



Slaughter Houses and Coal Miners ON PILGRIMAGE

By RICHARD C. LEONARD

The plight of the coal-miners is no recent development even though the general public has acquired the habit of looking down its collective noses at John L. and the problems of the miners he represents. Thanks to the vicious propaganda of the controlled press, we have become calloused to the basic issues and injustices which underlie the disgraceful living conditions of 1,500,000 of our citizens. We just don't give a damn about the miners, their working conditions or the company towns in which they live. We are agreed, most enthusiastically indeed, that we are paying too much for a ton of coal, and that if Lewis gets another raise for his miners it will surely be passed on to the poor consumer. So we are against Lewis—which means, whether we will admit it or not, that we are against the miners.

The guilt of the tragedy at Centralia cannot be definitely placed on this person or that agency. We all must bear a share—consumer, mine operator, the Government, and John L. Lewis himself.

Operators Strike

Anyone dimly aware of the nature of the Krug-Lewis agreement of last spring must know that under this agreement the government has been acting as a "stooge" for the coal operators. When they, the operators, refused to come to an agreement with the miners, the government stepped in, using emergency powers to "take over" the mines. This was an action of theoretical importance only; all it actually amounted to was a ceremony raising the flag over the mine properties while the operators continued business as usual—and, important, continued collecting their usual rate of profits. (It is interesting to note that the one thing which has kept the fiction of government operation going, is the mine operators' refusal to accept the terms of the Krug-Lewis agreement. This could almost be interpreted as

a continuing strike against the Government of the United States by the private owners of mine properties. Perhaps some one could call this to the attention of Judge Goldsborough and Chief Justice Vinson.) At the time the agreement was made, Lewis gave it his enthusiastic blessing. However, this blessing was not to be long-lived, and last Fall in his celebrated show-down with Krug over the re-opening of contract negotiations, Lewis was charged with and convicted of contempt of court for refusing to comply with the order of a judge who was guided more by emotional antipathy than by judicial integrity.

Supreme Court

The Supreme Court next took its place in the farce when, by the close vote of 5 to 4, it decided that the Norris-LaGuardia Act did not apply in disputes between the Government and Government employees—even when the Government's "employer" status was, as in this case, pure fiction. Students of law were surprised by the peculiar reasoning of the court majority which, in its desperation to "get" Lewis, stretched the law (to say nothing of the principles of Justice) to a point of judicial incoherence. Professor Frederick Rodell of the Yale Law School in discussing the decision in a recent issue of *The Progressive* said: "Vinson's effort to vindicate what the Court did is so obviously a desperate rationalization of a result reached for quite different reasons than those stated in the opinion that an air of please-try-to-believe-stuff leaks from between the lines."

If one followed the "logic" of the High Court, he must admit that the Government is the real employer of the miners, thus making them federal employees. Under such an interpretation of their status, Mr. Krug and the Government would be obliged to accept full responsibility for the Centralia disaster. Fortunately, this was not the case in reality. The Government's position was

farfical, and, as Centralia proved beyond all doubt, it was a farce overloaded with tragic overtones. This does not alleviate the responsibility of the Government, though, for acting the part of an imbecilic "stooge" for the coal operators.

Responsibility on Operators

The major responsibility for the recent disaster (plus, of course, the normal annual slaughter of 1,200 men in the mines) falls upon the coal operators who have continually flaunted federal and state safety regulations in their never-ending search for the additional dollar profit. When the Federal Safety Code was written a year ago, the operators rose in protest, lamenting that if followed to the letter it would add from \$200,000,000 to \$300,000,000 a year to the costs of mining in the industry. Therefore, they did not take the regulations too seriously, especially inasmuch as the Government could continue to

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I Would Wish

I would wish to be food, drink, clothing and every earthly good in order to assist them (the suffering) always. I would wish to be changed into light for the blind, into hearing for the deaf, and into health for the sick. When I think of the dead or see such, I would wish to be life to permit them to rise from the dead, so that they might be enabled to do all the good which they really would perform if they were to return.

—Ven. Vincent Pallotti.

If you take the train at five in the afternoon at Penn station, you can arrive in Cincinnati at eight the next morning. It would take a day and a night on the bus. I would rather have taken the bus and enjoyed the ride through the beautiful Pennsylvania mountains, but I was fitting in engagements so I had to take the train on this lap of the trip. It was very crowded but I was thankful for the reclining chairs. In front of me was an old colored woman who took up a fearful amount of room with a braided rug she was making. First she ripped the strips of bright colored material, then she braided them and then sewed them together. Finally she curled up in her chair to sleep and spread the rug over her.

Grail

I was met at the train by one of the girls from the Grail school of the apostolate, Judith, who has charge of the weaving guild. Since Graham Cary's visit in the winter, they have called the various departments "guilds," and are eventually going to have their own distinctive dress, symbols, feasts, etc. There is the weaving, writing, baking, agricultural guilds, etc. A. de Bethune has also been here, talking on WORK, on lettering, on "whatsoever you do, doing all for the love of God." Next week, after I leave there will be a school for ministers and their wives and many are bringing their children. It is a joy to spend a week here, to rest at the beginning of the trip after a long hard winter. The daffodils are in bloom in the pasture under my window, the goats are keeping the grass nicely cropped but not touching the flowers, the trees are all coming out. The cows are calving, the sheep lambing, the goats kidding. It is paschal time and a time of rejoicing indeed. Elsewhere in this issue there is a notice of Grail courses for the summer and we hope many of our young readers who are eager for the apostolate will get to them.

On April 21 I spoke to the

women's club at Green Bay and the next evening in Oconto. I talked of the works of mercy and the lay apostolate, "Blessed is he that understandeth concerning the needy and the poor." One keeps thinking of this when travelling around and seeing on the one hand such wealth and comfort and on the other hand such misery. All through Pennsylvania there are miners and steel workers living in such poor housing that the comfort of a small middle western town shines out. But there is poverty everywhere. There are Indian reservations up here, orphanages, a reformatory—plenty of the works of mercy to perform. One of the great troubles is that people are concerned as to whether or not the poor are deserving.

One of our readers whom I enjoyed meeting this trip was Fred le Mieux, whose mother raised fifteen children of her own and then during the course of a long life raised fifty-three more. This seemed an unbelievable number to me, but everyone corroborated it. If she took them a dozen in a batch, she could easily have raised three or four generations of them. She lived eight miles out of Green Bay, and when finally her husband decided that they had done their share for the orphaned, her son, Fred, told her he'd put up housing for poor families with many children on their fifteen acre property. This was in 1938, and since then he had managed to put up on his own and adjoining property about 28 small homes that he sold to people who had no money for down payments, but had jobs so that they could pay off a mortgage over a long period of years, at the rate of fifteen dollars a month. The lots were not too big, but this move out of the town to the country was one step on the way, and some of his neighbors have now gotten farms of their own.

Two of our friends from Milwaukee are living in Green Bay (Continued on page 2)

Death of Henry Ford

I read today
That Henry Ford,
The richest man on earth
Died in a humble way
As any poor man might—by candle light.
It strikes me as more than common strange
That Fate should so arrange
The time and circumstances of the death
Of him, the wealthiest man on earth.
His wealth could buy the world
Yet,
In his fatal hour
Almost alone and cold
Amidst the river's rousings
Nature foreswore him scientific light and scientific speech.
Or was it God?
What did God have to teach
Of which he made
Of the world's richest man
The object-lesson?
Was it to show him who believes
Of all that man achieves?
Was it to show him who believes
In Science more than the power of God
That science will desert him in his fatal hour?
I cannot say what is in the mind
Of Him, the vision of whom
Science tends to blind,
Forgetting that He, too, is the God of Science.
But still it strikes me as uncommon strange
That Fate should so arrange
The fatal hour of Henry Ford
To countless thousands
Rabbi, Master, Lord,
But to Almighty God—A withered flower!

Barnabas J. Ramon-Fortune.

Socialism and Machinery

Extracts from the book
of Arthur Pentty
entitled "Post-Industrial-
ism,"
published by
George Allen and Unwin,
Ltd.
London, England.
Arranged by Peter Maurin

I. Changed Attitude

1. Among the changes in thought that have come about as a result of the war (1914-18) the most significant is the changed attitude toward Industrialism.
2. Before the war, it was taken for granted by most people as a thing of permanence and stability.
3. It was everywhere assumed that whatever evils were associated with it were accidental and would disappear before the march of progress.

II. Fatal to Man

1. So long as people thought that the only objection to machinery

was aesthetic they might dismiss it as a fad.

2. They could even say that excellence in the arts was the mark of a lower state of social evolution.
3. But when they learn from an eminent scientist that the unrestricted use of machinery is not only fatal to the arts but to man himself, spelling finally race suicide, even Englishmen begin to think.
4. For scientists are the high priests of the modern world, and when they speak they are listened to.

III. Forgotten or Denied

1. The nationalization of land, capital, and the means of production and exchange which is still the substance of Socialist faith has come to be regarded as the final aim and purpose (Continued on page 3)

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On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

now, Florence Weinfurter, librarian at St. Catharine's reading room and book store, which has been opened by one of the Catholic Action study groups in Green Bay, and Helen Heyman, Nina Polcyn's sister. Nina is the initial reader in Milwaukee who got the Milwaukee House of Hospitality under way. (It has been closed since the war.)

I spoke at Lacrosse, to the deanery of the Council of Catholic women, and at Viterbo College. Then I went on to St. Paul, where I stayed at Maryfarm, which is a most delightful oasis of 19 acres five miles out of St. Paul, in little Canada. The church is across the road, and fellow parishioners have helped with the ploughing so that a good garden was being put in as I visited. The little house has a cellar, three rooms downstairs and a big attic separated by curtains to make three sleeping rooms. In between my visits to our friends at St. John's, St. Benedict's, and St. Paul, I stayed here, and a most restful time it was. I had one visit at Maryhouse, where six of the girls stay (there are three at the farm) and we sang the Mass together, and after breakfast, it being a feast day, we went on singing. Alma Taylor had had some instruction from Dom Vitry and so the girls knew a great many of the Latin hymns. Most of all we enjoyed singing the Te Deum. They are all working among the colored of Minneapolis, going out to perform the works of mercy among them, and now that they have the little farm, there will be groups of the colored children going out for holiday to help plant and harvest, and get a little sample of rural living. I enjoyed visits with our friends, Fr. Casey, Fr. Egan and Fr. Judge, but was unable to get in touch with others on account of lack of time and the telephone strike. Where there were no dial phones, it is hard to reach people, and to say there is an emergency when there is none, is like crossing a picket line.

Iowa

From St. Paul I went to Muscatine, Iowa, to visit Sister Bernice. This town is right on the Mississippi, which was at flood level, what with the rains this spring. Msgr. Hauber, Dr. Sacco and Jim Connor came to see me from St. Ambrose College and we had a good talk. From Muscatine I went by bus to Des Moines, the sisters getting up with me at three o'clock in the morning, so that I could catch my bus. I got in to Des Moines at nine and was met by Mary Jane and Bernice, two of the girls from the Grail school who are helping Msgr. Ligutti at his headquarters there. They had an engagement that very day to visit Westphalia, which is almost at the border of Nebraska, so at noon we got on another bus and went on to see Father

Hubert Duren, who met us in a shabby old car and drove us on to his parish, set in the midst of rolling prairies.

Father Duren

Fr. Duren is one of the most fascinating characters we have met in a long time, and one of the most accomplished. A former lumber jack from Wisconsin, he was sent to Iowa to the little parish of Westphalia twenty years ago. The story of how he pulled his parish out of the depression, stalled off foreclosure of the mortgages on their farms, by obtaining a moratorium from the state legislature, and built up a prosperous community is a success story indeed. Beginning in a depression there was a need for putting into effect what Father called his five point program—religion, education, recreation, commerce and credit.

A neighbor with 80 acres of woods was clearing them for cattle range, and turned the job over to Fr. Duren and his brother who set up saw mills. This gave a job to the farmers who cut a half million feet of lumber, and in addition to selling it to keep going during the depression, they built a bandstand to seat five hundred, a recreational hall and provided themselves with fuel. What is more, they learned to work together, so that Fr. Duren was able to get a cooperative store in the town of one hundred and fifty people, which would rival any super market in New York. The farmers for miles around can do all their purchasing there. Now they have a credit union, a deep freeze unit and locker space for the farmers, and are planning other cooperative ventures, all based on the parish as a unit working together. These enterprises have kept young people on the land by providing them with work and a social life of their own. Fr. Duren himself paints, composes ballads, plays every instrument, has a parish band, and a very hearty culture indeed flourishes. We were there for Sunday morning Mass, and it was wonderful to hear the whole congregation sing the Gregorian Mass (a choir sang the proper.)

No Migrant Workers

All the farms in this section are large farms of 160 or 240 acres, and Father Duren said wistfully that he wished he could persuade his parishioners to break up their farms into smaller units of eighty acres each. Then he would have four hundred instead of one hundred families. What he would like best of all is to see displaced families taken in from Europe. There are no migratory workers, but fathers and sons do all their own farming. Iowa is the great hog state of the country, and the biggest crops are corn, oats, soy bean and red clover.

"What I would like to see," says Fr. Duren, "is diversification and decentralization. I'd

(Continued on page 8)

Dostoevsky

Look at the worldly and all who set themselves up above the people of God, has not God's image and His truth been distorted in them? They have science; but in science there is nothing but what is the object of sense. The spiritual world, the higher part of man's being is rejected altogether, dismissed with a sort of triumph, even with hatred. The world has proclaimed the reign of freedom, especially of late, but what do we see in this freedom of theirs? Nothing but slavery and self-destruction!

For the world says:

"You have desires and so satisfy them, for you have the same rights as the most rich and powerful. Don't be afraid of satisfying them and even multiply your desires." That is the modern doctrine of the world. In that they see freedom. And what follows from this right of multiplication of desires? In the rich, isolation and spiritual suicide; in the poor, envy and murder; for they have been given rights, but



THIS IS MY BLOOD

have not been shown the means of satisfying their wants. They maintain that the world is getting more and more united, more and more bound together in brotherly community, as it overcomes distance and sets thoughts flying through the air.

Alas, put no faith in such a bond of union. Interpreting freedom as the multiplication and rapid satisfaction of desires, men distort their own nature, for many senseless and foolish desires and habits and ridiculous fancies are fostered in them. They live only for mutual envy, for luxury and ostentation. To have dinners, visits, carriages, rank, and slaves to wait on one is looked upon as a necessity, for which life, honor and human feeling are sacrificed, and men even commit suicide if they are unable to satisfy it. We see the same thing among those who are not rich, while the poor drown their unsatisfied need and their envy in drunkenness.

But soon they will drink blood instead of wine, they are being led on to it. I ask you is such a man free? I knew one "champion of freedom" who told me himself that, when he was deprived of tobacco in prison,

adjustment psychology

if we had walked down any other road
than this road
things might have been different
but we became pacifists
because we thought pacifism was right
some of us thought in terms of
non-violent revolution
and some in terms of non-resistance
and the second mile
we hated the war years and
we hate the slums
yet we live in the slums
feel uncomfortable out of the slums
the slums are our conditioning
sort of a necessity
and guarantee of freedom
yet in the good society they must go
the war years personified everything
we hated
yet there was the adventure of them
and a tearing apart
and that sat well psychologically
i suppose we enjoyed our minority position
most of us being abnormal anyway
abnormality is a necessity too
there is nothing more vicious
than adjustment psychology
adjust the boy or girl to the prevailing cultural patterns
and you have normalcy
that is you have
a puky middle class snob
a clean, honest, tooth paste, bath a day, finger nail polish
dentine chewing gum
listerine gargle, wheaties for breakfast
america first
jews are ruining the country
brainless piece of reflex action
adjustment psychology
is a device to serve capitalists
rotary clubs
national association of manufacturers
and to make spineless clerks
in real estate offices
feel superior
the bowery bum has more character in
his left ear lobe than
fifty real estate clerks
who haven't enough
originality to sin in a big way
or love in a big way
if we have to adjust to anything
let's adjust to some
extreme
and then go around dodging adjustment psychologists
so they don't lock us up

robert c. ludlow

he was so wretched at the privation that he almost went and betrayed his cause for the sake of getting tobacco again! And such a man says, "I am fighting for the cause of humanity."

How can such a one fight, what is he fit for? He is capable perhaps of some action quickly over, but he cannot hold out long. And it's no wonder that instead of graining freedom they have sunk into slavery, and instead of serving the cause of brotherly love and the union of humanity have fallen, on the contrary, into dissension and isolation, as my mysterious visitor and teacher said to me in my youth. And therefore the idea of the service of humanity of brotherly love and the solidarity of mankind, is more and more dying out in the world, and indeed this idea is sometimes treated with derision.

For how can a man shake off his habits, what can become of him if he is in such bondage to the habit of satisfying the innumerable desires he has created for himself? He is isolated, and what concern has he with the rest of humanity? They have succeeded in accumulating a greater mass of objects, but the joy in the world has grown less.

—Father Zossima in "The Brothers Karamazov," by Dostoevsky.

Deo Gratias

We still owe about three thousand dollars to butcher, baker, grocer, printer, and we were so busy picketing St. Joseph for the Friendship House in Chicago, that we forgot to beg for ourselves. We'll start again, and beg him to remind you, our readers, to come to our rescue.

We sent out our appeal last month and the bills are getting paid, and we beg God to bless "all those who have done us good." Whenever our friends respond to our call we are humbled exceedingly and can only reply to them that we will try to be better stewards. We would like to write an article on money some day, especially about the money of humble people who use it carefully for their own needs and for those of others, who work hard to earn it, and to whom it represents toil, backbreaking work, their energy and life itself that they have given in exchange for it. We recognize that those who have responded to our appeal have given to us of time and energy and love, and we in turn must be good stewards and give work and energy and love to those and for those who come to us and with whom we live. We must serve one another, as Christ served us when He was here with us.

+ From The Mail Bag +

We Feast, They Starve

FAMILIES IN GERMANY

Herrn Gerhard Schütz
(22c) Kreuzaur bei Duren
Hantgarten No. 12
Nordrhein Provinz
British Zone, Germany
(5 crippled sons in family)

Mrs. Hedwig Knott
Maximilian St. 16/4
Munich 22, U.S. Zone
Germany
(Widow, 4 children, girls: 5, 11, 16.
Boy 18)

Dr. and Mrs. Heinz Simon
Wittekindshof uber
Bad Bei Oeynhausen
British Zone, Germany
(Dr. ill from imprisonment. Son 11.
Shelter 34 people in their small
house. Will distribute to many dis-
placed persons, if they receive
boxes)

Herrn Hans Langner
(16) Weiburg/L. Gartenstr. G. Tel.
452
Gross Hessen
U.S. Zone, Germany
(Grandparents old, parents, boys: 5,
7. Baby girl nearly 1 yr. old)

Dr. Oscar Schurer
Aschaffenburg 13a
Riemenschneiderstrasse 6
Bavaria, U.S. Zone
Germany

Mrs. Gustav Voss
(16) Solsdorf, Kr. Huenfeld
Tauschmuehle Nr. 65
Hessen
U.S. Zone, Germany

Mrs. Mary Austermann
Bahnhof Str. 85a
Gelsenkirchen
Westfalia, British Zone
Germany

Sister Superior Kunegundis Hospital
Sassenberg bei Munster
Westfalia, British Zone
Germany

Familie Anna Hermanns
Munster, Westfalia
Dieckstrasse 26
British Zone, Germany

Mrs. Ewald Axer
Feld Str. 83
Binslaken, Nrdh. (22a)
Nordrhein Westfalia Regb. Dussel-
dorf

Mrs. Ernst Lindemann
Dusseldorf
Huetttenstrasse 31
British Zone, Germany
(Widow)

Herrn Georg A. Sieben
(13b) Munchen 27
Ismaningerstrasse 102, IV
U.S. Zone, Germany
(This young man is a medical stu-
dent. Needs food, used clothing,
soap for himself, sister who is a
doctor, and younger sister, also for
aged parents)

HUNGARY

Sister Superior
Bethania
Szikso, Abauj m.
Hungary
(Care for 200 foundlings and 80
families displaced, who have been
cast over the border line)

Mr. Geza Janke
Missziashaz
Dunafoldvar, Hungary
(Blind boy, 14 years old)

Soger gyerfekek
Agnes u 30/b
Budapest, Hungary
(The man living here is an archi-
tect, father of 5 children. Was cast
into prison because he sheltered an
abandoned child in his home. Con-
dition of family is destitute)

Mr. Julius Toth
Nadudvar, Hajdu vm.
Garai-utca 676 sz.
Hungary
(There are 10 in this family. The
father is Sacristan at the Church)

Dr. and Mrs. Jozsef Kiss
Budapest XII
Nagyenyed-u 14. 11.50
Hungary
(Baby girl, boy 7)
The Petrovits Family (Emil)
Lovohaz-utca 26
Budapest, Hungary
(Parents, boy 17, girl 19)

Rev. Bela Meslars
Parish Priest
Nyug Plebanos
Vaskut, Hungary
(Very ill from diabetes)

Toehold on the Land

Rhineland, Missouri.

Dear Dorothy:

We are making small begin-
nings of a farming commune in
the Missouri hills west of St.
Louis. Shortages of stock and
equipment in this part of the
country as well as high prices
have made our start here a little
difficult. But then there is the
church and Holy Mass just over
the hill to make everything
right. Our 160 acre farm adjoins
St. Martin's parish land at Star-
kenburg. There is a well-known
shrine of Our Lady of Sorrows
next to the church and a second
spire, that of the shrine chapel,
also towers over the hill. These
two separate spires dominate
our farm and the valleys on the
two sides of Starkenburg. This
little town of farm families is
just a little over eighty miles
from St. Louis and a couple of
miles north of the Missouri
River.

One of our families is com-
posed of Martin Paul, Gertrude
his wife, and little seven-months
Cecilia. The other young family
is the Heaneys: Larry, Ruth
Ann, and the "stairsteps," three
girls and two boys. Little John
Patrick was born on our farm
two weeks after our arrival in
this country of Missouri. Our
two families work together in
close cooperation at all the farm
work, and share the farm

produce according to need. We
desire a society in which no one
has a yacht while others row a
leaky row-boat. Some of us have
had a bit of experience in com-
munity farming which is helpful
now, but as farmers we are yet
greenhorns and consider our-
selves apprentice agrarians. In
a somewhat clumsy fashion we
are tilling the soil with a team
of mares who lean to the wild
stubborn side. At this time we
have only a cow and a calf and
one hundred and fifty young
chickens on the place. We have
made a beginning and that is of
great importance. The idea is
to take a toehold on the land,
and by persistent plugging de-
velop a community life with the
spirit of mutual aid.

Our one seven-room house
divides nicely for two families
and there has been no hardship
in this at all. The barn and out-
buildings are unpainted and
worn, but do provide adequate
shelter for animals in this fairly
mild climate. Seventy acres of
woodland on a hilly ridge to the
south of the house will provide
timber for building and plenty
of fire wood. There are about
forty-five acres of level land for
rotated crops. The remainder of
this one hundred and sixty acre
farm is in hay and pasture—a
matter of fifty to sixty acres in
meadow and pasture land.

There is room here for a num-

ber of families, and our vision
of a farmer-craftsman village
economy entails the gradual
grouping of a nucleus of con-
vinced communitarians. One
family each year, or perhaps
every other year, could be estab-
lished here on this farm that is
dedicated to the Holy Family.
It seems likely that as we expand
and construct houses we will
move closer and closer to St.
Martin Church up on the slope
that we climb enroute to the
church and the shrine of Our
Lady of Sorrows.

Happily for us, we are blessed
with a pastor at St. Martin
parish who is a rural enthusiast.
Father Peter Minwegen of about
sixty years is full of vitality and
devotion to the liturgy. Daily we
offer with him and the school
children a Messa Recitata and
on Sundays the choir admirably
chants the Mass. God has
blessed us especially in our
pastor and in our farm. Our
children are appreciative of
God's beautiful favors as they
roam the fields in search of wild
flowers.

All of us send our love and feel
a deep unity with everyone in
and around the Catholic Worker,
especially those who understand
something of the integration
that is a farming commune.

God bless you.

Larry Heaney

Announcements

Center for Men of Christ,
the King, Herman, Pa.

"The present state of affairs
clearly indicates the way in
which We ought to proceed. For
We are now confronted, as more
than once before in the history
of the Church, with a world
that in large part has almost
fallen back into paganism. That
these whole classes of men may
be brought back to Christ Whom
they have denied, we must re-
cruit and train from among
them the auxiliary soldiers of
the Church who know them well
and their minds and wishes, and
can reach their hearts with ten-
der brotherly love."

—Pius XI

Against the background of the
institutional crisis of our time,
and the great speculative ad-
vances in Christian social think-
ing which have been made under
the guidance of the modern
Popes, the principal object of
study during the summer will be
the individual layman's respon-
sibility for the common good.

Summer Courses

Vision of the New Christian
Leadership—June 16 to June 22.

Unity of the New Christian
Leadership—July 7 to July 13.

Competence of the New Chris-
tian Leadership—July 28 to
August 3.

Influence of the New Christian
Leadership—August 25 to August
31.

For further information re-
garding the leadership training
program of this Catholic Action
project, write to William F.
Cleary, Sec'y, Center for Men of
Christ the King, Herman, Pa.

Brookfield School of Apostolate,

Brookfield Center, Conn.

August 26 thru 31—a course of
study on the role of woman in
the family and in the lay apos-
tolate.

What is needed is an Apostolate
of Marriage. To begin with it
need be no more than a small
number of young women joined
together to prepare for their
own marriages and after mar-
riage to continue in the apos-
tolate in order to instruct and in-
spire others.

It is for these young women
that a training course will be
given at Brookfield, Conn. It is
provided in an atmosphere that
is rural, where the domestic vir-
tues so necessary for solid family
life are acquired by doing, and
where the lesson of the need of
"space, light, and air" for the
family cannot be missed.

Friendship House, 309 E. 43d Street, Chicago 15, Ill.

Feast of St. Mark
April 25, 1947

Dear Friend:

In all the years of the exist-
ence of Chicago Friendship House
we have never faced the need we
do at this moment for your im-
mediate help.

Here is the situation.

Last November we were given
a temporary stay. But we knew
that on April 30, 1947 we must
move. But where? From trying
to help other people solve their
housing problems we knew that
there just wasn't anything like a
vacant store or house suitable
for Friendship House in the whole
of the South Side, no less in this
immediate community.

By spreading the word far and
wide about our need for a new
home for F. H., by following
every lead, by dint of not leaving
a single stone unturned, WE
FINALLY FOUND A PLACE... A
TWO STORY BUILDING WITH
THREE TIMES THE SPACE WE
NOW HAVE, VACANT AND
RIGHT IN THE COMMUNITY!!
Such miracles—and they are
that in this acutely overcrowded
area—are cause for great rejoic-
ing especially to those of us who
actually have suffered all these
years from poor housing and the
threats of constant eviction.

But, dear friend, this building
is NOT FOR RENT. And this is
why we face such an emergency.
If we are to occupy it we must
buy it—AND WITHIN THIRTY
DAYS! We faced eviction in
1945, in 1946, and now in 1947 we
are being evicted! Instead of
this annual worry and red tape
as well as to channelize more
efficiently the large amounts of
money we would have to spend
for rent, we are firmly convinced

that the only thing to do is to
begin work for a permanent
place so that the work of inter-
racial justice can go on without
this kind of recurring upheaval.

To buy this building and re-
novate it for use we need \$20,000!
Yes, it is a staggering sum...
to us!

Can you, will you help us to
survive and carry on by giving a
generous donation yourself or by
raising the money from your
friends? We are starting from
absolute zero to collect this
money. A dime, a dollar, ten
dollars, a hundred dollars, a
thousand dollars—what can you
give?

IN THE NAME OF CHRIST
AND IN THE NAME OF ALL
THE MEMBERS OF CHRIST'S
MYSTICAL BODY WILL YOU
HELP US TO CONTINUE OUR
WORK?

Devotedly yours in Blessed
Martin DePorres,

Ann Harrigan,

Local Director.

Make all checks payable to
Friendship House.

School of Apostolate

Loveland, Ohio—A series of eight brief fundamental courses
for young women interested in the lay apostolate will be given
this summer at the Grailville School of Apostolate, Loveland,
Ohio. Students also will be invited to attend the three months
summer training program at Grailville from June 10 to Sept. 14
on the need and scope of lay apostolate as a preparation for
organized action.

Courses in the summer program will be: June 10 to 15, women's
nature and task; June 24 to 29, the fullness of Christian living;
July 8 to 13, Christian recreation; July 22 to 27, Christian cul-
ture and the drama; Aug. 2 to 6, marriage; Aug. 22 to 24,
Christian personality; Sept. 2 to 7, the family and the com-
munity; Sept. 12 to 14, the economic system.

Priests and laymen outstanding in various fields will lecture
during the courses. The program will consist of prayer, the
interchange of ideas through lectures and discussions, creative
work, recreation in the spirit of the church, and planning for
the growth of the lay apostolate in the environments of the
students.

Grailville, located on a 185-acre farm 20 miles from Cincinnati,
has the "cordial approval and paternal blessing" of Most Rev.
John T. McNicholas, O.P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

Other schools of apostolate will be conducted in dioceses
throughout the country under the patronage of their bishops.
Each school will be directed by a local committee of priests and
lay leaders, assisted by trained students from Grailville.

Outlines of the summer program can be obtained from Grail-
ville, Loveland, Ohio. Applications must be made early because
of limited accommodations.



The Elect and the Derelict

By THOMAS SULLIVAN

Very few souls introduced in the church for beatification have had the checkered career that Matt Talbot has had. He had been a layman, an unskilled laborer, uneducated, and a veteran alcoholic. In view of the stature of this man, there has been very little written about him, and what has been printed fails to give a complete description of his holiness. Of course, this deplorable fact is due to Matt's omission to leave a diary, confessor, or spiritual adviser to posterity. To climax all this, no writer with the ability of John Farrow or Johannes Jorgensen has undertaken the task of rendering full justice to the life of Talbot; consequently, the average Catholic has very poor knowledge of this heroic soul. Maybe it is trite to conjure that it might be symbolic that the obscurity in which Matt lived should continue even up to the time of his beatification. But, trite or not, obscurity has laid its finger on our poor Matt.

Juvenile Delinquent

Matt was born on the 2nd of May, 1856, in Dublin, Ireland. He was soon hustled off to be educated by the Christian Brothers, where he stayed until he was twelve. During these undergraduate years Matt failed to cooperate with the Christian Brothers, or maybe it was vice versa. Results, the boy grew older, but not in wisdom. Instead, he gave evidence of becoming a juvenile delinquent. No one noticed any signs of his future holiness. He didn't play truant from school to go off by himself to build shrines nor did he spend the time meditating on the Transcendentals, but those stolen hours found Matt running riot in the meadows. His poor parents were not saturated with the wishful thinking of others in believing that Matt would be reformed in a school of correction, but, instead, gave him his come uppance when he crossed the threshold of his home at night. However, this technique didn't cure Matt any more than the house of correction would.

Since poverty was an integral part of the Talbot family and Matt displayed no signs of getting his Ph.D., our little delinquent was sent out to earn his livelihood at the ripe age of thirteen. Matt was first hired by a wine merchant. His fellow workers were not teetotalers and Matt gave them quite a few assists in consuming the products of the firm. Thirteen years of age was an early start in the fine art of drinking; however, Matt's employers failed to appreciate their young employee's precocious appetite. Thus, Matt was fired from his first job, but he soon found another with a firm in the same line of spirits. As was to be expected he drank there also and lost the second job. It was thus that our boy became a migratory worker and not from choice. The "curse" of drink sank deep in Matt and life became one Lost Week-End after another.

Out-and-out Drunk

Moderating was not for Talbot, he became an out-and-out drunk, as far gone as one can get. He drank when he had the money, and when he didn't have the price of a drink, he would actually sell his shoes and arrive home barefooted. On one drinking spree Matt and his buddies ran out of money and stole the violin from the pub's fiddler; they peddled this for funds to continue their party.

At home Matt failed to turn in a shilling for his keep; in fact, he tried wrangling funds from members of his family. Profanity and vulgarity became habits with Matt and he soon

neglected the Sacraments. Previous to his reform he had not gone to confession for three years, but he did keep up the external of attending Sunday Mass. During what must have been heart-breaking years Matt's family did not have recourse to placing Matt in an institution—an act which is contrary to general practice in most families with such burdens. We can be sure that the dear neighbors must have been repeating the same things you hear all around, "Of course, he is a scandal to his family and his friends; they are not helping him by permitting him to live at home free of charge. If they only threw him out on the streets, he would be forced to sober up and hold a job." No one would have said that they had not exercised prudence if they had had recourse to any such extreme action.

Household Hitler

However, we may thank God that Matt's relatives did not have use for such glib excuses as, "We did it only for his own good." They prayed continually and put up with Matt's weakness from day to day. We frequently wonder how many of our friends along the Bowery might have been different if someone had prayed and put up with them year after year as the Talbot



ST ISAAC JOGUES

family put up and prayed for poor Matt. It was quite a number of years, fifteen, to endure such a burden. There were some naive souls in the neighborhood, the same as we frequently meet today, who seriously thought that the problem of a drunk would be solved if he met and married a "nice, firm girl"—by firm they generally meant some Household Hitler.

Daily Mass

Thus, life dragged on for Matt, one continuous drunk. Worst of all, Matt failed to evidence any signs of remorse or reform. "This is the limit," people thought, "he could at least show signs of contrition." After all, in our "clear cut logic" a sinner should repent, reform, or leave town. But not Matt—he sank lower and lower. All it meant to Matt when he was laid off work was that he had more time to drink, and drink he did until he spent his last shilling. When paynite for his fellows came around, Matt was broke and sought out his friends to buy him a drink. But, he sought in vain, for his fellow workers passed him by with a cool nod. Their snubs drove Matt home sober and angry. That night he visited the rectory in his parish where he took a three-month pledge to abstain from drink.

The prayers of the Talbot family and the putting up with Matt's drinking had brought results—one man's battle began for the salvation of his soul. There was no blue print for Matt

such as the concrete twelve steps offered by the modern day Alcoholics Anonymous organization; he had to devise his own formula. Matt began by daily Mass and avoiding drinking places and friends; at the same time, he refused to give offense to his former friends with a "holier than thou" attitude. To strengthen him and to utilize his leisure time Matt paid a daily visit to churches on his way home from work. Eyebrows lifted at the great change in Matt, but no one realized—nor did he—who far this reaching for the stars would go.

We all know what a gigantic task it is for one to evaluate accurately an alcoholic's actions, not mind the actions of one in an advanced stage of holiness. It is easy to give a wrong slant on the life of Matt Talbot by repeating pious anecdotes concerning his life. What little knowledge we do have is supplied by friends and relatives. As is always the case with good intentioned people, their observations were colored with their own concepts of holiness. However, Matt's life of continual prayer and mortification was fairly common knowledge. He spent seven hours a day on his knees. For food he subsisted mainly on cocoa and bread at each meal. He slept on boards, allowing himself four hours sleep a night. Unobservable at a casual glance, Matt's trousers were slit lengthwise so that when he was in a kneeling position his bare knees were on the floor. He wore two chains and a knotted rope around his waistline next to the flesh and more ropes and more chains on each arm and leg. At an early stage in the race for sanctity he stopped smoking, and reading material beyond that of a spiritual nature dropped out.

Laborer

The last thirty years of Matt's life were spent as a laborer in a lumberyard. There he performed heavy work in loading and unloading lumber. Between chores he found time to go off alone and pray behind a lumber pile. Later he found a shack in the yard for his prayers. Matt belonged to the lumberyard union and when a strike was called he went out with his fellow-workers. He was no union leader, but he was satisfied to cooperate in the union's activities. He recognized the added burdens of married workers and frequently aided others when they were in financial straits. He was congenial to all he knew and accepted invitations to his friends' homes for dinner and conversation. When dining out he ate the meals placed before him, never letting on to his own strict fasts. Matt participated in parish activities to the extent of becoming a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. Lady Poverty played a big part; he gave to charity all the money he had beyond that required for his simple needs. Most of his surplus he contributed to foreign missions.

All these prayers and mortifications evolved from the desire to eradicate the craving for drink. Quite a few would say, as others said during his era, that Matt might have gone too far in some ways. Prudence, again, you know. (Cure D'Ars performed similar penances for the people of his parish, and not because of his own spotless life. Such actions must have given pause to the manipulators of prudence of his day, for it really wasn't his fault that his parishioners were not all they should be.) Who can say how far one should go in harsh penitential practices? These techniques of achieving holiness were not of Matt's making; he had gleaned them from the lives of the Saints and the potent writers of the church.



"Encyclicals are not essays, they are executive documents, in a sense closely analogous to an act of parliament. The Pope in such a document is bound by his position to assume that his directions will be obeyed, and obeyed at once. Such a document, therefore, necessarily takes account of the minimum of toleration in the system being criticized, and must make it possible for Catholics to live in that present system pending its amelioration or supersession. It is clear that if the industrial world had accepted fully, on the very morrow of *Rerum Novarum*, the doctrine that every man has a natural right to possess property of his own, many people would have been in danger of starving to death. For a revolution so radical needs a period of elapsed time, if only on grounds of public order. It is depressing that it is precisely these points of tolerability and transition which have been emphasized almost exclusively by commentators and publicists."

Matt read Newman, Father Liguori, a Kempis, Louis de Montfort, and the Holy Scriptures. Now, there may be some short cuts to holiness; but life won't stand still waiting for someone to discover them. Until now Prayer and Penance have been and are the Daily Double, despite all our efforts to soft peddle the latter.

Died Alone

As was in keeping with his life, Matt died alone. There is something chilling about living alone, not to mention dying alone, that sends all into terror. Even though there isn't much you can do for the dying beyond prayers, it seems hard to have no one near at the time of death. We like to picture death as a time when all beloved are present to receive the blessings of the departing soul amidst candlelight in a warm room with the priest reciting the prayers for the dying. It doesn't seem too much to ask. Not so with Matt. On a summer morn in June, 1925, while making his way to Sunday Mass, he dropped dead on a footpath near the church.

Though Matt is not a Venerable or a Blessed yet, we consider it providential that he is being considered; for he was an alcoholic and this should act as a bright beacon for all other alcoholics, particularly for those on the verge of despair who feel that their weakness finds no parallel in the faults of their fellow men. Matt Talbot proved that a great thirst for liquor can be changed into a greater thirst for God.

Protest Injustice To Indonesians

Indonesia is composed of a group of over 6,000 islands in the Southwest Pacific, formerly known as the Dutch East Indies. It has a population of 75,000,000 with an area of 735,000 square miles. During the period from 1200 to 1500, Indonesia was a united independent nation. During the following century dissensions arose among various vassal lords so that they proved an easy conquest for the Dutch in 1602, who have plundered the country for its wealth of spices and gold ever since. The Indonesian Republic declared its independence from the Dutch on August 17, 1945, after having revolted against and disarmed the Japanese invaders. When the English and Dutch troops arrived, the Republican government was fully functioning, law and order was being maintained, and only where the Dutch, assisted by English troops, attempted to reinstate their control, did violence break out. After continued and effective resistance by the Indonesians for a period of over a year, the Dutch agreed to grant independence to the Indonesians, but this was never formally executed because of the continued Dutch aggression and disregard of its terms.

Bad Working Conditions

Of the thousand Indonesians in the United States, most of them came here as seamen on Dutch and British vessels. They left these ships because of oppressive and discriminatory working conditions (half pay and poor food) or, more recently, because of their refusal to man ships taking munitions to be used against their own people. Many of them have been here from ten to twenty years. Over one hundred are married to Americans and have American children.

240 Deported

The present naturalization law makes Indonesians ineligible for permanent citizenship and, hence, ineligible for permanent residence in the United States. Despite the fact that many of them have been living law-abiding and useful lives here for many years without molestation, 240 of them have been deported, sent out March 7 with no guarantee of their safe arrival in republican territory. This means that their homes will be broken up and their families become public charges. The Workers Defense League and other progressive groups are protesting this.

Write to the State Department

We urge our readers to write, or better, send a telegram to the State Department expressing concern for these men, that a guarantee be given of their safety in republican territory, and further, that Indonesians be granted full citizenship rights here in the United States. Do not fail to do this; there is an obligation not only in charity but in justice—for this is again another example of the state arrogating to itself a role violating the rights of the family and the person.

Trapp Family Urges Relief

Dear Friends:

This letter is a most urgent SOS message to all our personal friends, and through them, to their friends and acquaintances: our native country, Austria, which so many of you know and love, is in gravest danger. The country which gave to the world a Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Johann Strauss—a "Silent Night"—may perish if we don't all help together and act right now. It so happens that everybody is informed about conditions in the larger European countries, but hardly anybody knows what is going on in Austria. In many respects Austria is worse off than any other place in the world right now, and her people are just about to give up courage and hope.

All over Austria the population suffers from lack of practically everything; especially food, clothing, and fuel. Moreover, thousands of people arrive daily in freight cars at different stations; displaced people from the north, refugees from the south. If Vienna conditions have reached a climax of misery. Let a social worker tell you about her daily attempts to do the impossible:

"Our railroad stations have been shattered by bombs. In the ruins live thousands of displaced persons, waiting for trains to take them no one knows where, while hundreds of new ones arrive daily. The dying and the dead, the badly sick with high fever, and little children are lying together between the pieces of the walls. We have no barracks, of course no hospital room, for these poorest of the poor. When the new transports arrive, we usually find little babies with diapers frozen to their emaciated bodies, children dressed in newspaper or old rags kept together by string and pieces of broken wire, and the grownups in all stages of exhaustion and starvation. Usually these people have been in that boxcar for two weeks or longer without any care. Sometimes such a car has to wait on a siding for several days, the people not being allowed to leave it. It is absolutely impossible to describe the condition in which they arrive. We would need food, clothing, and first aid materials for thousands and tens of thousands, but we hardly have enough for a few hundred."

The urgent necessity for help is also felt and stressed by the authorities of the U. S. Occupation Army. A high American officer and an American Army Chaplain, in cooperation with local agencies in Austria, sent us recently more than 5,000 addresses of the most needy people; widows with many children whose fathers died in the war, orphans who lost their parents on the way, old people who could not keep pace with their families and were left behind. These high American officers are so concerned about this indescribable misery that they appealed to us that, "through our concerts, we pass on the word to America that Austria is dying."

We did what we possibly could do; but when requests and addresses became more and more numerous, we saw that we simply could not do it alone any more. So we founded the "Trapp Family Austrian Relief, Inc.," with Captain Georg von Trapp, President; his wife, Maria von Trapp, Vice-President; and Reverend Franz Wagner, conductor of the Trapp Family Singers, Treasurer. The papers were signed by the Secretary of State of Vermont, and we are entitled to raise funds and collect goods all over the country. We chose the name "Trapp Family Austrian Relief" in order that our name might warrant that every cent, every item, will reach its destination: a needy person in Austria. We have no overhead expenses; we do everything within our family.

I don't know which are more touching; the letters in which people shyly and bashfully talk about their needs, or the letters of perfectly overwhelmed thanksgiving. We must quote you a few lines of one of the latter. A mother of a large family, whose husband is still a prisoner of war, writes:

"But the most precious gift was the pound of coffee you sent me. With this I have paid my debts at the shoemakers, grocer, milk store; I paid the rent for our room for half a year in advance; I could exchange some flour, jam, and a little butter with it; and some of it I still keep in case some one of us should get sick. How can I ever thank you enough?"

Therefore we ask you, for the love of God, please help.

Let us now suggest to you four ways to help Austria:

1. Send to the "Trapp Family Aus-

trian Relief, Inc.," Stowe, Vermont, by parcel post or Railway Express (reverse the charges if you wish), any clothing or non-perishable food-stuffs you can spare. We can use everything: shoelaces, pencils, needles and thread, woolen blankets, up to fur coats. There is not an item which could not be used in one way or another.

2. Contribute by donating funds. Make checks payable to the "Trapp Family Austrian Relief, Inc.," Stowe, Vermont. If you can give much, please give much. The need was never greater. If you can give but little, please don't hesitate. Every dollar is most welcome. Your donation as a charitable contribution is deductible from the income tax.

3. Write to us and ask for addresses of needy families or individuals if you prefer to take care of someone yourself. Please state whether you prefer a family with many children or few, rather boys or rather girls, or whether you would like to care for one of the old persons between 70 and 90.

4. Give us more addresses of people to whom we could send this appeal, and pass on to your friends the information contained in this letter.

We all have to bear in mind that help must be rendered immediately or it will be too late. If a people of only about seven millions has a death rate of about a thousand a week from starvation, there is no time to lose.

The other day we came across the words of St. Ambrose, one of the greatest men of the fourth century, spoken at the time of a famine: "If you know that anybody is hungry or sick, and you have any means at all and do not help, then you will have the responsibility for each one who dies, and for each little child who might be harmed and crippled for life." Let us also remember that other word: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Sincerely yours,
Trapp Family Austrian Relief, Inc.

**Sainte Marie Du Mont Petit
an Interracial Monastic Foundation**

"On April 9, 1947, our small group sailed from New York for Martinique. After shipping our truck and equipment and paying our passage, we have no more money."

"We intend to live by the labor of our hands, in poverty, among a poor population. But until we have raised our first crop, we must beg your help in Christian charity."

"Will you send \$1.00 to tide us over?"

"Our daily prayer will recommend your intention to God through the Immaculate Heart of His Blessed Mother."

C. Crenier, O. S. B.
c/o Portsmouth Priory,
Portsmouth, R. I."

**The Kenrick Remailing
Service
7800 Kenrick Rd.
St. Louis 19, Mo.**

The above service was set up by the Seminarians of Kenrick Seminary to encourage Catholics to remail their Catholic magazines and newspapers to Missionaries and Chaplains for further distribution by them. There is a crying need for Catholic literature in many parts of the world where it is unobtainable. Readers who wish to remail literature should send the names of the periodicals to the above address, and the address of an appreciative Missionary or Chaplain, together with mailing information, will be sent as soon as possible.

CLOTHES

We need men's clothing badly. Would you search your closets and beg of your friends to search theirs, in order that we may have something for these needy men. Jobs are growing scarcer, and the number of the needy is increasing each day.

RELIEF FAMILIES

During this past month there has been a general furor in the press about relief families in New York living on the fat of the land, housed in expensive hotels and fed in restaurants, all of which are expensive these days. These stories were reprinted around the country (I saw them in a number of papers on my recent trip) and serve nicely to increase the scorn of the comfortable and the bourgeois for the poor and unfortunate. They are labeled "fakes"—"they could get work if they wanted to"—they are condemned for gouging the city and taking advantage of a soft administration.

The newspaper PM has done a splendid job of showing the true situation, and of showing how the whole publicity was stirred up as a political publicity move to discredit the Welfare department.

Housing

With thousands of tenements being torn down in order to put up new housing, thousands of families have to be placed in other apartments. This has increased the pinch in the housing shortage. Every apartment in our neighborhood around Mott street is now taken, fifth floor walk-up apartments in cold water buildings, rat-ridden places, verminous and dark, are all taken. One of our neighbors just married off the last of fourteen children, all of whom live in the neighborhood, and it is impossible for them to find a home. So they are going to share a four-room tenement apartment with their father and mother.

Cheap Hotels

Even the cheapest hotels charge high prices, and it was necessary to put a number of families in these hotels. Out of 200,000 cases on relief, only 37 came under attack for extravagant allowances. Most of the city's newspapers joined in the sport of kicking these families around in their effort to show their venomous hatred of the unsuccessful, and there was a hasty move on the part of a timorous department to remedy the situation by putting a number of the families in other quarters.

Flop House

Fortunately, Albert Deutsch, PM's reporter, who has done most valuable service in exposing the conditions of mental hospitals throughout the country, followed up the cases and found them in the Municipal lodging house, mothers and large families of children, housed in bare, bleak quarters, as ugly as any concentration camp, but not quite so crowded. Pictures were shown of the unusually large numbers of men asleep on benches and on the floor of our municipal houses of hospitality, for lack of beds. The women and children had a floor to themselves.

Other families were put in tenements already condemned, in neighborhoods already mostly abandoned and being wrecked for new buildings.

Mayor Intervenes

The Mayor intervened and demanded that they be moved to better quarters, but as to whether any quarters can be found for them is a question. The city is overcrowded and continues to increase in population. There is no attempt to use outlying areas of the city, where there are open fields, as a step out of the city. There is no attempt to move toward the land nor will there be until the poor are wiped out by atom bombs or driven out as they have been in cities all over the world. The elect continue their insane rule in smug complacency and the derelict continue to increase. God help us all.

**Hand Carved Crucifixes
Christ the King.
Christ Crucified.
Christ the High-Priest.
\$15.**

Carl and Mary Paulsen, St. Benedict's Farm, Upton, Mass.

Book Reviews

Housing and Citizenship by George Gray. New York. Reinhold Publishing Co. 1946.

The Future of Housing by Charles Abrams. New York. Harper & Brothers. 1946.

Breaking the Building Blockade by Robert Lasch. Chicago. University of Chicago Press. 1946.

These three are considered together because they were published at about the same time, but even more because they complete and throw light on one another. Taken as a unit, they give a fairly good picture of housing in America today, and outline what is possible for the future.

Housing and Citizenship, by George Gray, is undoubtedly the most comprehensive and best single volume on housing to be published in recent years. It is mainly concerned with low-cost homes, their need, and their achievement.

To say that a child receives his primary and most lasting education, whether for good or for ill, in his own home and in his immediate neighborhood will not seem unreasonable or novel to readers of the Catholic Worker, for Catholics have always recognized that the home is the first and chief school. Gray, however, is one of the few who have actually taken up this idea and made it a basic part of their approach to home and neighborhood development. The home and neighborhood, he repeats many times, are at least as important as the school in molding good citizens. He does not waste many tears over the loss in revenues to merchants and cities which are a part of urban decay, but concerns himself with the far more important losses in blighted lives, in unrealized personalities, and in the abandonment of moral codes practically impossible to meet without the elementary physical and social supports.

Presenting evidence gathered from the experience of European re-housing projects carried out before the war, Gray builds up a strong case, although it may have been unnecessary in the light of our fundamental beliefs, or even in terms of previous studies in the

relation between community and social behavior.

After surveying the history of attempts at low-cost housing in New York City, Gray devotes several chapters to its history in Europe. There is much to be learned from the efforts of European cities to rebuild their slums, since they have been faced with the problem for a longer period than have American cities.

He then returns to an examination of present determining factors in American home building; legal, financial, technical, and so on, and concludes that some form of publicly aided housing will be necessary if lower or even moderate income families are to find decent homes in healthful communities.

Abrams and Lasch confine themselves to American housing; Abrams being more concerned with land, financial, and political tools; while Leach presents a general picture, somewhat similar to Miles Coleman's *American Housing* of 1944.

Abrams, more alert than Gray to the dangers of centralized and powerful government, insists that public housing be built and controlled by local commissions (authorities), rather than by the federal government. He stresses too, the wise provisions of the Lanham Act, which permit publicly-built homes to revert to private ownership. Even Abrams though, it seems to this reviewer, is over confident in the men who will make up the local authorities. The pioneers, the men in office today, are often of the highest character; but what of their successors? Will they be any different from the people of other agencies? Will their record be any better—or worse—than that of the school boards, for example?

Lasch, finally, presents the very valuable suggestion that low-rent public housing, moderate-rent publicly aided (FHA) housing, and high-rent homes, all be located on plots of the land which will be redeveloped in the process of slum clearance. In contrast to this, of course, is the request of real estate men that redeveloped land, being close-in and therefore more convenient and desirable, be given over to those who can pay the highest rents; who can make, in their language, the "highest and best use" of the land.

Take in D.P.'s

Urging that this country fulfill its "traditional" role in welcoming immigrants from Europe, a National Catholic Welfare Conference representative asked that between 250,000 and 300,000 displaced persons be admitted from Germany, Italy and Austria.

James J. Norris, war relief services spokesman for the organization, reported in an interview that 85 per cent of the remaining 1,250,000 displaced persons in those countries were "non-Jews," and that they constituted a "problem for the Christian people of this country."

Recently returned from a four months' tour of Europe, he said that upward of 50 per cent of these were agricultural families who would be gladly welcomed as farm workers in "every state of the United States." Most of them are Poles, he said.

Mr. Norris criticized proposed United States Army plans to evacuate DP's from camps in Europe and "throw them on the German economy." It would be "criminally inhumane and unjust," he said.

Robbing Indians To Get More Paper

According to the American Newspaper Guild the only hope for more newsprint is by developing U. S. sources in Alaska.

This means that we will have to rob the Indians of more land. This may take three years—which is small consolation to those of us who are deprived of paper through capitalist manipulation. And this whole plan to steal again from the Indians is typical of capitalist greed which corners the paper market and then refuses any equitable solution of the problem save by robbing the defenseless.

THERE IS NO SHORTAGE

Production of newsprint in North America last year was at a record level, with U. S. consumption at 4,296,000 tons. Some 700 dailies use 80 per cent of the paper, with 500 large dailies using 27 percent more paper in 1946 than the year before. At the same time small users get only about 200,000 tons of the 4,296,000. Please continue to protest this situation to your congressmen.

Coal Miners

(Continued from page 1)

guarantee operation of the mines to their personal profit. Shortly after the Centralia slaughter, the Federal Bureau of Mines admitted that only two mines of a total of 2,531 met all provisions of the Safety Code. Centralia had been periodically cited as a most dangerous place to work. In fact, five days previous to the disaster this mine was found to be violating no less than 51 provisions of the Federal Safety Code.

This experience, if not the long history of similar experiences, shows that the mine operators are not competent to operate the mines in the best interests of the men who work underground. Nor have they the right to exploit men inasmuch as coal is a natural resource—and a national resource—belonging by its very nature to all of the people of the nation.

The United Mine Workers under John L. Lewis cannot escape their share of the responsibility for the Centralia tragedy. True, the union protested as long as a year ago to the Governor of Illinois over the unsafe working conditions at the mine, but they have shown a reluctance to emphasize safety violations in preference to securing higher wages for their members. This sad fact has been an inevitable consequence of the union's struggle against the huge monopolies; they have been forced to adopt similar methods. They are becoming more and more inclined to sacrifice the dignity and safety of the individual worker and less and less able to see beyond the size of the pay envelope. Actually, the material gain represented by the pay increases has meant little to the miners. They still live in wretchedness and insecurity. They have a low standard of living despite the supposedly high wages they receive, but which—as soon as they are received—are drained off by the company-owned stores of the mining community. Mr.

Lewis has compromised too often, by-passing a better life for his men under the false assumption that everything can eventually be worked out without changing the system under which the mines are operated. Mr. Lewis must be given full credit for the many gains the miners have made under his courageous leadership. But he has now reached the end of the line; he finds himself in a "dead end" street—a street heaped high with the dead bodies of miners sacrificed to the gods of blind selfishness on the altar of "Free Enterprise" in the mining industry.

Worker's Cooperatives

An independent fuel authority must be set up, based on the successful model represented by the TVA. The long-range objective would be a worker's cooperative ownership of the mines, but the interim authority would function with the minimum of governmental regulation. The regulatory board would be composed of union officials, federal safety engineers, consumer representatives (preferably not of the dollar-dominated mentality of Joe Ball or members of our Junior Chambers of Commerce), and two or three outstanding citizens "public" or "independent" members. Men of the calibre of former Senators LaFollete and Wheeler are available and could be trusted to execute their duties in a spirit of justice to the interests of all concerned.

We like to parade our ideals before a suffering world. We speak of "Freedom from Want," "equality of opportunity," rights to "life" and the "pursuit of happiness." These show-window phrases seem empty today. For there are 111 new corpses at Centralia. They speak, too. They speak, in that manner so peculiar to corpses, of carelessness, of selfishness, but—most of all—of national hypocrisy. And America is in no position to give them answer.

Richard C. Leonard.

"It Is Better to Light a Candle"

"We don't have any big accidents in the mines around here, like Centralia," one of the daughters of the coal miners said. "The mines in Iowa are little mines. There's Madrid and Moran and Dallas and Centerville. Only a couple get killed at a time. It's a pretty dangerous occupation.

"And doesn't pay too well. My father here," and she pointed to a man ploughing a potato patch with one old horse, "is seventy years old, and left the mines for good this month when they closed down. His Social Security is \$27 a month, not enough to keep going on. He has worked fifty years in the mines, is a member of the United Miners, of course. No pensions from the union, nor the company, and no old age pension, or he would have to give up his home that he finally achieved, thanks to Msgr. Ligutti."

I was visiting the Granger Homesteads which has shone for the last twelve years as an example of the successful rural resettlement of a group of fifty families, by Monsignor Luigi Ligutti. He found himself pastor of a rural slum, and he turned it into a little Nazareth of homeowners with five acre plots for garden and pasture. The majority of them were Italian and they were used to small acreage.

If only every pastor of a coal mining town in Pennsylvania would go and see what has been done to transform conditions, he would cease to regard as inevitable the degrading conditions under which many of his parishioners live. It would take influence and study and work to try to do something for the "bodies"

of these men and their families, who have too long been looked upon only as "souls" and on the way to being lost ones at that.

Only that morning I had been talking to a woman in Des Moines who had a family of six, and she and her husband had put them all through college. The day before I had been in Westphalia where the farmers had 160, 240 and even 640 acre farms and were rich men. They were hard workers all, but they were indeed rich, as farmers go.

Mr. Romano, Msgr. Ligutti's brother-in-law, who drove us around in an old car, said philosophically, "Some people get rich, and some get poor. Or stay poor." And here out in the Homestead was a man who had worked fifty years and stayed poor.

Poor But Not Destitute

But not destitute. It is good always to stress the difference between poverty and destitution. This miner had his own home, three bed rooms, bath, living room, kitchen, and downstairs a big basement where his wife was making cottage cheese and the daughter was doing "three washes."

"One of the neighbors had a baby, and another is doing some work in town so I am doing ours and theirs," the young woman explained. "I love to wash, but not to iron."

We could well understand that, on a bright spring day with apple trees in bloom, birds singing, the ploughing getting under way. "Some men like dogs, but my father likes that horse," the girl said. "And the cow is a pet. She gives ten quarts a day and my sister takes some of the milk and my girl friend some. We

raise corn, alfalfa for feed, and we have enough vegetables to do a lot of canning." And she left her wringer to show me a canned goods closet which ran the length of the basement. "We have five acres and cultivate every inch." But still there was a good lawn around the house and shade trees and flowering shrubs.

One of Fifty

This little home we visited was one of fifty and there were bees, pigs, grape vineyards in other of the homesteads. Trees have grown up in the Homestead in the ten years it has been going, and the surroundings are attractive and homelike. A mile away there is the town of Granger, where the Church of the Assumption and the school are located. Fr. Gorman has charge of the manual training classes in the school, and Sister Mark, the principal, has the draft room for the girls. The students are the children of the Croation, Italian and Irish miners that made up a settlement at the Granger mine, which has since closed down. Those twenty or so who still work in the mines are young and single for the most part. The biggest mine still operating is the



Waukeg mine, where the men work during the winter months. Many of the others of Homestead work in Des Moines, which is 16 miles away, and can be reached by trolley, which runs past the homestead. Some are carpenters, janitors, day-laborers, but all of them have an abundant life on the little farms set in the midst of this great Iowa prairie.

Fr. Gorman was at a funeral, so I did not get to talk to him, but Sister Mark showed me the shop which he built himself, and the forge and welder and machinery. He built the kitchen where the lunches are cooked, too, and many are the tables and book cases turned out by the boys. He encourages them to bring in farm machinery, furniture for mending, and from the sixth grade up the boys begin to work in the shop. He has a feeling for wood and knows his materials and teaches the boys to love the things God has made. The best way to give them the sacramental view of life, to see the holiness of His creatures and to respect them, and to learn the joy of being a co-creator. The Sisters, who are the Sisters of St. Francis of Assisi of Milwaukee, an order which was started back in 1849 here in this country after a cholera epidemic which left many children orphans. Six girls who

Pax Column

"The Church calls for the establishment of social justice and charity, not as an expedient against Communism, but as an exigency of its teaching on God and man."

—Cardinal Goncalves Cerejara.

A great deal of Catholic concern over social problems reads ill because one is haunted with the idea that it concerns itself with social problems because it is concerned about something called "the menace of Communism" and not because it is concerned with the worker or aims at the collapse of capitalism and the introduction of an economy motivated by Christian principles. Even such organizations as the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists dissipate their energy in red-baiting and make small attempt to indoctrinate the workers much beyond a high-

hailed from Germany originally started the order and now there are 800 of them, 64 per cent from rural parishes. They take "shop" too.

In the sisters' craft room we were shown some of the suits, dresses, rugs, bag and hat sets and household articles that the girls had made. There are 112 pupils in the grade and high school, half boys and half girls.

Of the group of families who settled in Granger Homestead ten years ago, forty were miners, three clerks, two railroad men, one carpenter, one mechanic, one barber, one farmer. There were Croations, Italians, Irish, French, Slovak.

Now with the mines closing only about twenty families remain in this work, but thanks to the fact that they are owners, they have been able to remain and to find work in Des Moines which is seventeen miles away, with an interurban train running through the project.

Cooperation is taken for granted among the group. Not only are the tractor and other farm machines used cooperatively throughout the planting and harvesting season, but credit union facilities are used in the purchase of livestock and feed, etc.

Monsignor Ligutti has been head of the Rural Life Conference in Des Moines, 3801 Grand Avenue, these late years and has travelled around the country talking of the family and the land, but the pastor since has continued to build on his work in this cell of good living in our present unhealthy body the state.

SPLIT SHIFT

During the month there was a slowdown of the subways, according to Michael Quill, head of the Transport Workers' union. Striking is forbidden to public workers by the newly enacted Condon-Wadlin bill, so the workers were using this method to protest not only the split shift policy on five runs which breaks up the working day of the men so that they are away from home for thirteen or fourteen hours in order to work eight.

The split shift is a device prevalent in many hospitals and restaurants whereby they get workers during the busy portions of the day and lay them off between times miles from their homes so that they have nothing to do for four hours or so but drop in a neighboring movie, thereby wasting a good portion of their pay, or just hang around on a park bench if they can find a park or a bench.

One more device to exploit the worker, one more grievance of the needy and the poor.

er-wage, shorter-hour mentality. They shy away from extreme leftist elements and yet, as I have before remarked, it is only by Catholicism turning to the left and the left turning to Catholicism (something calling for little short of a miracle), that any hope of temporal salvation can be looked for. And by extreme leftists I mean those who reject totally the economy and mentality of bourgeois capitalist society—who are anarchists as against the modern idolatry of the state, who demand worker ownership of the means of production as against plutocratic control, who press for a decentralist and distributist economy as against the various totalitarianisms of the day, who demand communal ownership of natural resources, who are pacifists in this atomic age, and whose revolution will be a non-violent one as against the violence inherent in any of the economies western man has hitherto experienced.

Eclectic Revolution

I realize this is a hodge-podge—a plank here and a plank there from the various radicalisms, and made more ridiculous (so "they" will say and there is always a "they"), by tying it up with Catholicism. Yet it is the only thing to fit in with a personalist revolution—it is bound to be an eclectic revolution because it must be permeated by a profound respect for truth wherever it may be found—in Communism, Socialism, Anarchism, Georgism or any other ideologies which have social conscience. The parties of the right we need not bother with as they have well demonstrated their contempt for God and man.

Duty to Revolt

It is a pressing thing, this duty to revolt—and the quicker it comes about the better. Already the United States government is psychologically at war with Russia (as Representative Lawrence H. Smith so stated to the House of Representatives) and, by approval of the Truman Doctrine, is now committed to a program of world domination so similar to the dreams of Hitler that the same pretext (fighting Communism), is used to further this vicious bolstering up of a defunct capitalist economy.

Here at home anti-labor elements are busy rushing bills through Congress to further enslave the workers by denying what belongs to them by natural right—refusal to work when to do so would deny them decent living conditions or would be an insult to the person. Thomas Dewey (by signing the Condon-Wadlin bill) has made New York State a fascist state. As any state is a fascist state which denies its employees the right to strike. Extend this on a national scale—let the government take over more and more industries and control more and more people—and we will indeed be a fascist nation headed on a new crusade, backed by capital and religion, and insuring destitution and famine and war to all who participate.

Radical Personalist Democracy

We will not rid ourselves of class war until we have rid ourselves of capitalism which is built, not only on class war, but on a war of every man against his fellowman. We cannot be half hearted in that fight. We must go whole hog, beyond trade unionist and pink centralist positions to a frank advocacy of an economy in which every man contributes to the common good and the only distinctions are those of function. It will be a radical personalist democracy—it is the alternative, the Christian and Catholic alternative to the conservative fascist plutocracy we are fast building up in this country.

Robert C. Ludlow

EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

I. Counsels of the Gospel

- Someone said that *The Catholic Worker* is taking monasticism out of the monasteries.
- The Counsels of the Gospel are for everybody, not only for monks.
- Franciscans and Jesuits are not monks.
- Franciscans are Friars, and the world is their monastery.
- Jesuits are the storm troops of the Catholic Church, and ready to be sent where the Holy Father wishes to send them.
- The Counsels of the Gospel are for everybody; and if everybody tried to live up to it, we would bring order out of chaos; and Chesterton would not have said that Christianity has not been tried.

II. What St. Francis Desired

According to Jorgensen, a Danish convert living in Assisi,

- Saint Francis desired that men should give up superfluous possessions.
- Saint Francis desired that men should work with their hands.
- Saint Francis desired that men should offer their services as a gift.
- Saint Francis desired that men should ask other people for help when work failed them.
- Saint Francis desired that men should live as free as birds.
- Saint Francis desired that men should go through life giving thanks to God for His gifts.

III. Then and Now

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

IV. Better and Better Off

- The world would be better off if people tried to become better.
- And people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off.
- For when everybody tries to become better off nobody is better off.
- But when everybody tries to become better everybody is better off.
- Everybody would be rich if nobody tried

List of Publications for Rural Homesteaders

1. Roman Catholic Sources:

(a) All publications of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines 12, Iowa, especially the following:

Land and Home, official publication (quarterly) of N.C.R.L.C. The September, 1945, issue had an excellent statement of land policy.

"Partnership With God," an address by Bishop Muench (10c.).

"Rural Life in a Peaceful World," pamphlet (20c.).

"Standing on Both Feet: The Rural Homestead," a discussion of working in city, living in country. (No price listed in it.)

Folder: No. 5 "The Staff of Life" (health value of bread and a little on a grinding mill); No. 7 "The Triumph of the Earthworm" (its importance).

(b) All publications of the Grail, Loveland, Ohio.

(c) Catholic Encyclopedia and New Catholic Dictionary (on monasteries, etc.)

2. U. S. Dept. of Agriculture sources:

(a) "Popular Publications for the Farmer and Homemaker," List No. 5, revised April, 1945.

(b) Circular No. 721, "The Farm Real Estate Situation, 1943-44."

(c) "Planning the Farm for Profit and Stability," Farmer's Bulletin No. 1965. More on plans:

"If You're Thinking of a Little Place in the Country" (Bureau of Agricultural Economics, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture). "Shall I Be a Farmer," A.W.I. No. 1051, July, 1944; "Planning a Subsistence Homestead," Farmer's Bulletin No. 1733.

(d) "Getting Started in Farming," Farmer's Bulletin No. 1961.

(e) "Part-Time Farming," Farmer's Bulletin No. 1966.

(f) "Getting Established on the Land," 21, D. S.

(g) "The Farm Garden," Farmer's Bulletin No. 1673.

3. "Farm for Veterans," pamphlet of National Planning Association, 800 21st St., N. W., Washington 6, D. C. (25c.).

4. Pertinent publications of Extension Service of State in which one is to live.

5. "Have More Plan" (\$1.00 booklet, with references) and other publications of Ed Robinson, Noroton, Conn.

6. Visit especially, in area where you may locate or are already:

(a) Catholic priests of local parish and diocese in charge of rural life encouragement, if any. Maybe they can tell you of any Catholic or other agricultural schools in the area.

(b) County agent, i.e. representative of Federal or State Government in the particular county concerned. He is supposed to have specific information of available land (for sale), fertility, and many matters of advice for farmers.

to become richer.

6. And nobody would be poor if everybody tried to be the poorest.

7. And everybody would be what he ought to be if everybody tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

Another Toehold

Dear Editors:

The Reimels (remember us? nee Fitzpatrick) are living in a schoolhouse outside Perkasi, Pa. We have a one-room schoolhouse (stone) and four acres of ground. We are partitioning it off into four rooms and a bath downstairs and two rooms upstairs. We have no water, as yet, so things are a bit tough. We have a neighbor who is very obliging about sharing her water.

Feed the Hungry

I read the article in the December issue about the children in Palermo. I have sent four packages so far and I will try to send two a month from now on. I am trying to get my friends, relatives, etc., to send packages. Could you send me about twenty-five copies of the paper containing the article so I can mail them around?

Moved

Since we took to the wilds we have lost contact with almost all of the old crowd except Eleanor Ferrick. We are buying the schoolhouse from her.

My children, my husband and the dog are all clamoring for attention, so I'll have to answer the summons.

MARY REIMEL.

Sellersville, R. D., Penna.



Drumachrin, Bundoran,
Co. Donegal, Eire.

September 8, 1946.

Dear Dorothy Day:

It is some years since I saw a copy of your most valuable paper or heard of your work in connection with land and social reform. I trust that your organization is making headway and that you and your colleagues enjoy the success you so richly deserve. I believe that your thinking was greatly influenced by the writings of the late Father Vincent McNabb, O.P., whose personal friendship I enjoyed for a number of years. I have a great many of his letters by me now and also a particularly fine signed artist's original drawing of him made at one of the very few "sittings" he ever gave for this purpose. My object in writing to you is to request your help in finding a market for this drawing. Possibly you might be able to refer me to a buyer or advise me as to the best paper in which to insert an advertisement.

Philip F. England

The Pope and the Soil

It is a fundamental principle of Christian ownership Pope Pius XII called to the attention of a throng of Italian farmers, tenants and agricultural workers, whom he told they must remember "the soil should be used but not abused." What his Holiness said to the men, who had gone to the Vatican after the adjournment of their first Congress, conducted in Rome, is a message Catholics the world over should take to heart and make their own. Back of the Pope's words there is a doctrine economic liberalism has discarded, with disastrous results. Before all there arose a new kind of absolutism, the absolutism of property.

Ownership took on a purely individualistic character. Its obligations to the common-weal and posterity were forgotten or neglected. Sound Catholic doctrine insists that "material possessions are not to be considered as mere property, but treated as a common good." (Leo XIII) However firmly and consistently the Church defends the right of property, she condemns the abuse of that right. "Christianity knows a *jus utendi*" (the right to use), says a distinguished Catholic sociologist, Professor Schwer, "and protects and promotes it. But it does not acknowledge a *jus abutendi* (the right to abuse) which derives from the Roman law and was introduced into the legal codes of modern times by way of the legists of the Renaissance." Hence men felt free to make such use of their property as best suited their own selfish purposes. Many an evil of today, the slums of our cities, for example, are the result of the abuse of private property.

Erosion

It was undoubtedly with erosion and exhaustion of the soil in mind the Pope addressed his admonition to the tillers of the land he addressed. The condition referred to is today worldwide. Wherever new land was subjected to the plow soil butchery was practiced, because traders and speculators stimulated production irrespective of the true welfare of farmers or nations. Fifty, sixty years ago every dealer on the floor of the Chicago Board of Trade would have derided the thought that anything like wide-spread famine could occur in the world of big crops. The present generation is faced by the stark reality of food shortages which are by no means only the result of the war. An abused soil is revenging itself on man; here and there even the fear exists that the desert may take possession of large tracts of land which not so long ago produced abundant crops.

With the fate of past empires in mind and that "all our pomp of yesterday is one with Nineveh and Tyre," the scientists who attended the Royal Society's Empire Scientific Conference, held at the beginning of winter, have drawn the attention of the British government to the startling facts of soil erosion in many parts of the British Commonwealth. The situation appears to them sufficiently serious to warrant the request for a careful survey of existing conditions and an inquiry into suitable remedies. Having referred to these recommendations, the "New Statesman," of London, points to hungry India with its 400,000,000 population increasing

at the rate of 5,000,000 a year, and with less than three-quarters of an acre of food-growing land per head. In the meantime the skies of the Punjab are grey with day-and-night dust storms. And continuing, the article states: "Canada, where in the Thirties they had 20,000,000 acres of broken prairies drifting in the winds, has had to introduce a Prairie Draining Limitation Act. Similarly in the Union, there is the menace of 'The Great South African Desert replacing the once fruitful farms, and of the bush creeping down from Central Africa. Australia is crying out for water, for new, persistent crops like pulses to knit the drifting soil, for checks on the depredations of rabbits and restriction on the grazing of sheep. It will take at least fifty years to regenerate the soil despoiled. In many colonies the commercial urge of cash crops and plantation farming is outraging the earth."

Peasant Warned

The same story is heard elsewhere. Sufficient proof of the results of the *jus abutendi* against which the Pope warned the peasantry of Italy, who may at present feel tempted to neglect stewardship of the land for the sake of immediate gain. Taught by the example of the monks, generations of European peasants have carefully nurtured and protected the soil through the centuries. In fact, a good deal of land was improved by the labor of husbandmen anxious to provide for the living as well as their posterity. In recent times, as Dr. E. G. Malherbe said at the Scientists Symposium, held at Maritzburg, Union of South Africa, a few years ago, "the general attitude of the people towards the land is one of successful exploitation rather than of conservation or protection of a trust held for future generations." Fr. Bernard Huss, one of the foremost promoters of "better homes, better hearts, better fields" for the natives of South Africa, states the bald facts of the case even more drastically thus: "The highly advanced white *homo sapiens* has civilized away from the thin food-producing skin of our globe at least one-quarter of the fine topsoil, the cream of the land, and he has persisted for half-a-century, in spite of ever-increasing and more and more serious warnings, to change our land, formerly a paradise, into a desert, thus adding a new grave to the existing 'Graveyard of Civilizations'."

To these voices of warning the Pope has now added his admonition that the soil should be used but not abused. It is a truly practical doctrine Pius XII has reminded us of.

C. V. SERVICE.

The text of pope's message is being published by the Catholic Rural Life Conference, 3801 Grand Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

"The highest manifestation of life consists in this, that a being governs its own actions. A thing which is always subject to the direction of another is somewhat of a dead thing. Now a slave does not govern his own actions, but rather they are governed for him. Hence a man, in so far as he is a slave, is a veritable image of death." St. Thomas, Opus XVII, Cap 14.

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Socialism and Machinery

(Continued from page 1)

- of Socialist activity.
2. On the other hand, the problem of machinery, which it was originally intended to solve, has not merely been forgotten, but its very existence is denied.
3. An inquiry into the history of Socialist thought will demonstrate this beyond the shadow of a doubt.

IV. In 1806

1. The introduction of machinery had been accompanied by the growth of prosperity.
2. This prosperity was shared by the working class, for wages were high and employment was plentiful.
3. But about the year 1806 its unrestricted use resulted in supply outstripping demand.
4. Then began the displacement and depreciation of labor by machinery.
5. As a result, reformers began to turn their attention to industrial problems.

V. Luddite Riots

1. By 1811 the problem had become acute and widespread unemployment gave rise to the Luddite riots.
2. The infuriated workmen rose and destroyed the machinery.
3. The riots began in Nottingham with the destruction of stocking and lace frames and spread into Yorkshire and Lancashire.
4. The situation was met by the enactment of Draconian laws that made the willful destruction of machinery a crime punishable by death.
5. In January, 1813, eighteen workmen died on the gallows of York.

VI. Robert Owen

1. It was at this time when society was perplexed by the social problems presented by the use of machinery that Robert Owen was first led to pursue those speculations which laid the foundation of Socialist thought.
2. The facilities for production of wealth which the new machinery afforded had made a tremendous impression upon his imagination.
3. Any idea of abolishing or curtailing its use he never appears to have entertained.
4. Yet he saw that it challenged the existing order of society.

VII. Rochdale Pioneers

1. The Co-operative Movement with which in those days his name is associated was not initiated by Owen personally.
2. On the contrary, it was founded by leaders of the workingmen who were in favor of Owenism and political Radicalism during the absence of Owen in America.
3. They met together and opened co-operative

shops, the Rochdale Pioneers taking the lead.

4. When Robert Owen returned from America and saw the co-operative undertakings he disapproved of them, calling them, contemptuously, Trading Associations.

VIII. Conflicting Ideas

1. The central aim of Chartism throughout the greater part of its history was the conquest of political power.
2. With this was merged a vague notion of transforming Great Britain into an aggregation of Communist colonies on Owenite lines.
3. In the midst of these there came the Gospel of the Class War and the General Strike.
4. These conflicting ideas could not be reconciled, and Chartism in turn was Parliamentary, Syndicalist, and Owenite.
5. Emphasis was given to one or other of these aspects as circumstances dictated.

IX. 1839, 1842, 1845

1. But Marx at any rate had no illusions.
2. He saw clearly that the problem remained exactly where it was.
3. Karl Marx saw clearly that the return of prosperity was brought by external events and not by facing and overcoming the economic difficulties brought about by the employment of machinery.
4. The crisis had been postponed by enlarging the area of the problem.
5. It was no longer national but international.

X. Marx Saw Clearly

1. Disappointment with the Reform Bill of 1832 led to a reaction against Parliamentaryism.
2. In 1842 the General Strike was tried and failed.
3. After 1839 Owenism as a social system showed signs of falling to pieces.
4. In 1845, with the disastrous break-up of Queenswood, the last of Owenite colonies, it collapsed.
5. Thus Chartism was left without a faith and this, by undermining its driving power paved the way for its ultimate failure.

6. Rev. Sister Regina, (22b) Mayen, Rheinland, Staetisches Krankenhaus, French Zone. Besides the great wants of the hospital she is working in (Sister Regina is also very much concerned about the orphans in Mayen and surrounding villages. She certainly would be very grateful for anything she could give her beloved little ones and her suffering patients.

Herrn Hermann Storch & Familie, Reichenberg bei Wuerzburg, Hausnummer 144, Postleitzahl 13a, American Zone of Occupation, Mainfranken, Bavaria, Germany. My brother at present is very badly off as his house in Wuerzburg was totally destroyed, he took refuge in a small village near by, living with his wife in two rooms under the roof and having his Father-in-law of 85 years with him. He was never a party member and has found a small job but the food question is serious.

ON Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

like to see more families on smaller farms. Right now we need a baker, a barber, shoe maker, a printing press, a feed processing plant, a creamery. And of course, we need more houses. I myself need a janitor for the church and school. We have to bring in experts occasionally, but as a rule every job around here is done by our own high school graduates."

Fr. Duren is very proud of his big school, high school and grades, which takes the place of the three-room school the village had when he came. There is a good convent for the nuns and his own rectory is set in the midst of many trees, in front of a beautiful cemetery.

"I'd like to begin all over again," he said wistfully as he

piece and sample of what pioneers can do in the way of handling huge beams and adobe, the farm is worth working on. Already in the scant year they have been there, Lawrence Douglas has done a tremendous amount of work just in clearing fields, planting gardens, putting in a vineyard, not to speak of working on the house!

He has a smoke house in which there is a great tub made out of one log, long as a bathtub and covered with a screen. Hanging from the roof there were hams, bacons, shoulders of pork, a goodly supply of meat for many months to come.

Bake Room

Next to the smoke room there is a room with a brick oven built in on one side and a fireplace with a huge iron tub set in it for rendering fat cooking up meat or making soap. Mrs. Douglas, who was born and raised on a farm in Tennessee, bakes all her bread here.

We had dinner there on Saturday and picnicked there again the next day, talking of community and life on the land



looked around. "with a little church at a cross roads with a hundred families making a village round about. That is the way America should be. That's the kind of setting which makes it easy for people to be good."

Granger

My main reason for coming to Des Moines was to visit Granger Homestead (see story elsewhere in this issue.), but I had the additional treat of meeting Fr. Duren and back in Des Moines on Monday of hearing the Von Trapp family and meeting six of them afterward with their accomplished chaplain. We had a wonderful evening, talking of farms and farming and comparing our pioneering experiences.

Indiana

After visiting Chicago I journeyed by bus to Evansville, Ind., where I was met by Joe Zarella, his wife and her brother, Fr. Lautner, who is stationed in Evansville. We drove to Troy, which is a small village, just this side of Tell City, where Joe has been working these past two years in a furniture factory. Tell City is a furniture town, and three thousand of the six thousand inhabitants work in the factories there. I visited one of the plants where Joe works, shown around by Mr. Lautner, Alice's father, who knows everything there is to be known of woods and working in wood, whether by hand or machinery. He is one of the few surviving craftsmen and must get a great joy out of his work.

I'm hoping that Joe will write on labor for us, between his job, his union duties and his own home activities, and I put this in as a hint and a reminder.

Fulda, Ind.

I was delighted to visit some of the readers of *The Catholic Worker* at their farm a few miles from Fulda, where the Douglas family, father, mother and six children, are trying to reclaim eighty somewhat eroded acres. If it were only for the magnificent old house, a

with all its discouragements and rewards. Douglas said that he was about ready at one point to give up and go back to the city, when he discovered that there were a few more Catholic Workers living in the neighborhood, so he decided to stick it out for a while. But he wished that a few more families would come and help settle the eighty acres. There is still plenty of timber to build houses.

All the wood in the house and barns are hand hewn, and even the stones of the well, Indiana sandstone, are hand hewn also. The farmhouse looks down from its hill over the surrounding land, and there is a beautiful view of the church spire in the little town of Fulda, a mile and a half away.

My trip took me on to Louisville and Cincinnati again, then up to Pittsburgh, Kittanning, and Herman, where the center for men of Christ the King have their school. But this account is quite long enough already. A pilgrimage indeed, and a most encouraging one, visiting readers of the paper, families and cells which are growing up everywhere, grappling all of them with the spiritual weapons of hard work, poverty, and prayer.

Review

The last column contains an extract from a new book, published by Pantheon, 41 Washington Square, which contains 120 authentic likenesses of saints in full-page illustrations, each picture accompanied by a short biography. In these days of uncertainty, it is good to read of such members of the household of God who were never tired of the calls made upon them and whose eyes were never closed to the misery of the poor. It is only in times like these that the eyes of the rest of us are opened to all the needs of our brothers. Such stories as the above will keep us from sinking under the vastness of the tasks of charity ahead. God has given us work for a lifetime.

Works of Mercy

Here is the story of someone who never got tired of giving and the demands made on him were tremendous.

Joseph Benedict Cottolengo's feast day is April 30; that is the day he died in 1842, so he is very much a saint of our time. He was born in Piedmont and when he was a little boy his mother once found him measuring the room with a stick. He wished to see, he explained, how many beds one could get into the room, as he wanted to turn it into a hospital when he grew up.

When he was ordained, he entered a congregation of secular priests of the Order of Corpus Domini and was named canon of the Church of the Trinity in Turin.

In 1828 he was called to a very sick woman who had not been able to obtain admission to any hospital. So he rented an unfurnished room and placed a few beds in it for the poorest and most neglected. Here no one was to be refused admittance. A doctor and a pharmacist who were his friends helped him. He sought out pious women to nurse the sick and men to serve the male sick. Eventually he founded a congregation of young girls who renounced the world and were to devote themselves wholly to God and the care of the sick.

Within a year cholera broke out and the police closed the hospice, but he reopened it outside the city. The new hospice was known as the Little House of Divine Providence. Providence had moved the little house out so that it might grow up to be an entire city. Soon there rose about it a House of Faith, a House of Hope and a House of Love.

There is now a city of more than seven thousand poor people, patients, orphans, cripples, idiots, penitents. For his growing organization the saint founded fourteen communities some of which were purely contemplative and were to assist others by their lives of prayer.

Queried about the secret sources of the money with which one tried to explain his gigantic achievements, he answered, "Providence sends me everything."

He learned however, that Providence may supply bread for today, but not at the same time for tomorrow or the day after. He paid everything, but amid constant difficulties.

"In the Little House" he used to say, "we progress as long as we possess nothing. We decline when we live on endowments."

King Charles Albert frequently proposed to let the government take over the protectorate of the foundations.

"Why," asked Cottolengo. "They are under the protection of Divine Providence; protection by the state is superfluous."

This trust in Providence however, did not keep him from strenuous work and effort. He slept but a few hours, often only on a chair or bench, and persevered in his task of prayer and work. He promised his sisters when he died, "When I am in Heaven, where everything is possible, I will cling to the mantle of the Mother of God and I will not turn my eyes from you. Do not forget what this poor old man has said to you."

