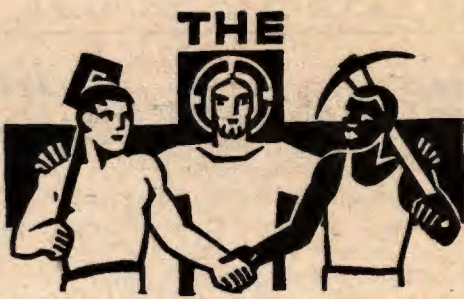


# CATHOLIC WORKER



Vol. VIII. No. 7

MAY, 1941

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## EASY ESSAYS

By

Peter Maurin

### Beyond Marxism

#### I. A Communist Society

1. "A Communist society is a society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs."
2. Such a society is not found in Soviet Russia.
3. Such a society is found in Catholic monasteries.
4. For Vincent Mc Nabb an English Dominican told Strachey an English Marxist "I am a Communist; you are only 'an amateur.'"

#### II. I Agree

1. I agree with seven bishops, three of whom are archbishops, that the criticism of Bourgeois Capitalism by the Communist Party is a sound criticism.
2. I agree with seven bishops, three of whom are archbishops that the main social aim of the Communist Party which is to create a new society where each one works according to his ability and gets according to his needs is a sound social aim.

(Continued on page 3)

### River Rouge— Vividly Pictured By Correspondent

#### Strength and Weakness of Union Stressed in Letter

We walked in the picket line for several hours yesterday. I enjoyed the carnival spirit, the singing, and especially the coffee, sandwiches and doughnuts which flowed free! And I was happy to see the absence of hate. Except for the first day when violence was clearly company-incited, there has been little violence. The men are very good-humored but determined. Many UAW-CIO members from other plants are marching—they see it as their fight. If the union fails at Ford's, they might as well count on a final failure of the union at their own plants. One fellow says he runs a little store after working hours in his shop but he had taken time off for picket duty because he worked at Ford's for twelve years himself and he knew how much the union was needed. Another one agreed with me on the absence of violence and said this was exceptional when you remembered these Ford workers had no experience as union members or as strikers.

#### Many Races

You remember the League of Nations breakdown that Ford organizers showed you in '37? Languages were diverse—how they ever reached all

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### Bread and Liberty

People are persuaded that any attempt to redress the wrongs of the world by military force will fail lamentably as they failed in the last war, and future wars will arise to "mock our illusory hopes and efforts," the Most Reverend Archbishop Spellman of New York



A. de Bothune

said at a special Mass celebrated at Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Archbishop Spellman quoted the Pope as saying "the whole human race hungers for bread and liberty, not for steel."

"Yes, and the whole human race hungers also for peace, international peace. But no dictionary of Christian words, and I may add, no dictionary of American words, defines peace as a synonym of either murder or suicide."

Of Pius XII, he said, he "was destined by God to preside over the Church and guide the spiritual destinies of peoples, when all the evils condemned by preceding Pontiffs were to bring forth their most bitter fruits of cruel, disastrous war, a war which is the culmination of the weakening of the foundation of the moral and religious ideas and ideals on which our civilization has been built."

"Although armaments are being multiplied, I believe the desire for peace on the part of all the people was never greater," he said.

### Form Forty-Seven— Answered By War Objector

#### Catholic Worker Reader's Answers to Some Questions on C-O Form

*Describe the nature of your belief which is the basis of your claim.*

What follows is a true statement of my personal religious beliefs. As a Catholic belonging to the PAX movement, sponsored in this country by the CATHOLIC WORKER, 115 Mott street, New York City. I do not believe that participation in war can be justified in conscience because of the Fifth Commandment which states "Thou shalt not kill" and according to the requirements of the historic spokesmen for the Christian, Catholic tradition (Catholic theology).

I do not believe that a just war is actually possible today, for under present conditions warfare involves moral and physical evils so great as to exceed any possible legitimate gain to either side.

The PAX movement, which is an association of Catholic conscientious objectors, has adopted as its own the following manifesto of the Catholic Youth Peace Action of Holland and Belgium, to which I subscribe as God's will for me:

"We will not take part in war. When they tell us that it is for our country, we shall not believe it, because we know that we cannot serve our country by destroying that, of others, nor for our honor, because modern warfare is the

(Continued on page 3)

## DAY AFTER DAY

#### Death on Bowery

This morning it was hot. The Church felt cool and a little damp. Everyone on the breadline looked calm and peaceful in the sun, so comfortable after a long, cold, wet March. I got back to breakfast and Bill Evans said: "There's a man sitting dead over on the Bowery. The cops beat the soles of his feet until I should think they'd broken every bone in them, but he was dead . . . I could have told them that at first sight. I passed him on my way to Mass (I'm stopping at the Sunshine Hotel) and he sat propped up there against the side of the building with his head back. He looked peaceful. The cops were changing shifts, so first there were two, then four, and they beat his feet. Took off his shoes. They were laughing and talking."

The lack of respect for the profound and awful fact of death is here marked in this incident as it was marked at the birth of the baby William last winter. A man had died. One of many. Homeless? Probably his own fault. Probably a rum hound. Etc. But nevertheless a creature of body and soul, made in the image and likeness of God. A temple of the Holy Spirit. And as such, worthy of reverence as he sat there, up against the side of a building, head lifted to the sky, the face gentle.

"Every morning a morgue wagon goes around picking up

(Continued on page 4)

## Ben Joe Labray

Dear Fellow Workers:

Well I finally arrived in California. Got stuck with a job in Denver. Worked in a hash joint for three months. Worked from 5 a.m. to 7 p.m. for ten bucks per. I got time out for dinner and lunch (twenty minutes for each meal) but only after a hot argument with the boss. He told me I had to get back to work as soon as I finished eating and be quick about it, too. But I took my time eating and went into the toilet to have my smoke so I had about three quarters of an hour off. The boss gave me a dirty look every time, but I still stuck to my right to take my time to eat. Once he yelled at me and said that if I didn't like the job there were plenty more bums around that would be glad to take it. I stuck it for three months then lit out and took to the road and landed out here in 'sunny California'

where it rained steadily for three months.

On my way up the coast I fell in with a couple of young fellows. They left home in Wisconsin last fall to get out here and find a job. They were bitterly disappointed in California and wanted to go back home, but their fathers were on W.P.A. and there was a house full of kids and they didn't want to be in the way. We talked about the war and they were worried about being drafted. The oldest is twenty and the other one seventeen. We found a place along the roadside where the grass was green and thick and there we laid for several hours while they told me they did not want to go off and learn how to kill people. They had no grudge against the Germans and even Hitler, one of them said he had a right to his opinions and that

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## Bread—Not Bullets

By RT. REV. G. B. O'TOOLE

(The following is an address given on Good Friday night in Washington, D. C., at a meeting following the presentation of the petition of the "Food for Europe Pilgrimage," containing 6,400 names to the Department of State by Rev. John Nevins Sayre, secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation.)

"Then he shall say to them also that shall be on his left hand; Depart from me, ye cursed. . . For I was hungry, and you gave me not to eat: I was thirsty and you gave me not to drink. I was a stranger, and you took me not in: naked, and you covered me not: sick and in prison, and you did not visit me. Then, they also shall answer him saying: Lord, when did we see thee hungry, or thirsty, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister to thee? Then

shall he answer them, saying: Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not unto one of these least, neither did you do it to me. And these shall go into everlasting punishment: but the just, into life everlasting." (Matth. XXV, 41-46.)

Not long ago a former President of the United States entreated us to show mercy to fifteen million starving children in Five Little Democracies, and that is only a small fraction of the famine victims who stretch out their hands to us from war-torn Europe and China.

"Caught between the millstones of German occupation and the British blockade," they are doomed to a horrible death by starvation; thanks to the unrelenting hardheartedness of the German and British gov-

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## Ben Joe Labray Writes After Long Silence

(Continued from page 1)

we all should look to ourselves. They thought that some day we might have persecutions here.

They were confused, though, and wondered what the future would hold for them and for all youth. The youngest hadn't worked since he left High School and everywhere he went he was refused work because he had no experience. They thought of getting jobs in an aviation plant, but then they said after this defense business is over we will all be out in the cold again. They didn't know what they wanted to do eventually. Just thought they would like a job somewhere and maybe get married.

It is kids like them that make me sad. They don't know where to go or what to do. They know things are wrong, but they don't know what to do about it. I told them about the Green Revolution and they looked kinda scared. I guess they thought I was a Commie or something. But they let me talk on and we walked on through the hot valley. We bummed a ride on a truck and the driver treated us all to hamburgers and left the kids at Salinas and yelled after them, "Never mind, kids, it will all come out in the wash."

### Filipino Brothers

Salinas is the center of the lettuce industry and the migratory camps are dotted all over the countryside. Shacks made from packing boxes and bits of tin. All the rain they had this winter washed some of them away and there wasn't one that didn't have a leaky roof. One family that lost their house spent the winter in their jalopy. These people are worse off than the peasants of Europe, or at least they were before the war. But you know all about the migrants now so I won't write more about them. Many of the workers are Filipinos and those are the ones that are bad off, they got it extra hard because they are a different race.

These Filipinos do the most tedious and dirtiest work—washing dishes and cleaning toilets in hospitals, picking lettuce and celery. They work ten to twelve hours a day, bent over nearly double in the grilling sun. They live in the luddled slums of the valley towns in houses that were abandoned as uninhabitable years ago. Live six or eight in a room in real Communist style. They share all expenses and what one owns they all own. When one boy buys a suit they all take turns wearing it. Groups of boys from the same town will live together in one house. I found out that all Filipinos do not speak the same language so that makes it difficult for them to get together.

### Communist Cells

But the Commies have organizers from different parts of the islands who work among the boys from their own section. After working they come back to their barracks and after a simple meal of rice and vege-

tables they sit around and listen while one of their number begins to talk about the long hours and low wages, the vigilantes and the constant watching that they are all subject to. They think that he has all the answers and they go into town on Saturday night and to a Communist cell and almost before they know it have become followers of Marx. They do not go to church much and no Catholic ever takes an interest in them; even the priest never bothers with them. The schools in the islands are run by the U. S. government and like all good schools in democracies, religion is never mentioned.

Catholics should get out and meet with their fellows in Christ who work in the fields and do the menial work of the world. If we all would see Christ in the Filipino and the Negro. There are missionaries for the Negro and interracial organizations and magazines, but no one bothers about the



St JOHN & GOD  
A. de Bethune

Filipino. And he is already a Catholic. I can't get it—why we send thousands of dollars over to the islands to help the sons of the Church when they arrive here. They tell me that the Filipino is immoral. I don't think he is any more so than any one else. He lives under the most sordid conditions. He needs a family life, the company of decent people. I am trying to do my bit by treating them like real guys—which they are. I have been distributing the papers to them and talking to them about the Mystical Body and the dignity of man and of his work.

### On the Road

Now I am going to take the highway to Frisco. I don't think I will take any rides. I feel like walking and thinking about things. Easter is here and when there should be Peace on earth there is instead misery and slaughter. We send shiploads of guns and ammunition to Europe when we should be sending food and clothing. I got a couple of sweet buns in my pocket that I bought in Monterey and as I munch on them I wonder what are the

French eating today—and the Poles. And if they are eating now how long will they be able to. At Mass I always pray for peace—a lasting peace.

At Mass this morning at Carmel Mission I wondered how many Poles are hearing Mass—how many are meeting in back rooms or in cellars with their pastors. How many more have no church to go to, who must say their prayers in a locked room or in a concentration camp. Maybe the day will come when we, too, will not be able to go to Mass. Every morning I thank God that I can go to Mass, that there is such a thing as the Sacrifice of the Mass. When I go wandering over the country working on farms and getting any kind of a job—washing dishes or scrubbing floors, picking fruit or pitching hay I always try to keep the feeling I have at morning Mass. I try to feel united with all men—with the Negro, the Filipino, the migrant family, the starving French and Poles. As long as there is anything wrong with any man, any place on earth, I cannot be happy. That is why I want to walk to Frisco, maybe walking along the highway through the field and by the brown hills—maybe I can think better.

### The New Earth

I am troubled sometimes, but I know as long as there is hope all is not lost. I think of the Christian Russians meeting wherever they can all these years, their priests working in factories, the nuns working in offices or stores, or maybe getting by on whatever food they can pick up from friends. And still they have hope. After twenty-three years of persecution. Surely they have hope and faith. Hope I sometimes think is the lost virtue. Everyone gets excited about the future, yet no one thinks of God in His Heaven and that all this confusion is only the beginning of another age and it is up to us, to every one of us, to make the next age as perfect one as possible.

Well, friends, I will continue on my way to Frisco. Will go to the house there for a meal. I hear they feed you good at that house. Hope they have some shoes as mine are worn through. It will soon be time for work in the canneries. Then I will come East in the fall and will stop and see you all at Mott Street.

Your fellow worker in Christ,  
Ben Joe Labray

### Fine Houses

"From stately buildings, large houses, and everything fine and beautiful, may God deliver us! Ever remember that all such places must fall at the day of judgement; and who knows how soon that may be? And for a house of thirteen poor women to make a great noise by its fall is not proper, since the really poor are not to make any noise. If with a safe conscience I could wish that on the same day that you build a fine house it may tumble down and kill you all, I do wish it, and pray God it may happen. It looks very bad, my daughters, to build stately houses out of the property of the poor."

Saint Teresa.

## Bread—Not Bullets Blessed Are the Merciful

(Continued from page 1)

ernments. America is their only hope.

"Talk about military strategy," exclaims Senator Johnson. "What of morality? Millions of children stunted and formed by undernourishment!"

The most antichristian thing about Nazism is its open profession of MORAL NIHILISM: the immoral doctrine that might makes right, that right is identified with the interest of the strongest, that governments are entitled to do anything they have the power to do. Implicit in this false principle is the denial of God—the denial of any power higher than that of the State.

The Nazis, therefore, are only running true to form in decreeing the extermination of the innocent. What is especially tragic, however, is that our British friends, far from repudiating this pagan disregard for human life, have elected to fight fire with fire, to match Nazi callousness with callousness equally ruthless. Under the mistaken notion that they thereby serve the cause of God and humanity, they absolutely refuse to mitigate in the least the rigor of their naval blockade.

In vain has our former President, Herbert Hoover, offered, out of his experience in the last war, a plan for soup kitchens which, under the supervision of American officials, would prevent the food we sent from falling into German hands by putting it directly into the mouths of the starving Belgians, Hollanders, French and Norwegians. In vain has General John J. Pershing given public assurance that this relief work could be carried out "without military loss or benefit to either side." In vain has even so implacable a foe of Nazism as ex-Ambassador Bullitt warned the British that, by denying food to the famine victims of Europe they are foolishly alienating the sympathies of their former allies and so "simply playing the German game." The British government remains adamant. In their Statement on Blockade Policy of March 7, 1941, in which they rejected Mr. Hoover's proposal to institute soup kitchens in Belgium, His Majesty's Government explains that the feeding of Belgians "is the responsibility of the German Government."

"It may be urged," the statement continues, "that . . . the duty of feeding the hungry overrules all other considerations. This is an argument which the British Government must respect, although they cannot accept it. . . the British Government are satisfied that relief of countries in enemy occupation would, whatever the conditions might be, postpone the day of victory. They regard as their primary duty to rid Europe of Nazi tyranny and to restore the conquered peoples to physical and spiritual freedom. They cannot allow themselves to be deflected from this goal and, in full realization of their responsibility, they therefore feel obliged to reaffirm their determination not to permit the blockade to be

weakened or undermined by the admission of supplies from overseas into any territory under enemy control."

A good end never justifies an evil means; nor will a belated restoration of freedom be of any service to the unfortunates who have perished for lack of their daily bread—from want of the barest necessities of life. No rebirth of democratic institutions can atone or compensate for the tragic wrecking of human minds and bodies wrought by the famine in Europe today.

Doubtless, due allowance must be made for Britain's attitude in view of the fact that this nation is now engaged in a harrowing and desperate struggle for existence. What wonder, if in their present state of mind, "they know not what they do?"

For us Americans, however, the same excuse is not available. The British, being dependent upon us for help, would be only too ready to comply with Mr. Hoover's proposals, provided our own Federal Government had the Christian decency to insist upon it.

American Christians, it is we who stand on trial before God. If we fail to back up Mr. Hoover's plan, if we turn a deaf ear to the cries of Europe's starving children, then the blood of Christian Europe will be upon our guilty heads.

Already America's garments are stained red with the blood of China's millions, slaughtered by means of the scrapiron and airplane gasoline that the United States Government licensed for export to Japan.

Christian men and women, I appeal to you in the name of our common Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, in the name of Him who said, "As often as you did it to one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it also to me."

Let us deluge our President and Congress with importunate demands. Let us flatly refuse to take NO for an answer. As Christians, we are bound to show mercy to those who have fallen among robbers. If we fail to do so, we are no Christians; for it is written "He that loveth not his brother whom he seeth, how shall he love God whom he seeth not?"

And let no hardheaded "realist" argue you into believing that Christian mercy is an impractical ideal; that guns are more important than God's blessing when it comes to national defense. Do we, or do we not believe that God is more powerful than Hitler? Well, then, God who is faithful, has made us this promise: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his justice and all these other things shall be added unto you."

As for those "of little faith," who rely exclusively on battle-ships and bombers, diffident of the power of God, let them ponder His other words: "And if thou think that battles consist in the strength of the army, God will make these to be overcome by the enemy; for it belongeth to God to help or to put to flight."

(II Chronicles, 25:8)



# FORM FORTY-SEVEN

(Continued from page 1)

lowest of dishonorable things; nor for our women and children, because we shall remember the women and children of Ethiopia, Spain and China; nor for democracy, because war involves an absolute military dictatorship; nor against communism (or fascism or nazism for that matter), because a movement for the spirit cannot be destroyed by force and because the sword has never converted anyone.

"And, above all, when they tell us that it is for God, we shall not believe it, because we know that God is Love, and that in war every means is used except love."

## Not the Better Way

*Under what circumstances, if any, do you believe in the use of force?*

The teaching of the Catholic Church, to which I assent, holds that the use of force for the vindication of any undoubted right is in some cases and under certain conditions allowable to men, both individually and collectively, though it is not necessarily the better or more perfect way.

The use of force is permissible provided that it is undertaken in vindication of a strict right, that the good accomplished be proportionate to the magnitude and gravity of the damages to be inflicted; that it is to be undertaken as a last resort and not until all peaceful methods have been tried and found inadequate; that there is a right intention, and that it be rightly conducted with moderation, without using immoral means, and without inflicting excessive injury.

I do not believe that modern war could ever fulfill these conditions required by the Church. This is on the basis of the conclusions of Catholic canonists and moral theologians (whom I will refer to in answer to a later question) who are studying the matter and who have come to the conclusion that: modern war in the full sense of the word and expression is in itself irrational, unlawful and sinful, and that Christians and Catholics ought not to take part in it.

Thus, the Catholic Association for International Peace in its pamphlet "The Ethics of War" states that warfare by any large state is immoral at the present time because it involves moral and physical evils so great as to exceed any possible legitimate gain to either side.

## The Fifth Commandment

*Describe briefly the creed or official statements of said religious sect or organization in relation to participation in war.*

The basis and source of my belief and conviction is: (1) The dogmatic and moral teaching of the Catholic Church: The Fifth Commandment as taught to Catholics is "Thou shalt not kill." This is the only official statement of the Church regarding war, though there is much said by our spiritual authorities concerning it. Thus, the Catholic canonists and moral theologians who are studying the matter have come to the conclusion that modern war as we know it is irrational, unlawful and sinful, and that Christians and Catholics ought not to take part in it.

These views have been made available notably by Dr. John K. Ryan of the Catholic University ("Modern War and Basic Ethics") in America, Father Gerald Vann, O.P., in England, and Father Francis Stratmann ("The Church and War") and the author of "Peace and the Clergy," in Germany.

The teaching of the Catholic Church is this: If we are sincerely convinced of the rightness of such conclusions (as I am), we are bound to have nothing to do with modern war, the same as with any other deadly evil, sin. In other words, we are committed to "conscientious objection."

Archbishop McNicholas of Cincinnati has called for it in a pastoral to his people saying: "Will Christians in our own country form a mighty league of conscientious non-combatants? The organization of such a league deserves the serious consideration of all informed Christians who have the best interests of America at heart."

The Catholic Association for International Peace, which is affiliated with the National Catholic Welfare Council, has stated in one of its pamphlets concerning the practical impossibility of a just war in our time:

"It is far better that the names of Catholic youth be inscribed on the list of conscientious objectors than on the bronze memorial tablets adorning the college libraries, the city halls and other public places."

And if it be asked why has not the Pope spoken, if these things be so, we say that Pius XI has said (inter alia) that "any nation so mad as to contemplate war would be guilty of monstrous murder and almost certainly of suicide." And we can want nothing more specific.

## The Pope Has Spoken

Our present Pope, Pius XII, has stated "everything is lost by war which can be gained by peace."

(2) Moreover, as Catholics, we are mindful of the counsels of perfection. We repudiate war of all kinds, however technically justifiable in a given case, for experience shows it is always in fact at variance with the spirit of Christ, and that the good that the Christians desire as men and as Christians cannot be obtained by such means.

For Catholics, war means the killing of their fellow-members in Christ's Mystical Body, and they are mindful of the awful cry of Pope Clement, "Why do the members of Christ tear one another, why do we rise up against one another in such madness: have we forgotten that we are all members of one another?"

We consider that as Catholics we have inherited the Beatitudes, including the Beatitude of the peace makers (pacifici)

## War's Trickery

1. Modern war is won by him who rots last, but in the end both rot together.
  2. In a world become desert we thirst for comradeship.
  3. It is the savor of bread broken with comrades that makes us accept the values of war.
  4. But there are other ways than war to bring us the warmth of a race shoulder to shoulder toward an identical ideal.
  5. War has tricked us.
- Antoine de Saint Exupery.  
(Wind, Sand and Stars.)



MARY MEDIATRIX  
A. de Bethune

and that our duty is clear. The Sermon on the Mount is our Christian manifesto.

Father Stratmann says: "The triumph of pacifism, the condemning of war and the declaration of passive resistance is just as little opposed to tradition as was the attitude of the Church towards slavery or serfdom or the dogma of the Immaculate Conception or the infallibility of the Pope."

## The Liberty of Christ

As Christians we claim the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free—the freedom to practice His law and His way as our conscience dictates.

Father Daniel Lord, S.J., editor of *Queen's Work*, national students' monthly of very large circulation, in the October, 1940, issue, says of Christian pacifism:

"The man who fails to examine his conscience and fights in an unjust war is guilty in the sight of God. The man who turns from war as he turns from all force, who follows the peaceful Christ rather than the victorious general; who fights not with the easy weapons of man's war, but with truth and virtue and love and unselfishness; who battles not a human enemy but the immortal enemies of mankind; sin wherever he finds it, temptation laying siege to his soul, prejudice, uncharity, cruelty, exploitation—that man is a Christian pacifist—that is the way of the saints."

To this do the Catholic Worker group and its supporters aspire as Catholics.

## "Called to Be Saints"

(3) The position of the Catholic Church is shown also in the example of the saints, whom the Church proposes for our imitation. Donald Attwater (who with Father Thurston edited the "Lives of the Saints") calls St. Martin of Tours the patron saint of conscientious objectors for, forced into the army against his own will, he refused to fight the invaders on the ground that a Christian should not engage in war.

The history of the Church is replete with martyrs who, like Christ, preferred to be innocent victims rather than spill blood of their brothers in God. Both St. Marcellinus and St. Maximilian refused to render military service, and because they gave their Christianity as the reason for their refusal, they were executed.

Inasmuch as the recommendation not to shed blood is a counsel of Christian perfection proposed by the Church to all the faithful and imposed by Canon law on the clergy, and inasmuch as the Church has enrolled in her Martyrology saints who suffered martyrdom rather than do military service, Catholics have the right to be conscientious objectors.

## EASY ESSAYS

By Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

3. I agree with seven bishops, three of whom are archbishops, that proletarian dictatorship and class-struggle are not sound means.
4. They are not pure means; they are impure means.

### III. Means and Ends

1. It is not true that the ends justify the means.
2. To use impure means to realize a pure end is to give up the end for the sake of the means.
3. A pure end requires pure means.
4. Christian charity and voluntary poverty are the pure means for the realization of a Communist society.
5. Through Christian charity and voluntary poverty we can create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new, which is not a new philosophy, but a very old philosophy, a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

### IV. He Left So Much

1. When a man dies and leaves a lot of money the papers say: "He left so much."
2. But they say: "He left so much."
3. Why did he leave so much?

4. Well, he did not know enough to carry it with him when he died by giving it to the poor for Christ's sake during his lifetime.

### V. Better and Better Off

1. The world would be better off if people tried to become better.
2. And people would become better if they stopped trying to become better off.
3. For when everybody tries to become better off nobody is better off.
4. But when everybody tries to become better everybody is better off.
5. Everybody would be rich if nobody tried to become richer.
6. And nobody would be poor if everybody tried to be the poorest.
7. And everybody would be what he ought to be if everybody tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

### VI. Logical and Practical

1. What is not logical is not practical even if it is practiced.
2. What is logical is practical even if it is not practical.
3. To practice what is not logical though it is practical is to be a bourgeois.
4. A bourgeois is a fellow who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody, which makes him nobody.
5. To practice what is logical even if it is not practiced is to be a leader.
6. A leader is a fellow who follows a cause.
7. The Sermon on the Mount will be called practical When Christians make up their mind to practice it.

## Life Teaches

1. No man can draw a free breath who does not share with other men a common and disinterested ideal.
  2. Life has taught us that love does not consist in gazing at each other but in looking outward together in the same direction.
  3. There is no comradeship except through union in the same high effort.
  4. Even in our age of material well-being this must be so;
  5. Else how explain the happiness we feel in sharing our last crust with others in the desert?
  6. No sociological textbook can prevail against this fact.
- Antoine de Saint Exupery.  
(Wind, Sand and Stars.)



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## May Day

Today we begin our ninth year. Once again we go out on the streets, out on the highways and byways and scatter the CATHOLIC WORKER. Every year, every May Day, friends and fellow workers from coast to coast have taken bundles of papers out to the May Day Parades, out to the parks, and distributed. It is spring and we are scattering seeds. It is not for us to think of the harvest—our job is to do the sowing. Is the ground poor, is it hard and stony, is the crop to be choked by weeds? We will water it with our prayer. Throughout the country, priests, monks and nuns in their powerhouses will generate the heat and light and power to enable us to carry on the work.

It is not with pity that we go to these our brothers, the workers throughout the land.

"we contrive

Lean comfort for the starving, who intrude  
upon them with our pots of pity: brewed  
from stronger meat must be the broth we give" (Millay).

It is with love we go, love strong as death. It is with the respect born of the knowledge that these are our brothers because Christ is our brother.

It is May Day, it is Mary's Day, and she is our Mother as she is the Mother of God. And as the flesh of Jesus is the flesh of Mary,—these workers in their humanity are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, whether they be Communist or Catholic, Greek or Jew, black or white.

In spite of the tragedy all about us, this is a day of joy, for this is Mary's day and "Happy indeed art thou, O holy Virgin Mary, and most worthy of all praise, for out of thee arose the Sun of Justice, Christ our Lord."

## Human Dignity

When men are engaged in what they consider a just war, and are suffering dirt, disease, hunger, vermin—they do not feel themselves abject, objects of pity and condescension. They are free for the time from the burden of custom, from the constraint of material things. Dirt, rags, lice—they sense their dignity through it all. They bear themselves with dignity.

When men are on strike for better conditions, human hours, wages which will allow them to live as human beings instead of as slaves—when they are banded together in a union so that they feel their strength and power and know that the employer cannot speak to them with scorn and contempt as to a helpless single being, dependent and cringing for a weekly wage, for food for wife and children, then again they can endure hunger, dirt, and rags with dignity.

When men work together in a credit union, a cooperative, a farming commune, they feel a sense of brotherhood and can go to each other for support. They call each other "brother" in the unions, and they have sensed a brotherhood there, that they have missed in the Church. There, to them, is the Mystical Body of Christ, for Christ was a Worker, and so are they, and they are all members one of another, and an injury to one is an injury to all. And the Church, they feel, and Bossuet said, "which used to be the Church of the poor, has become the Church of the rich." Mass is a Sunday matter, and how can they be at home with Christ, how can they "come and dine" when the Church is not concerned with their daily toil, their wage, their housing, all those matters that keep body alive and soul in body. They are wrong, God help them, but that is the way they think, lost children that they are.

When you deprive a man of food, when you strike at his economic life, you are stripping him of something vital and he is shamed at being defrauded, attacked in so vulnerable a way. In Nazi Germany I have read how they dress prisoners in concentration camps in ridiculous garb to deprive them of their dignity. In our Municipal lodging house in New York they make men walk in short night shirts like strange, ridiculous, long legged birds.

It is enough that men are conscious that they are but dust. There is shame in that thought. It is necessary that they remind themselves also that they are "little less than the angels"—that Christ shared their human nature and so ennobled it, that they are temples of the Holy Spirit.

So let us not degrade our fellow man by censure, by judgment or by pity. With compassion, yes, because to have compassion means to suffer with. But let us respect one another. Let us see Christ in one another.

the stiffs," one of the men at the table said.

"There are always men hanging around the morgue to get their clothes."

A cheerful breakfast conversation on a sunny day.

### Manual Labor

Sometimes there are many letters to do. Sometimes there is time for manual labor, which can be termed penance, or exercise, whichever way you want to look at it. Around the CW it is always a pleasure, there are so many who want to join in.

We should write more about manual labor. It's another one



A. de Bethune

of the foundation stones of the work, of the social edifice we are trying to build. Manual labor, voluntary poverty, works of mercy, these are means of reaching the workers and learning from them, and teaching them. Besides inducing cooperation, besides overcoming barriers and establishing the spirit of brotherhood (besides just getting things done), manual labor enables us to use our body as well as our hands, our minds. Our bodies are made to be used, just as they are made to be respected as temples of the soul. God took on our human flesh and became man. He shared our human nature. He rose from the dead and His disciples saw the wounds in His hands, His feet and His side. They saw His body, that it was indeed a body still. He was not a disembodied spirit. We believe in the resurrection of the body, free from fatigues, from pain and disease and distortion and deformities, a glorified body, a body transfigured by love. All these are reasons for respecting the body, and using it well, not neglecting it by disuse.

### Out in Front

This morning there was no time for manual labor, but many letters to do. Margie Crowe and I took chairs out in front of the house and went

through a big pile of letters. In spite of constant interruptions, Margie was able to take about thirty letters. A tall old man with heavy side burns went by, all bedecked with safety pins, shoe laces, scissors, mirrors, brushes—a veritable hardware store. He was so laden that it was hard to see the crutch on which he was forced to trudge along. We had to buy shoe laces and a pocket knife for Teresa and a bottle brush for William; and then as it was mid-morning we invited him to sit down with us and have a cup of coffee and some cake. We further added to his load by giving him a handful of medals to distribute and a pocketful of CATHOLIC WORKERS.

### The Pipes

A Scotch friend who comes to dine with us every day passed by and aired her grievances. She could not play her bagpipes, she said, because she was forbidden by Mayor LaGuardia. She used to be able to earn two or three dollars on the streets, playing her bagpipes, but now it is against the law. She knew she had promised, she said, to come and play holy music on Good Friday for us. But she was afraid of carrying them through the streets, afraid that they would be taken from her. When she died, she said, she wanted her two sets of bagpipes and her drums with her in her coffin so she could be playing them as she went to heaven.

### The Three Hours

Father McMullin, Paulist, came on Good Friday and preached the Three Hours to our men out in the back courtyard. It was a warm day and there was room for many more in the yard than in the store. We were deeply grateful for the beautiful and inspiring discourses he gave us. He explained with simplicity and joy the seven last words of our Lord on the Cross, and the men listened with absorption to his story of the love of God.

(It is not to be casual that we mention this important event in this column. It is a



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little journalistic trick to put important bits of news and indoctrination in this column because it is simple and casual and easy to read. People get into the habit of reading columns nowadays. The mind gets tired with the sad news

of the day, with serious discussions and scholarly argument).

### New Houses

There are many new Houses of Hospitality opening up all over the country, we are pleased to say. One in Washington, D. C.; South Bend, Indiana; Sacramento, California; Cleveland, Ohio (for women); Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania (all under our auspices); and two others in Illinois and West Virginia, under diocesan or Legion of Mary auspices. We have lost count of ours at this moment, but there are at least thirty-five. Praise God that this impulse of hospitality is spreading. The thing we all have to remember is that these Houses, too, are means to an end and not ends in themselves. We hate breadlines with shamefaced hatred, and if you start feeding people, breadlines just spring up, you scarcely know how. But God has provided on this earth, enough for all, of food, clothing and shelter, and man has a natural right to these necessities. Other men have deprived him of work, of the means to live. In many cases, too, one's own sins result in a disordered life. To go back still further, economic disorders often are the cause of drunkenness and vice. St. Thomas said that a certain amount of goods is necessary for a man to lead a good life. St. Peter said we must work for a new earth wherein justice dwelleth. And we are working for a new earth so that man can attain to God his last end, and that indeed is the end of our work, our ultimate purpose.

### People Object

People write in, and send us help too, and protest against our participating in labor disputes, in discussions on war and peace. But we cannot stop at Houses of Hospitality, at breadlines. We must fight the causes of these breadlines, these overcrowded hospices. We will protest against war with our last breath, and will oppose "an armed peace which is no better than war itself." We will continue to oppose conscription until the law is repealed.

And it is good to remember, when we seem to have irreconcilable differences of opinions with our friends around the country, that St. Vincent Ferrer and St. Catherine of Sienna, both Dominicans, both canonized saints, espoused the cause of rival Popes at the time of the great Schism. So let there be no personal animosity, even if we cannot understand each other's points of view. In the name of our common humanity let us respect and love one another.

As Peter Maurin once said, "You give me a piece of your mind and I will give you a piece of my mind, and if the piece of my mind fits with the piece of your mind, according to your mind, you will have another piece on your mind."

"The earth belongs to all; not to the rich. But those who possess their share are fewer than those who do not. Therefore, you are paying a debt, not bestowing a gift."

—St. Ambrose.



# HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY

On May 1, 1941, THE CATHOLIC WORKER will be eight years old. That day was chosen by Dorothy Day because the Communists have their "working man's" parade in Union Square and she wanted them as well as many of the fallen away Catholics in crowds to read THE CATHOLIC WORKER. The first year THE CATHOLIC WORKER was on East 15th street, the second on Charles street and the remaining six years on Mott street where we have been since April 18, 1936.

The paper has increased from 2,500 copies to 75,000 going all over the world. The English C. W., the Australian C. W., and the Canadian Social Forum are our offsprings. This year we can count many papers or mimeographed bulletins being put out monthly by most of the Houses of Hospitality for distribution in their cities. The Chicago CATHOLIC WORKER will celebrate its third anniversary this June.

Our paper has been found in many unusual places such as being found five miles underground in the oldest mine in North America, situated in Nova Scotia. The miner was so impressed with finding a paper there, he subscribed. Another time a copy was found in a hotel in Mexico where it was under the mattress of the bed our friend occupied. Then an American priest saw his first copy when his shoes came back wrapped in the C. W. from a cobbler in Rome, Italy. There are about thirty-four Houses of Hospitality throughout the country which are run by their own groups, but are all part of the CATHOLIC WORKER movement, and this includes the two Houses in England and two in Canada.

## St. Joseph's House

Many of you have never been to St. Joseph's House of Hospitality and as this is our anniversary issue we are going to give you a picture of it. If you were to walk down Mott street you would see many buildings four or five stories high, the streets crowded with children playing and grownups enjoying the good weather. Then at 115 you would stop and see two stores with CATHOLIC WORKER printed on the window. The first one would have a statue of St. Joseph in it, several woodcuts and a few plants. (There never are enough plants or flowers around here). If you enter this store you will see men and women waiting for clothes or a meal. On one wall there are murals of St. Benedict Joseph Labre, St. Paul visiting St. Peter in prison, St. Benedict in his garden, the Holy Family at work (The Blessed Mother sewing, St. Joseph sawing and Christ measuring wood), Blessed Martin de Porres feeding a sick man and then St. Francis sweeping. They are very beautiful and were put up several years ago by Ade de Bethune, who has been drawing for the paper these past seven years.

## St. Patrick's Kitchen

The kitchen in back of the store was named St. Patrick's Kitchen by J. Griffin. He fed any man who came for clothes that cold December until the line grew to hundreds. There are two stoves and one big tub and a little sink, several tables and a closet for cups and bread.

This store is used for cooking, serving the thousand guests "ambassadors of God" who come to us each morning for coffee and bread. Peter Clark and several others take care of this as well as the cleaning of the store.

One evening a week we have meetings followed by discussions in this same store. We have different ones from our group speak or invite speakers like Bishop McGrath of China, Father Richard, a Capuchian missionary from India, Ed Skillin of "The Commonweal" or a striking trade unionist. Our friends from New York City or vicinity attend—about thirty or so come.

Between this store, the other store which we use as our office, is a hallway. In the other store the subscriptions, the letters and back issues are kept on file. During the day subscription lists are typed by volunteers, letters answered and each issue mailed from this store once a month. Every available inch of space is used for folding, wrapping and stamping the papers. Gerry Griffin and Joe Zarrella are in charge here, and in general Gerry is in charge of the house as a whole. Lately we have put a long bulletin board where Articles on Peace, Conscription, the lists of the Houses and Farms in the movement and many other interesting items are posted for



OUR BREADLINE

written about the week, articles of interest to us. Here, too, Joe and Paul sleep as well as any visitors. Across the hall Eddie Priest has his small printing press to make stationery, bookplates, leaflets. In the back of his room is Gerry's and Jack's bedroom. Upstairs on the first floor is the heart of the entire house—the kitchen and the dining-room. This is the busiest room in the house. In the dining-room where we have our library too (several bookcases some of the men made) many women come early in the morning for breakfast and this starts the day activities. Shortly after that whoever is cooking for that day (Majorie,

those in the work and for visitors to read.

## Rear House

If you go through the hallway you will come to a courtyard which separates the front building from the rear building which is St. Joseph's House proper. If you look way up you will see the sky in between the clothes line. This building is five stories high and has a fire escape in the front of it. On the first floor we have a smaller office and visitors room where Peter can sit and indoctrinate for hours, where Mr. Sayford is making an index of the back issues, and a file of articles

Duncan, John, O'Brien take turns) starts working on the soup for lunch.

Vegetables for the soup we collect from Macy's basement. The demonstrators for the new gadgets cut them up into fancy shapes. Rice and Chinese food is brought in almost every day by a friend who is poor himself, but as he works for a Chinese restaurant brings us the leftovers. About 200 men and women come in at lunch time for soup. The men gather in the yard in good weather and the women in the store. We also have bread and coffee and sometimes cake we beg from several bakeries.

During Lent it was good to see occasional pies or delicious chocolate cake. Jim Monaghan, Shorty Smith, and many others help with the dishes, cutting the vegetables for dinner, setting the tables (we eat in 10 shifts each meal for our two tables only hold 24).

## Large Family

The third floors above the dining room is used as bedrooms by eight men and among them is Peter Maurin the founder of the CATHOLIC WORKER who shares his room with others. The fourth and fifth floors are given over to the women. There are nine women, Miss Day's daughter, and one baby staying here and among them are Irish, Italian, Japanese, Southern and early American. In the front building on the top floor are twenty more men and then a few blocks away we have an apartment where some more men live. So you see all in all there are about 60 in our family, of all nationalities among the men, German, Lithuanian, English, French, Canadian, Irish, Italian and American for several generations.

Now that Spring is here we are trying to make our courtyard as beautiful as possible. We would love to have some evergreen trees in the yard right beside the doorway, and another before St. Anthony's shrine (which

is in a little niche in the yard). If we could get enough ivy growing we would have it growing from every window.

The yard is also used by the men from the line to mend their shoes. We supply the nails and heels and the shoemaker stand (which was made by J. Shaughnessy several years ago) and they very gladly avail themselves of the opportunity, for just a few men's shoes came in, never enough even for our group.

## Useful Cellars

We have two cellars in the front and one in the back. We use one to store furniture before we give it away, the other is used as a laundry where we have two big tubs, a washing machine, a shower, a tool chest to fix things, a file of back issues. The third cellar we use to put the clothes that come in and to give them out every morning to the men and women who need them.

I forgot to tell about the hand made Church in the office store window which our prisoner friend made for us out of match boxes. It is a complete Church except it hasn't money in the poor box or holy water in the font. We have a statue of St. John Bosco and The Sacred Heart and several plants in the window too. In the evening about 200 come for dinner which may be a stew, hamburger with mashed potatoes and string beans, coffee, bread and occasionally cake (two or three or more days old).

Some times the neighbors come in with plates of spaghetti or a police sergeant brings in loaves of bread and good butter (which is rare here) and Our Lord sees that all of it stretches and none leave hungry. People are always answering letters, typing, cleaning or talking to visitors to midnight.

Those of us who are here work without salary, accept the clothes that come in for our use, eat and live with the involuntary poor who often far exceed us with their charity and hard work.

## Spring Cleaning

Our hallway has several windows and Miss Lavin made some very gay curtains for them. The kitchen walls were washed by Dwight, Teresa, Dorothy and Miss Harada so they are very shiny and clean while the back office was scrubbed by Big Slim as he is so tall and wouldn't have to stand on a chair to reach the top of the walls. As soon as our appeal is answered enough to pay our food bills (we buy almost all of it) that office will be painted (last time it was painted was two years ago). The kerosene stoves are out and the coal fires in the fireplaces are empty now for Spring is here. Most of the world is at war, there is misery, hunger, death and destruction but here in our little corner of the world on Mott street we are trying to build up the social order, to love our neighbor, to help feed, clothe, shelter some (The Works of Mercy program) as an example (no matter if we make many mistakes or do things very badly). We are not doing anything wonderful but just what we should be doing as Catholics, for if we say we love God, whom we do not see, and do not love our brother in need, we are liars. Each home should be a House of Hospitality.

JULIA PORCELLI.

## LOVE OF GOD

St. Catherine of Siena records our Lord as speaking to her thus: "I require of you that you love Me with that love wherewith I love you. This you cannot do to Me, because I have loved you without being loved. All love that you bear Me you owe Me as a debt, and not as a free gift, because you are bound to give it to Me; and I love you freely, not in duty bound. You cannot then, render to Me the love that I require of you; and therefore I have set you in the midst of others, in order that you may do to them what you cannot do to Me; that is, love them freely and without reserve, and without expecting any return from it; and then I consider done to Me whatever you do to them. So this love must be flawless, and you must love them with the love wherewith you love Me. For there is no love of Me without love of man and no love of man without love of Me; for the one love cannot be separated from the other."

## Ballad of Labor

Eyes downcast, and shoulder to the wheel

He moves the world's unwieldy cart:

His the comfort patient oxen feel—

Outlasting every brutal smart

Of whiplash known to draymen's art—

He knows not where the road may wind

But this is graved within his heart:

In labor's stride march all mankind.

Let crackpot politician spiel

About the latest social chart:

The workman sets the final seal

On who shall stay and who depart

The throne, the council, and the mart—

For he it is, all weather-lined,

Who pays the tax, and hurls the dart—

In labor's stride march all mankind.

Yet, touching on the commonweal,

How is it workmen who can part

The tares from the upshooting meal

Are well content to let that start

Which chokes some grain, makes all grain tart

And renders harvesters sweat-blind?

While staggering like the harried hart,

In labor's stride march all mankind!

Envoy:

Pied Piper, mimicking Mozart,

Thou, Marx, who labor ill-defined,

Remember, aping Bonaparte,

In labor's stride march all mankind!

Bill Walsh.



# + From The Mail Bag +

## From Abroad

Zurich, Switzerland

I have read the CATHOLIC WORKER for several years now and would like to make this small contribution to your work. I am not a Catholic myself but I feel that your efforts to help the neediest of our people according to the rules of St. Francis is one of the most heartening and inspiring things. Long after the hurly-burly of these troubled times is past I have a feeling that your work will be remembered as among the really significant and constructive activities of the epoch.

May God give you strength and courage to carry on.

Sincerely yours,

Maurice W. Altaffer.

## From an Exile

Dear Miss Day:

I send you and your help-mates of the CATHOLIC WORKER my best wishes for Easter, praying God to bless your efforts and works. I was delighted in reading your article on "Works of Mercy oppose violence in labor's war" (April). It is a very good work you are doing.

Please send me a copy of the pamphlet of Monsignor George Barry O'Toole on War and Conscription.

I am publishing in the "Review of Politics" (Notre Dame, Indiana) an article on "The Modern Wars and the Catholic Thought."

Pray for me. I am still not well.

Yours sincerely,

Luigi Sturzo.

## A Mother Writes

Rochester, Mich.

Dear Editors of the C. W.:

Thank you so much for your kind letter. I realize how busy you are and how scarce three-cent stamps are when we are poor.

I need your encouragement, however, so be sure that never a word of yours is lost on me. One is so alone, as a rule, trying to "propagandize" your kind of work. Our Lord's own work. Yes, we'll pray for the men in your breadline. Ask them to offer some of their sufferings for us. We are edified at their patience, often, when we see them at the Capuchin monastery in Detroit.

My own six children are really eager to see some of your work in Detroit since we will not be traveling for years. The children range from five to fourteen.

I wish so often I could do something worth while to help along in your ranks. We love your paper and Ade Bethune's dear pictures. I have done what I could to interest other people, but as you know, the "world" usually intervenes. Not only the world; also queer ideas within Catholicism. But I think people are beginning slowly to see. More suffering, likely, will be the biggest help. I mean suffering among those

who have not yet suffered—or who have suffered very little.

Was happy to read the article in your January number on the idea of work as art. I regret that my paper is not at hand and I have forgotten the initials of the particular writer. Would you be kind enough to tell the writer that I agree heartily and for some time have been teaching that very philosophy to my six children using as a "text book" the pamphlet I enclose, by Father Carr. We often have a little round table discussion as we read this pamphlet together. We know Father Carr and consider him a saint and a genius. A saint is a genius, of course, in sanctity.

Your first page story, "A Baby is Born," was so lovely. I feel I understand it as you do. A woman can have no more real, more thrilling experience in this world than having a baby. That is her highest prerogative, her greatest "portion." You should have added that beautiful prayer of Donna Musica's in Claudel's "Satin Slipper" for mothers-to-be who might have read your article.

God bless you in your great and beautiful work. I wish I could aid you materially but have about as many unpaid bills as you sometimes write about yourself. We do, however, pray for you and "advertise" you as best we can.

In the Holy Spirit,

A. C.

## Boston

Dear Dorothy:

For an Easter gift we had the honor and privilege of visiting the Cardinal at the Diocesan Office. The message from His Eminence came Thursday and I have been not a little perturbed as to what the outcome would be.

His Eminence was kindness itself. He desires that the work of hospitality shall be continued under the supervision of the Diocese. We are to work plans as to how this can best be accomplished. I believe we shall look for a larger house, better equipped to serve the hundred and fifty or more men who seek our hospitality. A large dining room that will permit them to sit in more comfort while waiting for their turn to be served. Our most immediate need is to have the telephone back. This will be done as soon as possible. I do not expect that there will be any departure from the present procedure except to make it more efficient and farther reaching. But we shall be responsible to the Diocese for all our activities. There is no further approbation of the Catholic Worker. Neither is there any prohibition. That part of the movement remains the same as it has been. The immediate work for the aid of the poor and needy will continue as at present but under the supervision of the Diocese. Both His Eminence and Monsignor Minihan are much interested in the work as it is carried on at Our Lady's house. His Eminence desires that it

shall take a place in Catholic Action. That is in cooperation with the Hierarchy. We are also convinced that more effective work will be accomplished in this manner.

There is no reflection in this on the Founders of the movement. All gratitude is due them for the inspiration and guidance up to this moment. I am sure you will be happy with us that we have been accepted as a part of the Archdiocesan Activity.

I will try to carry out your program of bringing the doctrine of the Mystical Body to those of His poor whom we come in contact with.

Please keep us in your prayers.

Ever devotedly yours,

Jane A. Marra.

## From Camp

Dear Gerry:

It is a very lovely night out, over here on Sandy Hook. We have been standing by for an alert to be sounded since 1 o'clock this afternoon. I am in charge of quarters until 7 tomorrow morning. I am waiting for the alarm to come by phone. I have to sleep in the office. My pack is alongside my cot. If I get the alarm I have to wake everybody up. That a pleasure that is going to be for a change. If we do go out we will stay out for about 72 hours. Some fun. You don't know what you are missing—or do you?

About half of our battery and about 400 of the other boys left today for the Army Base in Brooklyn. They sail Friday for Bermuda. They are going to be gun crews, so it is kind of quiet in the three batteries that are left here. Where we will go nobody seems to know. Some say Greenland, some say Texas, but the boys in the know say that it is a good bet that we will go to Trinidad. I wish they would make up their mind and get us settled in one place or another. Where they send me I do not care, if it is the North Pole, the frame of mind I am in.

I keep on thinking of something else since I came back, and I am going off in my drill and getting bawled out for it. On the parade grounds the other day I was doing column rights and I had the whole battery going around in circles. I was right guide. You could hear my name all over the drill ground. The next day, a very hot day, we had full pack on skirmishing in the sand. That helmet felt like ten pounds on my head. They sure are drilling us. The way I felt I wouldn't care if the war started that day. I was mad enough to shoot a hundred Germans.

If I should get sailing orders before the end of this month I



may get another pass, but I doubt it. Some of the boys who were being sent away got passes and about ten of them went over the hill, which makes it bad for the next bunch who are going to sail away. Some fun. If you go for that kind of stuff.

They are going to say Mass every Sunday now in our mess hall, 7 o'clock Mass, so there will be no excuse for the boys to miss Mass on a Sunday. That includes me too.

Well, that is all. Give my love to all and regards to the boys.

Remember me in your prayers.

M. N.

P. S.—Did you receive any more word from the selective service group. You know, the group that picks the boys to be 100 per cent Americans, and also how to hate people?

P. P. S.—Send me a copy of the paper.

## Los Angeles

Dear Dorothy:

There has been a strike in Southern California among the lemon pickers. An A. F. of L. union called them out against the largest lemon grove in the world in Ventura county. But as the ranchers there are among the wealthiest they just let the strikers picket and the fruit rot. They could afford to. Besides, there are no markets now with the war restrictions on all exports.

There is a struggle going on in the state legislature at Sacramento where certain "reactionary powers" are trying to abolish the California State Division of Immigration and Housing by introducing four bills to destroy this only government division assisting the agricultural workers for dwellings. In the past year Carey McWilliams (whose "Factories in the Fields" you probably read), appointed its head by Olson, has done more good with it than since the commission's inception in 1913. To meet minimum standards he has forced property owners to make improvements to the extent of one million dollars. You can see who would be responsible for seeking its destruction.

All defense strikers that flared here in the aviation industry have subsided. But if there was any sabotage as Dies and others claimed, it was by the owners. They were the ones who refused to negotiate. Even the Times had to report that Harvill walked away from his own factory and brought injunctions for arrest of pickets.

Frances Langford.

## St. Louis, Mo.

St. Louis Hospice  
312 Duchouquette Street  
St. Louis, Mo.

How is Herb?—Tell him I will try and drop him a line in the next day or two. We sure miss him here at the house and remember him and all the C.W. groups throughout the country in our prayers at Compline each night. Things have been going along nicely of late and

our line has more than doubled since we moved down in this part of town. We are feeding over 300 men a day and have 22 men staying regularly in the house. Donations have been coming in fairly well, and believe it or not as we have a little cash surplus I am enclosing a check for five dollars which you can use as you think best in your good work.

Won't you say a special prayer for me for my guidance in my work here at the Hospice? Will try and let you hear a little more frequently from St. Louis and with kindest regards to all I am sincerely

Yours in Christ the Worker,  
Wm. A. Camp.

## Pittsburgh, Pa.

St. Francis House  
12 Pius Street  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

April 17, 1941.

Beginning with an inquiry from Wisconsin regarding the possibility of a qualified woman opening a House of Hospitality in Pittsburgh, it pleased St. Francis to set in motion a series of seemingly commonplace events that directed two generous young souls (you know them both) to sacrifice their earnings and energies in order to start this little center, dedicated to Christian hospitality and the furthering of the ideals of The Catholic Worker. It is in the South Side of Pittsburgh, about thirty-five minutes' walk from St. Joseph's House of Hospitality in the "Hill" district, from which came most of the furniture for the new House. A third youth has placed his talents at the service of St. Francis House, and an older man is living in the storeroom as caretaker for St. Francis and the group of three, none of whom is free to live in the House all the time.

The name came spontaneously—the storeroom is the first place we looked at, after talking with the Passionist Fathers at St. Michael's Church, who have been friendly from the first. The neighbors are for the most part Catholic and have taught us much about Hospitality.

The place was rented April 1, and was blessed by Father Benedict, C.P., pastor of St. Michael's Church, across the street, on Palm Sunday. On that day the new place was visited by the director and some of the staff of St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, by representatives of Protestant Pacifist groups and by friends old and new. We have no plans save to be hospitable to all in Christ's name. The rent, gas and electricity is being paid for by one of the "group" (if three may be called a group). Otherwise we rely for support solely on God's providence and the watchful care of St. Francis of Assisi.

All readers and friends of The Catholic Worker in Pittsburgh and the vicinity may be sure of a hearty welcome at St. Francis House at all times. Pray that we may not fail St. Francis, who has placed such trust in us.

Devotedly in Christ the Worker,  
St. Francis' helpers.



## Cleveland

We are enclosing a check for fifteen dollars. I'm sorry about not sending anything in the past months. It was a hard winter.

John Carmody is in charge of St. Anthony House at 2415 Cedar avenue. (I noticed that in the list of houses recently sent out from Mott street that Sacred Heart House was listed at the old Scovil address. It is now St. Anthony House, Cedar avenue.) Tom Marigan is in charge of Blessed Martin House and I'm at the farm most of the time.

There are thirty men living at St. Anthony House and twenty-five or so at Blessed Martin House. Leonette Deere has opened a house for women at 1555 West 28th street, and I think the name decided upon finally is Mary Inn, but I'm not sure. Bishop McFadden liked the idea when he heard of it. There are nine of us at Our Lady of the Wayside and we have been working. Our rents for all the places amount to ninety-seven dollars a month, and we manage it somehow.

Our daily lines, twice a day, number about one hundred and fifty men and twenty-five children. Today we are having lamb. We killed one of our year-old buck kids.

### Summer School

I've been spending five days a week on the Farm, Monday morning to Friday night. We are still building, now finishing the porch on a four-room house. This is to be used to shelter the women during the Summer School.

Apropos the Summer School, Bishop McFadden has given us permission to have Mass said daily during the two weeks, and gives his blessing on the project. Father Lauer will probably be here for two weeks. I'm writing Peter a letter because we will have to change our book list, since TRUE HUMANISM and THE SUN OF JUSTICE can no longer be purchased for some reason or other.

I'm also enclosing a picture of the farmhouse taken on February 24, our first birthday. There are eight rooms, and the house was fairly comfortable this winter. We only have two stoves going, a cooking stove and a heater. Three new kids and a dozen more rabbits were given to us this week.

Next month, towards the middle of April, we hope to send a

check to pay for the last three months papers. I feel awfully bad about not sending any for some time, but it has been a long hard winter, and our rent and light bills run over a hundred a month. But some young ladies filled a cedar chest and are raffling it for the benefit of the two Houses, and we'll be able to pay off, thank God.

With best wishes for Easter-tide and a promise for continued prayer, I am

Sincerely in X yours,

Bill Gauchat.

P. S.—Last Sunday we passed out Catholic Workers and peace pamphlets at a peace rally at which Senator Wheeler spoke. The police after several warnings brushed us away, though we were on the public sidewalk. Where are the four freedoms?

## Harlan Miners

North Easton, Mass.

Dear Miss Day:

I am taking your suggestion to remember the Harlan County miners in my prayers by writing their names on a holy card and slipping it into my breviary. I will also gladly offer Mass for their eternal rest at the first opportunity, which will be about the first week in May.

In the Mass I shall also remember John Griffin whose story should shame some of the "hospitalers" into being hospitable in the Christian way and the way of Christ's saints. I will also remember your intentions and those of the Catholic Worker movement.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

Rev. Frank E. Gartland.

## Human Life's Value

The Roman priest dealing with economics, the Bishop leading or influencing a social party, are completely within a field of duty assigned to them in their estimation; they are not going beyond the limits of their ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Political economy is, in itself, today as in the time of St. Thomas, a portion of Ethics. To direct people in this matter is part of the functions of the priest and the Bishop. Human life and the goods of this world have a value of their own. They are the necessary condition for realizing the eternal kingdom. In a certain sense, this kingdom depends on the family, on society or labor, and on the daily bread which it gains.

—Abbe Lugan.

## River Rouge And the Negro

(Continued from page 1)

these people I don't know. Particularly touching were the "foreigners"—humble enough to have a long work record at Ford's—watching the picket lines with the look of a dream come true in their eyes—or better yet, passing out the food. They loved having that power. As one of these older men, a Hungarian, told us in the bus—it was time for that man to bow down. He had



worked twenty-two years, I think he said, and nobody could make him forget the conditions under which he worked. A man of some influence among his fellow-workers, the company had tried to get him into Bennett's "secret service" but he said all their promises for an easier job couldn't make him forget.

And shades of the Fire-Sides Burning! I never expected to see little foreign-born matrons walking the picket lines with their husbands. They are so much the conservatives that one can see how strongly they feel on this issue. They would march for a few minutes to show their stand, I guess, and trot back demurely to their cars to wait for papa.

### Negro Angle

The Negro angle is another. We have been working on breaking down race prejudice in one of the unions so I knew that the history of the old-time unions in the South is only part of the Negro prejudice against unions. The company capitalized on this prejudice and told the Negro workers the coming of the unions meant the loss of their jobs. The 1,500 men still in the plant are almost entirely Negro and the rush four or five hundred of them, armed with steel rods, etc., staged on unarmed pickets. Wednesday morning, caused an amount of damage to both sides. By the way, barricading Miller Road with cars averted a great deal of violence since service men were waiting for pickets at the gates—and in that way they were left without targets to fall upon. By the time the company agreed not to open the plant and the union not to barricade the plant—violence was over. We met Emil Mazey, Negro organizer, and he showed us some of the literature they are distributing among the Negro workers. I saw numbers of Negroes down at the union headquarters,

## In the Next Decade

Despite all this, we cannot escape a relatively pessimistic attitude as to the prospects of agriculture during the 1940's. The necessary change is so revolutionary, involves such a complete switch of philosophy and demands such a material transformation, that it could not conceivably be accomplished in ten years.

But we fear more that there will not even be the will to make the change. As has been said: "Things have not gotten bad enough yet to get better." And so it is with agriculture. We look for the farmer to continue in the next decade much as he has the past six years: keeping ahead of collapse by virtue of direct government relief (pay-

ment for "idle" acres) and government pegged prices (achieved through a processing tax).

On the brighter side, we may expect that more provisions for flood control and soil conservation, some reforestation, some withdrawal of sub-marginal lands—all excellent measures—will be achieved. Also it is unlikely that a political change of administration will affect the total farm program. Allowance must be made for the possibility of America's entrance into a war, a catastrophe which, among other evils, would send agriculture on another false boom and set back for another generation the possibility of reforming rural America.

So as to the essential change—the coverage of America with small, self-subsistent, bio-dynamic farms—1950 will see that day still far in the future. We had best place our faith in rural schools (that are really rural); in isolated subsistence and bio-dynamic projects (whose results speak loudly); in the sprinkling of magazines and societies devoted to establishing right order. As they grow and as their influence spreads, so does the rural life movement. And above all, let us place our faith in God that He shall not, in spite of man's abuses, desert the earth which He created and which He saw "that it was good."—Emerson Hynes.

though come to think of it, I saw none on picket duty. My letters have no beginning, no middle, and it almost seems no end, but I do want to add that the union's stand is that they were forced to strike. There was a "spontaneous stoppage" of work when the company fired several men who had been acting informally as stewards and told the union they would not rehire these men if they negotiated until Christmas (quoted in papers). Widman and other leaders tried to get into the plant to ask the men to go back to work but the company refused them admittance and they authorized the strike at about 1 a.m. Paul St. Marie said, "This thing was forced on us." I am sure the company policy was to force the strike, provoke violence and count on defense work hysteria to prevent union victory. The boys signed up in such terrific numbers after the reinstatement of those fired for union activity in '37 that the company saw they would lose an election.

Another thing that amused me was the fraternizing between the pickets and the State Police, who look like Goldwyn's idea—they are so beautiful in uniform. The pickets are glad to see them instead of the Dearborn police—50 special deputies—most of them non-union men, even the papers said—were sworn in by Mayor Carey.

Hope all these aimless jottings have served to give you some account of the strike. Its success will make me feel less pessimistic about the future of unionism.

Marie Conti.

P. S.—Last night we had another one of those interracial meetings at which Emil Mazey, white co-ordinator of Negro activities in the Ford drive, was cross-questioned by some of the leaders mentioned previously. They left it seriously open to doubt that the union will be as good to the Negro as Ford who has given the colored workers skilled labor positions which they cannot get elsewhere. Reports of violence in the paper today are racial. Negro non-union foundry men attacking white union foundry workers. Eighty thousand men are a mob and anything may happen. So many here are against the unions. One of our gang pointed to Mazey's expensive car and implies the Ford men have only changed masters.

M. C.

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## C. O. Camp

Dear Editors:

Your proposal regarding the starting of a work camp for Catholic conscientious objectors is a heartening one. I wish I could express my appreciation of the Catholic Worker during these past months—with what eagerness I have looked forward to it each month. Although I have met none of the group, I feel one with you in aspirations and hopes and you have never been far away from my thoughts and prayers—even daily. So that while my association with you has been only vaguely as a "subscriber," permitted to help from time to time, I feel I can be considered as a "Catholic Worker." I will be glad to go along with you in whatever proposal you find to be feasible and I will be able to account for any necessary sum—your suggestion of \$100 is very reasonable—you decide upon.

My own experience to date has been this. I requested and received the usual supplementary form and gave the Board six pages of explanation. Incidentally, I showed this to one of our parish priests and he was very encouraging, permitting me to refer to him as a reference. (You were one of my other references). The Board meanwhile proceeded to classify me as I-A and I have appealed. I have found out that they would not pass on conscientious objection but passed this on to the Board of Appeals. And there the matter rests.

I am coming down to see you soon—among other things to make a first installment on the amount you request, I hope.

Bernard A. Schroeder.

## War and Conscription At the Bar of Christian Morals

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. G. B. O'Toole, Ph.D., S.T.D.

Prof. of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America

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# THE LAND



## FARMING COMMUNE

*This is the day which the Lord hath made:*

*Let us be glad and rejoice therein.*

On Good Friday the fields still looked gray, only around the springs and brooks the first green hopefully sprouted; the trees were still reaching with bare arms towards the sky. After the long Lenten months when you were aching to see the last snow vanish, when the cold seemed hardly bearable, the blood flowed faster on these first warm days, and promises of joy were in the air. But you could also hear wild shouting from all corners of the world: Crucify Him! Crucify Him! Christ is crucified in every child that drowns with a torpedoed ship or dies from a bomb or from fire in this devilish war.

### Christ With Us

On Easter, however, the sun arose over green pastures and new life began to appear everywhere. Each new day opens more buds, reveals new wonders. For forty days the Lord will walk across the earth, no longer a mortal man, no longer recognized even by his disciples, he walks among us as God. How many people in the city will meet him? Most of them trudge to work as ever, the only difference being the new strawhats and the light dresses. Out here we gratefully dedicate every day's work to God, listening to the birds alleluia, breathing the sweet scent of blossoms that are spread like delicate veils of yellow, white, and red over the trees.

God has given the land to his people that they may use it and shape it after his example, that it may bear fruit. All of us are so divorced from the eternal plan of the earth through our parents' life in the cities, that all our planning and working is like groping in the dark. For years we will have to let rain upon us the cycle of the seasons, which is closely interwoven with the liturgical year. And only after we will be one again with this rhythm we will learn to understand men all over the world and be able to keep peace with them.

### Stations of the Cross

As a constant reminder of the Passion of Our Lord, the Stations of the Cross are now standing along our steep hill. Father Hogan and Father Russell made them for the first time. They are from Minnesota, and want to start a House of Hospitality in the country as life centers in the country out there and yet men are without food or a home.

From my window I can see four of the stations, those that point out our duties: We will have to take up the cross like Simon and follow Our Lord; we will have to minister to Him and wipe the sweat and

blood from his face; we will have to fall down, be despised and suffer innocently; and we will have to arise again. Then we will share His joy and know the fulfillment of His promises.

Everybody likes the Stations on which many of us have worked, and that deepens my conviction that religious articles, symbols of our admiration should be made by hand. If an original figure is cast by a machine it loses its soul. A handmade statue is love concentrated in a form. Made by machine it is only material concentrated in a form. I hope many of us will contribute in this way to make our chapel the soul of this community.

Summer has arrived so fast we can hardly keep up with it. The porch on Tamar's lit-



A. de Bethune

tle house is just finished, a cool spot where Dorothy hopes to finish her new book. Visitors color our little world from the Philadelphia house and farm. With Dave Mason we exchanged farm-experiences and more and more will we exchange products and animals with the other C. W. Farms, that we all will come closer to the full cycle of country life.

### Rain Needed

The newly ploughed and the hand-spaded fields look unfertile with dryness. Unless we get rain very soon no seed will be able to germinate. The children are eagerly putting the early vegetable seeds in the ground and enjoy watering them and splashing themselves. The first dandelion greens enriched our Easter-meal, and next Sunday, the 6th birthday of the farm, we will have asparagus. Four beehives are awaiting their inhabitants, to be shipped from the South; and the cherry-trees are setting a rich table for them. Goats and cows enjoy fresh pasture and the birds sing their Gloria all day long. The earth gives with full hands.

Our hearts are full of joy and happiness and we want to give too. But all we have to give is our labor and our joy. Could we only ease the suffering in all the war-torn countries and protect our country from grave errors! Our joy and prayers are all we have to give.

For everything else we have to beg with the poor. But surely all of you will feel the greatness of these glorious days and want to give freely whatever you have. For all the seed that we can get now will grow the food for a multitude. If we can make our big barn weather-tight we can give shelter for many, that want to know God's land. If we could only raise chickens and rabbits, we could give the many children the food they need to grow strong. This is not only the farm of the few people that live here. Everybody who reads the paper has a share in it.

### His Joy

For the time will come quite soon when cities mean nothing but poverty and sickness, and then when you are pushed out into the wild, you have all our experience to safeguard you from severe errors. We can show you how much richer you are than before, if you train your hands to make the things you need. You will miss many commodities, (the poor never had them). They are only a weight to your soul, for you

have to carry the cross and follow Christ with that load up the steep hill, where the wind speaks with its majestic voice and all the world lies at your feet. Then joy will be surely in your heart. Dorothy says, joy is a supernatural virtue, however, it is natural with children. Just watch little Eileen climb up the steps to the kitchen in the morning and smile all over her rosy round face, like a ray of the sun and the freshness of a mountain spring. But every child is holy, like the Jesus Child, and knows His joy.

Eve Smith

## Christian Farmer

This is the name of a new Catholic paper, which was started four months ago by Father Urban Baer, at Wilton, Wis. It is a national tabloid monthly of eight pages, fifty cents a year subscription. This is a paper which should be read by all our subscribers who have become interested in the rural life movement through reading our own farm page. It is devoted solely to the land, and we urge our friends to use its columns for discussion and clarification of thought. There are interesting articles on co-operatives, on state aid, on the war, and a very interesting farm wife's column.

## Indian Workers

### Kateri Club Headquarters De Smet, Idaho.

A Mohawk blitzkrieg in the seventeenth century was not as thunderous, but just as sudden and effective as the modern variety. The French and Christian Indians had a curious refuge... prayers to Kateri Tekawitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, an Iroquois girl who had escaped from her own village in New York State to live among them, and whose saintly death on Ash Wednesday, April 17, 1680, at Caughnawaga, brought hundreds of both races to pray at her grave.

Father Peter Cholence, S. J., wrote in 1696: "All the French of the New World have a special veneration for our Katherine; everywhere they speak of her with praise, and, even as the Indians, look upon her as a powerful patron given them by God for the preservation of the country against his first visit to the Sault, our Bishop, wishing to pray at her grave... eulogized her in two words, calling her the Genevieve of Canada."

### Indian Co-op

Kateri Tekawitha is invoked today by hundreds of thousands in both countries who look forward to her beatification by Rome, and especially is she called upon by the people of her own race who wish to see the dawn of a Christian New Deal for the Indians of both North and South America. With her first name, KATERI, a registered trade mark on their own hand-made crafts, they seek an Indian-made security through her inspiration and guidance. Tekawitha was a skilled worker in leather and quill embroidery.

The KATERI attempt to crash the commercial markets is an unprecedented venture by a group of organized Indians under Indian leadership. During March, KATERI craftsmen in the Northwest on the Coeur d'Alene, Colville and Spokane Reservations prepared a series of glove designs and samples for a Fifth Avenue concern. Josie Parr, Emily Peone and Nellie Mathews are the Indian leaders on their respective reservations who are directing the experiment and waiting with a corps of one hundred fifty approved Indian glove-makers for decisions from the New York firm and the Wages and Hours Division in Washington, D. C. The leather goods offered are not only "Indian-inspired," but Indian-made in the best traditions.

### Our Ignorance

Indian silversmiths may take heart if the Kateri Cooperative succeeds. Saks-at-34th recently had a window display of "Tribal Art Jewelry," which was "interpreted in the Hopi manner by one of our leading designers." Why not genuine Indian silver work by Hopi craftsmen? There are plenty of them to give Saks a display of highest quality, if barriers between producers and dealers were not so many. And surely, the Hopi of the Southwest would never have tolerated their jewelry displayed with an Alaskan totem pole, however genuine the "Indian relic" may have been. The two are as incongruous to an Indian as a cowboy hat at the opera would be to a New Yorker.

Some day, let us hope, there will be authentic Indian relics of the same cultural area used as background for authentic Indian products. As Mr. Appleton, distinguished artist and student of Indian design said to me in New York, "The stores here break out into a native rash periodically and every department features something of Indian flavor, while in one neglected corner there will be a small table of the genuine Indian-made goods. I have long dreamed of the day when the native craftsman will come into his own."

### Marketing Problems

Indians need to organize for quantity production, to learn the intricacies of the modern commercial machine that whirls producer and consumer through life at such a dizzy pace. All over the Indian country craftsmen are unorganized, bewildered, distrustful where there is an attempt at organization, overly-directed in the Southwest, or mis-directed as to market needs. It remains to be seen what can be accomplished by an Indian group through cooperative stimulus, unhampered by white domineering methods, yet advised by leading experts in the commercial fields. If successful, the KATERI craftsmen will lead the way toward the solving of producing and marketing problems that leave the Government workers wringing their hands in despair.

### Coming Back

Across the nation flashed this news in March: "At the 'Institute of the Future of the American Indian,' held in New York, Dr. Frank Lorimer, director of population studies at American University, Washington, D. C., forecast that the Indian population might reach 750,000 by 1980. He pointed out that this rapid increase in population was becoming a problem for John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and suggested that it could be solved in three ways: allocation of new lands, development of new economic techniques, and birth control."

There are some Indians who feel that population increase is first of all the Indians' problem to solve. They do not wish any more land of the type from which reservations are made; they are trying a new economic technique in cooperatives, and they reject indignantly any more birth control propaganda from Government workers, preferring to learn self-control from the Lily of the Mohawks, the Indian Genevieve who dared to be different.

SISTER PROVIDENCIA,  
F.C.S.P.

## F.D.R. Said

"Employment given by armament programs is false employment... Nations guilty of these follies inevitably face the day either when their weapons of destruction must be used against their neighbors or when an unsound economy, like a house of cards, will fall apart."

—President Franklin D. Roosevelt at Buenos Aires, 1936.