

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Price One Cent

DAY AFTER DAY

Dear Gerry: (On your way to Egypt and hoping this will reach you in Cairo)

This has been a month of journeying for me too. Bishop Schlarman of Peoria, invited me to speak at the Catholic Rural Life Conference which was held in his city from October 3 to 6. I visited Davenport, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, Carthage, Cleveland, Toledo, Pittsburgh, Harrisburgh, Easton and now home to get out the November issue. We were sorry to have missed the October issue, but there was not a cent around (Bishop Schlarman paid my expenses of the trip west) so we could not pay bills, nor get out an issue of the paper. Now the appeal is out and many of our friends have responded so that all the bread bill, the coffee bill, the corner grocery, the doctor, the dentist, farm and city bills, are paid, and even most of the printer. We are overjoyed, and happy too at all the letters which came from our friends around the country, missing the paper. We had not missed an issue for a long time.

I had a good visit with various groups and stopped at six of the houses and two of the farms on this trip, and when the boys began telling me all the news, and began asking after the news from New York, I began to see more and more how much was being accomplished, little by little.

In the last year, for instance, two conscientious objectors' (Continued on page 4)

"Feed the Axis"

Immediately we hear you cry: Un-American! pro-German! pro-Japanese! We agree with you—it is all that and more. It is definitely CHRISTIAN—pure, unadulterated CHRISTIANITY!

Christ has a plan for dealing with enemies and it is not bigger and better bombers. Christ gave His followers definite directions on the matter of winning the VICTORY. "German, Italian, Japanese, If you are my 'enemies' as men say you are, If you are my 'enemies' as men say in war." Then you are the ones

Christ was referring to and commanded us to use these methods on. To feed hungry friends is quite natural and common—feeding hungry enemies is quite another matter. To feed starving Greek, French and Belgium children



is to be expected of any good political strategist. Even many militarists agree on feeding "the little democracies." But who shall feed the big dictators' starving masses? "What do ye (Christians) more than others?" Jesus asks.

"If ye love them that love you, what reward have you?" Do not even the publicans the same? It is high time that we Christians consider where we have been bestowing our love and good works. Our friends, nationally speaking, shall be amply cared for by the politicians, militarists, legislators, etc. But who shall feed the enemy? Christians, what do YE more than others?

We're Not Ostriches

We recognize there is evil to be overcome—an enemy at our very door! The question is how to overcome him. Bombs and bullets will never do it. They can kill men, but only increase enmity. But BREAD and BROTHERLINESS will overcome enmity and make enemies into friends. Christ realized food would give the enemy nourishment for his famished fighting body but He also knew it would change his heart. Christ also anticipated unusual enemies in unusual numbers at unusual times. Christianity works in times of crises as well as in normal times.

What You Can Do About It

Theory is not enough—action is needed! A "Committee to Feed the Axis" now exists to do something about it. All Christians are urged to help. Contribute generously—save, sacrifice, and give that the "enemy" might be changed into a friend. With even more zeal and enthusiasm and concern than War Bond buyers, finance this CHRISTIAN OFFENSIVE for the enemy.

What can I do, you say? In a democracy national policies are formed by the will of the people. Tell your Senators and your Congressmen that you want your country to take the Christian way! Write also to the editor of your newspaper and to your Christian friends. Bring the question up in your church meetings. If Christians do not point out that

Jesus has another way for meeting evil than war, how is the world to know? "Ye are the salt of the earth."

But, you say, it is impossible to get food to Japan, and Germany. Christ commanded—it is ours to obey. He will take care of impossibilities. (Of Mark 10:37.) Similar thoughts most likely came to the minds of saints of old. Read Hebrews (11). FAITH tackles the seeming impossibilities and gets them done—FAITH is the VICTORY!

—Louis Lee Lock, Secretary, Feed the Axis Fund, Merom, Indiana.

Famine

IN Greece, seven out of every eight babies die of malnutrition, and nine out of ten under the age of twelve suffer from rickets and may never grow up to be healthy adults.

Food is getting into Greece from Canada, allowed through by the British blockade. Three ships of grain are said to have arrived in mid-August, and two others in September.

Discrepancy between the food shipments in prospect and those required and solicited, translated into terms of human life, simply means no life at all.

Disease—death almost certain for all except the strongest—death, disease, despair.

The Greek people naturally know nothing whatever of sound reasons there may be for putting off the day of their deliverance.

(From a dispatch to the N. Y. Times from A. C. Sedgwick, dated Haifa, Palestine, Oct. 2.)

Why Blame The Jews?

By
Peter Maurin

I. Bourgeois Capitalism

1. In a book entitled "Judaism and Capitalism," Werner Sombart blames the Jews for the development of Bourgeois Capitalism.
2. Adam Smith and Ricardo, the theoreticians of Bourgeois Capitalism were not Jews.
3. The fostering of Bourgeois Capitalism, in modern Germany is due to Bismarck.
4. To Kaiser William is also due the fostering of Bourgeois Capitalism in modern Germany.

II. Turning Sharp Corners

1. Business men say that Bourgeois Capitalism is all right and that what is wrong in Bourgeois Capitalism are the abuses.
2. Rotarians have tried without much success to correct the abuses of Bourgeois Capitalism.
3. The turning of sharp corners by business men must be laid to the door of Christians as well as Jews.
4. The assertion that religion has nothing to do with business is the assertion. (Continued on page 7)

The Ugly Head Of Anti-Semitism

By Fr. Clarence Duffy

Anti-Semitism is again raising its ugly head. It was less vocal for some months after Pearl Harbor, but if one moving among the people of New York is to judge by what one sees and hears, anti-Semitism is far from being either moribund or dormant today.

This writer has been both surprised and shocked at the intensity and volume of the hatred directed at the Jews, who are blamed not only for getting this country into the war but for shirking combatant service, for cowardice, for seeking and being granted special and safe positions, for rationing and for all the other privations resulting from the war. And with the blame there are coupled dire threats of what is going to happen to the Jews, if possible during the war and, certainly, when the war is over.

This terrifying anti-Semitism is largely due to the popular desire for a scapegoat in times of adversity. The Jews were being treated as such by many people before the war. They were, therefore, the most convenient thing to seize upon as the cause of the war, especially in view of the many wild and prejudiced things that had been written and said previously about the designs of individual Jews and international Jewry, and upon which to vent an angry and natural resentment against the unnatural and violent separation of sons from their parents and of wives from their husbands, the disruption of the lives and careers of young and middle-aged men, and all the terrible sufferings, sorrows and privations that war entails. The Jew, in many quarters, is being blamed for it all, and if something is not done about it be-

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Weapons of the Spirit 1. The False Gods

By Fr. John J. Hugo

When a man seeks for information on a particular subject, he will go to an expert in that field. If he wants to know something about a machine, he will go to a machinist; if about business or economics or sociology, he will go to those who are versed in these matters. Would it not be a good thing, in seeking the causes of a great moral and spiritual crisis like the present war, to follow the same procedure? Alas, in this most grave matter, as in religious discussions generally, anyone's opinion is listened to seriously, even eagerly. In caring for the body we are wary of quacks with nostrums to sell. It would be well if we were to become as careful about holiness as about health.

No doubt there are some who would deny that the present world trouble is spiritual; but since my readers are not likely to be among these, I will not stop to argue the matter. To a Catholic, every social and economic problem is in the first place a spiritual problem; this, indeed, is a first principle of Christian sociology. Therefore, if we desire to have final truth about any political or social ailment, we must look for spiritual causes; and if we go to anyone for guidance, then surely we ought to go to the One who alone gives absolutely certain knowledge concerning spiritual things. I mean that we ought to consult the All-Wise God, who, in the revelation that He has vouchsafed to give us, teaches us such truth concerning spiritual matters as is necessary for us to know. Since the causes of war are spiritual, we should "search the Scriptures" to see what light is there given concerning them. Moreover, those who

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Catholic Camp Moves to Warner, New Hampshire

By George Mathews

Our little world is preparing itself for a change. The whole camp—250 chickens, two cats, two pigs, 60 cords of wood, 100 bushels of vegetables, 45 men and their belongings—all these are going to be moved 50 miles to a new home.

We are moving our camp to a far more spacious location near the town of Warner, New Hampshire. There we will have bunk rooms, recreation rooms, class rooms, artists' rooms galore. Our little community of 45 will be lost in this huge 200 man former CCC camp, but I think we will like it better that way. We have been cooped up here many months now in a camp too small for us. We will be both sorry to leave Stoddard and glad to live at Warner.

Change for Better

We have been looking forward to a change from our residence of a year and a quarter. We know practically every inch of this camp and its neighborhood. Then we are so far away from town that we rarely get there; at the Warner camp we will be near Concord and Manchester and only two miles from the little town of Warner. Also we will be much closer to church. And the people apparently will be friendly to us; Mr. Wilson, our forestry superintendent, knows them all well and has explained our convictions to many of them.

We are very anxious that Mrs. Hower, who was our cook and in a very real sense our mother last winter, will come again. I think that her coming is really imperative.

Labor's Reward

What a success the garden has been! Not many of us gave our free time to it and there was some disappointment on the part of some of those who made the sacrifice. But now I know we all feel a real gratitude to them, principally to John Barsotti who organized the work and planned the garden, now that we are tasting the fruits. Bushels of tomatoes, a half barrel of dill pickles, meal after meal containing cucumbers, lettuce, onions, squash, potatoes, beets, carrots, onions—all from the garden.

Our contributing friends have aided us much this month, both in money and in clothes. For instance, the Friends Campton camp just gave us the entire proceeds from the Rockefeller Foundation grant to the individuals such as C. Reed Cary, who gave us \$100—the largest gift of an individual we have had—down to the 50 cents which was the daily wage of a Canadian fellow CO we have been aiding.

Prayer and Trials

We now have Prime in the morning and meditation for a half hour. Father Hugo promised to be with us for a while but he was unable to come. This was a real disappointment to many of us, Catholic and non-Catholic, who had heard so much of him, and who were wanting a priest to speak to us. We have our troubles here.



(St. Martin was a soldier but not a Christian. Encountering a beggar and being moved by compassion, he took his sword, cut his cloak in half and shared it with him. The next day Jesus Christ appeared to him, wearing half his cloak. According to the Acta Sanctorum, "he laid down his arms, saying that in the future he would only be a soldier of Christ.")

Consider our circumstances: 45 men forced together for a year in a crowded place doing what we think is comparatively unimportant work and living in what for most of us are pretty rude quarters and at a pretty cold temperature.

Thus we have our arguments, our feeling that others are selfish or are not considerate, our weariness of seeing the same faces each day, our jealousies, our irritations at the idiosyncrasies of others, and so on—the whole catalogue of minor sins.

Charity

But in a slow way—so slow that most of us don't notice it—we are learning from the scars of experience that we must strive to understand the man who annoys us. By understanding what causes him to act in that way, we can be more sympathetic with him and not alienate him further by criticizing him. And then understanding his weaknesses is necessary before we can do the hardest thing—love him.

We pacifists often boldly state that the world's leaders didn't understand Hitler, didn't see in him an appeal to "the good that was in every man"; in fact, didn't wish to see his side of the question. Well, that might be true but we don't think of that fact very much when some men are exceedingly noisy in camp enjoying themselves and when our tempers flare up and think indignantly that it is only "decent," only "gentlemanly" that they be quiet.

They might be, inconsiderate of others—as at times we are. But let us reflect that under the thrall of conscription draftees are probably more sinned against than sinning.

Murder

It is vain for man to regard himself as innocent while he usurps for his own the gifts of God which belong common to all. Those who do not distribute what they have received are wading in the life blood of their brethren. Every day they murder so many of the poor who are dying of hunger and might be saved by the means which they keep for themselves. For when we distribute to the poor what they need, we are not giving what belongs to us; we merely pay back their own. We are paying back a debt of justice rather than fulfilling a work of mercy.—St Gregory.

Fellow Citizens Can Be Helped By Hospitality

Over 100,000 residents of Japanese ancestry have been taken from their homes and jobs without trial or hearing and put in detention camps. Seven out of every eleven are American citizens.

The evacuation forced sacrifice sales of almost everything these people owned and had worked for. Selfish interests gained at their expense. One Yakima Valley farmer said: "The white farmer would have more land if he could get rid of the Japanese." "We are charged with wanting to get rid of the Japs for selfish reasons," said a grower-shipper. "So we do. It is a question whether the white man lives on the Pacific Coast or the brown man. And we don't want them back when the war ends either."

"If we do not extend humanity's kindness and understanding to these people," says the Governor of Colorado, Ralph L. Carr, "if we deny them the protection of the Bill of Rights, if we say they may be denied the privilege of living in any of the 48 States and force them into concentration camps without hearing or charge of misconduct, then we are tearing down the whole American system."

End of Discrimination

Discrimination against aliens (and, a fortiori, against American citizens of Japanese ancestry) "engenders the very distrust and disunity on which our enemies are counting to defeat us. Remember the Nazi technique: 'Pit race against race, religion against religion, prejudice against prejudice. Divide and conquer.' We must not let that happen here. We must remember that we are defending liberty, decency, justice." (President Roosevelt, Jan. 2, 1942.)

But it is happening here. There is no liberty or justice in imprisoning American citizens without trial or charge of misconduct.

One Typical Victim

Recently an American-Japanese boy who was president of the Merced Center and is now in Colorado (in a detention camp) obtained a temporary permit to visit Omaha. He is a Stanford graduate in political science. He was working in a Japanese importing and exporting firm in San Francisco before the war and

Blockade

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mention as some of the others. It doesn't get much of a show in hymns and poems, and few painters paint it. A poet might describe a regiment of cavalry riding half a league, half a league onward, but he wouldn't go on to describe the weight of the enemy's children falling half a stone, half a stone downward. It would lack lyrical appeal.

A parson, too, might describe a British bomber as an Instrument of God, but he wouldn't refer to the British blockade as God's Baby-starver.

I do think, however, that we might at least have a war-time grace to be said at meals. "For what the Hun is not going to receive . . . make us truly thankful" would do, I think.

WELL, as I say, you understand all that. Starving enemies is all right, but what you fail to grasp, I gather, is why we have to starve our friends.

I have given this problem considerable thought, and the most satisfactory solution I can find is that the British Government does not regard a food blockade as a hardship. I base this conclusion on the fact that when the war broke out, the democratic governments had been steadily blockading their own people for fifteen years.

The whole resources of the economic system were put into operation to prevent food from being distributed. Food was destroyed, milk poured down drains, fish thrown back into the sea; farmers were subsidized to restrict production and fined for exceeding the statutory limit. In America stockbreeders were paid for not breeding hogs.

Now, the avowed official purpose of this process was to bring us prosperity. And it seems only reasonable to suppose that if cutting off a nation's food supplies can bring it prosperity, the same process ought to bring it freedom. The two are generally supposed to go together.

That is the best I can do. I do not profess to know how a government's mind, if any, works. I am not a psychopath. But I would like to add that if readers do not care for this explanation we have plenty more in stock. Our motto is Service.

(The above article, signed Owlglass, and entitled "Perhaps it is for their own good," appeared in *Famine*, published for Peace Pledge Information Service, from Dick Shepherd House, London.)

Fellow Workers Suffer Ordeal At W. Campton

By Walt Harding

CPS No. 32,
West Campton, N. H.

Dear Friends:

Your last issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER mentioned our "louse project" at CPS No. 32. Yes, we are running a whole series of these projects. Rockefeller Foundation sent several of their doctors to our camp several months ago to tell us of their fight against typhus and immediately enough of the boys volunteered to start an experimental project to help them out.

Typhus, spread by the body louse, always follows in the wake of war. Lice will infect the clothing of anyone who does not wash frequently—an impossibility in almost any war area. A louse bites a typhus patient and then carries the germ along to another person. Already it has begun to spring up in Europe in the path of this war and the Foundation is out to limit it as much as possible.

Now, if the doctors can find some method of delousing whole masses of civilians and soldiers cheaply, easily and effectively, their problem is solved.

Guinea Pigs

The doctors first attacked the problem in their laboratories and developed a group of powders that would kill lice. But they needed "human guinea pigs" infected with lice to test the effectiveness of the powders in the field. That is where we came in.

Our louse camp was a group of tents at the foot of Mount Moosilauke, two miles north of the little village of Glencliff, New Hampshire. There thirty of us lived, spending our working hours in repairing the North-South Road which had been washed out in a cloudburst last Spring. Each of us was given a set of underwear infested with from fifty to one hundred lice. For three weeks we had to wear that underwear without changing it or washing it. At night we used the underwear for pajamas—and slept in the same sheets for the three weeks, too. However, we could bathe occasionally in a nearby mountain stream or take a shower under a waterfall a half a mile away. We could keep ourselves clean, but by the end of the three weeks, with loading trucks in the gravel pits and laying culverts, the filth of our clothing was much harder to bear than the lice.

For Humanity's Good

Every two days the doctors checked our clothes and counted the lice. At the end of ten days, when a good sized colony had developed, they spread the powders through the underwear and for the remaining week and a half watched the reactions of the lice and their eggs—and incidentally our skins—to the powders.

The experiments are not over yet. Two have been held already and a third is now in progress. Each time the doctors make changes in the pow-

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In the South

In April of this year the Catholic Committee of the South held its third annual Convention in Richmond, Va. The C.C.S. started out three years ago as an informal discussion group. Today it is one of the most important forums of Catholic thought in the country.

Future Potentialities

"How, you ask, can this be," writes Father T. S. Sullivan in *The Oblate World*, June, 1942, "when Southern Catholics comprise only five percent of America's total Catholic population? The importance of the Catholic South does not lie in its present numbers but in its future potentialities. One little Southern country parish may have more to do with the future of the Church in America than many a large parish in a Northern urban center."

According to Dr. O. E. Baker, population expert of the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, "about one-quarter of the Nation's people are in the South, but this quarter are producing nearly one-half of the Nation's increase in population. Unless this disparity is greatly diminished most citizens of the Nation a century hence seem very likely to be descendants of the rural people of the South today."

"Like a Rock"

Many Northern Catholics still look upon the South as a region essentially hostile to the Church but while that may have been true in the past it is far from true today as is evidenced by the words of the Governor of Virginia at the Convention. "Like a rock in a wasting world," he told his listeners, "the Catholic Church stands ready to play a magnificent part in bringing back to exhausted and weary people the opportunity which they so desire for a finer and cleaner and a better life."

Foundations

Leading Catholics of the South, convinced that the only satisfactory solutions for the social and economic problems of their Southland, have joined hands with all men of good will, who seek to better the social and material conditions of the land which they all love. The teachings of the Gospels and the social Encyclicals of the Popes are the foundations of their discussions and program. Working from this point of view, as Father Sullivan points out, "they were able to bring into their discussions Southern leaders, not of our Faith, who are eager to join forces with their Catholic neighbors in the establishment of a truly Christian social order."

The Fatherhood of God

Non-Catholics in the South are the only people outside the Church in the United States who have retained thus far the supernatural aspect of religion. They still believe in large numbers in a Personal God and in the Divinity of Christ. Here in the East one meets all sorts of well intentioned and sincere people who are also striving for a better world and who are anxious for the co-operation of others, including Catholics, in securing it but once one mentions God and talks of Him as a Reality whose help must be sought and whose direction must be obeyed for the achieving of the better world, they

Philosophy of Work

By A. de Bethune

The good workman does not work for money. Peter Maurin says: "Labor is a gift. It is not a commodity." Peter means that labor cannot be bought or sold on the bargain counter for the highest or the lowest bid (according to which side of the counter has the most power). Labor can only be given—freely given by a free man. If it be not given, it is slavery: It is sold and bought; it is meaningless and valueless. It is not human.

Laborer Worthy of Hire

Labor is a gift. Does that mean to say, however, that no one should be paid for his work? Isn't the laborer worthy of his hire? Yes. And Peter is the first to claim it. But it is the laborer who is worthy of his hire. It is he who needs his hire; but not the labor. No one can value the labor or the work itself in other terms than as a free gift. Labor is a gift. But neither does that mean that the poor worker is to offer his productions as a gift to his patron. That would be nonsense.

This rather is the idea: that the laborer offers himself as a gift to his work. His devotion and his painstaking care are his own gift to his work. It is the gift for which no money, no honors, no bribe can pay. Men can be forced to work (through force or necessity). But no worker can be made to love his work. If it happened that he works specially well, it is because he chooses to do so himself, because he wants to. It is his own free choice as a free human being. His labor is a gift.

The Personal Element

Man always loves the ones to whom he gives himself. He will also love his work to the extent to which he puts himself into it. Even though he makes it for another man to use, his work will always be his, because he, in the first place, gave it freely of his time, his skill and his energy. The more whole-heartedly he has given himself to his work,

fold their tents and move away.

There can never be a better world while people try to build it upon the foundations of an exclusive and secular humanitarianism which not only ignores but deliberately excludes the Fatherhood of God as the reason for the brotherhood of man. "Unless the Lord be at the building of the house, they labor in vain who build it."

Great Things From South

The South, Catholic and non-Catholic, believes in a Personal God and in the necessity of introducing Him into their plans and labors, of working under His direction and of achieving their purpose and His with His help. That is evident from the account of the Richmond Convention and that is why, in the opinion of this writer, we can hope for great things from the South.

Copies of the Proceedings of the Convention may be had from Mr. Paul D. Williams, Executive Secretary, Catholic Committee of the South, 925 Fourquare Lane, Richmond, Va., for one dollar, plus ten cents for mailing.

C. D.

the more intimately the work remains his. Unconsciously we recognize this when we say: "This is a Chippendale chair." We say that, because Chippendale made the chair. He made it, we realize, for Mr. So-and-so. But we no longer know the customer after two centuries. We still know the worker's name, however, which shows how really his work was his own, for he had given it so much of himself.

Perhaps it means working early and late and doing without some ease or comfort, for the workman to give himself so generously to his work. But he is really happy to do it for someone for whom



SAINT PAUL

A. de Bethune

he cares; his family, his friends, his friendly customers. He will take special pains when he chooses to; but that is no hard sacrifice, for the human joy of freely giving of his own. To sacrifice himself thus for the good of the work does not make of him a slave. Giving does not make a man less human. Giving is what makes a man human. Love is an exchange of gifts. Whenever love exists, it works, and if it is great, it works great things.

It is only when circumstances prevent—actually prevent—us from working well that we cannot make the gift of ourselves and our enthusiasm to our work. Then, indeed, we are slaves. But what is it that prevents us from giving it our full time and attention—rush and hurry. We may be rushed in cooking the dinner, because of coming home late and wanting to go to the movies afterwards. The dinner will suffer. It won't be very good. No one will be happy, and the chances are that we won't enjoy the movie as well. As long as it is necessary for us to eat dinner, why not take the trouble to do it well, and enjoy it? Or we may be rushed through laziness or disorder, or scatter-brained planning of our work, or indecision. Or again we may be rushed by greed, or profits, preferring quantity to quality. Or, on the other hand we may be rushed, through no fault of our own by an exacting and thoughtless customer, or by the boss who wants to speed-up production for his own profits, or by the fear of a threatening mortgage or landlord. In all cases, how-

ever, it is the customer who suffers, since he receives a half-cooked dinner or a poorly made merchandise. Now, if the customer suffers, justice does. Isn't production for service?

If a man will give his fellow-man a treacherous service, what was the use of doing the work? What was the use of building the city and of keeping it and of rising before day-break to labor? What will it profit the worker if he produce a lot, but it is of no service? He will be left with his wages in his empty hands, but no happiness.

Freedom of Choice

The free workman knows that his production is for service. His work is his gift to mankind. He controls his work. He has power over it. He may decide to do it well or badly. It is up to him to pass judgment. He is the one who must choose, for instance, whether to wear a blue tie or a brown tie, whether to bake an apple or a pumpkin pie, whether to take a second helping of potatoes or not, whether to file his records alphabetically or chronologically, whether to write straight or slanting, large or small, whether to close the window or to leave it open. No matter how unimportant the work is, someone must decide how it is going to be done. Only a human being can judge and decide. We all do it so automatically in every day matters that we forget to realize it is exactly the same kind of judgment that goes into the creation of the greatest and noblest human works. We all use our will.

Choice of Good

The men who do not use their will are cowards. They are afraid to suffer from the consequences of their own choice. They are slaves. Those who use their will to choose evil are perverts. And they become the slaves of their own perversion. But the man who uses his will to choose the good (regardless of hardships) is alone the free man. It is every real worker's privilege that he can use his free will, and by choosing to do good work well, he can train his own will.

Consideration for Others

It is the worker's privilege that he is a judge at his work. But that also implies the duty for him to be truly impartial. Because he uses his will does not mean that he may do just what he happens to want. "I am not come to do My will, but the will of Him that sent me." And he that sent the workman out to do the work is: the service-of-his-fellow-man: When he has considered the good of his customer, the good of his work and of every circumstance that bears upon it, in the balance with his own interest, then he can render an impartial sentence. If he follows his just decision, he will never be moved to its detriment by his own ease, comfort or gain, or any bribery. He will do faithfully the work that he judges good. Then he has truly chosen the will of his service to be his own will and he can say: Not my will be done, but Thy Will."

(The above is an excerpt from a booklet written by our staff artist, A. de Bethune, entitled *WORK*, and published by the John Stevens Press, Newport, R. I.).

Fellow Citizens Can Be Helped By Hospitality

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was president of the Japanese Students' Club at Stanford. If he cannot find a job he would like to go to school since he has enough to carry him through for one year. "Is there any way," asks the writer of a letter, an American-Japanese friend in a Catholic College in Omaha, "in which he can get out of camp? They say 'all' one needs is a definite job or school willing to accept the person, but how does one start? We talked things over when he was here but no matter how optimistic we try to be, it seems that one only stagnates in camp, especially young men and women who have had a college education. Camp life, as you know, is so demoralizing." Incidentally the writer of the letter herself wants to help the cold and hungry ones who come for help to the CATHOLIC WORKER.

The Way of Charity

In some well-intentioned and humane quarters there is much agitation for the remedying of injustices done to these people. They advise protest letters to the President, to Congressmen and other public personages but we who are Christians must do more. We do not, or should not, expect or demand from others and especially the Government to do our duty for us, and our duty as Christians is one of Charity. The girl who wrote the letter quoted above asks if there is any way in which her friend can get out of camp and says all one needs is a definite job or school willing to accept the person. "How does one start?" Among the thousands of readers of THE CATHOLIC WORKER there must be some one who can solve this problem—give the start—in a Christian manner and give an example to others for a similar solution in other cases.

It is only in this way, the way of true Charity between persons or individual human beings, who see in each other brothers and sisters in Christ and children of God, irrespective of race or color, that we can break down the things that hinder, and build up the things that advance Christ's Kingdom on earth with its liberty, justice and peace.

C. D.

Men or Mice?

"Law never made men a whit more just; and by means of their respect for it, even the well-disposed are daily made the agents of injustice. A common and natural result of an undue respect for law is, that you may see a file of soldiers, colonel, captain, corporal, privates, powdermonkeys, and all, marching in admirable order over hill and dale to the wars, against their wills, ay, against their common sense and consciences, which makes it very steep marching indeed, and produces a palpitation of the heart. They have no doubt that it is a damnable business in which they are concerned; they are all peaceably inclined. Now, what are they? Men at all? Or small movable forts and magazines, at the service of some unscrupulous man in power?"

Thoreau.

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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Spiritually We Are Semites —Pius XI

I say then: hath God cast away his people? God forbid. For I also am an Israelite of the seed of Abraham, of the tribe of Benjamin. God hath not cast away his people, which he foreknew. Know you not what the scripture saith of Elias; how he calleth on God against Israel? "Lord, they have slain the prophets, they have dug down thy altars, and I am left alone, and they seek my life." But what saith the divine answer to him? "I have left me seven thousand men, that have not bowed their knees to Baal."

Even so then at this present time also, there is a remnant saved according to the election of grace. And, if by grace, it is not now by works; otherwise grace is no more grace...

I say, then, have they so stumbled that they should fall? God forbid. But by their offense, salvation is come to the Gentiles, that they may be emulous of them?

Now, if the offense of them be the riches of the world, and the diminution of them the riches of the Gentiles; how much more the fullness of them?...

If the loss of them be the reconciliation of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?... If the root be holy, so are the branches. And, if some of the branches be broken, and thou, being a wild olive, are ingrafted in them, and art made partaker of the root and the fatness of the olive tree, boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, still thou bearest not the root, but the root thee.

Thou wilt say then: "The branches were broken off, that I might be grafted in."

Well: Because of unbelief they were broken off. But thou standest by faith; be not high-minded, but fear. For if God hath not spared the natural branches, fear lest perhaps He also spare not thee... And they also, if they abide not still in unbelief, shall be grafted in; for God is able to graft them in again. For if thou wert cut out of the wild olive tree, which is natural to thee; and, contrary to nature, were grafted into the good olive tree; how much more shall they that are the natural branches, be grafted into their own olive tree? For I would not, brethren, have you ignorant of this mystery, lest you should be wise in your own conceits, that a partial blindness only has fallen on Israel, until the full number of the Gentiles should enter, and thus all Israel should be saved, as it is written.

"There will come out of Sion the deliverer
That he will turn away impiety from Jacob;
And this is my covenant with them,
When I shall take away their sins."

For as you also in times past did not believe God, but now have obtained mercy, through their unbelief; so these also now have not believed, for your mercy, that they also may obtain mercy. For God hath concluded all in unbelief, that he may have mercy on all.

Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are his judgments, and how unsearchable his ways! For who hath known the mind of the Lord, or who hath been His counsellor? Or who hath first given Him, and recompense shall be made Him? For of Him and by Him, and in Him are all things; to Him be glory forever, Amen.

St. Paul to the Romans, XII.

DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 1)

camps for Catholics have been established, and the Association for Catholic Conscientious Objectors which we set up at 115 Mott street has done a tremendous amount for the clarification of thought. The women's house was established on Bayard street and has cared for a good sized family for this last year. Usually around twelve women and two children; and then some extra

families have come for help during the year.

We kept the camp going this summer, by turning it over to John Fleming for his Port Rican group up on Lexington Ave. And the farm at Easton now has five families, including nine children.

It is good to go around and visit the houses and talk of the work to be done, and bring news to each other of the work going on all over the world.

We in Mott street receive mail from Australia, England, Canada and from all over the country, so it is good to keep what unity we can, in spite of the fact that many of CW workers are in the army. Mike Strasser, of Milwaukee, for instance, is in a commando division down in Texas. He went, he said, in a spirit of blind obedience.

To whom, I wonder—to the state, or to his spiritual advisers. John Cogley is still at camp down near St. Louis, and is in the signal corps of the aviation corps. So is Tom Sullivan. Jim O'Gara is in Australia, or perhaps even in the Solomon Islands by now, in a machine gun division. Jack English, of the Cleveland group is in England, and he sent me a copy of Nehru's Glimpses of World History this last week. Ossie Bondy wrote again the other day, a good long letter, with news of the Catholic community at Ditchling, and enclosures of the Bishops pastoral letter in England and news of other communities of lay people. He promises to write us an article on Catholic lay community life soon.

Lou Murphy, head of the two houses in Detroit and of



Julia Porcelli

St. Benedict's farm outside of Detroit, has enlisted as ambulance driver with the American Field Service and will be here in New York soon to wait for his sailing orders.

On the C. O. camp there is news on another page.

Detroit News

Louis Murphy told me news of three of our friends in religion, from Detroit area now in enemy territory. There is Brother Gabriel who went with the Capuchins to Japan, a layman, member of the third order, formerly a member of the United Auto Workers Union at the Packard plant in Detroit. There is Fr. Leon Sullivan who helped start the ACTU in Detroit, and who in his zeal for the worker caused consternation in clerical circles by picketing the Ford plant. And then of course Fr. Don Hessler, our old friend from Maryknoll, who took so many pictures around the CW which have appeared in old issues, whose family donated the Detroit farm, who said some of his first Masses at our houses and farms around the country. He volunteered to remain in a concentration camp at Hong Kong.

They are all remembered with love at prayers every evening at the Detroit house.

Richard Herbert is in charge of the work in Detroit, now that Lou is forced to separate himself from it for a time. Dick's real name is Hebard, a French name, and he has been working with Lou for the past five or six years. He travels

to and from the farm in the big orange truck (with a sham-rock painted on the side) keeping things going on the land and in town.

"Ever hear how we came to get this beauty," he asked, referring to the truck. "When the play Arsenic and Old Lace came to Detroit, they had a bright idea which helped us out a lot. They wanted twelve old men to act as corpses in their play. All they had to do was to make a curtain call. They paid them one-fifty a night, and every night they had different men from the House of Hospitality. The men handed the money into the house for the truck, and it cost \$260. A down payment had been made by Mr. Moore, of the Birmingham, Michigan, Holy Name Society."

Dick told about the anniversary celebration the house had had the week before I got there. "Pat Connelly played the concertina, and Blackie, our general maintenance man who remodelled the house for us, stayed down in the basement and propped up the floors while everyone did square dances.

Love is There

They have some beautiful customs at the Detroit house. One of them is to hang a statue of St. Anthony and St. Joseph on the two tables where the men of the breadline are fed, with a vigil light burning before it. Before each meal they say the Angelus. The house is well kept by the men, and shows the loving care they bestow upon the place which has become for them a home. Nazareth shop in back of St. Francis House continues to function as a shoe repair shop and for work of all kinds that those with skills are able to do around the place. There were twenty-four men living in the house and about three hundred a day being fed.

Martha House

Molly is in charge of the woman's house, now that Marie Conti has had to return home for a while on account of family duties. The house managed so long and so well by Marie, holds twelve women, though a family with children has been squeezed in to tide over an emergency.

I spent the night at Martha House, and my roommates were two old ladies, one of whom with very lame knees hobbled three or four blocks to Mass the next morning, to be praying for Mr. Murphy, she said.

There were six of us that sat down to breakfast that morning, and it was a feast with eggs, jam and cookies.

The Sisters of Charity at St. Mary's hospital, send food Tuesdays, Fridays and Saturdays and the daughters of Izabella have a show once a year and see that everything in the way of canned goods and staples is provided.

Marie Funke, one of the women I had been used to seeing helping around the house was missing that morning. She had died the month before, of cancer of the liver, and worked up to three days of her death, trying to help in every way she could around the house. Louis or Molly had to sit with her all one Saturday afternoon before the doctor came, to keep her in bed, and by evening she had to be taken to the hospital, and by Monday she was dead.

Harvest Mass

"You should have been at the harvest Mass at the farm,"

Dick Herbert was saying that morning, after he got through repining because I had not been at the St. Francis House celebration.

"We had everything around the altar out at the farm—pumpkins, corn, oats, rye, eggs, milk, cabbage, sheaves of wheat, potatoes, carrots and onions, and Fr. Clement Kern offered up the Mass of thanksgiving, remembering especially Fr. Hessler, the prisoners in Japanese concentration camps, all the soldiers in general and all the benefactors of the work."

As for the crops, Dick's report quoted 262 bushels of oats on four acres; no wheat; 62 bushels of rye, a failure, that; a good crop of corn; buckwheat not in yet; plenty of good regular garden crops and four acres of potatoes. Also 35 tons of hay in the barn. There are seven cows, two milkers, five heifers; sixty chickens, fifteen pigs. They sold 23 and got \$260; two horses, six cats, a dog, Tony. There is a new roof on the house since I was there last, and new fencing.

Cleveland Farm

The farm at Avon, Ohio, is wonderful, and the progress on it amazing. They have an open air chapel—rather one wing is built, open in front, with benches and prie Dieu's out in front. The altar is made of field stone and cement. The three walls of stone, too. It will in its final shape be cruciform, and they can well do it bit by bit. The lumber in the present part cost only fifty dollars.

In this last year since Dorothy and Bill Gauchat came on the farm to live there has been two other couples who stayed several months and went away. There is a large house which can accommodate twelve men, and a barn—all this building has been done by Bill, with some help from the men. They built their own house, the men did, but he does not believe in asking them to build the houses for the married couples. They can do that themselves, and as he himself is a skilled carpenter, electrician, and handy man, having built a house for his

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Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, published monthly (bi-monthly July-August) at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1942. State of New York, County of New York—

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kay Brinkworth, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of the Catholic Worker, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher: Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., N. Y. C.
Editor: Dorothy Day, 115 Mott St., N. Y. C.

Managing Editor: None.
Business Manager: Kay Brinkworth, 115 Mott St., N. Y. C.

2. That the owner is: Dorothy Day.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

KAY BRINKWORTH,

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 34th day of September, 1942.
LOUIS HARRIS,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires March 30 1943.)

Day After Day

(Continued from page 4)

mother, and worked on a farm before, he can well teach them.

Beyond Expectation

The more I see of the young girls who come to the CW, the more I think they all ought to have a winter at Ade's. Dorothy here said she did not like cooking or housekeeping, and wanted to stay in the city until she began living there with Ade. Never an idle moment. She expects a disciplined life, such as she herself leads. It does me good to talk to Dorothy about the place, as she spent a year and a half up there. It is all and more than I expect of it.

Here they have a wonderful little home, four rooms. The lumber came from an old schoolhouse which was given them if they could tear it down, and three years ago some of the men from the house, together with Bill, took three weeks to take the place apart; a friendly truck driver made twenty trips to get all the material out here. The farm is twenty miles from the city. They kept collecting doors and windows and odd bits and it is with all these materials they have built the men's house and the barn and their own. Their house faces south, and being a schoolhouse, the windows are tremendous, reaching to the ceiling, and they put four together so the south wall of the house is all window, letting in the sun. This has taken two and a half years.

Craft and Agriculture

The farm supplies the house in the city with much of their food, and they sell butter and eggs for extra money—also wholewheat flour, tomatoes, apples, grapes, of which they have an abundance. Bill does two days' work a week, and odd jobs, and Dorothy does Christmas cards, lettering jobs, etc. They are certainly combining craft and agriculture, but both of them are workers.

There are 76 acres here, all flat, many fruit trees, two horses, five sheep, one goat, one sow and nine pigs, one cow and two heifers, only five rabbits (the rest sold or eaten), goat gives four quarts and cow 28 quarts a day. They paid \$125 for her, 90 chickens. They buy 100 pounds chicken mash a week, no other feed.

I made butter yesterday, four pounds, and the buttermilk was wonderful. They sell two pounds, 45 cents a pound, a week. They get 55 cents a dozen for eggs, white leghorns, very small. They are going to raise their own chicks, not buy day-old or week-old ones, hereafter.

Bill sheared all the sheep with a pair of shears. They paid \$24 for the five; had three young rams; sold them for \$21 and kept the wool.

Murderers

He that offereth sacrifice of the goods of the poor is as one that sacrificeth the son in the presence of his father.

The bread of the needy is the life of the poor; he that defraudeth them thereof is a man of blood.

He that taketh away the bread gotten by sweat, is like him that sheddeth blood, and he that defraudeth the laborer of his hire, are brothers.—Ecclesiasticus 34.

"A minority is powerless while it conforms to the majority." Thoreau.

Kate Smith and the Little Flower

This is not the story of Kate Smith the radio singer. It is not the story of our Mott Street Kate Smith who has been with us for the past nine years. Nor is it the story of our little Catherine Smith on the farm at Easton, Pennsylvania, just beginning to stutter and stagger.

This is the story of Mary Frecon's Catherine Smith, of Harrisburg, Pa., dying of three diseases, including cancer. She is forty-two years old and colored.

Mary Frecon is head of the Harrisburg house. It is called the Blessed Martin de Porres House and is a three-story building, down on Seventh Street, near the railroad tracks, the use of which is given by the city to Mrs. Frecon for a little settlement for Negro children. There is a playground across the street which the children have made for themselves, with a sand pile and swings. Out in back of the house there is a sooty garden where we picked some chrysanthemums and golden glow



ST ISAAC JOQUES

to transplant to Maryfarm, at Easton.

Waiting to Die

One day one of the children told Mary Frecon, "Catherine Smith down the street is very sick," so Mary went to see her. The house is next to a brothel, and you do down through an areaway, and up an outdoor flight of stairs to get to Catherine's two-room place. You can usually find her husband trying to keep a fire going, or washing out a few clothes, with his one good arm. He wrings the clothes with his teeth. There is no electricity, no gas. They cook on a wood stove, and light with kerosene lamps, and down in back there is a dripping faucet on the side of the house next door where they can get water. In the front room, Catherine Smith lies in a big bed waiting to die.

There were no sheets or clean bedding the day Mary went up to see her. "Do you remember my writing you about the old man who died," Mary asked, "while I was running around getting him food, when I should have been bringing him the priest? I didn't want to make that mistake again, so besides a bit of food, I went to the doctor to see how sick she was. She had told me she wanted a priest, that she wanted to be baptized, that she had been lying there praying that some one would come in to see her."

Have Mercy!

"All I do is lie here and pray," she told me. "Jesus have

mercy on me," she kept saying.

"So, when the doctor told me that she was fatally ill, I went to Fr. Kirchner at the Cathedral and he came right over and prepared her for baptism. We brought over fresh sheets and got her ready, and when father was baptizing her, we had to hold the oil lamp up over the bed so that he could see."

"And what was my surprise to see hanging up over the top of the bed, a picture of The Little Flower, her arms filled with roses."

Answer to Prayer

"A few days before, on the feast of The Little Flower, I had been praying to her most specially, begging her to help me win souls. And here was the soul of Catherine Smith, being washed clean before my eyes."

"Where did you get that picture of St. Teresa?" I asked Catherine's husband before I left. I didn't know they knew anything about the faith.

"I picked that up on the city dump two years ago," he told me, "and hung it up over our bed."

"He hadn't known it was The Little Flower. He had not known even that it was a picture of a saint."

About Heaven

In the midst of the squalor of that slum room we talked of Heaven that afternoon and searched around for samples of it in the misery around us. It was hard to find. Music, in the shape of a phonograph that Albert Acri, of Steelton, who works with Mary, had carted up the steep steps to the little room. The only light came from a flickering lamp, so one could only dream of the sun. The only warmth that dull day came from the cracked stove in the kitchen, and the hot brick at Catherine's back. There was no good smell of food, no bright sight of flowers or comfortable room, no good feel of comforters—only pain for the body—and the ugly sights and smells of poverty. And the love which makes all pain bearable, the love of an old crippled man, washing out clothes in the cluttered kitchen. I thought of a few quotes I had gathered during my trip from a book of letters of Monsignor Benson, about Heaven:

Love Ineffable

"The details that one desires in Heaven vary, of course, with various people; but we all have them in some form. Fr. Tyrrell said, 'A child has her heart quite full when she holds her doll in her arms, but when she becomes a mother and holds her first born child, she smiles at the thought of the doll and of all that it meant to her. Yet it is the same sort of joy, and full of the same sort of familiar details, but of a higher order, altogether. So when the same mother meets her child in Heaven she will laugh to think she ever thought she knew what a mother's joy was before.'"

"Things like human affection are really only shadows of Divine love, but they are true as far as they go, and have the nature of eternity in them. Therefore it is perfectly true to say they will last, but they also point to things so infinitely higher that we cannot imagine them."

Things will open and broaden to such an extent that it is

useless to try to present them to the imagination. But we are perfectly safe in believing that not one single tender detail on earth will be lost in Heaven. It will all be there; it will be changed, too, as a seed changes into a flower."

SEQUEL TO STORY

235 Briggs St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.,
October 29, 1942.

Dear Dorothy:

Katie Smith is dead. Lummie sent word early yesterday that she was sinking and I went right over, and stayed with her three hours. When I visited her again in the evening she was still conscious and said she had been praying all day. She kissed the crucifix which I held to her lips and suddenly the struggle began. Her tremors shook the bed and the rattle in her throat was terrible. Lummie tried to hold her up with his one arm and then I took her and held her until she breathed her last—when I closed her eyes she seemed to be gazing quite tranquilly at something, not a



trace of fear. She believed implicitly that her baptism had washed away all her sins, and that Our Lord had come to her in the Holy Eucharist, and she was ready, repeating constantly "My Jesus Mercy." She will be buried with a Requiem Mass on Saturday morning.

Got What She Wanted

Lummie is pathetic. He waited on her night and day for many weeks, making thousands of trips down and up the rickety back stairs to the spigot in the back yard which supplies all the families in that place with water. He cooked her meals on the one-hole egg stove, washed her clothes, and even supplied her with a few delicacies out of his small relief check. He is consoled, however, by the thought that she was baptized and is saved, and said this morning, "I am happy Katie got what she wanted." St. Therese's little picture still hangs on the wall above the empty bed—I wonder what she thought when the undertaker came in, and after examining the inadequate insurance policy, refused to take the body. I tied up Katie's jaw, straightened her legs, but could not do much with her arms as they were already quite stiff. Another undertaker was finally found who removed the body.

Sincerely yours in Christ.
Mary Frecon.

Free India!

Americans Plead, Britain Silent

Ghandi is still in prison. Nehru is in prison. The Mohammadan President of The Indian National Congress is behind prison walls.

Today Britain's great liberals are giving assurances as they did in 1917 that Britain intends to free India after the war. Bertrand Russell in a recent debate in Town Hall said, "We will give India her freedom after the war. Today we want only to protect her from our mutual enemies."

Russell said that he has always been a friend of Indian freedom. This is true. In his strange and labyrinthine ways he has been a friend of freedom for all men.

No Change of Heart

But his government has not. Nor do they now, engaged in a total war professedly to guarantee this freedom, give any assurance to India of a change of heart.

Specifically the compromise proposal is:

1. A statement from the House of Commons that India will be free one year after the cessation of hostilities.

2. Provisional government now by a body to consist of six Hindus and six Mohammedans (there are 290 million Hindus in India and 90 million Mohammedans), and one representative each from the Princes, the non-partisans and the untouchables, the Viceroy still to retain his power of veto.

This is a minimal and compromise proposal compared to the demand for immediate and conditional freedom which the Indian people have every moral right to make. It gives the British a chance to save face and at the same time demonstrate the sincerity of their war aims.

British Imperialism

But there has been no official move in this direction. The Churchill government has repeatedly repulsed American overtures on proposals for Indian freedom after the war. We have no assurance that Britain intends to give up India, the symbol of the white man's burden and the keystone of the British Empire and cooperate in a free world after the war. We have every assurance that she does not. We have every assurance that Britain intends to continue her policy of colonial exploitation and tyranny over the subject peoples of her Empire and that only the pressure of American refusal to cooperate in this tyranny will turn her from this purpose.

America Must Insist

And unless this American refusal to cooperate in the administration of British Imperialism is immediate and definite—unless Churchill is convinced that by his refusal to give any pledge of his sincere purpose regarding the Indian situation he is losing American support—we will indeed have come too late.

For yesterday one of our Indian friends said:

Had Cripps come six months before, we would have kissed him on both cheeks—were that the custom in my country. Now we kick him out.

Peace and Work

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

The problem of peace is a problem of good will and its creation. Most of us can agree with Eric Gill that there is more goodwill in the world than some believe. Work and particularly the works of mercy can give us a clue to this goodwill and how to evoke it.

The politicians, especially the Irish and Italian politicians know these things with an instinct that grows out of the remnants of a Catholic culture. Jim Farrell and Joe Rongone are quite willing to visit a prison and get Jack Whoozis out of durance vile; it is a magical way to build a vote following. And if Mrs. Jones is able to get on the relief rolls thanks to Mr. Farrell or Mr. Rongone, we can be quite certain (as they are certain) that the Jones clan will vote for the right candidates.

The Way to the Heart

The children of political darkness know these truths and make use of them for their own ends. They know these things with such a surety that they even become scientific about them as when they introduce the block system into their city politics, that system whereby a man is delegated to each block to find out how many Republicans and Democrats are in that area and just how many works of mercy will be necessary to bring the block around to the right political complexion.

The reform candidates with their great paper plans of a rosy dawn rarely make any headway against the soft-hearted methods of hard-boiled ward heelers who know the power and the glory of good works.

Utopias may appeal to the head but a timely ton of coal warms the heart and the politician understands the meaning of the phrase engraved on Newman's coffin plate: heart speaketh to heart.

Feeding the Hungry

Now if these things are true in the narrow confines of a political precinct, they should be true in the larger area that we call the world. The works of mercy will reach out to wherever there is a human heart. That is why we advocate the feeding of hungry nations as a way to peace more efficacious than dropping certain measured amounts of metal on their heads. If they ask for bread and receive a bomb then we are the ones guilty of lack of vision.

We advocate this feeding even for those countries conquered by our enemies. In this we have a Christian charter: if thine enemy be hungry, give him to eat. It is a Christian charter but we need the act of faith.

The Christian has surely a higher ideal with his doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ than has the politician with his parliament of man. The one sees none other than Christ in his neighbor while the other sees only a vote.

The More Potent Weapons

When Lyautey, the great pacifier of Morocco and its wild tribesmen approached his task, he threw aside his weapons of force and used more potent weapons, the works of mercy. Nurses and doctors and a kind word won the day where force would have won only battles.

These truths have been so well demonstrated in our own day and age that it is difficult to explain the obtuseness of our

leaders in sometimes grasping their significance. Mr. Hoover's name was a benediction in Europe thanks to the goodness that welled out of the hearts of Americans in response to the hunger cries of the countries in the last great war. I remember not so long ago conversing with a German lady who remembered vividly those days and said she still could smell the good odor of the American soup, the sole food of herself and her school companions in those hungry days in Germany.

The Chinese say that arguments and disputes should be settled at a meal table. Christians should be able not only to do this but even to see Christ in their opponent in the breaking of bread together.

Cure for Inhumanity

If war today is largely a bayonet with a Christian at each end and if the Christian body is sick nigh unto death, we certainly should begin to think in terms of healing and hospitals and what better hospital than that which is encompassed in the meaning of the word hospitality.

"And I bowed my body, beholding all about,
And saw the sun and the sea
and the sand after,
Where the birds and beasts
wander with their mates,
Wild worms in the woods
and wonderful fowls
With flecked feathers of full
many a colour.
Man and his mate both
might I see,
Poverty and plenty, peace
and war,
Bliss and bitter bale both
saw I at once;
And how that men took meed
(money) and mercy refused
In sooth I saw Reason ruling
all beasts
Save man and his mate and
thereof I wondered."

The Vision of Piers Plowman

Christmas Cards

By ADE BETHUNE
29 Thames Street
Newport, R. I.

BETTY CLENDENNING
1114 Fairmount
Phoenix, Arizona

MARY K. FINEGAN
73 Oakdale Drive
Rochester, N. Y.

DOROTHY GAUCHAT
Our Lady of the Wayside,
Conrad Road, Avon, Ohio

MARY PAULSON
St. Benedict's Farm
Upton, Massachusetts

50 Cards and
Envelopes, \$1.50

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Have Larger Cards at 50
for \$2.50.

Send to 29 Thames Street,
Newport, R. I., for Sample
Set of 26 Assorted Cards.
\$1.00

Co-operatives

On the March

According to the Co-operative League of the United States in a review of progress issued prior to its biennial Congress at Minneapolis, Sept. 28, two and a half million U. S. families are members of consumer co-operative societies and do a business of \$700,000,000 a year.

Consumer co-operatives, through their wholesale associations, have taken over the production of many of the items they carry. Recently they purchased a large cannery in Nebraska; they have built the largest feed mill in the world at Reading, Ohio. They have built or purchased six fertilizer factories, a flour mill, two feed and seed mills, two printing plants, a bakery and three oil refineries. Since the last Co-op congress nine oil wells have been drilled. All this in the words of the review makes it "possible for part of co-operative business to reach from the consumer back to raw materials co-operatively all the way."

Canada

"The Maritime Co-operator," which carried the review referred to, has also in its September issue some interesting information about Co-operatives. For instance, business done by co-ops in Nova Scotia,



which embraces Antigonish, for the year 1941 amounted to \$3,275,774, an increase of \$84,471 over the previous year.

In the province of Saskatchewan there are 882 co-ops with a membership of 220,000 persons. They operate a flour mill, a coal mine, a farm implement outfit and a wholesale organization. They did a business of \$77,000,000 in 1940-41.

South America

But more interesting than the above is the information that the co-op idea has spread to and is taking root in South America, although it appears that it is being legislated upon the masses rather than springing spontaneously from them or their needs. According to Antonio Fabra Ribas in an article reprinted in the "Co-operator," the Law of Co-operative Societies, which the Federal Parliament of Venezuela has just adopted, will take its place beside a whole series of similar laws passed in other Latin American countries. All of them stem from the Rochdale Principles. Together they form the most impressive and important body of laws regarding co-operatives in the world.

"At present the following countries have a general law concerning co-operatives: Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Columbia, Ecuador, Mexico, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela. Cuba has a provision in its Constitution favoring Co-operatives, while Bolivia and Nicaragua have presidential decrees of a similar nature."

1. The False Gods

(Continued from page 1)

do so will not be disappointed; quite clearly, God there reveals to us both the cause and the cure of war. Too bad, then, that instead of going to Him, in meditation and prayer, we give our faith to all the blind guides who write to please their patrons in the popular press.

I know that there are certain pious phrases that almost all Catholics use when speaking of war—that it is a scourge of God, etc., etc. But they scarcely mean these things or even understand them. Pope Pius XII, in letters and radio addresses, pointed out the spiritual implications of the present conflict; and I have heard good Catholics refer to these utterances as "impractical," "unrealistic," and even as a kind of pious fiddle-faddle. In studying the war, these Catholics, despite their pious phrases, spend more time over the rotogravure than they do over revelation; and in their discussion of causes, as well as in the means that they advocate for overcoming the evil, they show no consciousness either of the explanation given by the Scriptures or of the remedy revealed there by the Holy Spirit. In a time of great spiritual need, too many Catholics think and act exactly as do the multitude who have no belief in spiritual powers; although, at the same time, they are not slow to claim spiritual sanction and authority for the perfectly secular, nationalistic, and sometimes unChristian views that they maintain.

The Old Testament

In all seriousness let us go to divine revelation for the light that we need in this time of darkness. And let us be convinced that we will find here, not pious twaddle, but the only reliable truth obtainable amidst so much doubt and perplexity. The Old Testament especially contains a complete theology of war. Indeed, the one passage that I am about to quote, is a brief but complete statement of the reason and cause of war, in it we can learn more of World War II than in the ingenious theories propounded in the newest books or in the latest dispatches from the special correspondents of the New York Times. Here is the text:

"And the children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord, and they served Baalim. And they left the Lord the God of their fathers, who had brought them out of the land of Egypt; and they followed strange gods, and the gods of the people that dwelt round about them, and they adored them; and they provoked the Lord to anger. . . . And the Lord being angry against Israel, delivered them into the hand of plunderers: who took them and sold them to their enemies, that dwelt round about; neither could they stand against their enemies. But whithersoever they meant to go, the hand of the Lord was upon them. . . . and they were greatly distressed." (Judges II, 11-15).

War Is Punishment

The passage which is begun by these words clearly shows that war is punishment inflicted on peoples for turning away from God. It is the penalty of infidelity and disobedience. That nations must suffer from war, therefore, shows that they have turned aside from the service of God to the service of creatures. Those who describe our nation as Christian and claim that it is now fighting for Christianity would do well to remember this. It is impossible to believe that a nation is fighting for Christianity when it refuses to live in accordance with the laws of Christianity. If we had been Christians, there would be no war. And our arrogant self-righteousness, in the midst of our delinquency, is not the attitude best suited for turning aside the wrath of God. "God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble." (Jas. IV, 6).

When men appeal only to the mercy of God, forgetful of His justice, they make of the divine mercy a cloak for their own negligence and misconduct. Let us not forget that God is just, and that, as the passage quoted shows, He is angered by infidelity even to the point of delivering His chosen people to the awful suffering of war. That our country is now engaged in war means that we are being punished by God; that we are being punished means that our ways—our ways, as well as the ways of Germans and Japanese—have been evil. In view of this fact, how tragic our proud boasting and righteous self-applause! It is irreligious, too, even when it is done in the very name of religion! We have never learned the lesson from the Pharisee and the publican. We still pray: "Lord, I thank thee that I am not like the rest of men. . . extortioners. . . unjust. . ."

"But," you will say, "can we so simply apply a doctrine from the Old Testament to conditions today? A Catholic can scarcely ask that question: truth is one and eternal. Circumstances change, but the essential truth of things remains forever the same."

We Have Our False Gods

"Still," you will argue (let us suppose), "what angered God against the Israelites was idolatry—the whole passage from the Book of Judges is concerned with that particular sin. Now idolatry is indeed a serious offense, it sets at naught the very first and fundamental commandment. When a whole people becomes idolatrous, there is certainly reason that it should be punished by war. But we are not idolaters. In our worst excesses we do not go that far. Even when disobedient to the divine decrees, we for the most part acknowledge that there is but one true God, at any rate, we are not an openly idolatrous nation."

How shall we meet this objection? Shall it force us to dismiss the truth of the passage from Judges as irrelevant to our case? By no means; one who would make such an objection would simply reveal that he does not understand what is meant by idolatry. We have our false gods, too; and if the manner of our idolatry has changed, the thing itself has remained the same.

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1. The False Gods

(Continued from page 6)

same. Speaking of the modern devotees of the false gods, a contemporary poet writes:

"Howsoever like no other be the mode they may employ,
There's an order in the ages for the ages to enjoy."

Idolatry Causes War

Basically, idolatry is nothing else than the love of creatures—the merely natural, selfish love of creatures which causes men to turn aside from wholehearted love for the Creator. It is love for creatures carried to its extreme; for idolatry is but the extremity of love. Thus men are said to be slaves and worshippers of what they love. "He that loves a creature," says St. John of the Cross, "becomes as low as is that creature, and, in some ways, lower; for love not only makes the lover equal to the object of his love, but even subjects him to it." (Ascent of Mt. Carmel, 1, 4, 3). For this reason, the Wise Man reproaches the Heathens because they have been so carried away by the beauty of creatures that they have come to make idols of them, forgetful that He who made these creatures is more beautiful than they.

The love of creatures, therefore, is the root and cause of idolatry. If, unlike the heathens, we do not fall into childish and superstitious expressions of our idolatry, nevertheless in our hearts we still retain the substance of the evil. Can anyone be blind to the frenzied pursuit of the vanities and pleasures of this world that goes on among those who claim to be fighting for God? Here is the idolatry that causes war!

The Worship of Created Things

Let this not be considered a forced interpretation of the Scriptures. At least three times St. Paul explicitly calls the desire and love for creatures idolatry. "For know you this and understand, that no fornicator, or unclean, or covetous person (which is a serving of idols), hath inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God." (Eph. V, 5) and again: "Mortify therefore, your members which are upon the earth: fornication, uncleanness, lust, evil concupiscence, and covetousness, which is the service of idols." (Col. III, 5). Observe that in both of the texts covetousness is characterized as idolatry; and covetousness is nothing else than a desire for created goods, proceeding from a disordered attachment to them. A final passage to illustrate our point: "Neither become ye idolaters, as some of them, as it is written: The people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play." (I Cor. X, 7). The behavior of the ancient Israelites, which St. Paul here describes as idolatry, was not their service of the golden calf but the frivolity and worldliness that caused them to turn away from God.

Can we say, then, that we are not idolaters and that the words of the Old Testament spoken on this score do not apply to us? On the contrary, we are being punished exactly as the Jews of old—for infidelity, for earthliness, for devotion to the false gods of this world. Indeed, our idolatry is all the more nauseous and malignant because the very Son of God has come since the time of the Judges to teach us the secret and the mystery of the cross.

News from Seattle

St. Francis Home,
224 Cedar St.,
Seattle, Washington.

Friends of St. Francis House of Hospitality were a happy, hopeful group as they gathered for the housewarming of the new quarters Monday evening, Sept. 7. God's great goodness to us in spite of our own failures, the great improvement of the new place over the old, the enthusiasm of a fresh start, all this made the future seem very bright as we discussed plans and dealt with problems around the supper table. The meal was followed by a short meeting, and the evening closed with the customary recitation of Compline, the official night prayer of the Church.

An Improvement

You must visit the new house to see what a vast improvement it is over the old one. It is located in more of a family neighborhood, many more people pass by the door every day, and it is much easier to get to from every part of town. It contains a large reading room and meeting room, a little chapel for prayer, a dining room, kitchen, sleeping and sitting rooms for the men, and a large basement.

You're mistaken if you think St. Francis House is only a place to feed the hungry and shelter the homeless. Our aim has always been to make it a

meeting place for all sorts of persons who are interested in Christian social reform and the Catholic revival. We want it to be a melting-pot for the members of different races, colors and classes, where they can meet on a common ground to discuss their common interests and exchange their different points of view. The Christian social revolution will be carried on in very large measure by such simple means.

Volunteer Help Needed

You can't delegate anyone to do your charity for you, because charity is love, and that is a personal thing. Now you have a chance to perform the Works of Mercy yourself at St. Francis House.

A breadline is an unfortunate and an unpleasant thing. It is necessary only when so many are hungry that all can't be treated like honored guests. Now we will be able to receive the poor personally, as "other Christs." Our plan is to have volunteer hosts and hostesses in charge of the house each day, who will be ready to receive any guest, rich or poor, and make him or her feel at home. The work of these volunteers will be to fix up a meal for anyone who is hungry, to take care of the reading room, and to try just to be a good Christian host to whomsoever drops in for a meal, a chat or to read.

Why Blame The Jews?

(Continued from page 1)

of Christians
as well as Jews.

III. Modern Liberals

1. The separation of the spiritual from the material was fostered by modern liberals.
2. Modern liberals were so broad-minded that they did not know enough to make up their minds.
3. Modern liberals were the defenders of Bourgeois Capitalism before becoming the fellow-travelers of Bolshevik Socialism.
4. Jews can be found among Bourgeois Capitalists, among Bolshevik Socialists, and among disillusioned fellow-travelers.

IV. Racism

1. Having given up Jewish Orthodoxy some Jews tried to foster Jewish Racism.
2. The Jews were a chosen people

S-FRANCIS



but they were never a superior race.

3. The Nordics were never a chosen people or a superior race.
4. And it is not because some Jews became racial minded that other people should be racial minded.
5. Racial-minded Jews are a nuisance and so are racial-minded Nordics.

V. Personal God

1. When the Jews were themselves they taught the doctrine of a personal God as well as social ethics.
2. Bourgeois Capitalists as well as Bolshevik Socialists need the belief in a personal God as well as sound social ethics.

Loaves and Fishes

Dear Lord, we are so weak and few,
And there is so much work to do;

The multitudes are still unfed;
The people starve for heavenly bread.

Oh multiply our efforts, Lord,
That we may feed the famished horde,

Five thousand men were one time fed
By two small fish, five loaves of bread.

Bless us and break us, Lord, that we
May serve our neighbors' needs for Thee,

Unite us with the Heavenly Bread
On which the souls of men are fed.

Marie Antoinette de Rouet.

Harlem Children's Summer Camp

St. Anthony's Center,
1812 Lexington Ave.,
New York City.

Dear Fellow Workers:

The camp in Staten Island closed Sept. 12. It was running from July 10. In that time 119 children at one time or another—they were not all there at once—enjoyed the benefits of outdoor life and good food in beautiful rural surroundings cooled by breezes from the sea which was also enjoyed. All of them came from a very overcrowded city area in Harlem, the parish of St. Paul. Many of them were under-nourished. The object of the camp was to give them the advantages of fresh air and good food. They got both. Many of them gained in weight, some as much as nine pounds. They all went home pleased, happy and healthy, sorry to go back to their city environment but looking forward to the camp again next year.

Good Food

We had not much money to start with, only \$50 raised by Father Duffy's concert in St. Paul's parish Hall and \$30 given us by Miss Day. The expenses were \$110 so we are in debt for \$30, but that is not much considering the good resulting from the camp. We had good food, the main things being fresh milk, bread, eggs, butter and vegetables, especially greens, and meat or fish once a day, fresh fruit and cereal.

Mothers and Children

The boys occupied the camp until July 26. After they left Father Duffy decided to allow the mothers of the Center to go out with their children, at least three families being there at each time. Some of the families had as many as eight children. The mothers and girls occupied the cabin and the boys slept in the two tents. The mothers paid as much as they could for their maintenance and helped out with the cooking and cleaning. They had a good time, too.

Good Neighbors

We had very good neighbors especially the Sisters of St.

Mary's Novitiate, the hotel people across the street and Miss O'Leary, all of whom helped in many ways. Father Kenny, of Mount Loretto, visited the camp often and invited the boys over to Mount Loretto for ball games and movies many times. Larry Blum, the Seminarian, stayed with the boys for two weeks, planning games; swimming and playing with the boys, taking them on hikes and giving them suitable religious instruction. After he left we continued the latter using a book by St. Ignatius illustrated and adapted for children.

The police were very friendly, in fact every one was. Many of the boys were colored but that made no difference to any one.

Help Needed

The last week some of the boys and myself painted the cabin and sanded the paths making things ready against the winter so that it will be ready for next year and look better, too.

Now we are back at the Center and need clothes of all kinds, especially for boys. We need a lot of things to make the Center what we would like it to be and trust in God and in our good friends, old and new, to help us.

Yours in Christ,

John Fleming.

Ordeal

(Continued from page 2)

ders, attempting to perfect them. And the experiments will go on until they are satisfied. Then they will test them another time on people who have been "naturally" infested. And then proceed to the war areas for real control.

So far as we, the lousers, are concerned, we feel the experiments more than worthwhile. Our little pets were irritating at times—although not half so bad as we imagined they would be. But the hope that through the experiments we may have contributed at least a little toward the control of another dread disease more than makes up for any little discomforts we suffered.

Yours in peace.

Walt Harding.

CATHOLIC WORKER PRESS

Pamphlets

IN THE VINEYARD—Essays on Catholic Action—67 Pages—By Father John J. Hugo—Five Cents a Copy.
HOW TO GO TO HELL—By Fr. Paul Hanley Furfey—Five Cents a Copy

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PIE IN THE SKY—By Peter Maurin—Three Cents a Copy

ST. FRANCIS CARDS—100 for \$1.00

THE LAND

Rural Life School

When you visit the Ladies of the Grail, it is certain to be an adventure and when it happens to be for a rural life school, cities—beware!

I think we all suspected from the very first day at Doddridge Farm, Libertyville, Ill., that this was to be no ordinary school. We were going to hear some lectures—yes—but we were also going to share the common joys of prayer, and manual labor.

Nature and Supernatural

Our suspicions were confirmed, when, on the beginning day of the course, we sowed a field of rye! With bursting aprons filled with rye, tied about our waists, we strode firmly over the field, scattering the seed in a wide arc before us. Hot beat of the noon-day sun, intense blue of the sky above us, pungent odor of the freshly plowed earth—with a rush of understanding came the meaning of the Scriptural text, "Unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." As the seed must die in the black earth before it can bring forth fruit, so must we die to ourselves, to material pleasures and the demands of our flesh, before we can bring forth spiritual fruit. And as the sower strides along the furrowed ground, so must we march our apostolic way, never looking backward, never pausing for solace and comfort in this world, but on to eternal union with God.

Fundamentals

When Dr. Willis Nutting, of Notre Dame University, came for a visit, he found us immersed in many and varied activities! Some, of a more inquiring turn of mind, delved into the mysteries of a new and rapidly increasing compost heap, while others bustled about the warm and cheerful kitchen, engrossed in the intricacies of making altar wine and home-made bread.

Dr. Nutting has combined his intellectual conviction about rural life with actual living on the land and we gained much from the fruits of his study and hard-won experience. Fruitful, too, were the talks given by Father Bernard Laukemper, who came out from Chicago to help us celebrate the September Ember days. We learned the significant theme of these days which is—thanksgiving. "Our fasting during this time is not merely a mortification, it should also become a work of mercy—what we do not eat, we should give to the poor."

Urban Materialism

Emerson Hynes, from St. John's, Collegeville, Minn., proved to us that a well planned decentralization scheme is an answer to the big cities which are slowly killing our civilization. People, nation and church are all affected by this "slow death" which started with the germ of Liberalism. Modern man is out for the profit he can gain and consequently, he has no regard for his fellow men. It follows, too, that with such a materialistic philosophy religion is only a barrier to man's desires. Thus, the majority of people are in-

creasingly less religious and increasingly more materialistic.

Father Joseph Ettel, who came down from his "country parish" in Hector, Minnesota, compared rural family and parish life to that in the city and the latter suffered greatly by comparison!

Return to Rural Life

It was interesting to discover that although our lecturers all took different approaches their reasoning led them to the same conclusion: *our hope of a Catholic culture in America lies in a return to rural life.*

And, although Dr. Mortimer Adler, of Chicago University, who spoke to us on the cultivation of the intellect, may be surprised at our rural interpretation of his lecture, may we be forgiven if we lay the cause of materialistic education to the fault of—yes—cities!

Have not all our efforts been directed toward material comfort and, as Father Ettel said, "making this earth a place we don't want to leave?" So, even, in education, we have substituted vocational training for the search for truth.

These are only the high points of three weeks of intensive study but I suspect, at least I hope, I have convinced you by this time that I am thoroughly "ruralized".

Work and Recreation

We all realized the satisfying warmth a farm wife must feel as her eye lights upon shining rows of canned fruits and vegetables, neatly stored for winter use. Our noses wrinkled and our mouths watered with the fragrance of warm brown loaves of home-made bread, fresh from the oven. Rich grapejuice and tartly sweet apple sauce will always remind me of the busy afternoons spent in the kitchen when we worked with our hands and realized that such work can be a prayer.

Not only did we work in community but we sang and danced together and I will hotly argue with anyone the vastly superior merits of folk dancing as opposed to stuffy ball room dancing. We stamped, clapped, kicked and swirled to the merry rhythms of folk-tunes, until, exhausted, we sat together on the floor, to be revived by cool drinks and the fascinating tales of our leader in folk dancing, who told us of ancient folk-lore and ways which have been handed down to present generations.

A Christian Culture

When we return to rural living, then we, too, shall have something worthwhile to pass on to succeeding generations. Catholicism shall deepen and flourish in this country, because on the land, we shall really be living the liturgy of our Catholic religion. We shall follow the rhythms of the seasons and thus, the rhythm of the Church. As we follow the "circulus anni" and go from spring to summer, fall to winter, we see in the farmer's cycle of plowing, sowing, reaping, letting the earth lie fallow, the symbolic picture of our own spiritual lives. And, now going from the natural to the supernatural, we see how Christ has sanctified nature and through His Church blesses fields, harvests, seeds

and livestock. Thus the Church offers help to the farmer through the use of the sacramentals.

Through a real understanding and living of rural life will come new Catholic customs and traditions—whole some songs—music, poems, stories, legends—a true culture which will be an expression of a people whose roots are deeply embedded in the soil from whence they came—a people whose heads are high and whose joyous voices join the Psalmist in his praise of God's Goodness and Beauty:

"A hymn, O God, becometh thee in Sion...

Thou wilt bless the circle of the year of thy goodness: and thy fields shall be filled with plenty...

The rams of the sheep are clothed and the valleys shall abound with corn."

Grace Gallagher.



John Barsotti

Anti-Semitism Un-Christian

(Continued from page 1)

forehand he will be blamed, too, for the unprecedented collapse which is certain to follow the war.

Christian Charity

The causes of the war are many and varied. The Jew, as such, is not one of them. It is not the purpose of this writer to put his finger on the causes of the war or to write about them here. My object, rather, is to appeal to Christians to exercise a little more reason and common sense, to be governed less by prejudice and hysteria and more by Christian Charity, which is the only thing that can regenerate the world. It worked wonders before, when the Church was young and brought countless pagans to the knowledge, love and worship of God. If we Christians practice it perhaps the Jews will come to a realization and strive for the subjugation of those traits, common to all mankind and predominant in many, but not all Jews, which are some of the things that give rise to anti-Semitism. But whether they do or not, we are bound as Christians "to do unto them as we would wish others do unto us."

In the October Sun

Maryfarm, Pa.

You can see far over the valleys and hills, follow the Delaware River snaking through the hills. The big cornfields look yellow and the young winter-wheat is sprouting green, and empty brown fields expect a winter-rest or new seed. The woods are dark green, saturated with the Summer's sun, and spots of yellow and red promise the exciting beauty of an Indian Summer. The lawn is strewn with wilted leaves already and the clear moonlit nights surprise with a penetrating cold.

Preparing for Future

We are getting ready for Winter, a long Winter, full of gathering wood and peaceful craft-work. There will be hardships, too. Our cellars are not filled as they were last year, for it was one of the meagre seasons

atmosphere, full of happiness, work and prayer. Helen Gott and her family has won everybody's heart at once. She said the other day now that she can bake wholewheat bread and wash by hand and get the clothes clean, she feels like a real farm-woman.

On the upper farm Joe is giving the house new looks, with pots of bright-colored paints, and Marjorie and Dan Irwin are busy canning. When I went there this morning onions were drying, the last tomatoes picked off the vines were ripening on the tables. Bushels of apples and pears were ready for the jars and for drying.

The potatoes have to be dug yet, and a big field of corn will secure plenty of feed for the animals.

Children Go to School

I can only repeat how beautiful these fall days are, and how grateful we are to have our children grow up in freedom and sunshine. You should see how happy they are and blossoming with health. Our little Catherine is standing on her feet already, though she is much smaller than Jimmy Montague, who is the joy of his mother and his 3 sisters. Billy and Ray and young Helen Gott are marching to school every morning. It is a long walk, but they enjoy it. Nancy is in a convent-school in Scranton, and writes enthusiastic letters home, telling of all the things she is learning and of her friends. Her mother treasures those letters, as she has been praying so long for such an opportunity for her girl. What will happen when all our little girls will get ready to go to school? I hope some teacher with a big and loving heart will settle down on our hills and make a little Christian school.

Dreams of Future

We also dream still of a chapel in the woods and of a priest living with us and tying this community together more tightly through the strong tie of the Blessed Sacrament living in our midst. This wish got stronger through the big Crucifix that Father Roy brought into our chapel, till he finds a place for it. It makes the barn look small and we wish we could put it up on top of the hill, where it could be seen from far away. But those are all dreams that will not be realized for years, but when it is so beautiful all around you, you want to do something big to give thanks to Almighty God, so that everybody can see it, even from the narrow and smoky city-streets. That they will know, God is taking care of us with all His Paternal Love, so that no war can do any harm to those that faithfully pray to Him and give Him their love.

With so much suffering everywhere it is quite hard to beg for our little needs. And yet I would like to remind you, that all of us, men, women and children will need shoes as the wet weather comes, and you might have some that you don't wear any more, and we need wool so badly too, for sweaters, socks and pants for the babies.

Eva Smith.

that God sends to remind us of all the hunger and cold suffered all over the world, through this most ungodly of wars, of which we are all guilty, and for which we all have to do penance.

Yet this war will end some day, and our children will have to build a life for themselves out of the ruins. That's why we try to build for them a home, to recover the skills and crafts that made life worth living for and peace worth defending.

Digging Wells and Building

Our little family is staying for the Winter in Miss Branham's Summer-home, that our good friend Mr. Hergenhan. (May God give peace to his soul!) built, and that breathes his soul wherever we step. Victor is digging a well and says it is a very great privilege to be able to do such work. It is slow, tedious digging, 20 to 30 feet into the stony ground, and it has to be finished before Winter sets in. By Spring we will also have to build a shack where we can live in the Summer, as all the houses on the farm are now occupied again. During the Summer we had many empty rooms and we missed Larry and Ruth Ann and Hazen and Joan very much, but now the farm has a different face and we hope that the five families that are here now will be able to stay permanently.

Baking, Cleaning and Canning
The lower farm breathes a new