

CATHOLIC WORKER



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DYNAMIC DEVOTION

1. Writing about the Catholic Church

a radical writer says:

"Rome will have to do more than to play a waiting game; she will have to use some of the dynamite inherent in her message."

2. To blow the dynamite of a message

is the only way to make the message dynamic.

3. If the Catholic Church

is not today the dominant social dynamic force

it is because Catholic scholars have failed to blow the dynamite of the Church.

4. Catholic scholars

have taken the dynamite of the Church, have wrapped it up in nice phraseology placed it in an hermetic container and sat on the lid.

5. It is about time

to blow the lid off so the Catholic Church may again become the dominant social dynamic force.

PETER MAURIN.

IN line with Peter Maurin's essay, we shall try to face the explosive effect of the Eucharist on the enormous evil of war. Consider what happens when you receive Holy Communion. You are united to Jesus Christ in the most loving intimacy. As He put it: "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, abideth in Me and I in him." (John 6:57.) It is a marvel of God's power that exactly the same thing happens when millions of other men of every color and race, of every nation and place, of every social status, receive the Sacred Host. They receive and embrace, in all His fullness, identically and numerically the same Saviour. With His Divine and Human Natures, Jesus dwells in each one of them.

The direct effect of the Eucharist, therefore, is a vertical union between Christ and the communicant. Necessarily this vertical union leads to a horizontal union between all who feed on the Bread of Life. To quote Scripture: "There is neither Gentile nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all." (Col. 3:11.)

A logical inference from so sacred a solidarity is that no earthly cause can demand a break in the bond of the Blessed Sacrament. I mean that while it is possible, in mistaken good faith, for people who receive the Body and Blood of Christ to imagine that they have an obligation to slaughter one another, when their respective rulers crack the war whip, in reality before God, there is no obligation to carry on a conflict which dis-

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THE NEW ANATOMY OF IMPRISONMENT*

By CASEY JONES

1. Introduction

WHEN I heard that the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, with an eye to the future welfare of readers, was anxious to print an instructive article on incarceration, I immediately leaped at the chance to arouse interest and perhaps a publisher for the only definitive book on the subject (mine).

Jail. Also gaol. This is the word for the unkind fate which, in this country at least, as an eventuality for more than the criminal element in the body politic, has been a long time in the hatching. At present the meaning of jail for most citizens, whether already in uniform or only bravely contemplating universal "service" for others better suited to it, is perforce obscure, at best merely academic and sentimental. It is the frank intention of the writer to alter that state of mind before events themselves do so. A stitch, as it were, in time.

Concepts formerly so remote from each other as almost to be opposites—the possibility and the probability of going to jail—are fast becoming one and synonymous, a process due (to put it over simply) on one hand to the enlightened self-interest of the state's sponsors, mentors and minions and on the other to the appalling befuddlement of the masses.

It is, then, my painful thesis that the subject of jail is one bound to become paramount for citizens in the striped days ahead. The Big Pinch is coming. When it comes, we shall hear less about it and see more. Not all will believe this. It is unfortunate that many will have to find out when the time arrives, not before. For them there must always be a Pearl Harbor.

2. The Trojan Horse Race

THE question is how to impress my well-founded fears on readers more likely to be dewey-eyed than otherwise. The national scene, let us say, is a fairgrounds. Already we have an authentic image. There are many booths (business), refreshment stands (also business), a midway (business) and a few ill-attended educational exhibits (schools and churches). The most important thing, however, is the race track with the domed roof over it to keep the hot air in and the fresh air out. It affects everybody.

Horses are sent here from all over the country. All the big stables (interests) are represented. The jockeys are dressed in the silks of their owners. The colors seem to be only three: red, white, blue. In the main event there are at least a dozen horses entered: good, bad, worse, mudders, in-and-outers, and two big wooden steeds.

A lot of smart money is being laid on these two. It is my guess that there is more to them than meets the eye. They are from the same stable, the Dollar Sign, but the owners, the famous brothers Kapitalismus, have quarreled and they run as separate entries. They go by the names of Conscription and Nat's Service, and their jockeys are so plastered with red, white and blue it makes your head swim.

The last five runnings of this race were won handily by Conscription. He bested the perennial champion, Unemployment, back in 1940. But Conscription is getting old now and what he's really made of is beginning to show and smell at the seams. The people never did like him. A thoroughbred, his pa and ma were World War Won and Miss Draft o' '17. He himself, it is whispered over drinks among the patriotic set in the Club House, is about to become a proud father by Miss Confusion '45. Their child, if a boy, will be Armed Peace; if a girl, Servitude. In either event, the same thing.

Nat's Service has a blood line equally exalted, but I won't go into that.

The brothers Kapitalismus also own Bureaucrat, an imported nag, that they have entered for obvious reasons through a supposedly rival stable with which they are on splendid terms. They do not expect to win with Bureaucrat as the distance is beyond him and his legs are weak from sitting down and reading *The New Republic*. But they'll run him just the same to attract sucker money, for—I forgot to say—the brothers Kapitalismus own practically all the stock in the track and the bigger the take the better, as they are fond of saying on bond rallies, for all concerned.

The other entries, except for two or three quiet, dark horses, all have traits in common with Conscription, Nat's Service and Bureaucrat. Some of their names are Nationalism, Big Biz, Lil Biz, Mind Everybody Else's Biz, White Supremacy, Kill the Jews, Buy Bonds, and Nuts to You. The same blood, in varying degrees, runs in all of them.

The horses are at the post. They'll be off any day now. It ought to be a good race. But the smart money, as I said, is on Conscription and Nat's Service. If you don't care to go along with those two, it is well to bear in mind that (a) their jockeys are very wise, as jockeys go, (b) they are owned by the brothers Kapitalismus (who are in nothing for their health, including this race), and (c) it is still my guess there is more to those two wooden hayburners than meets the naked eye and inexperienced nose can stand.

To make it even worse, the men in the judges' stand, I know, have their chips stacked high on Conscription and Nat's Service.

The only thing good about their winning, as I see it, is the prospect of finding I have a best seller on my hands in my *So You're Going to Jail!* (Of course, in the event of peacetime conscription

*Excerpts from an unpublished book, *So You're Going to Jail!*

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Conscience Vindicated

By FR. JOHN J. HUGO

To pacifists and conscientious objectors, if to few others, the Yalta conference should bring a measure of consolation. Not because they are likely to approve its terms more than those many who are shocked and disillusioned by this piece of opportunist statesmanship. Quite the contrary in fact—since pacifists are usually more uncompromising than any others in demanding that international policies accord with the norms of morality. Nevertheless, the Yalta agreement clearly vindicates the judgment which pacifists, at least Christian, pacifists, have made of the war; it firmly establishes their position, although this remains unpopular, and it gives a final and authoritative sanction to the difficult course of conduct which they have marked out for themselves during these tragic times.

In a word, the agreements arrived at by the three great world leaders at Yalta clearly reveal and forcefully demonstrate, even if altogether unintentionally, the essential injustice of World War II on the side

of the Allies as well as on the side of Germany. Terrible as that fact is, with all its implications and consequences, it at least permits those who have refused to participate in the war to rejoice in a good conscience. After World War I we had to wait a while for such an acknowledgment. In regard to World War II, we have it already; and it could scarcely come from a higher authority. But perhaps this needs to be explained.

Certainly, if wars can be justified at all in practice, the first and most important condition is that they be fought for a "just cause." This of course is not the only condition required; so that it would be a great mistake to argue, as is however frequently done, that because a cause is just, therefore a war carried on to defend that cause is just as a matter of course. Still, the requirement of a just cause is of such fundamental importance that in the absence of such a cause, there is no need to examine the other conditions required for waging just warfare; without a just cause, a war cannot conceivably be just.

Church Support Always Sought

For this reason, makers of war, whether just or unjust, are always careful to provide themselves and their people with a just cause. They exert themselves to find an ethical justification.

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Peacetime Conscription

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

"Peacetime militarization of the United States is being thrust upon us so rapidly we may soon find ourselves the protagonists, not the antagonists, of the Hitler-Mussolini-Tojo ideologies we are now crushing in Europe and Asia, at such frightful cost in American blood and treasure. Even the imitation of methods for saturating American thought with the necessity for a disguised Nazi or Fascist militarism is so complete that agitators, after the manner of Adolf and Mussolini, declaim unceasingly on our urgent need for mighty defenses against 'aggression,' against attacks . . . by some conjured-up spectre which constantly and covetously stalks the American nation."

Above is a quotation from a 10-cent pamphlet issued by the Post War World Council, 112 E. 19th St., New York 3. It is written by Lt. Col. Roscoe S. Conkling, who was organizer and first Director of the Draft in New York City during World War I and, until January, 1945, a member of the Presidential Appeal Board during World War II. The title of the pamphlet is "The Case Against Compulsory Peace-

time Military Training." Because of its authorship, it should carry some weight with and should, therefore, be read by the worshippers of the Nation-god who reject or sneer at as being "out of this world" the Christian case against the same evil.

From the purely natural standpoint, right in this world and treating of people in it, and especially in the War and Navy Departments, the Colonel has done a pretty good job in exposing the evils of peacetime conscription and the selfish, despotic, dictatorial, meddling motives which inspire those who advocate it.

The evil of peacetime conscription, in fact of unnecessary and unjust conscription at any time, has been exposed innumerable times by Catholic theologians, by Popes, Bishops and priests. It has been called by them "slavery of the most degraded type; a slavery which dehumanizes men into dumb driven cattle, destitute of personal dignity and denied the right to have a soul or conscience of their own," something "founded upon pagan precedent and abhorrent

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Not Hearers, but Doers

FROM the homily of St. Gregory on the Gospel for Easter Monday: "Since the disciples with whom Jesus was walking could not be without charity, they invited Him to their lodging as though He were indeed a stranger. But why should we say invited, since it is there written: And they constrained Him? Without doubt we are to learn from this example that strangers are not merely to be invited to share our hospitality, but even to be pressed to do so. And so they set the table for Him, and offered Him bread and meats; and then, in the breaking of bread, they recognized as God

Him whom they knew not when He explained the sacred Scriptures.

"Therefore, in hearing the commandments of God they were not enlightened, but in doing them they obtained light; for it is written: Not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified. Whoever, then, desires to understand the lessons he has heard, let him hasten to put in practice what he has already been able to hear. Behold, the Lord was not recognized while he was speaking, but deigned to be known when food was set before Him."

Spring Comes to Mott St.

Spring comes not to Mott Street with sudden upsurge of verdure. No lambing ewes bleat here to herald the vernal increase of flocks; the only sheep we see are on hooks in the butcher shop, and our Italian neighbors paid \$1.50 a pound this year for the Spring lamb which is as essential to their celebration of the Feast of the Resurrection as is turkey for our American Thanksgiving. But celebrate they must, whatever the cost, and they do it in right royal style.

Not only with feasting do they observe the commemoration of the resurrection of Christ our Saviour, but also with much church-going, and for that, of course, there must be, for the women and girls, appropriate attire. And if there is any creature more resplendent than the young Italian woman gowned, coiffed, millinered and elizabethanized for Easter, I have not seen that creature. In her we have our visible sign that Spring is here. There are others, of course. The groups of women standing in the precious patches of sunshine, loudly babbling neighborhood gossip, all talking at once in their swift native patois. The old men sitting in the sun in small groups, their conversation so quiet in contrast to the women's. And then there are the children.

Ah, yes, the children! Through them nature speaks to us in no uncertain tones, to let us know that she has thrown off the shackles of Boreas. Through this long, hard Winter they have been much confined, until now, with the first mild breath of the new season, the urge to romp in the great outdoors (twenty feet from curb to curb) bursts the bonds of restraint, and the welkin (courtyard, fifteen feet square) rings with their cries as they scream to Mother (sixth floor, rear) to throw down a nickel for an ice-cream cone, and play at innocent childish games of cops and robbers, or the presently more popular one of He's a Dirty Jap So-and-so, KILLIMDEAD!

A popular diversion last week was playing with the fronds of blessed palm distributed on Palm Sunday. It is grand material for whips to switch each other with,

and a small bunch held in front of his face transforms a small boy into a Marine hiding behind a tree on an island somewhere in the South Pacific. It can be made into swell grass skirts for little girls, and is better than rope for a tug-of-war. And after they have tired of it, the palm which only a few hours ago was blessed at an immaculate altar now lies strewn in the street's filth. Unpleasant sight, but perhaps we need it as a symbol, to remind us of the day when the narrow streets of Jerusalem were palm-strewn.

So by this sign and by that we know that Spring is nigh. There was beautiful weather all through Holy Week to bolster the hesitant hope in our breast. Easter was a perfect day, in fulfillment of the promise blazoned in the sky by a rainbow in full technicolor after Holy Saturday's afternoon showers. A full and perfect rainbow it was, with one end on Welfare Island and the other in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

Easter Tuesday afternoon furnished final confirmation, however. Little boys ran around the neighborhood with cardboard signs front and back, announcing an Easter Egg Hunt at the solid concrete playground across the street from St. Joseph's House. The children came in droves, and lined up outside the fifteen-foot steel mesh fence while attendants hid colored peanuts which would entitle the finders to prizes.

The children grew restless and impatient, but they knew things were going to begin real soon when they saw the man start the record player which was hooked up to a huge loud speaker, and the first notes blared forth the musical introduction to this pleasant little celebration (two days late) of the greatest day of the Christian calendar, the Feast of the Resurrection. And then we knew that Spring had really and truly come to Mott Street as the little children stamped their feet and swayed in rhythm and took up the refrain of the record the man had chosen to play—

DRINKIN' RUM AND CO-CO
CO-LAH!

D. M.

DAY BY DAY

By DOROTHY DAY

A month of great joy.

"O God, who dost ever multiply Thy Church by a new progeny, grant to Thy servants, that they may retain in their lives the mystery which they have received by faith."

This was the collect for Tuesday in Easter week, and on that day my daughter gave birth to a baby girl at the Easton Hospital, a few miles from the Catholic Worker farm.

That afternoon a beautiful snow-white kid was born, a welcome distraction on an exciting day. It was a wonderfully full month. The fruit trees were pruned, the wheat fields sowed with clover and alsike, a salad and herb garden put in, new fruit and nut trees planted, and then, after a month of delightful weather, the rains and wind started.

Good retreat weather, everyone said, because on April 2 we were starting a Spring retreat on the farm. The last retreat started in a blizzard.

This, of course, was a retreat of rejoicing, and it was a time of rest and consolation. It is wonderful to live and work in silence for days, praying, studying, listening to conferences, meditating. Everyone had a task to do, helping cook, make bread, set tables, and with four conferences a day, prime and compline and a sung Mass, and spiritual reading at table, the time flies. We read St. Peter and the early days of the Church, by Fouard. The very day we read about St. Philip and the treasurer of Candace, of Ethiopia, in the epistle for the day, was the day we read about it in Fouard. It made very good background reading for the season. Eleven made the retreat.

During Holy Week we celebrated the last supper, setting the long tables in the refectory with unleavened bread and wine, bitter herbs and wild garlic with a dressing in a big dish in the middle of the table, and we tried to get lamb to roast, but could not, so we took what was said to be beef instead. There were about fifteen of us from the farm at table, and there was just a morsel of meat each, just enough to give us an idea of what the Passover feast was like. Next year we shall have a roast lamb, we hope, from the farm itself. During the meal we read the story of the Last Supper. The children, little John and Catherine, were there, but the smaller babies were put to bed.

Good Friday every one tried to fast, but while one ate only black bread and drank water, another took bread and milk, another peanut butter and bread and water, another bread and black coffee. At any rate, all fasted, to a certain extent, and there was no cooking that day in the kitchen. Of course, for those three solemn days, Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday, we went down to Easton to Mass, but on Easter Sunday we offered a glorious Mass on the farm, with the altar decorated in white blossoms from the trees in the woods, and from the sweet cherry down the road. For the offering the Thorntons brought bread and parsnips; the Hemingways bread and cake, and the Smiths bread and a wood carving by Eva.

Conscience Vindicated

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tion even when there is clearly none to be found; and they give credibility to their claims by seeking theologians and ecclesiastics to support them. A distinguished Catholic historian of the Popes, in describing the efforts of the Byzantine emperors to use the Church for their political purposes, remarks that they "could always find a number of Bishops to put their names to anything." (Rev. Horace K. Mann, "The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages," II, p. 87.) The same might be said for all kings and national causes: they have invariably found theologians, ecclesiastics, and moral leaders of various kinds to support them: it would be difficult to find in history a war without such support. It is interesting to note in the present war that, not only have the churchmen of the democracies given support to their national causes, but the German Bishops as well, while fearlessly condemning Nazi principles, have supported the German war effort.

Of course, strictly speaking and as far as the Catholic Church is concerned, the moral support of a few theologians, or even of a few Bishops, does not commit the Church itself. A number of ecclesiastics do not constitute the

than ever before; they do not merely claim to defend, as formerly, some particular dynastic or national right—for example, a province or a city; they are waged rather for some great ethico-religious ideal. World War I was fought to make the world safe for democracy. Then, because the following generation hated war so deeply and refused to believe in its promises, there was need to set the ethical claims of World War II even higher. Therefore, it was undertaken, not simply for democracy, but for civilization, for religion, for Christianity itself; it was, forsooth, a holy war.

Wilson's High Aims Effective

The "cause" behind World War I was in the course of time clearly formulated by President Wilson, especially in his Fourteen Points. Undoubtedly the aims expressed by him were very high. They made of World War I a crusade, everywhere supported and promoted by the clergy. They gave our soldiers and people an unbreakable morale. On the other hand, spreading the knowledge of the Fourteen Points among the German soldiers by means of leaflets undermined their morale by weakening confidence in their own cause, while it was on the basis of these same points that the German leaders issued their appeal for an armistice to President Wilson, rather than to the other Allied Powers.

But, as everyone now knows, the principles and ideals of the Fourteen Points were not carried out, were in fact grievously compromised, in the peace treaty that followed. Expedience, hatred, the avarice of the victors won the day. Their characters prevented them from achieving any moral greatness. Their past national crimes, unacknowledged and unrepented, rose up to mock and nullify their high ethical pretensions and to turn them aside from every just and generous impulse. Soon it was apparent that twenty million young men had died their painful, lonely deaths in vain. World War I was set down in the histories as only the latest of that unending series of unjust and fratricidal wars that have been disgracing "Christian" Europe for fifteen centuries.

For World War II a statement of ethical purposes, similar to the Fourteen Points, was at the outset regarded as necessary and was in fact made, this time in the principles of what was called the Atlantic Charter. This was to be no mere power war, no mere conflict of imperialisms, but a life and death struggle to defend the very existence of certain great moral and political principles; not a desire on the part of the democracies to extend their sway, but rather their high determination to realize, at whatever cost, the ambition of justice in international affairs.

Atlantic Charter Won Aid

Such was the purpose of the Atlantic Charter, and so was it on all sides regarded. It states and describes the "cause of war"—that high moral purpose which alone could justify the violence and barbarity of modern war even in the minds of those who believe in war as a means of securing international justice. The Atlantic Charter, therefore, cannot be explained away or treated lightly—although attempts along these lines were soon made by the very men who had written the Charter. Its principles stand to condemn all attempts to compromise them, to trifle with them, to betray them. Without the Atlantic Charter the Allied governments would not have gotten the almost unanimous support of their citizens, including most of those who

St. JOHN Gualbert



forgiving his enemy

Church; and it has happened more than once that an entire national clergy has departed from the truth. Only Rome can speak finally for the Church. As to non-Christian religions, they are scarcely distinguishable from patriotism, and their ecclesiastical establishments are but a department of the State; their support of the national cause is therefore a matter of course.

Ethical Sanction Essential

All this shows how necessary it is to have an ethical sanction for the conduct of wars. Of a certainty, without such a sanction, governments would not be able to carry on wars: their citizens could not fight well in a cause for which they have no enthusiasm, much less in one that they do not even believe in; and virtuous men could not fight at all in a cause that does open violence to their conscience. Here we see the power—alas, so rarely used—of religion and morality, of religious and moral leaders.

Despite the decline in the influence of morality and religion in our day and the progressive secularization of society, even modern secular governments have not ceased to describe their causes in ethical language. On the contrary, wars now get a more elaborate ethical defense

greatly deplored and hated war. Neither would the war have received the support of so many Churchmen without this Charter. Certainly, in the case of the Catholic Bishops, their support and sanction was contingent upon its principles. For afterwards, when it seemed that there might be some effort to diminish those principles, the Bishops wrote: "We have no confidence in a peace that does not carry into effect, without reservations or equivocations, the principles of the Atlantic Charter." (November 18, 1944.)

This is why earnest men have watched so anxiously to see how the Allied governments would set about fulfilling the engagements made by them in the Charter, why they were so alarmed at seeing departures from its ideals in some of the acts of these governments and some of the words of their leaders. If the Allies were not sincere in professing these principles, if they did not give all their weight and influence to keeping them intact and effecting their application to actual cases—well, in that event the alternative was too monstrous even to think of. It would mean that once again millions of men had given their lives for nothing—yes, for worse than nothing, for a cause without justice.

Yalta Confirmed Fears

And so, while cynics from time to time announced gleefully that the Atlantic Charter had been scrapped, others kept silence and waited—fearfully. They, too, saw the indications of an abandonment of principle, but they would not believe it possible—they could not believe it, at any rate until it should become undeniably certain. The Yalta conference provided that certainty. Without doubt, although the three leaders reaffirmed verbally their adherence to the Atlantic Charter, the compromises made at Yalta concerning Poland and the Baltic States involve a definite abandonment of its principles. Thus the historic decisions reached there once more revealed the tragic futility and injustice of war, the practical impossibility of achieving justice by means of war.

But—it may be said—when different parties come together to form an agreement, compromises are necessary. Mr. Roosevelt acknowledged that the Polish agreement was a compromise; but he pointed out that the other parties, Russia and England, had made compromises, too.

Very true: compromise is necessary. And many things may be compromised. In fact, anything may be compromised except moral principle. But precisely what was compromised at Yalta was moral principle. The three great statesmen had two alternatives. They could affirm their moral principle and sacrifice their military alliance (should Russia insist on continuing her policy in Eastern Europe). Or they could strengthen their military alliance and sacrifice moral principle. Of course, being realists and practical men, they chose the latter course. Moral principle is the cheapest of all commodities in a secularized world. Statesmen in particular always sacrifice it first, as the least necessary articles are first thrown overboard from a floundering ship.

Poland's Betrayal

It was not merely that the three statesmen, in sacrificing Poland, betrayed a gallant ally, the one who has suffered more in this war than any other nation. This would be bad enough—a piece of treachery and false friendship that will be to the everlasting shame of those who are party to it. The friendship of the Big Three, it would seem, is scarcely less to be feared than their enmity.

But the matter is greater than this. The Polish question goes beyond Poland: besides its particu-

lar national importance, it has a wider symbolical bearing and significance. Poland was the supreme test case for the Atlantic Charter. In forsaking Poland the United Nations have betrayed the very principles which, they claimed, inspired their resolution to take up arms.

The Atlantic Charter said that the Allied Nations were seeking no territorial aggrandizement. The war was begun when Germany took over half of Polish territory. But now Russia, with the consent of England and the United States, retains the half of Poland which she took when in league with Germany; and she is taking territory which belongs to Poland by historic right, by international agreement, by the explicit and repeated agreement of Russia herself. Or, if there were any doubt in the matter (which there is not), then at least the whole question should

quite arbitrarily. This remains true even after Russia has agreed at Yalta to allow the puppet Polish government (the Lublin Committee) to be reformed on "a broader basis." For the violated principle is not thereby restored, and, in fact, acknowledgment is made that a government may be forced from without upon a free and sovereign nation with no other right than that given by tyranny and military might. In a similar way the territorial integrity of Finland was allowed to be compromised, while the little Baltic states have simply been wiped out of existence—not by the Nazis, but by the signers of the Atlantic Charter.

Other points in which the Atlantic Charter has been violated could be taken up—especially the decisions concerning Germany, which bear out Prime Minister Churchill's earlier ominous announcement that Germany is not included in the guarantees of the Atlantic Charter, although no such limitation was made when first its principles were declared. Sufficient has been said, however, to illustrate the point made here. Out of their mouths have the great statesmen of the Allied Nations judged themselves and their cause. Arguments used to defend their course are arguments of expedience, not of principle. We are reminded that the world is not perfect and that we cannot expect perfection in the arrangements of men. In this manner is a decision of world-wide importance, involving the destinies of whole peoples, defended by a mere cliché, a stale half-truth (in the supernatural order men can become perfect), which is the invariable defense of the morally weak, the negligent, the mediocre, the resolutely unregenerate.

What was set aside at Yalta, however, was not a counsel of perfection but mere rudimentary morality and the very ethical basis for World War II.

Twenty million lives lost, for an unjust cause, some twenty-years ago. How many lives have been sacrificed to the abandoned principles of the Atlantic Charter is not yet known. But the numbers must be immense. There have been ten million casualties in Poland alone. "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children, and would not be comforted, because they are not." (Matt. 2, 18.) In all the physical and moral ruin of the contemporary world, only those have kept their hands free of blood who have refused to participate in this fratricide, this carnage. They are to be congratulated on the clarity of their vision, commended for their courage and perseverance.

Coercion

"The difficulty before the modern papacy is that which has always afflicted a power whose ultimate resource is moral. No more than its Divine Founder can the Church act effectively if the will of its subjects be turned against it. There have been times when the papacy was in a position to coerce Catholic peoples. History is witness how limited the success of such methods must be, and inevitably, for it is not the death of the sinner, nor his punishment merely as such that is the Church's object, but his conversion to a new life." PIUS XI, by Fr. Philip Hughes.



Peacetime Conscription

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to the spirit of Christianity." In the words of Monsignor Barry O'Toole, who was merely expressing the teaching of the Church, "it does open violence to the personal dignity and rights of the human individual and, therefore, involves a despotic usurpation of power on the part of the government; hence, outside of a time of national danger, one would have a perfect right to refuse obedience to a pernicious law of this kind." ("War and Conscription at the Bar of Christian Morals.")

The preceding paragraph summarizes the Christian case against compulsory peacetime conscription. What, then, should be the practical attitude of the true Christian, or follower of Christ, towards compulsory peacetime military training



which is obviously intended, not for true defense, but for aggression masquerading with what Colonel Conkling terms a "false face," for the intimidation and economic, if not political, conquest of other peoples, for the glorification of the Nation-god and of the people who worship it?

What should be the attitude of the person who says, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, the Creator of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, His only Son," toward this modern idolatry, the deification of the State, and specifically of the secular power in the State which is becoming ever more demanding in its claims upon the individual whom it is gradually enslaving?

What should be the attitude of the person who says "Our Father Who art in heaven: hallowed be Thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," toward this attempt by men to induce or compel others to renounce in practice the true meaning of that prayer, and to think in terms of another father, another kingdom, and another will?

What should be the attitude of the person who professes to love God above all things and his neighbor, i.e. all mankind, as himself, towards this contemplated legislation (and the prevailing rampant spirit which inspires it) which demands from him that he put nationalism (something different from true patriotism) and its demands before God and his duties toward God, and which is bound to stir arrogance, antagonism, suspicion, ill-will and hatred, and to provoke more and more savage and barbaric slaughter in the future?

For the Christian who loves his Master and wants to follow Him in the way in which He vocationally calls him, what choice is there when faced with compulsion, without reason, into an

environment which is not only unconducive to Christian living but which is contemptuous of it, and which encourages ideas and practices which are the antithesis of Christianity?

As a Christian, whatever his particular calling or vocation, his attitude and choice can only be passive resistance to this evil. In making that statement, which I believe to be in accord with Christian teaching, I am not unaware of nor do I deny the teaching of the Church regarding the right and duty of the secular power to take all just and necessary steps to defend the lives and properties of the citizens against aggressors from within and from without, nor am I unaware of nor do I deny the duty of the Christian to obey civil laws that are reasonable, constitutionally promulgated and enacted in the interests of the common good. At the same time, however, I am not unaware of the fact that when the secular or civil power acts or legislates in a manner conflicting with the natural law and with the laws of God, not only may I not obey it, but as a Christian I am bound to refuse obedience, irrespective of what the consequences may be to me. There comes a time when, as St. Peter said, "we must obey God rather than men."

There comes a time, too, when each one of us has to decide on which side he is, with Christ or against Him, gathering with Him or scattering. There is no place for expediency and compromise in those alternatives enunciated by Christ: "He that is not with Me is against Me; he that gathers not with Me scatters." There are people who have chosen and others who will choose the Nation-god. God gives them the freedom to make a choice as between Him and the things opposed to Him. We must recognize that freedom, but at the same time be adamant, irrespective of consequences to ourselves, in refusing, as did the early Christians, to offer tribute or sacrifices to false gods. We must begin by refusing to accept peacetime conscription.

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WOMAN AND THE LAND

By JANET KALVEN

"THE problem of the hour is the problem of the land, and the problem of the land is the problem of the woman..."

In these words, Father Vincent McNabb, one of the most penetrating minds of our times, states the essential problem of reconstruction. Agriculture is the vital source of strength in any civilization. We need a new pattern of life on the land as the indispensable foundation on which to build a Christian social order. But, "the problem of the land is the problem of the woman." No healthy, balanced, sane pattern of rural living is possible without the wholehearted interest and cooperation of the woman. Agriculture needs the influence and the unique contribution of woman to achieve a human and satisfying way of life on the land. America needs a new type of woman to accept the challenge of our times and to pioneer in working out a full, rich pattern of rural life.

Every woman is made to be a mother, to find her center outside herself in other human beings who are dependent on her loving care. Her motherhood need not be realized physically, but it must be realized spiritually if she is to achieve her fulfillment and her true happiness. Woman is most truly herself when she is utterly forgetful of self, absorbed in the service of those around her, alert to their needs, and spending herself without stint for them. She is made to be the heart of the home, the center of light and warmth, of physical and spiritual well-being, in the family.

The whole of her nature is adapted to the demands of motherhood, to the manifold tasks involved in the physical and spiritual nourishment of her family. She must care for food and clothing; she is family treasurer, disposing its resources wisely, and managing with feminine thriftiness to make something out of almost nothing; she maintains peace, order, and harmony in the home, uniting the family in the bonds of radiant and selfless love; she watches over the education of her children, discovering and developing their God-given gifts, training them to be thoughtful, responsible, generous men and women, and seeing it as her greatest privilege to raise uncompromising Christians, fellow citizens of the saints and domestics of the household of God.

This is woman at her best, realizing to the full her qualities as wife and mother, giving herself joyfully in loving service. This is the type of woman America needs to pioneer in building a new way of life on the land.

WE must have an education for motherhood, to develop this great womanly type. We need an education that will give young women a vision of the family as the vital cell of the social organism, and that will inspire them with the great ambition of being queens in the home. "A career is what every girl prepares for and hopes not to have," a discerning young woman remarked. Women need an education that will prepare them for their real career as wives and mothers rather than for temporary business or professional work.

An intimate experience of life on the land is an essential part of education for motherhood, even for girls who live in the cities. Woman's nature demands close contact with the beauties of creation and with growing plants and animals for her fullest physical and spiritual development. She needs the simple, rhythmic life on the land, with its fresh foods and outdoor work, to build abundant health and vitality. She needs contact with young plants and animals to help develop her motherly qualities. Women have

always been great agriculturists, mothers of the earth. The mystery of the seed is very close to her, for she bears the seed of new life in her womb and nurtures it with her blood. A rich experience of the cycle of birth and death in plants and animals is in harmony with the deepest tendencies of her nature and develops her womanly talents.

Woman's education should be practical, and here again the land offers invaluable opportunities for a fascinating variety of activities. The modern girl has lost most of the traditional feminine skills and must be introduced to all the arts of the homemaker from bread-baking, to bee-keeping. She will need all these skills if she is to be a successful pioneer, but she needs them still more for the mental balance and psychological assurance they give her.

Woman learns best through concrete experience, and the practical work of sewing, cooking, canning, weaving, releases her intellectual energies and develops sound judgment. Her greatest intellectual gifts are in the practical realm, and it is only when these are well developed that her study of the liberal arts and the classics will bear fruit. Along with the practical training, permeating it and integrating it, there must be a vivid realization of the dignity of manual labor. Woman must learn to see its great value as a visible expression of love for the family, and must come to understand the sacramentality of the work of her hands.

Finally, woman's education should develop courageous, uncompromising Christians, women of deep convictions and unswerving loyalty to the ideals of full Christian life. Pioneering is never easy, and the women who will cut through the confusion, the materialism and the economic disorders of our times to discover a new way of life for themselves and their families must be deeply rooted in a dynamic faith. They must understand and live the joy of the cross, always ready to give up any comforts and to face any obstacles to fulfill their mission.

HOW will woman's influence affect the agricultural pattern? What form of life on the land will appeal to women and attract them to the rural areas? The new pattern of life on the land must meet the fundamental requirements of woman's nature if it is to win her enthusiastic interest and active support. It must provide the conditions under which she can be at her best, and give her fullest contribution to the family and community. Only then can we have a really healthy and well-balanced rural life.

What are the conditions which woman's nature requires on the land? First of all, the woman needs the small, diversified family farm. The homestead, producing primarily for family use and only incidentally for sale, should become the basic unit of the new agricultural pattern. The ideal of



practical self-sufficiency can be realized on much smaller farms than are customary today, although the exact acreage will vary with local conditions.

Because it is family-centered, organized first of all to supply all that the family requires for a full life, the homestead is deeply satisfying to the mother of the family. Because it is diversified, it is admirably suited to woman's nature, for she is a universalist and a personalist. Woman is made to be everything to somebody, some person. That is why the large commercial farm with its hundred cows or thousand acres of wheat has little interest for her. These are specialist ventures, which usually make her a specialist in the kitchen just as they make her husband a specialist with milking machines or combines.

But the small, diversified farm corresponds completely to her desire for variety and personalized relationships in work. She enjoys the homestead, with its few cows to furnish butter, milk and cheese for her family; its few pigs for meat; its few sheep for lambs and wool; its small flock of chickens for really fresh eggs; a few bee hives for honey; perhaps a flock of ducks to add a note of color and humor to the farmyard. She wants to plant an orchard, a vineyard, a berry patch, a herb and flower garden, as well as a plot of vegetables. She is by nature a Jill of all trades, as Chesterton puts it, and finds relaxation in turning from her household tasks to weed the garden or milk the cow. She wants to know the animals individually, to give them names, even to make pets of them. On the family homestead the birth of every calf is an event anxiously awaited by the entire family. Everyone knows the peculiarities of each animal, and this knowledge itself adds interest to the work. The homestead is on a human scale, giving rich possibilities for satisfying activity for every member of the family.

If women think that agriculture means commercial farming with its crushing burden of specialized, impersonal work, they will take no interest in it and want no share in it. But if they see that the rural life movement means the small diversified, family-centered farm, they will turn toward it enthusiastically and join the ranks of those who are moving forward to the land.

ANOTHER fundamental requirement of woman's nature, and one which the rural pattern in this country has not met, is the need for a strong community life. Women need the stimulus and companionship of a

(Continued on page 8)

CULT :: CULTI

THE TEMPEST

By M. C. LIVINGSTON

Written by William Shakespeare at Stratford-on-Avon, 1611.
Produced by Margaret Webster in New York City, 1945.

NEW YORK owes a debt of gratitude to Margaret Webster for having given us "The Tempest" with its full garb of power and beauty. Last year she gave us Othello, before that the uncut Hamlet, Macbeth and Richard II, with Maurice Evans and Paul Robeson, artists of international fame. In this latest brave venture she has relied on her own craftsmanship and insight in casting plus the enthusiasm and cooperation of a group of actors from many lands; young people of promise, older artists of tested and established reputation and achievements.

The production retains the deep spiritual implications of the inner conflict, the Tempest in Prospero's soul as his enemies are brought within the circle of his magic power, but before his long-dreamed-of revenge—righteous revenge for grievous wrongs—can be fulfilled, he reforms, says farewell to magic, returns to the world stripped of all supernatural powers. To many its inner spiritual significance is obscured, and it is no more than a fairy tale akin to a Midsummer's Night Dream, while to some the tempest of wind and sea, called up by Ariel, the fairy elf, obscures the mightier, more significant tempest in the heart and soul of Prospero. In lesser degree because they were lesser men, tempests rage in the hearts of the King and the two murdering lords: all swept along by sorrow, guilt, worldly ambition to the verge of destruction, saved by Prospero's change of heart, and left bewildered by his forgiveness and their escape from just punishment. Let us hope they learn gratitude!

Prospero is made a figure of dignity and strength by Arnold Moss, but I missed the cutting edges of his desire for revenge upon his enemies. The cruel way he lashes at Ariel and cows her to carry out his orders, should grow into a passion—a tempest of cruel satisfaction as he piles humiliations on his helpless prisoners and makes them more abjectly subject to his magic powers. His surrender to the demands of his nobler qualities and Ariel's pleading would be more dynamic if it were less anticipated. At times Arnold Moss' Prospero becomes too much the doting father and there seems no reason for Miranda to assure Ferdinand that her father is not as fearsome as he seems!

ZORINA'S body, voice and speech, all were handled expertly and dedicated to the service of the part so that they merge and become one, and that one Ariel, the spirit of air and music and storm. One expects Ariel to be an exquisite figure of light and airy grace, as Zorina's reputation is in the dance field, but her diction and acting is a surprise as well as a joy. How can Miranda listen to that artistry every day and not be spurred to make an effort to improve her own slovenly, mushy diction? Ferdinand, her lover, is quite as bad, both of them being inaudible some of the time so many of the exquisite lyric lines of the love scenes are lost. Miranda's body, throughout the play, is as relaxed and uncommunicative as when Prospero first magics her to sleep! If we did not hear words confessing her utter surrender to overwhelming love, we could not

know her life was at its peak and her offer to follow Ferdinand as his servant, if he will not hinder her for wife leaves her body outwardly unresponsive though she were offering to bring sandwiches to the picnic. Here these two young actors forgot the basic law of expression: strong inner emotion prompts spontaneous and automatic response? But that is a matter of acting technique, and I do not enter into a discussion of traditional stage conventions as posed to naturalism.

Margaret Webster has written in her delightful book, "Shakespeare Without Tears," that American actors do not know how to read blank verse; Miranda and Ferdinand justify this hard saying. Yet, notwithstanding this lack, they manage project across the footlights poignant lyric beauty of the scenes. Miranda is a radiant precious darling clothed in shining chastity to which Ferdinand immediately responds succumb. Modern psychologists have taught us to think chastity as a negative quality, not as an endowment of strength and power, the most magnetic of all the virtues.

Paul Leyssac, with his substantial background of theatrical experience and classic technique can always be relied upon to give an intelligent performance, his Gonzalo might have more vigor, more vitality and strength of tone.

TRINCULO and Stephano utterly satisfying and chuckling joy from their first trance to their tarnished, disconcerted final eclipse. Their artistry and fine technique much towards the astonishing success of the play.

Margaret Webster is very skillful in her timing and handling group scenes. The King and lords and the sailors are authentic and purposeful, but it is hard to believe in the deep sorrow of Alonso while he wears such a gay and frivolous holiday dress!

Canada Lee's powerful imaginative interpretation of Caliban suffers because so many of his scenes are played by George Voskovec and Jan Werly who share with Zorina the advantage of training in the tradition of the high art of acting. This training gives to her performance a lustre and radiance without which there is no art edge and clarity which the lack of the company lack. Through the play Canada Lee made us feel Caliban's bewilderment and his groping toward beauty, as well as his fierce determination. (Continued on page 8)

CULTURE VATION ::

DIVINE PARADOX

By ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS

Infinity: a shoreless country to exchange
For earth, for nine slow months in the cramped womb,
For swaddled sleep within a straw-filled manger,
A first breath drawn in lantern-lighted gloom.

Only supernal love could so condemn
Himself to helplessness: the child's long year,
To causeless hatred bitterer than hemlock—
Poverty of the narrow cross, the spear,

To live, to die for *Everyman*, blot out the kiss
Of Judas in an action willed by Godhead—
What way of glory so devoutly trod
And what design is comparable to this?

BOOK REVIEW

The Perfect Wife, by Friar Luis de Leon, in 1583; translated by Alice Philena Hubbard, Sister Felicia, of the Order of St. Anne; published by the College Press, Texas State College for Women. Price \$2.50.

FRIAR DE LEON sought to direct a dear friend, about to be married, in the art of that noble state, according to a sermon preached on the subject by the Holy Ghost: "The Valiant Woman" (Book of Proverbs). Fortunately, this sixteenth century advice was preserved in writing, and we moderns once again find ourselves heirs to medieval thought.

Sr. Felicia of the University of Texas translates "La Perfecta Casada," and she wisely includes a biography of Friar de Leon. In some ways it rivals the book proper. The author lived in the days of the Spanish Inquisition, and its treatment of him is interesting. What a day when an entire university could be thrown into riotous controversy over a translation of Scripture! Friar de Leon was a champion of any whom he felt unjustly oppressed, and on one occasion his opponents were no less than St. John of the Cross and a close friend of St. Therese. We need more biographies such as this.

"The Perfect Wife" itself, with one short prefatory chapter, points out that "although the estate of matrimony in rank and perfection is beneath that of the continent or virgin, nevertheless it has always been greatly honored and privileged by the Holy Spirit... Who (in "The Valiant Woman") condescends to such particularity that, entering the home, He reaches the point of putting the needle into their (the women's) hands, grasps the distaff for them, and even twirls the spindle in their fingers..."

"Verily indeed, if there is one thing under the moon worthy of reverence and praise, it is a holy woman. In comparison with her, the very sun loses its splendor, and the stars give forth no light."

But the book can be opened at every page and quotations lifted from the text. Friar de Leon is inspired by the beauty of the Old Testament writings to writing in the same magical

vein himself. We who are land-minded delight in his remarks on farming, bold and decided, as for instance: "Now were we asked," he says in effect, "what is the most worthy mode of life, we would have to say that farming is the time-honored and true life, and other modes are good only in so far as they approach it and resemble it, but are perilous to the same degree that they diverge from it."

"Out of dispositions so diverse, as is done in music upon different strings, nature called forth a precious and beautiful harmony; the husband busy in the fields, the wife busy at her home-making, and the latter holding and employing to good purpose whatever the other might gather together." He shall have no need of spoils, the husband of the perfect wife.

"The Perfect Wife" is a highly esteemed addition to our very limited list of books on women. It complements "Soul of Woman," by Gina Lombroso, whose natural viewpoint needs to be supernaturalized. And it is a dignified contrast to the feminist writings of our time which present woman as a luxury-queen served by a meal-ticket husband. Perhaps we should prepare the way for "The Perfect Wife" with a treatise on "The Perfect Husband."

But it is also, this admirable book, lacking much. Friar de Leon's inspiration was derived from the Old Testament, and it is limited thereby. Where is the emphasis on the sacramental concept whereby the love of man and woman is lifted to an intimate sharing in the very love of Christ and His Church?

Woman's consideration of herself as a symbol of the Church, informed by the Spirit of the Lord, lifts and enlightens the day far above the comparatively heavy and sombre routine recommended by the merely dutiful outlook of the Old Testament. Indeed, does not St. Paul say that love has supplanted law?

The great book on Woman has yet to be written. In that the wifely "keeper of the house" will be seen serving Christ in her husband, himself primary "keeper of the house," the family, which St. John Chrysostom has called the Church in miniature.

M.V.M.



I AM THE
IMMACULATE
CONCEPTION

FIGHT CONSCRIPTION!

The most important issue of these times is whether we are going to submit to peacetime conscription or prove our Christianity and set an example to the rest of the world by refusing to accept this totalitarian measure. Conscription alone makes modern war possible. Armaments could be quadrupled without endangering the peace of the world, if no government had the power to conscript men to use the tools of destruction. Four years ago we asked our readers to enlist with us to fight conscription. Many have responded to the challenge, but many more must help if the plans of militarists and ambitious politicians are to be defeated. Those militarists and politicians masquerading as statesmen have uncounted billions at their disposal where we have pennies, but the financial disparity does not dismay us. Poverty is our armor.

You can help defeat conscription by circulating Father John J. Hugo's article, "The Immorality of Conscription." It is printed as an eight-page supplement to our issue of March, 1945, and is available at the price of one cent per copy, plus postage. We had ten thousand extra copies of that issue printed, and they should be circulated as quickly as possible. How many do you want?



MEDITATION

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

FOR some reason or other the two signs that foreigners have seized upon to symbolize this country are the dollar sign and the bathtub.

Now is it strange that this is so, or is it logical?

Religion needs symbols because all religion is sacramental, but does a country need one, or in this case two?

A sacrament is a visible sign of an invisible grace instituted by Christ.

Now the dollar sign is certainly a visible sign, only too visible. Christ didn't invent it or institute it.

But what invisible grace does it represent?

To the pagan it represents power: the man who has it can control the wills of the men who are under its domination.

He is a feudal lord and they are his lieges.

But money need not symbolize power.

It can symbolize love.

In the divine plan of things, it probably does symbolize that, for it can be the means of relieving the distress of neighbors.

The good Samaritan left coins, if you remember.

Gold in the Bible symbolizes love.

SEEING things in this light, our right view would be to seek a higher standard of love and not just a higher standard of living.

A higher standard of loving would really be a higher standard of living.

But love is a giving up, a sacrifice, a "making holy."

We give our money, our time, our talents, our day-to-day drops of blood to serve our wives, our children, our neighbors and our God.

That is the crux of the whole business, for that is what love is. It is a crux, a cross, and loving is a crucifixion whose fruit is joy.

An apple hangs on a tree. Eat it. It will give you health.

Christ hangs on a tree. Eat Him. "My flesh is meat indeed."

Our eye seeks wisdom and the eye is the window of the soul.

We look into another man's eyes to see his soul.

Christ is the true apple of our eye.

But back to this country.

Are we certain that the dollar sign has a good meaning for us? Does it make us think of the Sign of the Cross?

Or is it in reality the sign of the double cross?

A double cross which we lay on the shoulders of our fellow-men who already bear one cross.

Do we again crucify the sons of men with our money?

Is the Son of Man again crucified for thirty pieces of silver?

Do we serve God or Mammon?

Now it is good to use money rightly, but it is wrong to have faith in it.

And dangerous, too.

The Christian gives it away.

The pagan hoards it.

The fool wastes it.

It has its martyrs. We call them misers.

Money's counterpart, faith, has its martyrs. We call them saints.

"Behold a man who has not gone after gold."

The kings of the East brought gold, frankincense and myrrh to Christ at Bethlehem.

Kings—and presidents—should bring gold, frankincense and myrrh to the Church today as symbols of love, prayers and humility.

In Christian countries, Christian kings have done so.

The man who discovered one of the world's greatest gold-producing mines, the Cobalt, Ontario, mine once said to us: "Gold has a peculiar power over men in the mines. They will stand and watch it for hours. We had to remove it to get work done."

This man, Cobalt Jim McDonald, spoke from a lifetime of experience.

THE bathtub is a funny symbol.

It symbolizes external cleanliness, something that Americans are ultra-fastidious about.

We hope it isn't a question of making the outside of the cup clean.

That was the sin of the Pharisees, the ancestor of the bourgeois.

To a pagan, a bathtub could well be a substitute for the baptismal font.

He is conscious of the need of cleansing himself, so he baptizes himself in a natural way twice a day. A shower in the morning and a shower at night, one cold and the other warm.

For the Christian, Baptism protects him in the morning and in the night, too, only in this case from the noonday devil and the terror that stalks at night.

But remember, we aren't against bathtubs.

We are merely against making them a substitute for the real thing.

We are living in the day of the ersatz.

It is a wise man who knows his food today, whether it be physical, intellectual or spiritual.

Bread without wheat germs.

Canned soups from all sorts of mysterious chemical formulas.

You really don't know what you are eating and drinking today.

Maybe your soup is nitroglycerine.

We sometimes wonder if the chemists themselves know.

But water still washes and gives life, and water is the symbol of grace. And Baptism gives grace.

We should much prefer to see the American people symbolized by:

The Sign of the Cross and the Baptismal Font.

THE WAY TO PEACE

"If it be pleaded that the conventions and the forms and the style of the different papal allocutions are a mystery to the general reader, there remains for the student the elucidation given in the commentaries of the OSSERVATORE ROMANO. On this matter that organ of the Holy See said: 'The Pope has deplored not a particular war, but all wars, wars also that are an excess of defence. He has exalted peace as the supreme good,

a blessing worth all possible self-denial and sacrifice. Not only that, but he has pointed out the way to peace, and the way to peace can never be a war that will multiply conflicts and massacres. The way to peace lies through an equitable examination of facts and needs, facts and needs which, even though they do not confer rights, cannot be left out of consideration.'"—(POPE PIUS XI, by Fr. Philip Hughes.)

SPRINGFIELD'S SHAME IS AMERICA'S REPROACH

By DAVID MASON

This is an open letter of protest to our brothers and sisters in Christ who are residents and citizens of the City of Springfield, in the great American State of Massachusetts. It is addressed also to the War Relocation Authority of the United States Government, and in general to everyone who still believes that the divine teachings of the Sermon on the Mount and the high ideals of American democracy are something more than literary platitudes.

Our protest concerns, particularly, the experience of five American-born girls of Japanese parentage who went to Springfield about a year ago from the concentration camps in the West where they had lived with their parents since their forced removal from the Pacific Coast. Aided by friends, these girls found employment in homes in Springfield. They desired only to find new homes and friends to replace those from which they were torn by military force after war was declared. The persons who found employment for them did all they could to help the girls realize their hopes, but they were powerless to overcome the prejudice of other residents of the community. The five, who are described by the Springfield Daily News as "average teen-age American girls," learned the bitter lesson that prejudice has hardened the hearts of the young people of the city, and that the highly-publicized "Springfield Plan" for overcoming racial hatreds is just another municipal publicity stunt. We read confirmation of this opinion in the Springfield Daily News of March 3, 1945. Under the headline "Springfield Plan Fails to Work Here, Jap-American Girls Leave," the paper says:

"The highly-touted 'Springfield Plan' appears disrupted today as five American girls of Japanese parentage prepared to leave here to find a friendlier home, and the Springfield Central Labor Union registered its opposition to proposals for permitting Japanese-American families to come into this area under government auspices."

The girls, the paper says further, have decided that their attempt to find new homes and friends in the birthplace of the "Springfield Plan" is a failure, and will go to New York, where they expect to find less hostility. The met few young people in Springfield, and had to depend on each other for their only social contacts. Leaving the city with a "bad taste in their mouths," they hoped to find pleasant friends and surroundings in New York or other large cities after first visiting their parents, who are still in the un-American concentration camps in the West.

It is in the matter of these visits to the parents that we wish particularly to address our protest to the War Relocation Authority. We wish to ask you gentlemen how you can justify your refusal to permit these young girls to visit their families after they went to Springfield. You certainly know that the forcible separation of children from their parents, of brothers from sisters, is not only un-Christian, but inhuman. Yet you did flatly, and by official fiat which is a matter of record, forbid these children from making such visits.

Under date of February 15, 1945, one of the girls, Miss Sono Sato, wrote the following letter:

Mr. Dillon Myer
War Relocation Authority
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I have been corresponding with the special relocation officer in the New England area, Mr. Charles McCallister, about a travel permit for my sister and me to return to the Rohwer Center to see our parents to talk over plans for relocation. Our request was refused, as Mr. McCallister put it, upon existing rules and regulations.

This new ruling is unfair, because it allows girls whose parents can afford it, or who have received scholarships to return home to camp at the end of a college term. I have been away from my parents and family for over a year doing housework, staying in one place to give the Nisei a good reputation.

Another thing I would like to go into is this: Mr. Clapp of the Boston office suggested I settle relocation plans through correspondence. I find this impossible, because my parents do not write hardly any English and I hardly any Japanese. If we could have a place to meet and talk it would be a much simpler matter. (Please do not suggest as Mr. McCallister did that my parents come out here. We cannot afford it.) Even Mr. McCallister finds it difficult to discuss in detail our rejection for an application through correspondence though both he and I write English. He writes me: "We would prefer that we might sit down with you and go into detail concerning the necessity for rejecting your application." Therefore we would be glad to have you and your sister come to our office so that we might discuss this matter with you."

I don't think you should bar us from entering the center, because while our parents are there it is our home by right. Any American who works away from home is free to return at will to his.

Had my parents known this was going to be done to us they would never have allowed us to leave camp and I will not be surprised if parents whose daughters finish high school this June will not let them go out.

Yours truly,
(signed) SONO SATO.

The letter from Mr. McCallister, of the WRA office in Hartford, Conn., to which Miss Sato refers, is as follows:

February 9, 1945

Miss Sono Sato,
c/o Mrs. U. Helgesson,
68 Normandy Road,
Longmeadow 6, Mass.

Dear Miss Sato:

We wish to acknowledge your letter of February 6, and WRA form 388 which you have completed. We have reviewed this form very carefully and regret that based upon existing rules and regulations your visit to the center cannot be approved.

We would prefer that we might sit down with you and go into detail concerning the necessity for rejecting your application. In general, because of the program of center liquidation and the need for reserving all outgoing transportation and center facilities for relocation purposes, visits to centers by persons of Japanese ancestry outside the centers have been restricted to about three categories, namely: those who have entered the armed service, emergency visits because of death of family members, or students at the end of a college term. Visits to the centers must have as a basic reason a specific relocation plan. As we

understand your situation there is no definite and specific relocation program involved.

We are most anxious to give you every assistance possible providing it is within the range of policies. Therefore, we would be glad to have you and your sister come to our office so that we might discuss this matter with you. Possibly sometime when you are in Springfield we may be able to see you.

Very truly yours,
CHARLES G. McCALLISTER
Special Relocation Officer.

The foregoing correspondence was brought to our attention by a friend in Springfield who is intimately concerned with the situation, as her letter will tell:

February 28, 1945.

Dear Catholic Worker:

Remembering the good fight for justice you put up for the Japanese of the west coast at the



FR. E. M. CATHOLIC

time of the evacuation, I know you will be interested to learn of the latest injustice to these unfortunate people. Their children who have come out to make their way in America are now forbidden to visit their parents in camp unless (1) there is a death in the family, (2) they are in the armed forces, (3) they are attending college and the college term has ended, (4) they are returning to camp to remove their parents.

I have discovered this new ruling because I have brought seven Nisei here since November, 1943, without any aid from the WRA, and I discovered it when two of my girls—one has been here since the first of November, 1943—applied at the beginning of this year for permission to visit their parents. I thought it was a little tough for an American to even have to do that. Imagine my rage when she received the letter—copy of which I enclose—from the WRA under whose "jurisdiction" we fall.

I want to know how a Government agency can make these arbitrary undemocratic and inhuman rules and no one seems to question them at all. We read of the separation of families in Europe with horror and give a polite "My!" when it happens here!

A Nisei in New York City writes that Roger Baldwin told him that a WRA official in Washington told him they realize they cannot close the camps as they say they are. I am glad they have that much sense. Only one-third of the inmates have relocated. (These are Dillon Myers' own figures given in a speech he made in Rohwer, Arkansas, January 31, 1945.) This one-third is the young and strong and brave. Personally I don't think they are going to move too many more out.

I am enclosing also copy of a letter my girl Sono wrote to Dillon Myer, as it points out the very great separation the Nisei suffer when they leave their parents as they cannot really correspond adequately.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,
YONE U. STAFFORD.

73 Avon Place
Springfield, 5, Mass.

There, residents of Springfield and gentlemen of the War Relocation Authority, you have the details of a shameful story. You young people of Springfield, especially, who were shown on motion-picture screens everywhere as disciples of the Springfield Plan for eliminating racial prejudice, owe it to yourselves to live up to that plan when circumstances put your sincerity to the test of practice. Yours is the responsibility to question the misleadership of such men as J. Raymond Britton, vice-president of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers Union, A. F. L., and Francis O'Brien, of the Molders and Foundry Workers, who introduced a resolution at a meeting of the Springfield Central Labor Union on March 4 protesting plans of the WRA to settle fifteen Japanese-American families in your city. After an hour's heated discussion, during which opposition to the resolution was led by Miss Robenia Anthony, of the Teachers Union; Augustine Marciaux, C. L. U. president, and Charles Johnston, of the Teamsters, Chauffeurs and Helpers, the resolution was passed in amended form.

Britton's resolution, as originally worded, stated that the C. L. U. protested "an infiltration of Japanese-American people into this area." Amended, it is as passed a motion "protesting government or other agencies sponsoring the mass settlement of any minority groups in our midst."

Supporting his resolution, Britton said: "We are all familiar with the Japanese situation in the Western States. Because they don't want them there, they think they can bring them here because of the Springfield Plan. The Springfield Plan is fine for publicity purposes. It is fine on paper, but when it comes to execution it doesn't mean a thing."

Are you young people of Springfield willing to let Mr. Britton's estimate of the Springfield Plan stand as correct? And are you and your parents going to permit the published opinion of the editor of the Springfield Daily News to go unchallenged? Read what he says, in his editorial of March 5, speaking of the Japanese-Americans:

"We distrust them, even though there may be abundant evidence that they are loyal and dependable. It may be advisable to revoke the citizenship status of all Japanese as being unfit to be a part of our democracy. There seems to be no way by which they can be absorbed into our democracy, and the move in allowing them to become citizens must be classed as a failure. Our Americanism is not broad

enough to continue with appeasement of people found to be so treacherous as the Japs proved to be."

We are moved to ask the editor of the Daily News what democracy he is talking about, what Americanism he refers to. "Our" democracy, he says, and "our" Americanism. But they are not his, because he repudiates all the high ideals and principles of democracy and Americanism, along with the divine precepts of Christianity, by his own words.

Do you brothers and sisters in Christ, you fellow Americans of the City of Springfield, concur in that repudiation? Do you agree with expressions of racial hatred which bolster the gentlemen of the War Relocation Authority in their refusal to let American-born children to visit their parents, and give them reason to feel that their inhuman policy is justified?

We hope, for your own sake as well as for that of the oppressed of the earth, that your answer is "No."

LITURGICAL COOK-BOOK

Tacoma Catholic College,
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Editors:

"We Need a Liturgical Cook Book," an appeal in your February issue, echoes my thoughts too. Why not? Assemble material for the Church's feast days as they occur, trace the customs, name the country and publish the recipe. Unless we act soon, these precious traditions will die with the people who have come to America carrying these customs; they will soon become "once upon a time" stories, and I feel they should be preserved. In my home economics field I am trying to accumulate material along these lines. Family customs built around feast days; clothing, dishes. I find a wealth of material comes with Christmastide, Easter season and name days for certain localities. It is very interesting reading. Why not try?

Also, you advertised wood block Easter cards. I am interested in encouraging these arts. Could I please have a few samples from the collection? Select the pieces you consider good art design, with a brief description of your process.

Sincerely,
SISTER MARY AUSTIN

St. Joseph's College,
Toronto, Canada

Dear Editors:

Several of the students here at the college are greatly interested in your work and Peter Maurin's, and we often wish there was a House of Hospitality here in Toronto where we could help. But this Toronto of ours is hardly ready yet for anything so fundamental or so truly Christian. We are still very Protestant in our outlook, but at least we can pray for you and your work.

The article in the current issue of the Catholic Worker, "We Need a Liturgical Cook Book," has attracted the attention of some of our Sisters who are interested in household economics and the liturgy. It seems to us that if someone would be editor, different communities could send in practical and interesting recipes and suggestions, since there are so many different nationalities represented in religious communities, and these Sisters could contribute recipes and tell of customs they have learned at home. Some of us would be happy to help.

May God bless you and all your staff and your guests.

Sincerely in Christ,
SISTER ST. JOHN

The New Anatomy

(Continued from page 1)

and hermetical censorship, the tone and title will have to be revised. I have already thought up a title which suffers only because it doesn't adequately describe the beauties and benefits of military training, namely: *A Mating We Will Go, or How to Have Fun With Gun and Grenade, Be a Man, Learn a Trade, String Up Wires—Or Just-Fill-in-Whatever-Your-Little-Heart-Desires, Three Cheers, Free Beers, That's... Conscription.*

I am presuming, you see, that a lot of citizens will prefer honest jail, though its smell isn't sweet, to the same thing by another (and you may be sure, glamorous) name. Naturally I will not be surprised to see many going along with the state, no matter how grisly its program.

John Milton chose to write a sonnet to his unknown captors to come. Most people will meet the emergency with what passes for common sense and practicality; joining them if you can't lick them. Conforming, sad to tell, is not the panacea it was once thought to be and indeed once was. In recent times the Germans conformed and conformed until, with nobody left to conform against, there was no longer any percentage or preference in conforming. In one way or another the state had everybody, regardless of creed and cunning, locked up body and soul. It is a prison maxim that the keepers are also kept. Many enjoy the soothing belief that such a thing can only happen to Germans.

Let no one interpret these words to mean I have any real hope of defecting any potential dyed-in-the-wool conformists. For many the consolations of conformism, come what may, though they prove the rottenest kind of opium dreams in the end, are very great. The state, knowing this, tends this one fire faithfully, laying on log after log of propaganda.

But I have time neither to explain further nor to resuscitate faint hearts with fire and resolutions. From this point on I shall simply assume that you, dear reader, are headed for the clink. Remarks to follow will be of the sort designed to prepare you for your new life.

3. What to Do Till the Cops Come

TIME: The Future: There has been a big registration, possibly the biggest ever, and according to the true blue radio and equally blue press everybody was happy about the whole thing. You had no idea the country felt that way about conscription. Comments from the citizenry (which you read and hear about) range from "Well, I done my duty" and "Gosh, it was great just signing my name and getting my number like the next feller" to "I think this conscription business is all we needed for real democracy and I'll knock the socks off the bimbo who says different!"

But you, dear reader, said that you are, have refused to register. You begin to think that you are the only one like yourself in the world. No, according to Walter Gurnell, the fearless commentator, there is a man out in Idaho, Les Wodsworth by name, who also refused to register, but it is no wonder, for, as Walter reveals, Les is a very low character indeed. It seems he is known to have been suspected numerous times by certain reliable old ladies in the vicinity of... signaling to enemy ships at sea from his bedroom window with a candle.

You and Les, the Idaho fellow, are the only two objectors to the registration that you know about. You are not an evader. You have written the authorities a nice note saying you are the little man who wasn't there on registration day and will be home to them on Tuesday next if they care to drop around and take you into custody.

So, until Tuesday, you are a free man. You quit your job as there is now no point in working. All you were getting out of it was a little money, and from what you hear you won't need that in jail. (This is the first of many pieces of misinformation about jail to come your way.)

You visit your relatives. The humorless ones, especially if they have heart trouble, you tell you are about to fly to Russia for a certain corporation and will be gone for some time, and that you expect to be too busy to write. The others, those more likely to understand, you tell the truth. Your wife either does or doesn't comprehend your movements. In either case it is a long story and there's no pleasant solution extant where she's concerned, so I will skip that. Perhaps she, too, can get thrown into jail and then a letter to the President's wife may fix it so you can set up housekeeping in the big house.

By this time you are dropping in at the branch library. You casually look up books on penology, especially those with illustrations, and you begin to get the situation in hand. The first thing you notice about all these books on jail is that the proprietors are all wonderful, self-sacrificing people who have been called to their work. They are very sad that you are a lousy criminal and have to go about endangering society the way you do. But—and this is the pay-off—you will be better, i.e., more like them and society, for the time spent in their care.

Ultimately you see that there are no chapters written about such prisoners as you are about to be. The books are all about the run-of-the-mill criminals. You can see that you are something else from one of your actions: the note you wrote to the authorities, giving them your address and telephone number. The criminals do not do that. You discover a word for yourself—political prisoner. But that is a thing that happens mostly in czarist Russia and lately in Germany.

Well, the cops (plain clothes) finally come, gently tapping on your chamber door, not on Tuesday, but on Saturday, just when you were beginning to doubt the efficiency of the system and hope they'd overlooked you.

You put on your coat. They have come into your room, three of them, and are sitting all over the place. One of them points to your meager bookcase. He says, "Read all them, Jack?" You say, "Who, me?" as your name isn't Jack. Another says, "Come on, let's get going, I gotta take the little woman to a movie tonight. Land of the Free, didja see it, Mac?" You receive permission to write your wife a note. You thank your stars she went out a while ago to buy a few groceries. The three cops read the note and you all leave.

You are riding in their car. The one sitting in the back with you says they usually put bracelets on guys, but they are making an exception in your case. You thank him. He wants to know then if you heard the broadcast this afternoon. You wonder which one and say you guess you didn't. He seems to feel sorry for you, as though you are a man without a radio, and tells you that the Yankees won, 6 to 5. You are not surprised.

It is not long before they drop you off at the jail. You begin to



Dynamic

(Continued from page 1)

regards and disrupts that horizontal union of souls and bodies effected by Holy Communion.

To deny such a conclusion is to affirm that the tie of citizenship or blood is a more important principle of union than the Body and Blood of Christ—which have been given to Catholics, among other reasons, "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they may be one in Us." (John 17-21—Discourse of Christ at the Institution of the Holy Eucharist.)

For a Catholic united to all other Catholics by the Blessed Sacrament, therefore, patriotism is a well ordered love of his nation, whereby he gives to his country due respect and assistance, even his life, but never in such a way as to break the sacramental solidarity of the faithful. He can give his life through corporal and spiritual works of mercy, without killing fellow Catholics. The obligation of rendering to Caesar can never include the rending of Christ.

Devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, therefore, should include a dynamic demand that the vertical union of yourself with Christ, and the horizontal union of yourself with all other communicants, represent the vertical and horizontal beams of a Eucharistic Cross to symbolize a lasting victory of peace over war. Your demand will be dynamic only if you are willing to be nailed to the cross of persecution. But then, the Blessed Sacrament is the living Sign of the Cross and Passion.

FR. MICHAEL DEACY.

expect to see the wonderful, self-sacrificing people mentioned in the penology books. As yet you do not see them, but only a lot of sulky fellows in uniforms who make themselves sulkier by locking and unlocking door before and after you. For the sake of their illusions and lest their custodial efforts be wasted, you feel like you ought to make a break. You suppose the poor souls get that way from listening to Gangbusters.

You can see they do not enjoy their work. You try to understand them, but don't get very far. They are not special cases, no more than the men who drive elevators and buses. They are simply not living very much also.

You come to a cashier's window. "Name?" You tell him your name. It goes on a form. You recall the Rule for such new orders as this fellow belongs to: make seven copies of everything and pass the buck. He comes to your religion. Before you answer he writes "Catholic." "How'd you know that?" you ask, hoping wildly that other Catholics are in jail for not registering. "You don't look like an atheist, bud." "So..." "So the only ones come to jail is Catholics and atheists—the others all say they ain't got no religion, or won't tell what kind they got. So I makes 'em all Catholics or atheists."

Then, finally on the way to a cell of your own, you wonder what an atheist looks like. You have come full circle. You are in jail.

4. Envoi

IHAVE had my one good ear to the side of the egg for some months now and can at last assure anyone interested in retaining or regaining the captainship of his soul that the scratchings on the inside are becoming unmistakably louder. The conscription chick bids fair to emerge, comes the hour of deepest confusion and darkness, full grown with hair on its chest, a papier-mache olive branch tucked between its bill, a monster ruler and bespatterer of all it surveys.

And the Peace? If there was ever any doubt about how to arrive at a just and lasting peace, the hemmings and hawings of our best minds—best at getting on the air and publishing books—should prove anew that the only way to have peace is... to pray for it. It is not a turnip that can be had for the wishing by anybody... anyhow. It will not come up in any soil. It must be planted deeper than our best minds go. It may be sold, but not bought. It is a gift from God.

†I might add, moreover, that I have no burning desire to do so. Nowadays our state's attorneys, courts and objectives are such as to make an exposition of, let alone a plea for, civil disobedience decidedly more risky than in Thoreau's halcyon days. For a classic example of what I mean, vide the Official Court Record of the Minneapolis Labor Trial. 2 vols. 10c. each. Pioneer Publishers, 116 University Place, N. Y. C.

A Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

barefooted. They may be and are princesses and dukes, peasants and paupers, but no one can tell one from another. Men wear linen trousers, a clean linen shirt.

All kneel and ask God's blessing on the pilgrimage, and invoke the Angel Raphael, St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother to be at their side through the traveling. Now the leader sprinkles all with Holy Water, and we are off. Relatives, friends and onlookers speed us, shouting their last demands for prayers and intentions. We have formed ourselves in a long, straight line, walking one after the other. The village is left behind, and now we start chanting the litanies. We will keep that up at regular intervals all through the journey. In between there is the great silence, in which each talks to God in his or her way, and about his or her concerns.

The road is soft and dusty under our bare feet. The flowers smell sweetly. The clouds are white and gay in the blue sky. The forests we pass, cool and gentle to our sunburned faces. At times it seemed to me that all the world was re-echoing the song of our litanies.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Virgin and Mother. Morning Star. Perfect Vessel.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Holy Temple in which God Himself was conceived.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Chaste and pure Dove.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Ever-efulgent light; from thee proceeded the Sun of Justice.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Thou didst enclose in thy sacred womb the One who cannot be encompassed.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! With the shepherds we sing the praise of God, and with the angels the song of thanksgiving. Glory, to God in the highest, and peace to men of good will.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Through thee come to us the Conqueror and the triumphant Vanquisher of hell.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Through thee blossoms the

splendor of the resurrection.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Thou hast saved every faithful Christian.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Who can praise thee worthily, O glorious Virgin?

We salute thee, Mother of God.

SLOWLY we moved, chanting. Slowly the day moved, listening, and dusk was around the corner. Now we were near a village; thus it was planned, and we were meeting people coming back from the fields and a day's work. All greeted us gladly. Asked for prayers. Moving on, we answered. But now we were in the village. We broke ranks, and after a last injunction to be ready early, we made our ways to the little log houses, *isbas* we call them in Russia. Now each person or family was knocking at the door of one, each was repeating the age-old formula: "In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, we are pilgrims to holy places, begging for food and a night's lodging. In the name of God."

The door would open, and hospitably we would be asked in. "In the name of the Holy Trinity, come in, pilgrims, honor our poor house, and share with us what God in His great mercy has seen fit to send us today." In we went. Bowing low three times before the holy images and crucifix that used to adorn each Russian house. A bow for each person of the Most Holy Trinity. Then the last and fourth bow to the hosts. Now we were ready to wash up and eat. Whatever there was on the table was shared equally with us. Once all the poor family had was bread, salt and tea. And the loaf was justly and accurately divided between the seven members of the family and my mother and me. We dipped the bread in the salt and drank the tea, realizing that we were immensely privileged, for we were seeing charity that was at its best, that was real Christ's charity. The poor feeding pilgrims, travellers, because He was once one.

At night we slept in sweet-smelling hay lofts. Then, at sun-up, a wash at the pump. A hastily drunk glass of cool milk, a piece of bread, a grateful farewell to our kindly hosts, with a promise to bring some sacramental from the holy place (and we would too), and we were off again.

DAYS passed like the beads of a rosary slowly and reverently said. Praying, begging, walking, resting, and praying again. For our sins, for the world, for those we love. And then one day we would come to the shrine. Oh the joy of it. We knew that thus it would be when we would at last die in the Lord after the long, journey of life. Just like now, standing on some knoll, seeing as yet from afar the spires of the holy shrine. Blessed be God and His Holy Mother!

Days, maybe a week at the shrine. Living in the big monastery hostels built for the like of us. Having monks wait on us. Silent and kindly. Visiting the shrine. The churches around it. Taking back a supply of holy oil, water, pictures, medals for those we promised to bring them to. Matins, Lauds, Prime, the Little Hours, Vespers, Compline, in big, holy, beautiful churches. Several Masses a day. The glory of it, the joy of it! Like heaven indeed, or its hall-way at least. And then the way back, just as we came. Same hosts, now old friends. Sharing of gifts. Telling about God and the things of God, and finally home. Brown as nuts. Sunburned. Healthy. Leaner in body. Filled to the brim in soul. Yes, my yesterdays have great gifts of memories for me.

THE LAND

A Letter to Agrarians

Germany,
February 21.

This is a great morning for reflection. From a window in our billet I can see low, rolling hills for miles around. Also I can locate three other hamlets inevitably marked off by church spires. The snow is gone, birds sing, roosters crow, sheep bleat, and for moments one can imagine this country and all it is endowed with serving mankind with a generous source of life, beauty. I would like to forget momentarily that these little hamlets, homes and beautiful fields are objectives of war.

In ruminating and gazing around, I think back to the many things I have read in the *Catholic Worker* and the many agrarian papers that used to come in on the exchange. There was all the writing by Borsodi and the group on Free America and the other sources making a convincing case for decentralization. They would be fortified in their convictions.

Each day the boys in my outfit read about and rejoice over the havoc wrought on the cities by the air forces. Good weather speeds up this mass destruction and renders so many city dwellers helpless. They become refugees and all the vitals of city life are wrecked. Their water, light, heat and power are gone. No stores means no food.

But the planes of war could hardly tear up the fields and forests. Shell holes fail to make the earth less abundant. And I notice in all the ruination of war the indomitable presence of God's gifts. The source of life still remains, although the stewards of the earth are otherwise occupied.

Even as we are billeted here and in other towns, one can see that the civilians who were spared by the war fare better than those we saw as mendicants back in French and Belgian cities. Although they work under guard, the survivors clinging to these village homes have an occasional cow, chickens, eggs, lamb, goat, and whatever potatoes and greenstuffs that were not pilfered from the cellars or ruined by bombing.

They must look with gratitude to the fields around them. There is lumber for rebuilding, water from the springs and the reproducing stock. True, these people are called primitive, but they can rebuild and reclaim much faster than many. Long have they been used to doing without many things that for city dwellers are essential and without which they could hardly survive.

Soldiers, both German and Allied, have scavenged cellars and attics, consuming all the preserves and smoked meats. Today I like to look at the brightness of the sun and the Spring thaw as a reminder that the days of berries, apples and vegetables for putting up are nearing again. If peace reigns this Spring and Summer, by God's grace, the activity through here will be productive. The materials are at hand, it will take dignified work, not the ration cards of the state.

Since I have been in Germany I have lived crowdedly in many homes between periods at the

front. To most soldiers the idea of Europeans being able to go from the rooms of their homes directly into the cow barn is quite primitive and silly. Many fail to see the value of the lasting houses with their thick walls and the many facilities of the adjoining barn. Yet, we have cooked the meat, ate of the cows and chickens and drank of the water from the springs that served both man and beast. Few see the heating value of an adjoining barn. If our rations were held up we know where to turn for sustenance.

Back in some of the French towns the manure piles in front of homes evoked laughter. Homes like this are a little warmer and the water is kept thawed out. I'm sure the rich heaps next to each house in this region will reap good dividends for the good of many when invested in the soil. Fertilizer need not be bought. If it had to be depended upon the earth would remain unplowed, for no one could afford the price, transportation would not be available. Anyway, the industrial fertilizer plants are probably demolished.

Our men comment on the nice chops that would come from the pigs rooting around our house. There are sheep and geese, and ducks, too. If all these prompt the appetite of soldiers who are well fed, just think what they mean to those who will come back to these farms and have no other source of food.

I can now appreciate a thousandfold more all the thought put into the "land" pages of the *Catholic Worker*. I'm hoping all the seeds planted in these pages take root. I don't hope for it to spread much in our time. Every day I see contempt for "primitive" farms and ridicule heaped upon "backward" people. The "backward" will be the first to recover, and let's thank God for the "primitive" sources of life.

TIM O'BRIEN.

The Tempest

(Continued from page 4)

The implication of Caliban's last lines, and the pathos of his exit, lift the beast to the human plane, to a dim realization of GOOD AND EVIL, and the choice of GOOD, but Margaret Webster cut this important scene. She lets him climb up to the topmost rocky platform which only Ariel and Prospero have occupied during the play (a bit of symbolism carefully worked out) and there, by a trick of lighting, Caliban merges and disappears into an upright pinnacle of rock. Shakespeare gave the poor monster a soul, but here he is robbed of life and identity to become a mere inanimate rock. Prospero and the final curtain suffer from this strange error of judgment and showmanship as the audience, watching Caliban's exit, doesn't hear Prospero's last lines.

The modern theatre tends to keep the different aspects of the drama in watertight compartments, a play is labeled a farce, a comedy, a melodrama, a tragedy, but Shakespeare put all these together in one play, for he was a genius. To breathe life again into the words in which these marvels are hidden demands some sparks of that same divine fire! And Margaret Webster's production gives us that release from ourselves which is one of the functions of great art, so it seems churlish to call attention to the flaws in this masterpiece. The best reason for going to the theatre is neither to be amused nor edified but to be spellbound, and "The Tempest" holds you spellbound.

About Saint Benedict's Farm

Behold how good and how joyful it is, brothers living as one.
—(Ps. 132)

Our Aim

Our aim is to help people to settle on the land. As the unit of society is the family, it is thus natural that we shall aim in particular to help families.

Our Land

Through the generosity of our friends, we were given land in Upton, Mass., 15 miles southeast from Worcester. The land comprises about 100 acres, partly fields and partly scrub woodland, and a large old Eighteenth century farmhouse, abandoned for many years and in a sad condition of neglect. But, little by little, and with whatever time and money we can save, we are working to restore both the land and the house.

Our Plan

We plan to form a village, by giving the use of a parcel of land, not exceeding five acres each, to about a dozen families, each paying its own share of the yearly taxes, and managing the remaining common land together, by common consent. We believe such families, living in common harmony, to be an image



of the heavenly joy. That is why we hope that the new families coming to join us will be of one mind with us in Christ. Already we are two families, settled each in its own house. Already we are learning to grow gardens and look after a few animals. Already we have common work and hospitality. Already we had to make a little school for our children. Already we have a small library.

Our Means

In order to help the next family to break away from the city and make its home with us, we have begun a building fund with which we intend to erect a small house on one of our parcels. The little house is to be bought at cost by the next settlers, and its price used again for us to build the next house, and so on, until all the parcels are settled. We are soliciting your help, and, needless to say, we shall be very grateful for your contribution to our building fund, which is administered by A. de Bethune and John Magee, trustees. You may address us at St. Benedict's Farm, R. D. 4, Upton, Mass.

CARL PAULSON
MARTIN F. O'DONNELL

FOR BABIES

Who will make plain white tatting for necks and sleeves of tiny baby dresses for the Christ Child Society?

The Christ Child Society,
St. Walburga's Academy,
630 Riverside Drive,
New York City 31, N. Y.

A PILGRIMAGE

By CATHERINE DE HUECK DOHERTY

THEY all laughed hard. Not uncharitably, mind you, but lustily and joyously, and I really did not mind, though I was a little confused, because the cause of their nice laughter was me, myself, and yet as far as I knew I had not done anything funny, nor did I look unusual to myself. Unusual for the occasion, that is.

For it was a pilgrimage, wasn't it? We all were to assemble at a given address on that particular date to go to the holy shrines of the martyred Jesuits in Auriesville, New York. At least that is what I had understood.

Well, here I was, hobnailed boots, knapsack and a precious gourd of water. What was so funny about that? Yet they were laughing, a friendly, joyous, yet loud laughter. Finally one good soul exclaimed, "Katie, you don't mean that you thought we were WALKING to Auriesville, which is more than a hundred miles from here! We are going by bus, you nut!"

Well, well. Now it was my turn to look astonished and finally laugh. By bus—a pilgrimage by bus! Never heard of such, and in my lifetime I had made many pilgrimages. What was the point? A pilgrimage was sort of a prayer, an act of penance, thanksgiving and praise. How all this could be accomplished in that short bus ride was more than I could figure out. But then, I was in America and not in Russia, so when in Rome do as the Romans do, said I to myself, and climbed into the bus that had just arrived.

As we rolled through a beautiful countryside I was slowly making a long journey back into my yesterdays. I did not join in the gay laughter, nor the rollicking singing that was going on. I was too far away for that.

I WAS back in the soft pastel-shaded Summer of northern Russia, where we had a country home and a large farm. Soon the Feast of Saints Peter and Paul. The vigil, a time for fasting and penance. And mother would begin first thinking and

talking, then preparing for another pilgrimage to holy places. She loved pilgrimages, especially to one of the many shrines of our Blessed Lady with which Russia abounded.

First, of course, one prays, and reads up on the shrine one goes to. And begins one's simple preparation. From a bolt of clean, unbleached linen, made at home out of our own flax, one cuts the pilgrim's dress. A simple affair for women, just a sort of kimono pattern. A hole for the head, and sleeves cut on the kimono style. Then sew it all with clean linen thread and a prayer. Now a linen cord, hand-woven. A linen sack sewed neatly together to hold a loaf of freshly baked rye bread, a good pinch of rough salt wrapped in a clean linen rag. Clean and air that water gourd, and all is ready.

The morning of the pilgrimage is usually clear and sunny; was so for us, anyhow. Mass and Communion in the morning at the little country church. A light breakfast. No one eats much on penitential pilgrimages. Now the dressing up in the neat, clean garments prepared so well beforehand. The linen robe. The linen cord. Barefooted. A simple, modest and easy-to-put-on attire. Easy to walk in, too. The bread, the water. Now we are ready. The family walks with us to the village green, where the rest of the folks are assembling. All looking alike. All

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Woman and the Land

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larger circle than the family. They are not made to be hermits, nor do they have the temperament and qualities to sustain the life of a desert father. They cannot bear the isolation which the farm too often imposes. The fact that women connect farming with loneliness constitutes one of the most formidable psychological barriers to the rural movement, a barrier which can only be broken down by the development of flourishing, closely knit, rural communities.

It is a task for the rural apostolate to demonstrate the fullness of Catholic community life on the land by establishing homestead communities which exemplify concretely the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ. From their unity at the altar in the vital bond of Catholic worship, the members of the community will draw strength and inspiration for their common action in all phases of life. They will unite on the economic plane through cooperatives and credit unions, and through common ownership of machinery, pastures and woodlands. They will unite socially and intellectually in the great task of building a genuine rural culture.

This phase of the community life is of special importance for women, for they are particularly sensitive to the beauty and grace which a true rural culture would

impart to buildings and landscape, furniture and costume, manners and customs. Women have a deep interest in the songs and dances, the drama and literature, which are the normal fruit of Catholic community life. Under the influence of a stable and well-integrated community, inspired by the Catholic vision of life, women will blossom forth and be stimulated to contribute the best of their qualities and talents to the creation of a new social order.

Like Anteus, the mythological hero, modern society must renew its strength by contact with the earth. Women have an essential role to play in that renewal. If they once glimpse the vision of the rich, full Catholic life on the land, they will turn enthusiastically toward the creation of a new pattern of rural living. Like the valiant woman of Scripture, they will "put out their hands to strong things," and throw themselves wholeheartedly into the fundamental work of reconstruction, the work of building Christian families and Christian communities on the land.

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