed that of 217 dockers' families polled on this city's West Side, 68.6 percent earned between \$400 and \$1,200 annually; 12 1/2 percent made \$1,200 to \$1,600; 9 1/2 percent made \$1,600 to \$2,000, and only 2.3 percent made over \$2,000.

In contrast, in the same year, 85.6 percent of the West Coast CIO dockers earned \$1,200 to \$2,000 and only 5.2 percent earned between \$400 to \$1,200. Most of those men had been ill or incapacitated. Meanwhile, 9.2 percent earned in excess of \$2,000.

The war years, of course, boomed both coasts, and the average wage of dockers shot up considerably.

"We Are Accountable"

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

In the early days of the war there was a book published entitled "They Were Expendable." It was a best seller because it was in tune with popular worship of war and war heroes. We clapped each other on the back then and since, congratulating ourselves upon and informing the world of our superior qualities, our humanitarianism, love of justice and fair play for the weak and oppressed everywhere.

The book, and others like it, made us feel good. It flattered our pride, the most dangerous and harmful of human weaknesses and the most detested by God. While we are feeling so, there comes from Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa., a 25-cent pamphlet entitled "We Are Accountable" which should make the people of the United States hang their heads in shame and say, with the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner."

It was written by Leonard Edelstein, a graduate of Syracuse University and an LL.B. of the Harvard Law School, who, during the war, was (and still is) a Conscientious Objector attached to Unit 49 at the Philadelphia State Hospital. It is "the story of the mental institution... an ugly story of man's failure, and the undeserving suffering that springs from it... a dissonance of jangled notes and broken chords... the blare of man's neglect and ap-

athy" written by a man who has actual experience of what he is writing about, "but shouted by many, the discouraged and deserted, the ill-treated and abused, the lonely in heart."

"It is the story of a mother wailing behind walls for a child she cannot see; of a punch-drunk invalid in a broken wheel-chair waiting it out while disease creeps up his spine. It is told between the twists and turns of the afflicted in their spastic fits. It is the lament of the thousands sitting on wooden benches, alone, neglected, forgotten, society's 'missing men.'"

Cruelty, brutality, apathy and maltreatment; cold callousness and utter contempt for human beings, their rights and dignity; dirt, imposed frustration and despair are the subject matter of most of its 32 pages. This factual story sounds incredible in the United States in this so-called enlightened, progressive twentieth century. You won't feel very proud after you have read it.

It is specially recommended for those people who so readily find fault with conditions in other countries, who sit in self-righteous judgment upon the people of other nations, and who are so anxious to interfere in their affairs and reform them; for those people who see the mote in the other fellow's eye but who can't or won't see the beam in their own.

"We Are Accountable." Pendle Hill, Wallingford, Pa. Price 25 cents.

Fathers of the Modern Desert

By FR. JOHN J. HUGO

TWO young men walked rapidly along the crowded streets. Their faces were set, as though in anger. They were, in fact, at least indignant, and they were now seeking the object of their indignation to set him straight on a few matters, of great importance to them, on which he had gone sadly astray. They were looking for a priest, Theodore Theologus, who lived a kind of hermit's existence amid the crowds and distractions and tumult—what he called "the wastes and vast solitudes"—of that great modern metropolis, New Babylon.

The two young men might have been going to Theologus, a man at once learned and holy, as anciently young men had visited the Fathers of the Desert, to obtain spiritual counsel in the ways of perfection. But they were not. Times have changed, the world has made great "progress," and the wastes of New Babylon are quite different from those of the Egyptian desert. Young men no longer have anything to learn: it is they who teach their elders. And so these young men, Epicurus Baptizatus and Philosophicus Abstractus by name, were on their way to offer some guidance to poor old Theologus, whose medieval views, it was evident, were producing harmful effects in the enlightened and progressive environment of today.

With the skill of Indians following a path through the primeval forest, Epicurus and Abstractus picked their way through the crowds on the sidewalks, through the traffic on the streets, between buses and taxis, trucks, passenger cars, and trolleys. They seemed deaf to all the clamor of the traffic-ridden streets—almost as if lost in meditation.

Now they turned off the business thoroughfare on which they had been walking, went along several side streets, and entered a section—scarcely less noisy, but dirtier and less pretentious—of wholesale houses, dilapidated shops, plentiful taverns, uninviting food stands, and run-down apartment buildings. Here Theologus lived, amid the squalor so abundantly provided everywhere by our modern industrial civilization; here he cared for a small and almost deserted parish, whose membership changed every day or so, being made up of the transients from neighboring lodging houses, cheap hotels, drab apartments, and the institutions called flophouses.

At length they stood before the uninspiring Church of St. Paphnutius, of red brick, as bleak and dirty (outside at least) as the neighboring buildings—of one piece, in fact, with its surroundings. It was of that hideous style, or stylelessness, of architecture with which all who live in the huge shapeless industrial cities of today are familiar—a style which, like all art, is no doubt the spontaneous expression of the spirit of the age that has created it.

Walking around the corner, they went to the door of Theologus' small apartment, which was attached to the church and formed part of it. A moment after they had rung the bell, the door was opened by Theologus himself, who, in spite of his fearful reputation, smiled, actually smiled, and invited them in. Inside, he asked them to sit down. They were in the study, modest and plain, but neat and truly studious-looking. The furniture was of wood, apparently secondhand or at least well worn. The floor was covered with linoleum; there was a table in the middle of the room, a desk

to one side, and the walls were lined with book shelves; these in turn were filled with books whose size and antiquity suggested that they contained weighty matters indeed.

Theologus, himself, was a man a little short of medium height, inclined to be stout—not ascetic-looking at all—gray around the temples, bald on top, quiet in speech and of an exceedingly mild countenance. He did not look like a very dangerous character. The young men were almost disappointed. They had expected to find a fierce ascetic sullen, forbidding, ready to tear them limb from limb.

"It's a very bright day," Theologus was saying cheerfully. "Or so they tell me. Down here we scarcely see the sun. Too bad— isn't it—that the great modern cities, in spite of all their wealth, can't afford to have what Abbot Butler calls the Benedictine luxuries of light, space and air?"

The voice, Abstractus had to admit, sounded quite human. But, of course, he was not the kind of simpleton to be deceived by an amiable manner. He was looking for an opening, after their introduction and this first exchange of greetings. Theologus, on his part, was simply waiting to hear the reason for this unexpected visit; he was allowing the visitors to make their own beginning. Abstractus, who considered himself a man of refinement, wished to approach the matter delicately and diplomatically. But his companion was not the sort of person to delay a fight; not that he, Epicurus, intended to take a very active part in it—Abstractus was to do the combat work—but he wished, with the zeal that we are familiar with in home-front warmongers, to get the battle started; so that he could the sooner enjoy watching it and also settle the matter weighing so heavily on his soul.

"We came to make a protest," said Epicurus.

"Against what?" inquired Theologus.

"Against you—against your teaching—against your influence. With your medieval ideas and religious extremism you are having a definitely bad influence in New Babylon."

"So!" replied Theologus. Again he was smiling.

Abstractus was aghast at his friend's crudity. But any rate he was glad the ice was broken.

"Please excuse his bluntness," he said. "There is no offense intended—it's just his way. But we do wish to discuss a few points with you, in the hope that you might change somewhat the policy you have been following. We feel—and there are many others like us—that your religious instructions and advice are ill-fitted to our day and age. Some modifications seem necessary."

There was a pause. Then, by way of further explanation, Abstractus added:

"We are interested in—and, I may say, are representing, in an unofficial way—some Catholic Action projects. We are much concerned about them, and we have been forced to the conclusion that you are injuring them, unintentionally no doubt, but really." Abstractus was not conscious of any effrontery, so filled was he with zeal.

"I certainly do not wish to injure anyone," said Theologus. "In fact, my one ambition is to help those who come to me. If I am in error, I will certainly correct myself. But could you give me some instances of this bad influence?"

Another pause. Then Epicurus, as usual, blurted out what was uppermost on his mind.

"Take the case of Pia Jucunda. Not a nicer girl in New Babylon than Pia—gay, happy, the life

SAINT RAPHAEL



PRAY FOR US

Ada Bethune

of the party wherever she went. At Mass every Sunday; a regular communicant. I was going steady with Pia—was even hoping to marry her some day. Then she fell under your spells: began to attend your lectures, conferences, and days of recollection. There was a complete change almost at once. Pia's hardly the same girl anymore."

"And how did the change show itself?" asked Theologus, genuinely interested.

"Well, for example," continued Epicurus, "she hardly wants to go out with me any more. Won't go to the movies now—says they're worldly. And before, we used to go two or three times a week. And she won't dance either—although she used to be the best dancer in New Babylon"—this with a sigh. "Has given up cigarettes, uses no rouge—is a real eccentric. And makes me feel like a criminal every time I light a cigarette myself."

Here Epicurus, with anything but the air of a criminal, lit a cigarette. Abstractus now took up the conversation.

"It's really a greater matter than Epicurus' shattered romance with Pia," he said. "There seems to be a definite wave of extremism spreading as a result of your instructions. People injuring their health through too much penance, and that sort of thing."

"For example?" asked Theologus patiently.

"No doubt you know the group over at the Church of St. Pachomius. One absurdity after another. The latest fad is a Holy Hour of Reparation from eleven to twelve every Friday night. They're making a laughing-stock of themselves."

"And what's more," interjected Epicurus piously, "of our holy religion itself. Besides that, they're ruining their health by depriving themselves of sleep. In a couple of years they will all be physical wrecks. Pia belongs to that group—and that's where she wants me to go on our dates now. Imagine—a Holy Hour! Last week for my birthday she gave me a copy of the 'Introduction to the Devout Life' by St. Francis de Sales. A year ago she gave me a silver cigarette case."

Theologus evidently felt that he had enough of the facts to venture a reply. At any rate he said:

"I know the persons you are speaking of, and they are a very earnest group of young people. Perhaps they make mistakes—who does not?—but, on the whole, I see no reason for alarm at their conduct. The Holy Hour was their idea, not mine. I simply allowed it, provided they had their pastor's consent. Their idea—and I think it a very commendable one—was to make this hour of prayer in honor of the Sacred Heart, after the suggestion of St. Margaret Mary, in reparation for sins that are committed on the dance floor at that

CULT :: CULTIV

Sonnets

THERE is no radical the Negro's friend
Who points some other than the classic road
For him to follow, fighting to the end,
Thinking to ease him of a half his load.
What waste of time to cry: "No Segregation!"
When it exists in stark reality,
Both North and South, throughout this total nation,
The state decreed by white authority.
Must fifteen million blacks be gratified,
That one of them can enter as a guest,
A fine white house—the rest of them denied
A place of decent sojourn and a rest?
Oh, Segregation is not the whole sin,
The Negroes need salvation from within.

OH, ONE was of the East,
Who came with p birth,
A symbol all men
When Godhead earth.
The Ethiopian in J
Was human to the
Who drawn to him
Bestowed on him
Word.
Yes, and a great I
first,
To change itself in
Long before Ron
burst
And purged itself
oblation.
From the high p
they grew o
With power, oh
have black r



time—especially in these secluded road-houses and night clubs."

"And do you think it's all right for them to ruin their health in this fashion?" indignantly queried Epicurus.

"Before these young people formed this club," replied Theologus, "most of them were out dancing many evenings each week, perhaps every evening. But you did not worry about their health then. Why do you worry about it now? In those days they spent more than an hour at their 'devotions,' I fancy, and were up far beyond eleven or twelve o'clock. They could have stayed up all night before—in the service of the world—and no one would have thought anything about it. Indeed, they were admired and envied for their gay life. Now everyone becomes alarmed because they give one hour of the week to the service of God. It seems to me that you are using weighted scales."

"But what am I supposed to do?" cried Epicurus. "Become a monk? What if all the girls would be like Pia?"

"Alas, they are not all doing as Pia; it will be a few weeks before all of New Babylon is converted to the devout life," said Theologus. "So that, if you want a wife of the sort that Pia was before, you will have no trouble finding one. The dance floors and the cinemas—not to mention the parish sodalities—are full of them. But if you are really fond of Pia, and wish to have her as a wife, I suggest that you make a date with her—at the Holy Hour!"

Epicurus nodded his head sadly.

Abstractus said, "All our young people will become eccentrics. Youth will be lost to the Church. Our efforts to form Catholic Action groups among the young will be fruitless."

"It is true," said Theologus, "that in giving up dancing and smoking, Pia and others who do the same, may appear like eccentrics—by the standards of the world. But they have a good precedent: the Mother of God was such an eccentric. She

The Bloodless

By Stanley From "2

IT WAS with feelings of pity that the citizens of the other nations who watched that they could do without the super colossal movie industry these primitive nations were ness whose prime duty cons baric peoples with the materi. In glowing terms they de agricultural peoples the great be theirs if they would but abandon their traditional ways of life and flock into the factories to serve the great god, Machine. The Machine, they were told, if well served, would repay its devoted workers a hundredfold; and would enable them to replace their laborious handwork with machine products.

How ridiculous it was, these simple people were told, to spend hours in baking bread, when the Machine could turn out thousands of loaves in the same time. How absurd to walk when the automobile could take you there in the twinkling of an eye. How nonsensical for the family to gather around the fireplace on cold winter evenings trying to amuse themselves with silly talk and songs when the radio was there to bring into their very room the best of the world's greatest entertainers. How stupid to have folk dances and vil-

lived her life apart from the world, without the pleasures of the world, far from the styles of the world. And there is no reason to doubt that, were she living today, she would give up the indulgences of modern paganism as completely as she did those of the ancient one. Pia and her friends certainly have a right—and a duty—to imitate the Blessed Virgin. That they wish to do so seems to me most commendable. And if there are few, even among Catholics, who do so, even this does not make Pia an eccentric: by Christian standards, they are rather the eccentrics who, giving lip service to her whom they call their

CULTURE EVOLUTION ::

II

black of the wise men
precious gifts to Jesus'
en equal were at least,
condemned to the
Jerusalem
the preacher of our Lord,
as to a precious gem,
the message of the

Black Empire was the
into a Christian nation,
ome its pagan fetters

elf for Jesus Christ's
place where erstwhile
drunk
God, how gutter-low
men sunk!

III

WHEN the dictators set them up as gods
To solve the riddle of wealth and poverty,
I think of Jesus who was scourged with rods,
Who died so that the whole world might be free
From powers who posed as gods to rule mankind!
I think of Jesus and the Pagan world,
To which He said: Can the blind lead the blind?
Boldly the flag of love His life unfurled.
My Lord and Master of the earth to whom
The men of Cæsar's line are nothing new,
Who died to break them and above the tomb
Proclaimed the gospel militant and true:—
My pagan life of arrogance and dross,
I lay down all and humbly at your cross.

By
CLAUDE McKAY

ess Persecution

ey Vishnewski
"The Torch"

intermingled with contempt and
of the Great Nation looked upon
were so backward as to imagine
the automat, the five and ten, the
try and the skyscraper. And to
re dispatched emissaries of busi-
sisted in acquainting these bar-
rial blessings of the Great Nation.
depicted to these primitive and
at power and wealth that would

lage festivals and pageants when
the movies were there for one's
amusement at no effort.

DAZZLED by the prospects of
a workless utopia, the na-
tives of these backward coun-
tries rushed to build factories to
the great god Machine. And to
its ever hungry and destructive
maw they willingly and gladly
fed forests of virgin timber, dug
up mountains of ore, polluted
their rivers and gave the best of
their young.

But, here and there, were a
few who tried to warn their
countrymen against the inroads
of this dangerous monster. It is
not a god but a Frankenstein
you are adoring, they cried; a
horrible Frankenstein that will
enslave and destroy you and
your children. Encouraged by
these prophets, patriots went
about destroying machines—but

model, conduct their lives, not
like hers, but after the fashion
of the world which she hated."

"In any case, your whole
conception of Christianity is
wrong," said Abstractus.

"That may be," was the smil-
ing reply, "but let us discuss
the matter at another time. You
will have to excuse me now—to
take care of some other duties."

As they left the apartment,
Abstractus said to his friend:
"Certainly a hard-headed and
obstinate fellow."

"Yes, indeed," said Epicurus.
"But I hope he'll think over
what we told him. Next time we
may find him more receptive."

(To be continued).

**I DO BELIEVE, LORD
= HELP MY
UNBELIEF**



Ado Bethune

it was all in vain, for the great
god Machine had won many ar-
dent followers who devoted their
full time in his service, and
those who protested were soon
laughed out of existence.

And the citizens of the Great
Nation felt a deep feeling of sat-
isfaction and pride at the
thought that they were helping
the rest of the world to share in
the millenium. Progress was
here, they shouted. And at night
they opened the windows of
their penthouse apartments and
gazed across the jeweled lights
of their mighty Metropolis. From
its lower depths came the
hushed and persistent roar of
a giant that knew no rest. And
in the sky could be heard the
drone of cargo planes. Far off
in the distance could be heard
the mournful sound of trains
rushing into the night; and in
the harbor could be seen the
lights of steamers plying against
the shore.

And the hearts of the city
dwellers swelled with pride as
they contemplated the scene be-



Ado Bethune

fore them. For they well knew
that this scene would be dupli-
cated a thousand times all over
the nation. That even at this
moment, there were millions of
workers busily engaged in pre-
paring for another day's work;
that in the morning their paper
would be waiting for them and
that the trains would be on
time—and it was all too wonder-
ful.

BUT not all the citizens of this
Great Nation shared this
common enthusiasm, for at that
moment in the Great House, the
appointed rulers of this nation
were meeting in solemn session
to find ways and means of com-
bating the cancerous growth of
impurity, crime and immorality
that was threatening to under-
mine the marvelous structure of
the Great Nation.

The Head Ruler was frankly
worried as he faced the group of
Minor Rulers. "Rulers," he ad-
dressed them, "I have called you
here because of a great calamity
that is threatening to under-
mine our nation." At this there
was a buzz of excitement and a
spokesman stepped forward.
"Head Ruler," he respectfully
asked "are we to understand
that there is something wrong
with our Great Nation? This is
hard to believe, as the trains run
on time, the citizens have more
time for leisure and our great
movie industry has just an-
nounced a billion-dollar ap-
propriation for amusement.
What more can one ask for?
Why, everyone is happy and
contented; surely, you must be
mistaken."

"I wish that I was," the Head
Ruler replied shaking his head
sadly, "but these statistics do not
lie. The family is being destroyed
through divorces and birth con-
trol, juvenile delinquency is on
the upswing, crime and immorali-
ty have reached new heights (or
depths), the mental hospitals
are being filled. And it is these
problems that we, the rulers,
must solve before the entire
country be destroyed."

"That is indeed a serious
problem," the spokesman said.
"And we must find a remedy for
this cancerous growth. But first
we must find the cause. Have
you any ideas on the matter,
Head Ruler?"

There was a sad look in the
Head Ruler's eyes as he spoke.
"I believe it is due to the fact
that our people cannot stand
material progress; that it is the
movie, the press, and the factory
system that is mainly respon-
sible for the breakdown of our
morality."

There was a hushed feeling of
painful silence before a storm of
protest broke from the group of
assembled Minor Rulers. Pre-
posterous! Absurd! The great
god Machine is responsible for
all the blessings! Atheist! How
ridiculous! And aside to each

Just Wages and the Right to Work

AS FOR the rich and wealthy, if they are bound to act
liberally towards those in need, in a spirit of ready char-
ity, much more are they bound to give them justice.
Hence workmen's wages, as a matter of right, must be such as
to support the men and their families. Pius XI, our predeces-
sor, has weighty words on this duty. "Every endeavor must be
made that the heads of families should receive a sufficient
wage to make decent provision for common household needs.
If in the present posture of things this is not always possible,
then social justice demands forthwith a change of conditions
which will assure such wages to every adult workman. And
here we may fittingly give their meed of praise to all the
authors of a specially wise and useful scheme; they have tried
and tested sundry means by which workmen's wages can be
proportioned to family burdens, the former increasing with the
latter and extending, if need be, to provision even for special
emergencies" (*Quadragesimo Anno*). It should further be pro-
vided that any man strong enough to earn his and his family's
daily bread should have fair opportunity of securing work. We
are exceedingly distressed at the lot of those (they are numer-
ous in your country) who though they have strength, health,
and will, are unable to find the work they seek. May wise
rulers, thoughtful and generous employers, and the speedy
advent of happier times, bring accomplishment of desires so
reasonable, to the general profit of the community.

—PIUS XII, *Sertum Laetitiae* (1939).
[To the American Hierarchy]

other they remarked that the
Head Ruler was growing senile
and should be replaced.

When silence and order had
been restored, the Head Ruler
asked for comments, upon which
a Minor Ruler got up and spoke.
"It is the Christians who are re-
sponsible for the chaos and dis-
order and immorality of this
age, for surely, had the Chris-
tians lived up to their tradi-
tional teachings none of these
problems would be facing us to-
day. I am in favor of a general
persecution of Christians, as I
believe that by these means we
will get rid of the cause of this
immorality."

Agreed! Everyone shouted,
glad to find a scapegoat. A gen-
eral persecution of Christians
would be the best way to reno-
vate society and to remove the
causes of paganism and im-
morality. And so plans were
drawn up for a general persecu-
tion of Christians which was to
start a year hence. Into the
cities and towns spies were sent
to draw up lists of Christians for
the persecution. So secretly was
this done that few citizens knew
of the impending persecution.

THE day of the persecution
came and nothing happened.
The papers reported nothing out
of the usual, except a few di-
vorces, several murders, a couple
of robberies, a few kidnappings
and the regular run of the news
which was so commonplace that
it no longer merited front page
but was sandwiched in between
comics. The second day it was
the same, and so it was for the
first month of what was sup-
posed to be the persecution.

Worried over the failure of the
persecution the Minor Rulers
rushed to the Great House to
hold a consultation with the
Head Ruler. Could it be that the
Christians were so strong and
powerful that it would be sulci-
dal to launch a persecution
against them?

A feeling of hushed expec-
tancy came over the assemb-
led group as the Head Ruler entered
with a portfolio under his arm.
"I am sorry to report that the
proposed persecution of Chris-
tians has failed. No, not because
they are too powerful and num-
erous," he ventured to say as he
noticed the frightened looks,
"But because they are too few";
and he paused a few minutes to
let this truth sink in.

"For a year our spies lived with
the people and shared in their
work and pleasure, and they re-
ported that there was no way of
telling who was a Christian and
who was not. The so-called
Christians went to the same
amusements, read the same pa-
pers, wore the same clothes, ate
the same food—there was very
little that our spies could report
on to distinguish Christians from

the pagans. And indeed many
times they made lists of Chris-
tians who later turned out to be
pagans."

"But didn't they run across
ANY Christians?" a Minor Ruler
wanted to know.

"Yes," the Head Ruler wanly
smiled. "A few, here and there,
who really wanted to follow in
the footsteps of their Master,
but these were looked upon with
such contempt and disgust by
the rest of the population that
it was deemed better to let them
live as a horrible example of
what Christianity is. I am happy
to report that there are so few
Christians that we must look
elsewhere for the cause of this
dreadful cancerous growth of
impurity and immorality that is
threatening to swamp our nation."

"But yet the Son of man, when
He cometh, shall He find, think
you, faith on earth?"

Look to the Land

BY NATURE agriculture
is first, next come all
those things which are
derived from the earth, such
as mining and other arts of
like kind. But agriculture
should be ranked first because
it is just; for it does not derive
its profits from men, either
with their consent, like petty
traffic and the mercenary arts
or without their consent, like
the arts which pertain to war. Fur-
thermore agriculture is natural,
for naturally every existing thing
derives its nourishment from its
mother, and so consequently men
derive it from the earth.

ARISTOTLE.

There is virtue in the country
houses, in gardens and orchards,
in fields, streams and groves, in
rustic recreations and plain
manners, that neither cities nor
universities enjoy.

L. M. ALCOTT.

The requirements of a good
farmer are at least four: The
ability to make a full and com-
fortable living from the land; to
rear a family carefully and well;
to be of good service to the com-
munity; to leave the farm more
productive than it was when he
took it.

L. H. BAILEY.

O joyful work of the farmer, for
which the sun is as bright as
our glistening ox, and the rain
is our banker, and God works
with us every day, making of
everything the best!
Others look to men for their
rewards, but we receive ours
straight from heaven itself,
A hundred for one, the full ear
for a seed, and the tree for
a nut.

For such is the justice of God to
us, and the measure with which
He repays.

P. CLAUDEL.

Clothes, Clothes, Clothes

DEATH brought a police sergeant to St. Joseph's House last Wednesday night. When he had completed his routine examination he started to ask questions about the house and our ways and means.

"How do you fellows keep this place going?" he asked.

"By contributions from our friends," I told him. "They know what we are trying to do, and send us used clothing and money for food, whatever they can afford to give."

"I see those fellows lined up out front when I go past," the sergeant said. "A lot of them look as if they could go to work."

"But they do work," I replied. "The toughest and dirtiest jobs are done by the men you see in breadlines. That's why many of them are here, because they have been broken by the living and working conditions they've had to endure."

"Yes, yes, it's too bad—too bad—too bad," he interrupted, and it was easy to see that he didn't want to hear any more. He had accomplished the purpose of his visit, made sure that the formalities were complied with and that the patrolman had written in his little black book all the pertinent information concerning the blanket-covered form on the cot around which the three of us were grouped. The sergeant wasn't interested in the men who are found in the breadlines, nor in the reasons why they are there. Why should he be? We moderns are interested in success stories. We want to hear about the poor boy who made good, the young fellow who started as a section foreman and became president of the railroad, the bellhop who advanced to the managership of a chain of hotels. We don't like to be reminded that the vast majority of men must remain privates in the industrial army, and that captains of industry hold their positions by their ability to get the most out of the privates at the lowest possible cost.

ECONOMY is the watchword and the fetish of industry. Economy dictates that railroad and other construction laborers shall be housed in cheerless bunkhouses, in converted freight cars parked on sidetracks. In the interest of economy, men must be hired and fired at the moment the need for them begins and ends. Restaurant workers are hired by the day, and even for a few hours work. The New York Central needs a hundred track workers this week at Albany—next week they can come back to the rotten, pandering reservoir of surplus labor, which is so ironically called the "Bowery."

When you see track laborers standing on the right-of-way as your train speeds by, you may be looking at men who broke bread here at St. Joseph's House last night, and the clothes they wear may have come from our supply. It is a very scant supply these days, as it has been for a long time, for our appeals for men's clothing nearly always have the same effect—they bring in about 10 or 20 percent of men's garments, and the rest women's and children's. So too often we have to say no to the man who needs a coat because he is going to ship out on a railroad job—"It's pretty cold up in Syracuse now"—too often we have to turn down the shame-faced fellow whose hands are held behind him because there's no seat in his trousers, and the one whose feet are tortured by useless, broken shoes. Many times we have to disappoint hopeful brothers in Christ who could get a restaurant job. "If only I had a clean shirt."

NOW it might seem, at first thought, that we have done our duty when we have asked for clothing, and that it is not our fault when we don't have enough. But direct contact with

"Since each Christian is incorporated in the Church, an organization whose life-blood is love, he has the duty to be brother to every man in every relationship in life. Christian life, from the social point of view, is service to our brothers."

—IGINO GIORDANI, "The Social Message of the Early Church Fathers."

those who are in dire need gives rise to a conviction that we are somehow at fault when the supply falls far short of the need. Perhaps our appeals do not adequately state the urgency of the need for men's clothing, or it may be that we do not pray enough for this special intention, and fail to impress on our friends the necessity for praying for it. Whatever the reason, the fact remains that we do reach the point where we can no longer feel that our duty is fulfilled when we have to say no to our destitute brothers.

DAVID MASON

PHILIP HAGREEN

(Continued from page 3)
of the soul that we speak of acts of the Divine Will as the work of God's hand. Note that a steamship carries so many hands. A sailing-ship carried so many souls.

All that exists is made by God, directly or indirectly. The daisy praises God because it is as He made it. It lives and grows and multiplies and withers in perfect conformity to His will. The bird, acting by the instinct that God gives it, builds a nest. That nest is part of God's creation and He sees that it is good. The carpenter makes a table, but the carpenter is prone to evil. He may work too hastily through avarice. He may be too meticulous through pride of craftsmanship and through being wrongly ashamed of his human limitations. He may try to give his work a perfection that only belongs to things made directly by God. A cruder kind of pride may lead him to make the table, not the best way, but in a way that will show his skill or his originality.

By the virtue of the art, these temptations are avoided. The carpenter may make a table to the best of his ability. It will be a perfect table: not perfect in the sense in which a daisy is perfect, but perfect in its suitability, its appropriateness. Compared with a daisy, the best table is a clumsy botch, for human skill is infinitely below that of its Creator. Yet the table is good through the good will of its maker, through the right use of his faculties. It takes its place without disharmony in God's world, and because it is a product of man's free will, the table is more pleasing to God than all the daisies that ever bloomed.

We have no fear of misrepresenting the views of the clergy on work. We have discussed the matter with so many priests in the course of so many years that we know their teaching by heart. Further, we have read many Pastoral Letters. In particular, we remember a joint pastoral of our hierarchy on the social question. Therein our Bishops talked of the dignity of man. This dignity, they said, demands that he should have security of employment, a family wage, a bathroom and suitable sanitation. They say: "As Christians we ought not to tolerate any attack, direct or indirect, on the dignity of man or on the sanctity of family life."

Very well then. We say that the dignity of man is attacked,

may, outraged, when he is compelled to spend his whole working life in sub-human, mechanical acts. We say that the sanctity of family life is violated when the husband is kept from home, virtually in prison, all his working days. When he cannot own either his means of livelihood or his home. When his children are taken from him by strangers. Of these things our spiritual leaders say not one word.

Apart from the very few priests who see that the industrial system is evil in its origins and in its effects and that no adjustment of it can make it compatible with Catholicism, the clergy are of two types.

The majority shirk the problem. They say that it is a matter of economics. That it would be too costly to make things by hand nowadays. That it would lower the standard of living. That we are not going to write with quill pens when we can have typewriters, and that anyhow, the Church has never condemned slavery.

The other, less common, type admits the evil of industrialism, but advocates surrender to it—for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. This class includes men of learning and renown whose reputation, as well as the speciousness of their arguence. It was bad when the Scribes and Pharisees were hypocrites. It is a deal worse when they are sincere.

Though these clergy admit that there are many evils connected with industrialism, they defend machinery as though its goodness were the central dogma of their faith. It would be easier to argue with them if we could discover their motive. At any mention of the evils of mechanization, they interrupt with: "But you cannot say that machinery is evil in itself." Why are they thus roused? If a man is drowning, do they shout: "But you cannot say that water is evil in itself," or do they try to save him?

These clergy say that our idea of work is a false one. They tell us to enjoy making good wood-work but to suffer and to teach us to suffer. They say that our Lord showed us something infinitely higher than craftsmanship when His hands no longer held chisel and mallet but were nailed to the cross. Industrialism, they say, offers wonderful opportunities for mortifying our instincts. The acceptance of the tedium of its methods and the ugliness of its products may be means of sanctification, and this is what the workers should be taught.

Truly, every man has his cross—but woe to that man by whom he is betrayed.

These clergy say that if the work is mechanical, so much the better, as it leaves the mind free for higher things.

Mechanical work permits no use of the intellect or the will, for the actions are dictated and timed by the machine. But neither does it permit freedom of the mind. It exacts continuous attention. The punishment for a moment's inattention, hesitation or delay may be the loss of a finger or an eye, or a smash-up of machinery and an accusation of sabotage. It is only because they can give this attention that human beings are used. Whatever can be done au-



tomatically is done by machines.

In their effort to belittle the evils of industrialism, the clergy reminds us that man is soul and body and that it is the soul that matters. They speak of the soul as the rider of an unruly horse and they seem to think that if the horse is lamed it will be better for the rider. But man is not two things, like rider and horse: he is soul-body, a centaur.

The doctrine of the Incarnation and of the Resurrection teach us that in this life and in eternity man is one thing, a being which God has created and into which He has breathed the breath of life.

Man is not like a knife—a steel blade set in a bone handle. He is a compound like water. Water can be temporarily separated by electrolysis into oxygen and hydrogen. So can man be temporarily separated by electrocution into soul and body.

Now if we consider the duties of man on earth and his state in eternity, we must think of him as a compound, just as we must think of water as a compound when we are studying hydraulics. Oxygen and hydrogen are no concern of the hydraulic engineer. His science depends on the incompressibility of water. It is irrelevant to him that oxygen and hydrogen are compressible.

The state of man's separated soul is a mystery, for it is an incomplete substance. This is of interest to speculative theologians. The state of man's separated body is of interest to worms.

We are told that it is not economical to make things by hand. Well, let us consider the economy of such a workshop as St. Joseph's. Nothing of the material was wasted. The crooked and knotty parts of a tree were as valuable for some purposes as the straight-grained parts were for others. The bark was used by the tanner. Then it was litter and then manure. Twigs and any rotten wood were used as fuel, along with all the chips and shavings. The ash was used for washing and for the garden.

No time or energy was wasted. The carpenter could order his work to suit the rhythm of his vitality. On a frosty morning he might swing an axe or adze or cleave a log with beetle and wedge. On a sultry afternoon he might sit to use the draw-knife or sharpen a saw. He could think out his problems when his mind was alert, and when it was dull he could go on with jobs that are done largely by habit. He could work in his garden when the garden needed it, or when he needed a change.

Further, no ability was wasted. There was no limit to the development of the carpenter's powers. A wooden spoon made by a man of genius surpasses ordinary spoons as a Stradivarius surpasses ordinary violins.

And what of the customer? He got what he wanted and paid only for what he got. He got a yoke that suited his breed of oxen, a harrow that suited his soil and a chair that suited his figure. The things were made to fill his needs and able to suit his means. A piece of furniture might be the cheapest that would function or it might be a highly-wrought heirloom—a joy for centuries. Most hand-made things may be repaired by their maker. They may come back to him again and

again as wear or accident make it necessary. Thus he learns their weak places and devises improvements. An important point in the economy of such neighborly dealings is that payment may often be made in kind.

Now how does this compare with the industrial methods that we are told are economical? The tree grows in some far country, perhaps on the other side of the world. Only what can be sawn into straight planks is shipped. Curved pieces would take up too much room. Instead of being seasoned and cloven, the wood is cut regardless of anything but the number of cubic feet that can be sold. Such wood is unfit for any decent work. The grain has not been followed and it will warp indefinitely. The carpenter receives it with all its best qualities destroyed. It may be full of sap or it may have been artificially seasoned—processed—so that it is as weak and characterless as cardboard. Thus the material is wasted and there is all the waste of transport by sea and land. When the wretched wood reaches the workshop or factory the carpenter may not use his wits to make the best of it. He must work to tracings made in architects' offices. Fads and fancies, or travesties of antique manners, are expressed in such terms of solid geometry as can be drawn with T-square, etc.

Thus is the man wasted. A man is said to be employed in the saw-mill, in the transport trade, in the design office or in the factory. Yet nowhere is the man employed. What is employed is the economic pressure that forces the man to perform sub-human work.

Now that finance reaps interest not only from factory production but from every kind of trade and traffic, the worker has acquired a certain value as a consumer. He has purchasing power. His wages can be sucked in again by the creators of credit. He is encouraged to raise the standard of living, which means his expenditure on rent and luxuries. It is made almost impossible for him to bring up a family or acquire permanent property. By every means he is induced to waste his wages on perishable goods, on mechanical amusement and on prefabricated emotion.

Why is such a system said to be economical? Because it pays dividends to investment, because it pays interest to credit. It is essential to mechanized industrialism that as few as possible should be employed and that their tasks should be, as far as possible, fool-proof. It is said that the workers should be contented—which means that they should be submissive. A business is considered economical if it makes profits. Its object and its test is the prosperity of parasites. If this is economy—to hell with it!

No craftsman today has the fullness of control and freedom of method that existed in St. Joseph's shop. The carpenter who starts with squared wood and machine-made nails has been robbed of three-quarters of his craft. No one today knows the joy of joining wood that he has shaped from the tree with nails that he has forged. To drive and clinch those nails give a satisfaction that we cannot experience. The memory of it remains in our language, for the rhetorician still

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Eric Gill's Essay—Phrased by Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

admit that 90 percent of the people who use birth control methods do so for economic reasons only.

2. This is either because the husband does not earn enough money to provide for children or because his wife has to go out and work in the factory or shop or office.

3. But there is no reason whatever why women should have to go out to work away from home—except for shortage of money.

4. And there is no reason whatever why there should be any shortage of money—except that we have got an antiquated money system.

Reluctant to It

1. But we have got a system which is profitable to the bankers and financiers.

2. They do not want it altered.

3. And it is not only the bankers and financiers and "big business people" who are reluctant to alter the present money system.

4. Nearly everyone else is reluctant to it.

5. Nearly everyone nowadays looks at things from the money point of view.

6. There are thousands of small people with small investments.

7. There are thousands of people with a few pounds invested in war loans and municipal loans both of which are pure usury.

Pure Bunk

1. To make private gain out of public necessity is as much usury as to make personal gain out of someone else's personal necessity.

2. Thousands of small shopkeepers and small business men think of their work solely in the terms of money making.

3. In many cases, in most cases, their talk of serving the community is pure bunk.

4. And the system of account keeping in general use among business people proves this.

"Double-Entry" Bookkeeping

1. The system called "double-entry" has no other significance.

2. If you keep your accounts by "double-entry" you are forced to regard your business simply in terms of profits.

3. In "double-entry" bookkeeping things of use do not exist.

4. The only things that exist are debits and credits profits and losses.

5. The consequence of 300 years of this system is that we have established the money mind in nearly everybody.

Money Minded

1. Hardly anybody can be found today who thinks of anything except in terms of money.

2. Even games are money-making affairs.

3. Even education

is thought of as an investment.

4. The London City Council says on its posters: "Join Evening Classes, they are a good return on your investment."

5. And Catholics are as bad as anyone else.

6. We've all got the money mind.

7. No one remembers that labor is for the making of things.

Money Is Issued

1. What you have got to remember is that money is not a thing—like a loaf of bread or even a necklace.

2. Money is simply a ticket, a symbol, a kind of I. O. U.

3. When people talk about making money they are only using a figure of speech.

4. Money is not made; it is issued.

The Present System

1. Money is issued by the government and by the banks.

2. It is the present system by which they issue money which is out of date.

3. The present system was started when the banks were started—before machinery was invented—

4. So it is incompetent and clumsy and old-fashioned and no use at all in our machinery using world except to those who profit by its continuance.

5. If we are to go on using machinery and so increasing our power of production, it is the money issuing system which must be altered and the price system.

It Is Simply Madness

1. It is simply madness to reduce the population, to have fewer children, because there won't be enough people to use and consume all the things which the power of machinery enables us to make.

2. It is all right to make a hundred hats for a hundred people—but it is silly to make two hundred hats for fifty people.

3. But all the same whatever is done about the issuing of money (by means of national credit tickets or national dividends) it will make no difference to the question of unemployment.

4. You can share out the work so that everyone has a little but you cannot use labor saving machinery and not save labor.

They Are the People

1. There is no remedy for unemployment unless we scrap machinery—that is to say we scrap labor-displacing machinery—

2. But who wants to do that?

3. The only people who want to do that are the people who own their own workshops and who are their own masters.

4. They are the people who reckon success in terms of things, not profits.

5. They are the people who have kept their responsibility as human beings and have refused to become or have escaped becoming slaves in the factory.

A Slave System

1. The wage system is really a slave system.

2. The factory workman is not a responsible human being, responsible for what he makes.

3. He is only responsible for doing what he is told.

4. He has been reduced to a subhuman condition, an animal condition of intellectual irresponsibility.

5. He is only human in his spare time.

6. It takes 18 men to mind the machine which makes a pin.

7. Not one of them can be blamed if the pin has no point.

8. If a pin has no point it is the fault of the machine or the designer of the machine not of the men who mind it.

An Incomplete Person

1. They have been reduced as Pope Leo XIII said to a condition "little better than slavery itself."

2. Their only concern with the work is that it brings in wages.

3. Just as the master's only concern is that it brings in profits.

4. But the master is not a slave because he is responsible.

5. The hands are slaves because they are not.

6. Thus our first principle is violated: that man is a complete person—responsible for what he does and for what he makes.

7. The factory worker is an incomplete person.

8. He is not responsible for his work; he is only responsible for what he does and makes when he is not working.

Voluntary Slavery

1. But we can agree to be slaves.

2. There can be voluntary slavery.

3. Thus during the last war we had conscription for the army and for the making of munitions.

4. Nearly everybody agreed to this.

5. There is nothing sinful in slavery if you agree to it.

6. It is only sinful to enslave people against their wills.

7. Thus in Russia today the country is ruled by the workers and peasants and they agree to industrialization.

In Russia

1. They think that it is the only way to make sure that everybody is fed and clothed and housed properly or at least sufficiently.

2. When they have got all the machinery they want, the unemployment problem will begin in Russia, the same as everywhere else.

3. There is no unemployment yet, because the country is so large and so old-fashioned.

4. Perhaps when it comes,

they won't call it "unemployment."

5. Perhaps they will call it "leisure."

6. Perhaps they will share the work so that everyone has a little work and a lot of leisure.

Russia and England

1. But the work will be still factory work, that is, slave work.

2. All the same, communism in Russia looks very attractive to many people in England, because they see a country in which the hardships of life are shared by everyone and there are no very rich people, living in luxury while thousands of poor people have not enough to live on.

3. In Russia everybody is voluntarily going short of food, and clothes, and comforts.

4. In England thousands of people are living in poverty against their wills and through no fault of their own.

5. And in England people are poor in the midst of plenty.

They Seem to Forget

1. The newspapers and politicians and big business people talk a lot about the beauties of private property.

2. They talk about the wickedness of communists who would abolish private property.

3. They seem to forget that they themselves are the people who have done more than anyone else to abolish private property.

4. According to Catholic principles—that is to say according to the principles of common sense—private property is necessary to man.

Not a Complete Man

1. It is necessary because without private property man is not a complete person.

2. Without his skin a man is not a complete man.

3. Without his clothes a man is not a complete man.

4. Without his house a man is not a complete man.

5. Without his workshop and tools a man is not a complete man.

6. And land is a kind of workshop,—just as a garden is a kind of workshop, and a greenhouse is a kind of workshop.

Not More Than Sufficient

1. But, according to our principles man is a social being.

2. He lives in society—the family, the village, the nation.

3. Therefore his personal completeness must not be exaggerated.

4. He must not be unjust to his family or his neighbors.

5. He must have sufficient, but not more than sufficient.

6. He may need several suits of clothes, but he cannot need several hundred suits.

7. He may need a thousand pounds a year, but he cannot possibly need eleven million pounds a year, which is the income

of Mr. Henry Ford's family—the motor car man.

A Trustee

1. According to Catholic principles—the principles of common sense—a man who has more than he needs

is only a trustee for the surplus.

2. He holds the surplus in trust for the use of those who have less than enough.

3. A man can only have private property up to the extent of his just requirements or needs.

4. After that he is a trustee. And it is a duty, according to Catholic principles—the principles of common sense—to use his money

for the good of those who have not enough—to distribute it, or spend it for the common benefit.

Nine Tenths of the People

1. The newspapers and politicians and big business men talk as though everybody in England had private property and enough private property to make complete human beings of themselves, and as though it was only in Soviet Russia that no one was allowed to own anything privately.

2. But what is the truth of this matter?

3. The truth is that as a result of the capitalist system—production for profit—we have deprived about nine-tenths of the people of any property whatever except their own labor power.

4. We have nearly deprived them of that, too, for we have made labor more and more unnecessary and worthless.

I Am Only Saying

1. Because they own shares and draw dividends, the railway companies call the railways private property.

2. But does the porter at the station call the Great Western Railway his private property?

3. Am I saying that it is wrong for people to own shares in a railway company?

4. I am only saying that it is wrong to talk as though England was a country in which private property was the general rule, when the truth is that nobody owns anything at all.

The Capitalist Wants

1. Pope Leo XIII said "as many people as possible should be encouraged to become owners."

2. But the rule under Capitalism is for as many people as possible to be discouraged from becoming owners.

3. The Capitalist wants a larger number of obedient hands, servile hands, slaves.

4. He does not want a large number of intelligent, independent minded, skilled craftsmen.

5. He does not want

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There Is No Unemployment On the Land

(Continued from page 7)

to share the profits of industry with as many people as possible.

It Is Management

1. Still less does he want to share the management of industry with the people who work for him.
2. And it is management even more than profits which is the mark of ownership.
3. It is because a man has free will that he is a man and not because he has twenty dinner a day and forty motor cars.
4. So clearly it is useless and unjust, too, to condemn the Communists because they abolish private property in land or houses or work-shops, when in our own country under capitalism we have already abolished private property as far as the vast majority of the people is concerned.

In Capitalist Language

1. It would be better not to be hypocritical about it.
2. If we really think that the blessings of machinery are so great as to be worth the sacrifice—the sacrifice of the independent craftsman who is owner and manager of his job—then either we must admit that we do not believe in private property, in land, houses and work-shops or we must do as the Communists have done, and make the whole nation the owner of what the whole nation needs and uses.
3. Or, in Capitalist language, we must make everyone a shareholder in the concern called Great Britain.

My Only Business Here

1. I am not going to say anything about the blessings of machinery.

2. The reader knows them as well as I do, and better.
3. And I am not going to tell anyone what they ought to do.
4. My only business here is to put forward certain things called Catholic principles, things which we hold to be matters of common sense and human reason as well as divine revelation.
5. For it is God who made us and not we ourselves, and so human reason is a reflection of divine reason.

That Is to Say

1. And my business is to point out how those principles bear upon the problems which confront us in England today—and particularly the problem of machinery and the consequence of machinery—namely, unemployment.
2. That is to say, the fact that as a consequence of the use of machinery an increasing number of human beings can never have a full-time job again.

PHILIP HAGREEN

(Continued from page 6) hits the nail on the head and clinches an argument.

There was a time in the middle ages when the use of glue in a joint was forbidden because the need for glue proved that a joint had not been rightly made. Now we have men classified as cabinet-makers who cannot make a dove-tail joint. Their job is to glue joints that have been cut out by machinery.

Thus has the carpenter become degraded. But how many can now spend their lives in even the most debased forms of wood-work? Very few, because wood has been ousted by materials that can be shaped entirely by machinery. Metals and plastics can be stamped and moulded without human skill. The many parts of an elaborate thing can each be mass-produced and they can be assembled by a row of slaves, each of whom repeats mechanically an allotted action. Behind him, or her, hover the "motion study expert" and the "industrial psychologist" to check any movement that is not the shortest. The production-belt is speeded up to the breaking-point of human nerves. Shattering vibration, maddening noise and nauseating smells often add to the strain of the merciless speed. Hysteria may lead to the missing of a movement or even to sabotage, so those who are going crazy are discharged as unsuitable, or as suffering from "occupational neurosis," and are replaced from the great reservoir called Labor.

Industrial employment is not work, but privation. It is the crucifixion of man's nature as maker. Those who betray him to it show their love for him in the kiss of Judas. Seeing Christ in our neighbor we see him unjustly condemned. Like Pilate, we seek to release him. Most of the clergy—also like Pilate—wash their hands of the business. But the chief priests persuade the people and they cry out: "Let him be crucified!"

To the extent that Catholics migrate to the city more rapidly than non-Catholics they render inevitable a decline in the Catholic population and its influence upon American life.

J. A. RYAN



Ado Bethune

JAPANESE

Springfield, Mass.,
October 2, 1945.

Dear Editor:

The following is a letter which I have just written Dillon Myer of the War Relocation Authority. I know you will be interested, and I hope you will give this present disgraceful state of affairs the publicity it deserves and which you have always been so generous with in the past.

Dear Mr. Myer:

I have been shocked at the reports of the receptions of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans on the West Coast. I have been shocked at the callousness of the WRA officials in forcing the Japanese and Japanese-Americans from the concentration camps into which they were forced in 1942. I have been shocked when reading of the methods the WRA has used in closing the camps. But the worst shock was received as I read the first three paragraphs of your article in *The Progressive*. I am appalled at *The Progressive* for printing it.

What hypocrisy and white-washing you engage in!

Early in June I heard from a Nisei with whom I correspond that the WRA was literally forcing the evacuees out of the camps and completely forgetting the WRA's solemn promise that they would not be sent out unless a home and a job were assured them on the outside. She wrote me they were living in tents in San Jose.

The Christian Century for September 5 gives two columns, under the section so ironically called "News of the Christian World": "Unless something is done very soon, the West Coast's treatment of returning Japanese-Americans will convert relocation into dislocation. The WRA seems to be exerting undue pressure to have the relocation camps closed at once. Its directives to camp directors are so harsh as to be shocking, but it is possible that these will be changed. One of the drastic measures ordered to date requires that if the head of a family does not volunteer to leave at an early date, the camp police are to escort him to the project office, where he will arbitrarily be assigned a date for departure. He will be given about two weeks to get ready. Then, if necessary, he will be evicted. Furthermore, he will

lose the grant accorded those who leave willingly. Worst of all, perhaps, is the ruling that returnees must be sent back to their former place of residence. For example, if a man came from Terminal Island he will be dumped down there, although there are now no houses available in that area. . . . Most of the money of the evacuees has been used up; fishermen are not permitted to resume their work; farmers cannot get land; tools of gardeners and other workers have in many cases been stolen. The second evacuation is proving too much for some of these persecuted people. There have been suicides in some of the camps."

Then imagine my anger when one of my own girls (as my husband and I have come to look upon the Nisei we have had here from time to time) wrote me recently of the treatment her parents and young sister were accorded when they were forced to return to their West Coast home:

"My family went back to Winters on August 18, fully ready to face whatever music there was to face. They took a taxi from Sacramento, the nearest train-stop. They stopped for groceries for the night, in the town of Winters, and mother and I went into a grocery store. Meanwhile Dad had gone to the express office to check the arrival of their baggage. Another family, the B——, were waiting in the taxi, when a soldier came along yelling, "Get the hell out of here, you dirty doggone Japs!" He managed to gather a fairly large crowd of followers in a very short while. There was considerable demonstration, lasting for two hours. No one was hurt, but the police had one heck of a time calming the crowd.

"The family went back to Sacramento, shared an apartment with a family friend, and were able to survey the conditions of our ranch. Sixty percent of the trees (fruit) are degenerated, beyond resurrection. Every movable piece of property has been stolen or destroyed, including the electric motor water pump. So they couldn't stay there, since there were no means of even getting drinking water. I guess they figured it was not much use. Father is 60. They stayed in Sacramento for a while, and, since money seems to have been going through their hands like water through a sieve, they headed for Del Rey, where the three of them are picking grapes! My father, who has not worked for anyone for 35 years; my mother, who hasn't worked out in the fields, and my 14-year-old sister, under that baking sun of southern California!"

It seems to me, and to every just-minded person, that the Government of the United States should make restitution in full to these people who were discriminated against on racial grounds alone and not add to their sufferings as you are now doing. In the case of the X——, for an example, the house and all equipment should be restored to what was there when the X—— were forcibly removed from it. The degenerated fruit trees replaced and financial aid given until the orchards bear. The WRA should lead in this fight, and not cover up the sins of the U. S. by such false articles as "America's Japanese: A Test of Tolerance."

Yours truly, etc.

The letter quoted was written by a graduate and honor student of Mt. Holyoke College, whom I grew to know very well while she was in college. I have deleted her family's name for obvious reasons in case you care to print my letter to Dillon Myer.

YONE U. STAFFORD.

INDIANS

Padres de Maryknoll,
La Paz, Bolivia.

Thank you very much for your gift to Villa Victoria. You and your workers are always in our prayers and those of our Indians.

Our parish with 40,000 parishioners is dedicated to Our Lady of Assumption, and contains a statue of the Virgin which was picked up some fifteen years ago and to which the Indians have a great devotion. They ask continually for the old flowers about her and the dust that accumulates on her robes. This they mix with water and use as medicine. I shall inclose a photograph of our patroness.

Here in the parish most of our work is with the youngsters and the adults we try to squeeze into Heaven by getting them to confession and communion on their deathbeds. To change their lives is impossible. Social conditions are pretty horrible and education, both religious and otherwise, seems the most basic thing needed. Recently we started a small school in the parish but now must convince the parents of the need of education for their children. Most of the boys work in the factories from the age of ten on, eight hours a day, and every third week all night, and for the equivalent of \$1.00 a week. Men laborers don't get more than four or five dollars a week. But the families are small, not because of birth control but because about 90% of the babies die before the age of two years.

Progress among our Indians is slow since they don't care much for change. They belong to the Aymara race, which was conquered by Incas but held on to its customs, language and civilization. They reached the peak of their civilization a short time after the greatest days of the Roman Empire. Some day perhaps they will regain some of their ancient glory.

The job here is terrific, and we need your prayers very badly. Please don't forget us in them.

FR. JAMES H. FLAHERTY.

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