



## Pluralist Personalism

By  
Peter Maurin

### I. We Catholics

1. We Catholics believe in beliefs.
2. We Catholics believe with Dualist Humanists that there is good and evil in men.
3. We Catholics believe with Orthodox Jews and Quakers in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of men.
4. We Catholics believe with Fundamentalist Protestants in the Virgin Birth and Redemption through Christ.
5. We Catholics believe what the other believers believe plus beliefs that the other believers don't believe namely, Papal Supremacy and the Universal Church.

### II. If

1. What a fine place this world would be if Dualist Humanists tried to be human to men.
  2. What a fine place this world would be if Personalist Theists tried to be their brother's keeper as God wants them to be.
  3. What a fine place this world would be if Fundamentalist Protestants tried to be as God wants them to be.
- (Continued on page 2)

## Harlem Letter Tells Grim Tale Of Negro Youth

### Bundles for Britain, but None for Suffering Har- lem, Sign of Times

For about a week the New York newspapers gave columns and columns to the crime situation in Harlem, after a fifteen-year-old boy and a thirty-year-old man were stabbed to death by Negroes in their early teens. The housing situation was discussed, the relief situation, the lack of jobs, etc. There was no discussion as to the lack of love. We will soon have a population of a million Negro brothers in this city. What are we going to do about it?

We asked our Harlem correspondent, John Fleming, who has charge of a little center in the Porto Rican district, to write us a column about it. Here it is:

#### John's Letter

Our heaven is being protected by 350 cops—to arrest boys who are out to get what don't rightfully belong to them but what they are entitled to have.

Out of all the young criminals that range between the ages of nine to twenty-one, the difference in ages between them and their Mothers or Parents is 14 years. Why? Mothers left home at an early age because their was no home, (Continued on page 7)

## On War

Excerpts from a letter from  
Father Lacouture, S.J.

Now in regards to the war. Many Catholics like all others are protesting with all their might against our going into the war, and of course all they say is perfectly true and reasonable. But let me give you my idea about all that ques-

tion. Let us go to the Bible for our lesson. In the Old Testament we see that when the Jews gave up the true God and adored idols, God stirred up a powerful nation who would come and oppress the Israelites. When they had enough of that, they turned to God and begged Him to have pity on them. Well the first thing God required was always that they destroy their idols, that they regret their sins, that they do penance by fasting and that they pray earnestly. Then God required that they offer sacrifices according to the religion of Moses or the rites given to Moses. Then God sent any poor instrument to beat the enemy. Judith, Esther, Gedeon, etc., to make sure that the people would attribute the victory to Him alone.

St. Paul says that the service of the creatures is idolatry. When people live only for creatures and give up God as so many had done in Europe, in His anger God sends powerful armies to massacre the "idolaters." So in America, the vast majority are idolaters in the sense of St. Paul, that is they live only for this world and its pleasures. That is the reason that God may send us into the war or send the war to us, for example in the shape of a revolution of some kind. We shall never avoid the scourge of God by speeches and articles all over the land!

The only way to avoid it is to do what God required of the Jews when they adored strange gods: let all boycott and destroy their idols by giving up so many pleasures in which they seek their happiness; let them give up the passion and rage for sports and amusements of all kinds; let them confess their sins by real sorrow for their pagan life, and let them fast on bread and water for some days or once or twice a week; let the women cease to lay snares for men by their immodest attire and filling the papers with their nudity: the Bible says that the man who was possessed of the devil of impurity could not stand any clothes, Luke 8. That is the devil that offers us in all the daily papers that specimen of a cattle show exhibiting animals for sale! There is one great cause of wars to come, much more than all the ambition or the foolishness of politicians. We Catholics must fight against all "idols" and put in more religion in the people and more penance which has practically (Continued on page 2)

## Bishop Sheil Urges All Workers to Join Their Unions

### The Following Is a Letter To the ILGWU of Chi- cago, Dated Oct. 27

Miss Thelma Goldman,  
International Ladies' Garment  
Workers' Union,  
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Goldman:

Quite obviously the first and basic right of workingmen everywhere is the right to live. But it is equally clear that the only means the workingman has to live is from the fruits of his labor, that is, his wages. Therefore, it follows at once that wages must always be sufficient to enable the workingman to live in reasonable comfort and security.

#### Family Wage

In his great encyclical "ON THE CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES," Pope Leo XIII emphasizes the simple and profound truths from which, over and over again, so many important and fruitful consequences follow. "There is a dictate of natural justice more imperious and ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that wages ought to be sufficient to support a man and his family in decent comfort. If through necessity or fear of worse evil, the workingman accepts harder conditions because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is made the victim of force and injustice."

Leo XIII utterly repudiates the notion that a man has the right (Continued on page 7)

## DAY AFTER DAY

October 16 is the first anniversary of peacetime conscription and you will notice the several letters on the page devoted to the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors telling of the way different C.O. camps celebrated it. We continue to protest our country's supine acceptance of peacetime compulsory military training and urge our readers to protest, and to urge the repeal of this law. We are set in opposition to the policies of the administration (and it will be remembered that Lincoln said that one could oppose the administration without being opposed to our form of government) and we must continue to voice our opposition to the undeclared war we are waging and the imminence of the declared war the President warns us of in his Armistice Day speech.

We are crushed under the burden of our guilt in starving our brothers in Europe. There are 300,000,000 people on rations in Europe. God only knows what will be the outcome of the hunger there this winter. When will the pestilence strike that goes with famine?

#### Do What You Can

You can write and write again, protesting our President's policy of accepting the British blockade. Talk to (Continued on page 4)

## IN THE VINEYARD

### III. In Deed and in Truth

By Rev. JOHN J. HUGO  
Mt. Mercy College  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

So far, in considering the enterprises devoted to Catholic Action, we have seen, first, that they are largely failures when judged by spiritual or supernatural standards; secondly, that their failure is due to a lack of spiritual vitality and not to the merely human reasons that are ordinarily assigned as causes; and third, that this condition comes from a deficiency of charity in the personal lives of Christians themselves, a deficiency which shows up at once in their organizations. When we have taken the next step, which is to discover how this deficiency comes about, we will know the cause of the disease that destroys the life of apostolic work.

However, before considering this matter, it will be useful to notice the symptoms which in-

dicate directly that charity is indeed absent from this work. The charge of lovelessness is serious; it should be supported with evidence.

#### Loving God

Since charity is twofold, revealing itself both in love for God and love for neighbor, its absence also will manifest this twofold aspect.

First of all, the want of love for God shows up in a distaste for prayer and the exercises of devotion. Insistence upon prayer is looked upon as mere pietism, and prayer itself, if it goes beyond the perfunctory, muttering of a few formulas, is regarded as a kind of idleness indulged in by those who have not the stomach for more strenuous activity. If those who have this point of view, by occasionally asking for a remembrance in the prayer of persons reputed to be holy, seem to show respect for its power and value, this is appearance only (Continued on page 3)

## BEN-JOE LABRAY

Dear Fellow-Workers:

We are on our way out now with a load of coal from Duluth. We brought down ore for Ashtabula and then loaded coal there for Wickwire Steel at Buffalo and there a tragedy occurred—almost a big one, too.

#### Washed Overboard

We had finished loading and two firemen came back all oiled up and demanded their money and wanted to get off. Six were drunk in the galley and fighting and the skipper all excited. This is his first ship as captain and has only sailed this rust pot two months. The chief and he got together and talked things over. They didn't want to delay the ship waiting for replacements and while the chief kept the firemen busy the old man pulled away from the dock and on out. According to law no ship can clear the breakwater after the first of September until all the hatches are secured, tarpaulins on and battened down. Well, the hatches were closed, but not secured and as soon as we got clear of the breakwater, she began rolling

violently and went over at times 45 degrees. The hatches flew open and then shut and then open again, hell broke loose right, seas came tumbling over and into the holds, the sailors were really going to town trying to get the hatches together and secure but it got so bad they had to lay flat on deck and hang on for grim death or go overboard. It was too late to turn around and head back as to put her in the trough of the sea again would be to sink her. They finally got the hatches together but not all the tarps on; then they retired exhausted as it was too dangerous to stay on deck any longer. It was then they discovered a young Finlander was gone—washed overboard. It was his first ship and his help badly needed home. Everyone felt pretty tough about it. The captain was taken off in Toledo today. I don't know the result of the board's finding but I suppose he's lost his license. He was a hell of a good guy, too. When we went out I was down below in the fantail in my bunk.

(Continued on page 6)



# News From Stoddard Civilian Service Camp

Dear Friends:

A New England winter is almost upon us. The morning sun sparkles crisply on frosted grass. The trees are bare and the foliage no longer hides the rocks. The whole country looks hard and cold. We are warned of the long months ahead.

Fires must be lit at 3:30 a.m. to lift the chill from the buildings. Great piles of wood are being gathered for the voracious stoves. We are twenty-four in camp now and use almost all the stoves. The water heater must be started early to provide hot water for twenty-four. And the kitchen range. And the heater in the office. And the bunkhouse.

Not all the men are New Englanders. Some are from Chicago, one is from Washington, D. C., one from Toledo, one from Los Angeles, several from New York City, several from Philadelphia, two from Wisconsin. So our resistance to cold varies and our requirements for heat are high. Mr. Wilson is doing his best to provide the 75 cords he says we will use before spring.

## Yankee Trading

He has been trading around in regular Yankee fashion to provide us with dry pine and hardwood as well as the green logs. Our work on the project is the removal of blown down trees from areas near the roads. So we can get plenty of more or less green logs.

We have been very fortunate indeed in our Supervisor. He does almost anything for us. Wangling a plow is nothing. Not only did he borrow a plow, but got our half-acre turned for us last week. Then he helped us plan and get under way our ice house. His experience has helped us greatly in our plans to store some 500 pounds of ice for use next summer. We can get the ice cut for 2c. a cake and plan to haul it and pack it away ourselves.

## Staples

This talk of gardens and ice houses hardly sounds like an Army camp. Nor would the sight of our kitchen remind anyone of an Army camp. We have long strings of peeled and quartered apples drying by the stove. We have boxes and barrels and cans and sacks full of apples. Little apples, poor apples—but free apples. Gifts of God. They would have fallen and rotted on the ground but for us. And we would have had no apple pies, no apple butter, no apple sauce cake, no apple cider but for them.

We have two jugs of apple cider vinegar (in the making) on a table in the kitchen. And there are huge Blue Hubbard squashes on the top of the shelves of china. There are also some Denver squash, and there are boxes of dried string beans to be shelled.

Over in one corner is a coffee grinder. But we don't use it for coffee, we grind our own cereal from whole wheat. Mrs. Hower uses the ground wheat sometimes for muffins or hotcakes. It is cheaper and far more healthful to buy a sack of wheat, and to make our cereal this way.

## Pork for the Future

And there is the jug of sour skim milk. We use that for cooking and for feeding our pigs. We have two pigs now (they are NOT kept in the kitchen). We

expect to keep them till next winter and have around 500 pounds of pork for the winter.

No it doesn't sound like an Army camp, nor is it. We do not believe in war, we believe in peace. We are not here to learn the arts of war. We are here to do useful, helpful work. And we are learning at the camp, the arts of peace. We do not believe in destruction, we believe in growth. We do not believe in hate, we believe in love.

And so we are working to restore the forests. We are working to safeguard and to improve their growth. We are giving our work to our neighbors. We want to help, and to serve.

## Produce for Use

We are trying to be as self-sufficient as we can because we must be, but also because we want to be. We want to learn to live simply and naturally.

An Army camp is an unnatural, fruitless thing. We cannot and will not live that way. Soldiers are forced to live together in huge numbers in a totally unproductive society. We are trying to make as great use of our resources as possible. We want to be small. So we cannot be alike.

We know of course that soldiers do not claim that their life is ideal or pleasant or productive. We know that they admit it is unnatural and harsh. We know that they claim that it is not nice but necessary. But we believe that modern warfare, based on conscription, is essentially wrong and that that wrongness may be seen in the very structure of the modern Armies. We see it in the cruelties of conscription, the waste of it, the complete amorality of it, the blindness of the led, and their hopelessness.

But we do see the necessity of recognition of the evils in the world and the necessity of facing them. And we are preparing for the years to come. Perhaps there will be years of famine or pestilence, certainly of unemployment. Perhaps by learning something of the use and the fruits of the soil we will be prepared for those years. Perhaps we will be able to support not only ourselves on the land, but will be able to help others.

Dwight Larrowe.

San Pedro, Calif.

Dear Miss Day:

Enclosed M/O for \$3. Please excuse delay, as we have lots of expenses, but if we get the ships, we will have lots of work, and be in a position to help, now and then.

To read the CATHOLIC WORKER makes one wish they had the wealth of Midas so we could take some of the misery out of the world. I used to work on the corn, tobacco farms, from beginning to end, and I know there is no rest in the ten hours we worked. I got \$10 per month, and earned \$100, but it was not as bad then as it is now. Times must have changed bad.

Please send the CATHOLIC WORKER to the Catechists, 563 West O'Farrell Street, San Pedro. They do lots of work among the poor and the fallen. Always trusting this little bill will fit in somewhere, we remain,

Sincerely,

A. B.

## Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

tants tried to exemplify the Sermon on the Mount.

4. What a fine place this world would be if Roman Catholics tried to keep up with St. Francis of Assisi.

## III. Logical and Practical

1. What is not logical is not practical although it is practiced.
2. To practice what is not logical for the only reason that it is practiced is to be a bourgeois.
3. A bourgeois is a fellow who tries to be somebody by trying to be like everybody which makes him nobody.
4. A leader is a fellow who follows a cause.
5. A follower is a fellow who follows the leader because he sponsors the cause that the leader follows.

## IV. They and We

1. People say: "They don't do this, they don't do that, they ought to do this, they ought to do that, we ought to make them do this, we ought to make them do that."
2. Always they and never I.
3. It starts with I.
4. One I and one I make two I and two I make we.
5. We is the plural of I; we is a community with a common unity.
6. They is a crowd, they is a mob, they is a gang, and they are gangsters.
7. Don't be a gangster, "By yourself," says Shakespeare.

## 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. Big Shots and Little Shots

1. When the little shots are not satisfied to remain little shots and try to become big shots then the big shots are not satisfied to remain big shots and try to become bigger shots.

## Corporate Fasting

C. P. S. Camp No. 14,  
Merom, Indiana,  
10 18th, 1941.

Cooperstown, N. Y.

To whom it may concern:

Dear Friends,

Thousands of men, women, and children, in Europe and Asia are dying of starvation, although food, money, and ships are available. The refusal of the American government to intercede with Britain for a lifting of the blockade is largely responsible, and behind it in turn is American apathy and indifference. A plan has been worked out by the National Committee on Food for the Small Democracies which insures against advantage accruing to Germany from the feeding of these people.

In an attempt to awaken the American conscience a number of the campers at Merom are undertaking a corporate fast to consist of foregoing the noon meal each Saturday and to fast the entire day the first Saturday of each month. During meal times on these occasions those who are fasting meet in the library for meditation. It is intended that the fast indicate:

Acknowledgment of our own responsibility, as citizens of the United States, in the starvation in Europe and Asia.

Our fellowship with those for whom fasting is not voluntary; for whom it is a matter of days, weeks and months rather than of hours.

We invite any in your camp who are interested to join us, and any groups outside as well. Please write us of your attitude on this matter.

As a supplementary activity we are inquiring of our congressmen their attitudes toward resolutions in Congress (SR 124, HR 245) favoring such a plan. If your group is not already familiar with the Food plan write to the National Committee on Food for the Small Democracies, 420 Lexington Ave., New York City.

Signed,

LOUIS TAYLOR,  
GEORGE KINGSLEY,  
PAUL OLMSTEAD,  
HAROLD FLINCKER,  
CAREY EVANS.

October 16, 1941.

## On War

(Continued from page 1)

disappeared from mostly all Catholics. Read Gideon in the Book of Judges, ch. 6, and you have there indicated the best ways to draw God's protection on us all.

Judith fasted and wore a hair-shirt most of the time and spent her days praying...and she alone destroyed the greatest army ever mobilized against the Jews. There is nothing on earth to stop the revolution that is coming unless those means. So it is up to all of us to diffuse that doctrine and get the people to give up their worldly life, not only of sin, but of that rage they have for pleasure of all kinds. "Love not the world nor the things that are in the world; if any love the world, the charity of the Father is not in them!" 1st John 2-15. I know only the few will do that; well they will be protected in some way when God's scourge will devastate the land.

Now, keep up your courage, no doubt in a work of that kind you do not get much encouragement, especially from those who should give it. But that is the lot of those who work for the love of God. It is to show us that we must work, not for men, but only for God.

2. And when the big shots become bigger shots, then the little shots become littler shots.
3. And when the little shots become littler shots because the big shots become bigger shots then the little shots get mad at the big shots.

## VII. Two of a Kind

1. The rugged individualist tells the rugged collectivist: "We got what we got because we got it and we are going to keep it no matter how we got it and if your fellows try to get it we will organize vigilantes."
2. And the rugged collectivist tells the rugged individualist: "We want what we want because we want it and we want what you got and we are going to get it no matter how we get it."
3. The rugged collectivist is the spiritual son of the rugged individualist.
4. He is a chip from the old block and the old block is a blockhead who has not learned to use his head.



# + + + In Deed and in Truth + + +

(Continued from page 1)

and their request is but a perfunctory one—a fact which is clearly enough shown by their own scrupulous avoidance of this form of activity.

Now prayer—that is, mental prayer or meditation—is our most direct way of expressing our love for God; it is a union of our minds and hearts with Him, the beginning of that union with Him that will be consummated in heaven. "Prayer is the true happiness in this life," said St. Jane Francis; and of course she meant to be understood quite literally. To find prayer tedious and distasteful is to find God tedious and distasteful. Since a Christian is committed to the belief that his entire happiness consists in the eternal companionship of God, there should be in him a great desire to enjoy that companionship in the only way that it can be enjoyed here on earth, namely, in the interior of the soul by prayer.

## Up and Doing?

The insufficiency of prayer points to an even deeper trouble than an absence of relish for the things of God; it shows that such workers regard God's part in their projects of less importance than their own activity. "This prayer and sacrifice stuff is all right," I once heard a Catholic say, "but we must be up and doing something." Undoubtedly it is true that we should be doing something, but these words, besides affirming that truth, also indicate an attitude, present often even when it is not stated so boldly, which contains a fundamental misconception of the work of Catholic Action. This misconception regards Catholic Action as a merely human work, to be undertaken by merely human means, while Almighty God is considered as a sort of spectator along the sidelines, whom, by our prayers perhaps, we can change into an enthusiastic rooter for our private projects. A frame of mind like this ignores the altogether certain truth that the apostolate is a supernatural endeavor which has as its purpose to communicate the divine life to souls, and it can therefore be carried on effectively only by supernatural means.

## Necessary Means

Prayer and a fervent interior life are not just graceful ornaments for the life of an apostle—they are his most necessary means for making his work spiritually fruitful. Failure to recognize this and carry it into practice explains why the most frantic activity on the part of Catholic organizations produces no spiritual results whatever. A St. Anthony, who spent whole nights in prayer, was more effective in his work for souls than the greatest of the modern go-getters, who are equipped with all the latest methods of doing things but have "no time to pray."

Clearly, then, the degree of emphasis that is made on mental prayer is a criterion whereby we can judge the value and effectiveness of any apostolic work. An organization that does not insist on it as a *primary means* in the apostolate can do nothing to bring about the realization of the Church's divine mission. In the policy of any Catholic society that claims to be part of Catholic

action, the practice of mental prayer should occupy the place of honor; and if it does not, then that society may be dismissed out of hand as spiritually insignificant. One would have to look for a long time, it is to be feared, to find even a few societies that fulfill this requirement; and this is certainly not unrelated to the fact that Christian societies, in spite of their number and excellent organization, have not been able to counteract the influence of the movements that promote paganism.

## Whom We Love

Even those who belong to organizations that do insist on the use of spiritual means may never allow themselves to grow complacent; policies that are written



—Ado Bethune

into constitutions may easily become dead letters, especially when it is to the interest of unregenerate nature to see that they do, whereas the very life of these organizations depends on how faithfully their spiritual principles are maintained. Make no mistake; the man who has no time to pray is not doing God's work. The amount of his activity may be enormous, he may be concerned with the most sacred works of the apostolate—these things make no difference; it was of certain bishops that St. Paul said, "For they all seek their own interest, not those of Jesus Christ." (Phil. 2, 21). We do not stint our time with those whom we love; therefore, the apostle who has not time to pray has no very ardent love for God. Yet, since all human activity is finally motivated by some kind of love, apostolic activity, if it does not come from love of God, can come only from love of self. These are the alternatives given in this text of St. Paul.

## Empty Cisterns

When a reservoir is empty, there will, of course, be no water in the irrigation ditches that spread from it, and the fields that depend on it for moisture will dry up and yield no fruit. Similarly, when the love of God has dried up in our hearts, there will be no love left for our neighbor, for the latter is but an overflow of the former. This second kind of lovelessness—want of love for neighbor—shows itself in two ways in Catholic organizations.

In the first place, there is, it is to be lamented, a notable want of charity among apostles themselves. Catholic action, which should present a united front to the forces that attack Christianity, has too often the appearance of conflicting private interests;

the various organizations that claim to do the work of the Church, instead of advancing side by side under the banner of Christ, turn upon one another and become factions within the Christian camp, so busy with their own bickerings that they have no time to oppose the common enemy. In judgments concerning practical policies, which deal with the shifting materials of human action, there is bound to be sharp differences of opinion and conviction even among men at one in fundamental principles and of the highest character and virtue. But such inevitable differences do not explain or condone the conduct of Catholics who attack the character and the very motives of their fellow workers in the vineyard. "A new commandment I give you, that you love one another." (Jo. 13, 34). What a sad thing it is to see those who are leaders in the movements that seek for the earthly establishment of this new commandment of the Prince of Peace, divided among themselves and engaged in mutual recriminations, attributing gross motives to those who differ from them, screaming like fishwives and sniping one another whenever the opportunity presents itself.

## Novitiate Needed

Such men are not fit to do Christ's work. They need a period of spiritual discipline and novitiate before they will be able to enter profitably upon any enterprises that have the good of souls as their aim. In the economy of the supernatural, where grace is obtained and communicated through charity, all bitterness, envy, and hatred—although they may seem but small and accidental blemishes in works that are in themselves of high value—positively injure the life of the Church by stopping up the flow of graces and satisfactions through which alone any good can be accomplished for souls. The works of Catholic action are to be conducted, not according to the methods made familiar by rugged individualists, but on the higher plane of the supernatural, where they must be planned and organized to penetrate to the interior of souls and carry there the life of grace and of charity. To accomplish this, they must observe the laws that govern supernatural life. Of these, charity is the most important. It says in the Scriptures that Our Lord sent His seventy-two disciples forth to preach "two by two before him." Commenting on this text, St. Gregory says that the reason why Christ sent them in pairs was that they might exercise charity towards each other, since if they had been alone they could not practice this most essential Christian virtue. And he goes on: "In this way He (Jesus) tacitly intimates to us that he who has not charity towards his neighbor should under no circumstances take upon himself the work of preaching." (Breviary, Common of Evangelists.)

## "Give Me Souls"

The second way in which lack of fraternal charity is observable in Catholic enterprises is simply in their want of zeal. They show too little love for souls, no burning desire to bring men to Christ. Their first concern is usually the entertainment of their members. Or if they do actually engage in works of charity, these are in too many cases obviously a side-line, while the chief interest is reserved for secular activities. Even where there is something being

done for souls, there quite commonly could be a great deal more done with a little more sacrifice. And there could be more heart, more charity, in what is done already. "Give me souls: take away everything else," was the prayer and motto of St. John Bosco. Should not all those who work for Christ possess something of the ardor of this great modern apostle of Catholic Action?

## Fiddling Action

The picture of Nero fiddling while Rome burned is still used to shock children. Such fiddling has become a characteristic occupation of our times. Americans lost a democracy because they gave themselves over to pleasure while unscrupulous men robbed them of their country and exploited its resources. Men today, in the face of terrible sufferings that have overtaken their fellows and may soon overtake us all, lose themselves in their own pleasure and self-interest.

We know men who are delighted that there is a war because it means greater wages for them. Frenchmen, before the downfall of their country, proved their nonchalance and courage, it was reported in American papers, by dissipation and gayety; somewhat later, Marshall Petain attributed this downfall to the fact that his countrymen had so given themselves over to lives of pleasure. Englishmen, using the mistake of their ally as a precedent rather than as a warning, showed their courage in the same dubious way. These great nations, now wholly pagan, had forgotten the Scriptures, which advocate quite a different way of dealing with war. "If you turn to the Lord with all your heart, put away the strange gods from among you, Baalim and Astaroth; and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve Him only, and He will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines." (I Kings, 7, 3.)

## "All Creation Groans"

Surely this is not different from the manner and spirit of Christians who, knowing from St. Paul that "all creation groans

much occupied with the things of the world; they are earthly minded, like the first Apostles before the coming of the Holy Ghost. They are bewitched by the trinkets of a pleasure-seeking world, and defend their indulgence with the maxims of paganism. They are themselves deeply infected with that "black paganism" which, Pope Pius XII pointed out, is the cause of all our modern trouble. Strongly attached to the pleasures of the world and guided by a too human prudence, they do not understand that, by the very terms of Our Lord's invitation, they must leave all to follow Him.

## Whole Heart

No doubt they are sincere—it is their love, not their sincerity that is here questioned; and the former is a far more important virtue. Their love for earthly things may seem trivial; but if it could only be diverted to the love and service of God, what a difference there would be in the world! To be occupied with the pleasures of a pagan world is the Christian's way of fiddling while the world groans and travails for Christ. Attachments to the goods of earth mean, in the aggregate, that huge quantities of love are given to creatures by Christian men who are bound to love their Creator with their whole heart. Moreover, this love for the world—this paganism—as it is a cause of war, and not an effective defense against war, so it is also, no mere trifling occupation, but a veritable cause of the lifelessness and powerlessness of Catholic organizations. As it diminishes their love, it diminishes their life; for, alas, "if anyone loves the world, the love of the Father is not in him." (I Jo. 3, 18.)

"My dear children, let us not love in word, neither with the tongue, but in deed and in truth." (I Jo. 3, 18.)

## REPARATION

Stoddard, N. H.  
Oct. 17.

Dear Friends:

Yesterday was the anniversary of the passing of the Conscriptio Act. In response to a suggestion from a Coopers-town C O about half the fellows fasted. That is they ate nothing yesterday but oatmeal.

At lunch we discussed why we were fasting. There had been a discussion the evening before of conscription itself and some of the boys felt the issue had become confused. It wasn't merely conscription that we were protesting, it wasn't a political move. Rather we felt that America's part in the world trouble was pretty shoddy. We felt that Conscriptio might be held as a symbol of such actions as the selling of scrap iron to Japan, the refusal of food to the stricken countries of Europe, the turning away of refugees from our shores, the terribly selfish attitude of the Nation towards its responsibilities to its brother.

We offered our fast as a sort of reparation for our sins as individuals and as citizens. We offered our fast as a gesture of identification of ourselves with all those who are suffering from crimes of men. We offered it as a prayer for peace.

D. L.



St. Martin de Porres

—Ado Bethune

and travails in pain," awaiting for Christ, still engage their attention and affections with trivial occupations, with pleasure and other selfish private interests, refusing to make any sacrifices for a work that can advance only through supreme sacrifice. Yes, God expects even supreme sacrifices; He does desire that we give up our bourgeois comfort and smugness. "In this we have come to know His love, that He laid down His life for us; and we ought likewise to lay down our life for the brethren." (I Jo. 3, 16.)

Apostles nowadays are too



# CATHOLIC WORKER

Published Monthly September to June, Bi-monthly July-August  
(Member of Catholic Press Association)

DOROTHY DAY, Editor and Publisher  
115 Mott St., New York City  
Telephone: CAnal 6-8498

PETER MAURIN, Founder  
THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

Subscription, United States, 25c Yearly. Canada and Foreign, 30c Yearly.  
Subscription rate of one cent per copy plus postage applies to bundles of one hundred or more copies each month for one year to be directed to one address.

Reentered as second class matter August 10, 1939, at the Post Office  
of New York, N. Y., Under the Act of March 3, 1879

## Infallibility of Conscience

(The following is the second of four instructions on conscience from "Meditations for Layfolk," by Bede Jarrett. We will run the others in succeeding issues.)

(I) Conscience is, therefore, a voice springing from the whole being. It is partly a judgment on principles, as when my conscience tells me that such and such a principle is wrong, and partly an application of principles, as when in the ordinary round of events I reject a temptation to do something because my conscience informs me that this would not be right, would not accord with certain principles that my faith has taught me to accept. On the whole, and chiefly, it concerns the application of principles rather than the mere selection of principles, for these are selected by the reason or the instinct, or the light of revealed truth. In the voice of conscience, then, we notice the idea of moral obligation of moral insistence: the root idea of it is, "I must." This voice of conscience, then, we certainly have to obey, for it is the sole personal command that reaches us. Even authority could not be accepted nor its ordinances respected unless it had been backed by the full majesty of conscience. Conscience must sit in judgment on the claims of authority before investing it with the sanction of the moral law. A Catholic has first to convince himself of the divine mission of the Church and be sure that she represents the teaching body that our Lord came on earth to found, before he can allow her to make with effect any demands upon his allegiance. Either deliberately or by implication he has to be made sure of his ground by conscience. So, again, in every action in which the moral obligation which we summarize under the name of duty is felt and attended to, I have to convince myself of the authority of conscience, and have to put conscience in judgment over the claims that are made upon me.

(II) But while in this way I am completely under the dominion of my conscience, I have to remember that, in consequence, I cannot move until my conscience is sure. I may not act until my conscience is really determined: I cannot act, that is, when my conscience is in doubt. The reason of this principle is that, were I to do so, I should in effect be saying to myself, I don't know whether this is right or wrong, but I am going to do it anyway. Obviously this would be altogether a disrespectful attitude to God, a complete disregard for the law of God. Yet on the other hand, it is surely very difficult to make up one's mind determinedly on all the points that have to be settled by conscience? Surely, at least on the spur of the moment, it is almost impossible to be certain? Often I have to admit that I am not quite sure, but that I think a certain thing is allowed. And here am I doing wrong, for I am acting on a doubtful conscience? No. Why? Because really and practically my conscience has been made certain. What has happened is that I have put myself into some such position as this: I have said I must act from a sure conscience, but in this particular matter I am not quite certain what is right. However, it seems to me that under the circumstances I have enough to justify my doing it, for I do really think it to be allowable; hence I have done the best I could under the circumstances, for if I were certain that the thing I was going to do were wrong, I should, of course, not have done it. But as I must act somehow, and as this does not appear to me to be actually wrong, I am justified in going through with it. In this way by a reflex act, by getting as it were behind my conscience, I have in reality made my conscience sure, and can proceed to act on it.

(III) I have, then, just to do my best, for my conscience is infallible:—that is to say, if I make up my mind seriously that a certain thing is right, it becomes right for me. My conscience is not infallible, of course, in the sense that whatever I think is right in itself, but only that it is right for me. Supposing, for example, that when I am quite a boy I think that I have a vocation to the priesthood, or at least I think it possible that God may have destined me to be a priest, and supposing, further, that after considering it carefully—praying, asking advice,

## Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

others about it. Take up this matter at trade union meetings, solidarity meetings, club meetings. Write to 420 Lexington Ave., National Committee on Food for Europe, and find out what you can do to help. Work and pray, or rather pray that God will show you what to do these dreadful days. These are days when people are flocking to the churches, to the Communion rail. This mid-week morning there were several rails of communicants and it is so every morning at the six, seven and eight o'clock Masses.

To pray, to work for peace in whatever way you can, to sacrifice and do penance for our sins as a nation—this program is open to us all.

We may not see results, we may in no way stem the tide right now.

"Our daily bread," Zundel writes, in *The Splendor of the Liturgy* "tastes more bitter. The soul must become acquainted, by living them in her measure, with all the states of the Only Son. For God cannot identify us with His Christ unless He conforms us to His passion."

### Travelogue

This month I spoke in Providence, Rhode Island; in Brockton and Cambridge, Mass.; Stoddard, New Hampshire; Forest Hills, Long Island; Pittsfield, Mass.; Chicago, Ill.; and Boston, Mass., and then back to New York to speak again.

In addition to the speaking before various groups, Teresa and I made a quick trip to Montreal so that she could be entered at St. Martine's in a little school recommended by Monsignor Ligutti, where the Sisters of the Holy Names teach spinning, weaving, dyeing, sewing and knitting, in addition to cooking and other household arts. They speak only French, and during her free hours Teresa will read history. She has a busy winter before her, but next year, when she is sixteen, she can settle on the farm and help Eva with the household and garden work, and teach the others how to spin and weave on the loom in Grace Branham's house.

No matter what is going on in the world, women know that meals must be cooked, and men know that fields must be planted and harvested.

It was hard leaving Teresa in Canada. Montreal seemed a gloomy place on a dull, grey day, with all the young men in uniform. One felt indeed in a country at war. The school is

looking at my capabilities, my gifts, my circumstances—I come to the conclusion that I have no such vocation, what is to happen if I find out afterwards that God did intend me really to have been a priest? Nothing will happen at all, and God Himself will applaud my action in giving up the idea of the priesthood, for I am conscious that God can only ask me to do my best. He cannot expect from me absolute perfection, for He knows (since He made men) that all that I can do is unprofitable. All that He can with any right expect is that I should try to do the right thing. But I have tried; I have prayed, sought counsel, considered the matter: then I have acted as I honestly judged best, and I must trouble myself no more about it. Even when other people tell me what they think I ought to do, even when the priest gives me advice in the confessional (unless I have been rendered abnormal and incapable by scruples), I have finally to remember that with me and my conscience lies the ultimate responsibility of it. I may not plead their words in my excuse, for my soul is my own. Guided by conscience, which itself has been trained by faith and the moral law and by the example of Christ's life as I find it in the Gospels, I have to steer my own way.

an hour out, by a bus which runs twice a day. I kept comforting myself that she was not so very far away. After all, the round trip to New York is only fifteen dollars by bus and it is an overnight trip. The tuition at the school is eighteen dollars a month. There are about twenty of these domestic science schools in Quebec to revive the household arts that the French were in danger of losing.

And, in spite of war and the griefs of parting, there was time and impulse for a poem or a canticle, whatever one chooses to call it. I wrote it on the subway, and it is for Teresa:

Thank God for turtles in backyards,  
For smell of horses and the wagon load of celery,  
For scrubbed sweet potatoes Baking in a push cart oven,  
For the smell of charcoal on a dull fall day.  
For chestnuts, too, and the dry leaves of Bayard St.  
For the little bird in the church yard,  
Bright with the yellow breast.  
For the pert grasshopper on Katie's vegetable stand,  
For babies, for kittens, for little humble things.  
Teresa calls dungeons, the dark dark tenements,  
But thank God for poverty which drives us from ugliness.  
To walk in parks, over bridges, or just among the people.  
The sky is ours, the wind, the rain.  
There is sun on bare branches, and sun on the housetops.  
We cannot be home bound, we must look for God's things,  
So to the streets, to the parks, to the bridge, to the rivers, to the markets, to the bay—  
Everywhere, even here,  
Even in the dungeons  
In the ugly cities,  
There we thank Thee,  
Loved One, God!

## Priest and Picket

Someone sent us a clipping the other day, containing the story of a priest and a picket. It happened last January 27, which was a cold, snowy day in Minneapolis. Lawrence Swenson, a union painter, was walking the picket line through the snow, his feet clad only in moccasins.

Along through the snow came the Rev. Edward Grzeskowiak, professor of science at Nazareth Hall Preparatory Seminary, St. Paul. Father Grzeskowiak was wearing overshoes which he removed and gave to the picket who "needed them more."

Which work of mercy was worth more than ten speeches on the Church's attitude towards the working man.

## "Up the Rebels"

The Catholic Theatre Movement took a definite step forward last month when the New York Chapter of the Blackfriars Guild presented "UP THE REBELS" at its recently acquired Theatre at 320 W. 57th Street. The play, centered about the Irish Revolution and the birth of the Irish Free State, was extremely timely as it depicted the futility of war and the endless chain of dissensions arising from attempting to achieve an ideal through the means of force.

The success of the Blackfriars in New York is directly due to the untiring efforts of Father Urban Nagle, O.P. The playhouse itself was built as an experimental theatre in what was an old Y.M.C.A. building by the members of the New York Chapter. Their long hours of hard manual labor and the cooperation of the entire group is amply rewarded by the attractive atmosphere of the finished house. The compactness of the theatre is refreshing after an almost steady diet of elaborate and usually ornate buildings which in most cases are more artistic than the productions they house.

The specific purpose of the Guild is to promote the study, presentation and writing of drama which is consonant with the principles of Catholicism. Blackfriarism may be defined as a Cause, by means of which people who love the drama and its allied arts may diffuse a bit of truth and beauty in the world. The ultimate goal of the Guild is the production of plays which have some relation with helping themselves and their audiences find truth and beauty—which is a philosophical expression for finding God.

Father Nagle has several more plays under study which will be produced within the Winter and Spring seasons. No titles have been released as yet, but the program will include comedy as well as tragedy and, judging from the reception given to UP THE REBELS there will be an eager audience awaiting the next release. ALICE LAUTNER.

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, published monthly (bi-monthly July-August) at Church St. Annex for October 1, 1940. State of New York, County of New York—ss.

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

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

Managing Editor: None.  
Business Managers: Joseph Zarrella and Gerry Griffin, 115 Mott St., N. Y. C.

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

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

GERRY GRIFFIN,  
Business Manager.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1941.  
LOUIS HARRIS,  
Notary Public.  
(My commission expires March 20, 1943.)



# God's Coward:

By Ammon Hennacy

I had been in the dark hole in Columbus for several days when I was first arrested, so this ten days did not worry me. I had never fasted before although I had read of it as a cure for many ailments, and I was curious to see the result. I had a slice of bread and two cups of water daily, until the end of the second day the white bread ovens broke down, and I had the cornbread which was soggy on the bottom, baked very hard on top, and fairly good in the middle. Cornbread lasted longer although it was not so tasty as the white bread. I kept a count of the days as I heard the men marching to and fro from work. I could not tell by the light as it was always dark in the three cornered dark cell.

## Solitary

After ten days I was taken into a large solitary cell nearby. White bread tasted like cake then. This cell was on the ground floor back of the deputy's office. The cell was about eighteen feet long, six feet wide, and fifteen feet high. A small dirty window near the top to the east faced a tall building, which kept sunlight from coming in except on very bright days. A bunk was attached to the wall; a plain chair and a small table with a spoon, plate and cup on it. There was a toilet; and a wash basin attached to the wall. A small twenty watt light was screwed in the high ceiling and was turned on and off from the outside. The door of bars and the extra wooden door with a funnel-shaped peep hole through which guards could watch me at any time. I walked around examining my new home. The cell was exactly eight and a half steps from corner to corner. The walls were dirty and initials and home-made calendars with days crossed off had been left by former inmates.

## Vegetarian Diplomacy

After the dark hole this large cell was a relief. A negro lifer brought in meals three times a day and ladled grits, beans, raisins, etc., out of a large bucket into my plate while Johnson, the sullen fat guard, stood at the door. The negro found out that I did not eat meat and he always grabbed my portion. Perhaps this helped him in his favorable attitude toward me, for he gave me notes and candy from Berkman, and took my notes in return. Also clippings from newspapers were sent to me from Berkman. The first morning I said "Hello" to the guard, but he did not answer me; after a few days of silence on his part I ceased to bother him with a greeting.

I waited two weeks after requesting a Bible before one was sent from the office of the chaplain. This was an edition with fairly large print and several maps in the back for reference. After a few days this was taken from me and one without maps and with extremely small print was given to me. I asked Johnson, the guard, why I was given a Bible with small print, as this was more difficult to read with the small light 18 feet above me, and he simply grunted. The colored trusty later spoke in his throat and told me that anything was done which would make it more difficult for one in solitary. I do not think that the chaplain had anything to do with this;

probably the deputy or the guard took this means of teasing one of their caged animals.

An outsider could enter solitary confinement with the knowledge that in a few days he would be released. This would then be a vacation at its best and a temporary misery at its worst. When, however, you hear groans of fellow prisoners; when you do not know how many months you may remain in solitary you have a weight hanging over you that precludes any joyfulness of spirit.

## My Day

Here is a day in solitary. I hear the six o'clock gong ring for the early mess. I know at 7:20 I will get my mush. I am not sleepy, but I stretch out and relax. In a minute I wash and pull on my few articles of clothing. I pick up my chair and swing it thirty times up-right-left-down; up-right-left-down. Then I walk one hundred steps back and forth in my cell—arms up—arms out—arms clenched—arms down as I walk back and forth. This I repeat several times. It is now seven o'clock. I make my bed and then wash my face and hands again. Then I hear the clanging of the door and know that breakfast is on the way. I hear the doors open and shut and the jangling of the keys and the rattling of utensils. I sit and watch the door like a cat watching a mouse.

## Breakfast

The shadows cloaking under my door I see (of the guard and the negro trusty) lengthen in the hall; the key turns in the lock; the wooden door opens and Johnson, the fat guard, stands back after he has opened the iron barred door. The negro steps in and ladles out my oatmeal, hands me a couple of slices of bread and pours out a cup of coffee. Today he has no note for me; tomorrow he may have one. He smiles to me as he turns his back to Jackson and I smile in return. I look up at Johnson but he scowls. The trusty leaves and the doors are locked. I am not very hungry, but I prolong the breakfast as much as possible to take up my time. At last the food is gone. I leisurely wash the dishes and dry them. Perhaps I spin my plate a dozen times and see how long I can count before it falls to the floor off of the table. I lean back in my chair and think of Karen and of my folks at home. Then I realize I am within these four walls; a jail in a jail. I walk back and forth for five or ten minutes and then throw myself on my bunk; take off my shoes and hunch up on my bunk.

In a few minutes I am restless and turn on my side. I hear the men marching to work and stand near the outer wall hoping to hear a word or two but I only hear mumbled voices and the shouts of the guards. I hear the whistle of the train in the distance. I kneel by the door and strain my eyes seeking to discern someone in the tailor shop on the second floor next door, but everything is a blur. I walk around the walls reading the poetry I have written and all of the inscriptions others have engraved. I try to figure out what the possible history of this or that initial may mean, but soon give it up as waste time. I hear the voice of the deputy in the hall greeting the guard in charge. It is now 9 a.m., and according to my schedule, time to

A chapter from the experience of a conscientious objector during the last war. The following pages tell of his months in solitary confinement. Next month deals with his conversion to Christian pacifism.

read the Bible. I lie on my bunk for half an hour reading the chapter for that morning. Then I sit on the toilet and take my pencil and make notes and figure out questions on the chapter in application to that which has preceded it. The toilet is near the door and is the only place in the cell where a full view of the occupant cannot be gained through the peephole. I do not want to be caught with my precious pencil. I place the toilet paper on which I have written my notes in the Bible and sit on my chair and study what I have written. Then I return to the toilet seat and write some conclusions. Then I lie on my bunk and with my eyes closed think over what I have read.

## Exercise

I then try to sleep for half an hour but become restless and walk back and forth in my cell for a mile and a half and take my exercises. I spin my plate again. I look up to the dirty window many times but can see nothing. For fifteen minutes I look steadily, after I have noticed a bird flying near the window, hoping that it might return. But why



—Ade Bethune

should a bird stop by my dusty window? It is now 11:15 and the guards are outside watching the men enter for the first mess. I feel that this is the opportune time to write a few words of a poem which I have not finished on the wall. I sharpen my spoon on the floor and stealthily carve two letters when I hear a step in the hall and cease my carving.

## Dinner

I walk aimlessly around my cell for fifteen minutes and then sit and wait for the door to open for my dinner. Beans, oleo, bread and coffee. I eat the beans carefully for often I break my teeth from biting against the stones which are included in the beans. I again wash my dishes leisurely; rest on my bunk for half an hour and then become restless again and walk to and fro for a mile or two. I read for an hour for the afternoon passes slowly. Then make notes and think about the subject matter for a

time. I hear the train at 2 p.m. I am tired of thinking and tired of exercising. I again walk aimlessly about my cell examining the walls. Perhaps I take some toilet paper, wet it, and wash a section of the wall to see if there is a message written underneath the grime; perhaps I figure out a calendar six months ahead to discover on what day of the week Karen's birthday occurs.

I think again of those on the outside and of the radical movement. An hour passes by in this manner and I try to sleep for half an hour but turn from one side to the other. I hear Rogolowski rattle his chains and groan in the next cell. I take strenuous exercises punching at an imaginary punching bag; I try walking on my hands; I sing a song or recite some poetry for another hour. Finally a break in my day comes with the first mess marching by: it is 4:30. From that time until 5:45 I walk aimlessly around my cell and finally sit again and watch for the door to open.

## Supper

Bread, oleo, raisin sauce—plenty of it—and coffee. Again I wash my dishes slowly; spin my plate awhile; rest on my bunk, walk around my cell. The guards change for the night shift. Now the other fellows in jail outside of solitary are getting their evening papers and mail; visiting with each other; playing games on the sly and having a good time. It is dark and Bean turns on my light. Again I read the Bible for an hour and make notes on what I have read. I rest on my bunk; sing some songs; perhaps curse a little if I feel like it; walk back and forth.

## Nightly Check

Finally it is 8:30 p.m. and my light is turned out. I undress and go to bed. The lonesome whistle of the train howls in the distance. I lie on my back; then on one side; then on the other. Sometimes I cry; sometimes I curse; sometimes I pray to whatever kind of God listens to those in solitary. I think it must be midnight when the door opens and Bean flashes the light on to see if I am in my cell and shouts to another guard "O. K.; all in at 10 p.m." I toss about and am nearly asleep when the bedbugs commence. I suppose it is 11 p.m. when I finally begin a night of fitful sleeping and dreaming. Again it is 6 a.m. and I cross off on my calendar another day in solitary.

## Bible Reading

I had read the Bible once when I belonged to the Baptist church, and now as it was all that I had to read, I commenced with Genesis and read at least twenty chapters a day. I also walked what I figured out was four and a half miles a day. Berkman sent me a copy of "The Man with the Hoe" and I learned it by heart and recited it aloud several times a day. For the first few weeks the time did not go so slowly as I was busy planning a routine. I found that on one day, perhaps a Thursday or a Friday, I would suddenly be called

by the guard to go across the hall and get a bath. Meantime my cell would be searched for contraband. For three minutes at some other odd time in the week I would be taken across the hall to be shaved. It was summer time and I asked to have my hair shaved off to make my head cooler. I could not see myself and whatever the negro or Johnson thought of my appearance did not make any difference to me.

## He Cursed the Guard

Rogolowski was in the next cell to my left. For his cursing at the guards he was strung up by his hands with his tip toes barely touching the floor, and left for eight hours hanging until he was nearly unconscious. Once when I was going to get a shave I saw him entering his cell with his head bandaged. This must have been the result of the blows which I had faintly heard the day before. He was mistreated for months until he finally became insane and was taken to St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D. C. where my wife and I visited him several years later. I sent notes to my sister regarding the treatment of Rogolowski. I had found a small pencil hidden in a crack behind the toilet and wrote these notes to Berkman or Slim. As I heard the chains fall which bound Rogolowski to the bars and then the thump of his body on the floor, I would curse the damn capitalist system and the guards and everyone connected with the government and prison.

Once in a while I would crouch by the door of my cell on bright sunny mornings and see the top of Berkman's bald head as he worked in the tailor shop in the building nearby. I thought that if he did three and a half years in a cell with slimy walls that I could do the balance of my time in this comparatively clean dry cell.

To Be Continued.

"According to the order of nature instituted by Divine Providence, the goods of the earth are designed to supply the needs of men. The division of goods and their appropriation through human law do not thwart this purpose. Therefore, the goods which a man has in superfluity are due by the natural law to the sustenance of the poor."

—St. Thomas Aquinas.

## CHRISTMAS CARDS

by Ade Bethune  
Bettsy Clendening  
Mary K. Finegan  
Mary Krenzen  
Dorothy Schmitt

50 CARDS AND  
ENVELOPES—1.25

50 LARGE CARDS  
AND ENV.—2.00

Sample Set:  
30 ASSORTED CARDS  
AND ENV.—1.00

29 THAME STREET  
NEWPORT, R.I.



## Treason Trial Going On Now In Minneapolis

### First Peacetime Prosecution For Seditious Opinion in Over Hundred Years

On July 15, 1941, twenty-nine people were indicted by a Federal Grand Jury in St. Paul, Minnesota, on charges of "seditious conspiracy." The indictment had been drawn up by the U. S. Department of Justice.

Among those indicted were the national and local leaders of the Socialist Workers Party and the officers of Motor Transport and Allied Workers Industrial Union, Local 544-CIO.

The indictments charge a conspiracy to (1) overthrow the United States government by force and violence; (2) spread disaffection among the armed forces; (3) engage in private military training with arms for the purpose of overthrowing the government. All the charges in the indictment except one deal with utterances or publications whose intent is construed to constitute the offenses. The only overt act charged is the formation of a workers defense corps by members of the Teamsters Union in Minneapolis in 1938.

The facts in regard to the workers defense corps show that there was no intent of the Teamsters Union, to do more than protect union property against threats of vigilante violence. Its activities were entirely public and covered only the few months when apprehension of attack was acute.

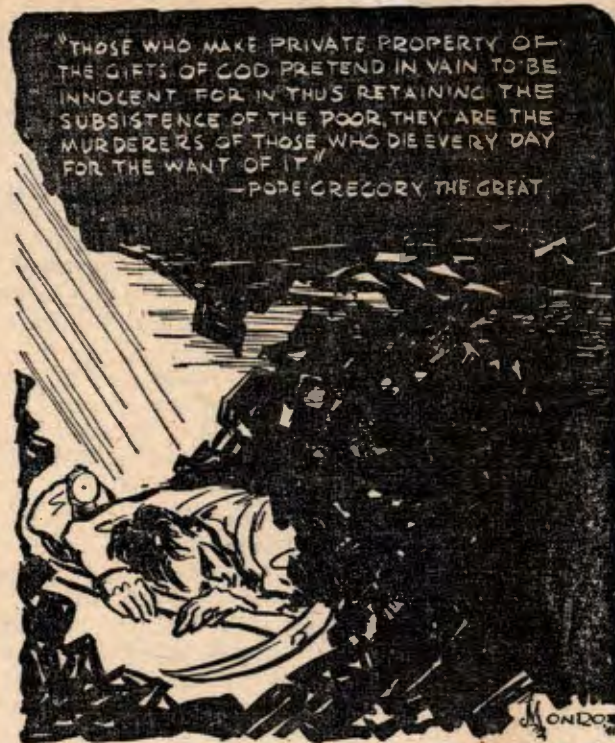
#### What Happened

Local 544 withdrew from the A. F. of L. after a proposal of Daniel Tobin, President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, that he should appoint a dictator-receiver over the union, with absolute powers, including the power to expel anyone. According to Frank Barnhart, Regional Director of the UCWOC: "Not so long ago Tobin issued an ultimatum to the officers and members of the AFL Teamsters Union ordering them to give unequivocal support to Roosevelt's war policy under threat of reprisals against them by Tobin if they failed to comply." Local 544's weekly *The Industrial Organizer*, has been a severe critic of Roosevelt's anti-labor actions and a resolute opponent of his war policies.

Local 544 withdrew from the A. F. of L. and affiliated with the CIO. Three other locals voted to join the CIO, Tobin telegraphed President Roosevelt, appealing to the government to take action in this matter. On June 27, F.B.I. agents raided the Socialist Workers Party headquarters, seized literature and photographs and indictments followed shortly afterwards.

#### Political Persecution

That the government acted against the Socialist Workers Party because of its anti-war position was explicitly acknowledged by Acting Attorney-General Biddle, who was quoted in the *Minneapolis Tribune* of June 28, 1941, as saying: "The principal basis for the prosecution is found in the Declaration of Principles adopted by the Socialist Workers Party in December, 1938." The pertinent phrases



NEWS ITEM, OCTOBER 17.—POLICE DYNAMITE  
PENNSYLVANIA BOOTLEG MINE.

—From Henry George Schell

mentioned by Biddle include the following: "If in spite of the revolutionists and the militant workers, the U. S. Government enters a new war, the Socialist Workers Party will not under any circumstances support that war, but will, on the contrary, fight against it."

In the text of the indictment drawn up by the Department of Justice the accusations refer in large measure solely and simply to the revolutionary political opinions held by the Socialist Workers Party. The Party does not deny its revolutionary views nor its uncompromising opposition to war. It does deny, however, that the government has any right to prosecute on that account. The right to express one's ideas by speech or in writing or through assembly is an elementary democratic right, and specifically protected by the First Amendment to the Constitution which states that Congress "shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

#### Review

*Civil Rights Defense Committee*, 160 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will send our readers a pamphlet, "Witch Hunt in Minnesota," by George E. Novack, with foreword by James T. Farrell, containing the full facts and story of the Minnesota trials.

## Still In Prison

King, Ramsay and Conner, the three union men whose story we carried in the September issue are, still in prison. The men have completed five years in prison on framed murder charges, and Governor Olson himself has said that the evidence against the three men was "largely conflicting and impeached." To delegates to the State CIO Convention, the Governor said that King, Ramsay and Conner "have already discharged their debt." But the men are still in prison.

There is still time to get them out before Christmas. Wire or write Governor Alton of California, asking for their release.



## Odell Waller Death Sentence Upheld

The death sentence of Odell Waller, 24-year-old Negro sharecropper of Grctna, Virginia, was upheld by the Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals. A press release from the Workers Defense League states that the matter will be taken to the United States Supreme Court.

About a year ago an all-white jury, ten of whom were planters, found Waller guilty of first degree murder as a result of the shooting of Oscar Davis, the white landlord, who had cheated him out of his share of the wheat crop and had evicted his sixty-five-year-old mother while he was away looking for work.

Waller had been working behind the mules since he was a small child, on their own land at first, and then after his father died, and the farm lost, on shares on Davis' land. The government cut down the tobacco allotment and Mr. Davis pocketed the check. Then he took Waller's share of the wheat crop, and after that came the eviction.

Waller went with his old mother and his wife to the landlord's home to ask again for his share of the crop on which he, his mother and his wife had worked. Davis, known as a hard man who had carried a gun in fights with his son, yelled: "You won't get a damned thing!" and reached his hand into his gun pocket. Waller shot him.

Sharecroppers, the majority of county residents, were excluded from the Waller jury because they couldn't pay the poll tax, which is cumulative in Virginia. The tax adds up for years; poor people can never catch up. Six million whites, four million Negroes in eight states can't vote or serve on juries! The Constitution of the United States guarantees each citizen trial by an impartial jury. But Odell Waller was tried by a white jury, ten of whom were planters.

Funds are needed desperately if this appeal for justice is to be made. Send contributions to *The Workers Defense League*, National Headquarters, 112-East 19th St., New York City.

St. Martin remained in the army two years out of love for his captain, then he laid down his arms, saying that in future he would only be a soldier of Christ.—Acta Sanctorum.

## Ben-Joe

(Continued from page 1)

The fantail was full of water (over a foot deep) and running like Niagara Falls into the engine room. Big pieces of deck machinery and grate bars and barrels of oil were flying back and forth like ramrods and water pouring in two smashed port holes. I went on watch at 2 a.m., and she was really blowing then. I went up on top to trim our ventilators and stood there reviewing the scene. It looked bad and I really didn't think I was going to see Buffalo again. Who wants to see Buffalo twice anyway?

#### Dying Alone

St. Paul says somewhere we don't live alone and we don't die alone, but it seems to me death is a pretty lonely affair. When I was a kid I used to think of death as blackness, cessation, not being myself any more but being absorbed into a whole, and I didn't like it at all. That was when I got past the stage of thinking of it in the Mohammedan way, as a place of delights. (Remember how Joe Zarrella said once, "Heaven had better be good"?) It was when I began to know what love is, and it's human love I'm talking about, that I could understand St. Paul when he said he wished he could be dissolved and be with Christ. Oh, to love God like that! Communion, love and life, not passion and annihilation.

Do you remember Charlie Rich, meditating on death? Remember the nuns in parochial school, telling us to practice dying every night when we went to sleep? I never did get the idea.

#### New Life

But somehow little by little, as I grow older, I begin to see, how we've got to strip off the old man, die to ourselves, and if we don't, we'll be stripped; life and suffering will do it for us. And then when death comes, God grant we'll be ready, and it will be passing through to another life, a "life changed, not taken away."

This is the month of November, when we are supposed to meditate on life and death, and with the world at war there's plenty to be praying for.

There's a special list I always keep in the back of my mind, of people to be remembered during the month of All Souls. There are Sacco and Vanzetti, the two Italian anarchists; there is Alexander Berkman, there are the Harlan County miners, nine of them shot last year. These are just of the few of those who have died in the class war which has been going on under our great industrial system.

#### Time and Eternity

I once asked a priest what good was it to pray for a guy like Berkman, who was an anarchist, who had tried to kill a steel magnate, and who had finally committed suicide. Most pious Catholics would think there "was not much hope for him." This priest, he was a Spaniard, said that in the eyes of God there was no time, only eternity and that the prayers to be said after the death of a person like that count just as much as those said before. Who knows but that at the hour of death, a great light did not shine forth on Sacco and Vanzetti as they sat in the electric chair so that they reached out their arms to God in all the love they had been spending on their fellows during their life time. "In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, but they are at peace." Let's hope that applies to them.

Ben-Joe Labray.

## Inhuman Punishment

Anthony Panchelly, Edward Woodworth and Donald Brown, west coast seamen, have already served four years of an unjust 15-year sentence in New Jersey prisons. These three men docked in New York in December, 1936, during the seamen's strike. They joined the strike as soon as their ship docked. When they arrived, the situation was already acute with illegal bans on picketing imposed by Mayor Hague of Jersey City and Mayor McFeely of Hoboken, arrests, sluggings, and "running out of town."

On New Year's Day, 1937, the three seamen, while walking around Hoboken, got into an argument with Frederick Schwartz, who offered to get them jobs as scabs on one of the struck ships. A fight followed and the police, arriving almost immediately, arrested the three seamen.

They were kept incommunicado for 72 days. Their story of these 72 days tells of a concerted effort by the police to force them to sign a false statement that the strike committee had ordered them to beat up Schwartz. The police told the three seamen that they would get light sentences if they signed the statement, but would "rot in jail" if they refused.

In spite of this threat, and in spite of police brutality so severe that Panchelly spent most of the 72 days in a hospital, the men refused. And true to the police threat, Panchelly, Woodworth, and Brown were sentenced to 14 to 15 years in prison.

The charge was robbery! Schwartz charged the three men with stealing \$21.80 which he alleges he had on his person before the fight. The trial record shows no proof that the money ever existed. The police, who arrested the men at the scene of the fight, took them directly to the station house, and searched them immediately. They did not find the money. None of the witnesses of the fight saw it. It was not found in the street. Schwartz himself testified that he did not see it taken from him, but that it was stolen while he was unconscious.

And in spite of this lack of evidence, Panchelly, Woodworth and Brown were sentenced to 15 years in jail. Their appeal to the New Jersey Supreme Court was lost, and their request for pardon denied.

There remains only one way to secure justice. If a sufficient number of people write to the Governor asking him to bring the case before the Board of Pardons, the men may be released. Write at once to GOVERNOR CHARLES EDISON, TRENTON, NEW JERSEY.

The Detention Camp, Trinidad.  
Dear Dorothy Day:

I feel very near you these days—more than ever before thankful to our Lord for letting me know you and feel at home at your house and use your bed and be sure of a welcome anytime.

I expect to be home by Christmas, after a 40-day voyage like Noah's maybe—so when the next convoy starts.

Please send me your stuff regularly to Kingsley Hall, Bow, E.B., London—and let me know your colleagues in England. My home in Bow, wherever it is (my old room's been blown to bits) will always be open to you, dear friend.

MURIEL LESTER.



## Planting The Wheat

Concluded from page 8

than our faithful but none too hefty black.

And no rain fell. The lumps of plowed ground seemed to litter the field, while the unplowed section looked as dusty and hardpacked as a baseball diamond.

### No Fifty Dollars

Wheat or no wheat, success or bitter failure, one should not flay a horse. So we bathed the raw bleeding hide of the industrious Dick, and put ointment on the open sores and led him to pasture where he cropped grass contentedly alongside the bucking bay.

I went to town, and called up the stables where we had bought the team from my affable friend Mr. Cohen. Mr. Cohen and I passed civilities and then got down to business. He would surely trade horses, give me a horse with manners and education, guarantee him and would I come over to see this paragon of equines? I would gladly and did. But then Mr. Cohen explained that it would cost us fifty dollars to boot! We had no fifty dollars nor five either. So we couldn't do business. And we both expressed sorrow, shook hands and regretfully said good-bye. The autumn twilight was cool and full of gloom.

It meant using the tractor—our ancient Fordson. It meant buying gasoline, fifty gallons, anyway. It meant getting credit from the oil man. Using the tractor was a defeat, against our principles. But we had to get the wheat in. And there were four acres still to be plowed.

### A Jolting Peace

Sitting on the high seat of the tractor and watching the brown furrows roll over in crumbling waves from early morning to late dusk with the stars creeping out above I felt somewhat at peace. All that warm sunny next September day I rode the Fordson. The fine dust rose and covered me, filling my pockets, ears, eyes, nostrils, and mouth with gritty powder, creating a wondrous thirst that made water taste finer than any beverage. But the four acres were turned over as darkness fell.

We waited for several days hoping for a rain to soften the lumps so we could harrow and fit the land. A neighbor came over and looked at the plowed field. "You need a roller to break the lumps," he said. "We have no roller," we said.

Anyway, being impatient, and besides the mice in the barn were beginning to gnaw holes in our sacks of precious wheat, we attached the spike harrows to the tractor and began to level the field. Of course, it happened! The Fordson developed acute motor trouble and no amount of tinkering could get it to run again. For several days it stood in the middle of the field, a battered and bitter symbol of failure.

Dick, he of the bloody hide, and Prince, the potential man-killer, cropped the meadow grasses. Jon the Finn was cutting wood, and Jimmy Doyle went out to repair a fence. And the mice, despite our four cats, were eating our wheat meanwhile.

### Horse Psychology

Why does a horse kick? I set out to find the answer. I discovered that a horse kicks: 1. Because he has a rotten disposition,

naturally ornery. 2. Because he has worms. 3. Because his harness does not fit. And there are also many other reasons but I don't remember them now. Ruling out the first cause because it was too facile a solution, and providing a package of Five Brothers for the second, left the major problem of buying new harness.

The next day found me sitting in Sears-Roebuck (another principle shattered!) credit department trying to buy a set of harness for sixty dollars to be paid for at five dollars a month... No, I had no income, no salary. But I did have a team! I could pay five dollars down, and lady, you don't know how close to a miracle having five dollars is. Yes, I could give two references gladly... And another near miracle! I got the harness...

Time was getting on, it now being already the first week in October. Our neighbors' wheat was up a full two inches already. While assembling the harness I put the matter squarely up to Blessed Martin. From now on it was up to him—if the horse was still ornery we were licked. And how, Brother! "So Martin, do your stuff!" And it was a prayer too...

### Amateur Strategy

Well, we harnessed the team—and hooked them up to the disk. Now... would they work? Jon wouldn't drive them—"Princey, he kick you know, Billy." "That's O.K. Jon, I'll drive 'em," I said, praying silently that it would be O.K. The urge to save one's skin and bones is a laudable desire and indeed serves to keep the population fairly stable. But, on the other hand, nothing much would ever be accomplished, materially or spiritually, if everyone followed this bodily prudence. Anyway, I had prayed to Blessed Martin and what is a patron saint for if he doesn't rally to one's aid in a pinch? And the wheat must go in...

The horses couldn't know that I was an amateur—or could they? I could "Gee" and "Haw" and "Whoa" as loud and fierce as our tall, wiry, blue-eyed Finn, although I couldn't express those foreign expletives that ended in... zep! Jon never betrayed a suspicion of my inexperience, how then could the team? "Giddap you!"

### Patience

And Prince let fly with his left hind hoof, and over the hitch-pole it went. And the horses began to run, and stopped in the ditch at the end of the field. Jon came up—"They no work." We untangled the traces and hitched them up again. The bay might kill himself, or might break a leg, or else work. "Giddap!" Again the hoof came up and over. But this time I held a tight rein, and waited, and after several attempts Prince pulled his leg back over, and between the traces. "Now giddap in there!" And the team obeyed. On the second turn the bay tried it again viciously. I waited and he pulled his hoof up and over between the traces again. Only once more later in the afternoon did he try it, and never again. Blessed Martin, the new harness, and a little faith and patience worked it out.

From then on everything went swimmingly. A good rain fell, the ground broke up well, even without a roller. Jimmy broadcast the wheat, and Jon followed sowing Timothy and I after them with the team and the drag. Now

## Harlem Letter

(Continued from page 1)

no companionship; no motherly love.

They went out into the world to get what it had to offer—And what they found was prostitution, cellar clubs, dope dives and abortions.

We spend more money a year to keep our Botanical Garden nourished and our parks beautiful than we do on nourishing the Souls of our adolescent and delinquent youngsters.

You can pass the Mayor's residence twenty-four hours a day and you will find one of the New York finest on patrol; still you can go into certain districts which are congested with crime waves, prostitutes and never find a policeman. Still New York City has been made a heaven—as the Little Flower states.

We don't want a heaven on earth—we want to preserve the Souls that God put here for a purpose—not for them to go undernourished—not to be put in rat-infested tenement houses or to beautify our City by building modern jails and reformatories to put our delinquents as we call them.

We are only getting just a little of what will happen later on if we don't get to the roots.

If something isn't done the police will be battered. Our Social register will have to build a wall around themselves so that our young criminals won't attack them, and that won't be sufficient because the walls of Jericho came tumbling down.

Every one is all out for democracy all out to aid England. Bundles for Britain, but no one is out to aid our poverty stricken families—our starving children or bundles for our naked children or to combat the run-down rat-infested housing.



the field is a bright smooth green of sprouting wheat, our next year's bread, May God be praised and his servant Martin.

As for ourselves, meanwhile we will work and make a new pattern for life despite worn-out land, breaking harness, rusted and improvised tools, lack of cash, our neighbors' laughter, indifferent cooperation, and our own congenital laziness, ineptness, and misunderstanding. With every new difficulty we must restrain our temper, and force our will to the finding of a way. And when things are going well people will say: "How lucky you are!" And may God give us the grace to answer: "Yes, how awfully lucky we are!"

Bill Gauchat.

## Community Finds Way Through Cooperatives

The "magic of property" has been abandoned for the "miracle of cooperation" in Westphalia, Iowa, where the community, bleeding to death economically, turned to producer and consumer cooperatives.

Mr. Michael Schechinger, president of the Westphalia Cooperative Association, told the story at the National Catholic Rural Life Convention as follows:

"In 1927 we built a Catholic grade and high school in which not only the regular studies are taught, but also religion, agriculture, economics and music. There is also a gym in the school that is used for games, parties, meetings, movies, weddings, banquets and dances.

### Build Club Houses

"In 1930 we built a club house, under church supervision, as a place for all to go for refreshments, pool, billiards, or cards in leisure hours. It is also used by drivers of cars that bring children for choir or band practice and by parents waiting for school children. Without that we might support some bootleg joint, but now none can exist in our community.

"In 1933 it was hard for us to buy fuel for heating the church and school. Father H. E. Duren, our leader, found a field of timber about 10 miles away, the owner of which was willing to donate it for the cause, if the field would all be cleaned up. We all worked together that winter in the woods, and we cut enough firewood to last for three or four years and sawed about one-half million feet of lumber from the logs. With some of the lumber we built, with our own labor, a grandstand in our baseball park the following year, as good as the best in western Iowa.

### Bleeding to Death

"By 1936 our leader finally got us awakened to the fact that our community was being bled to death by the larger cities, due to rapid transit and chain stores; that we were being drained financially, and that if we did not stop it, we would bleed to death economically. So in the spring of 1937 we organized our cooperative association, open to all. We handle all kinds of merchandise, including groceries, dry goods, petroleum products, equipment, hardware, implements and supplies.

"Since we built our co-op, we not only save on traveling expenses to the larger cities and on commissions paid to the chain store gang to deceive us, but we keep alive our own little community town and build it up. When we started our co-op, there was only one storekeeper in our town and his windows were getting bare. He was glad to sell out to us. Today seven of our people are busy in our cooperative. We are keeping both our young people and our money at home.

"We try to go cooperative all the way from production to consumption. We are members of Consumers Cooperative Association, North Kansas City, where we get many groceries, and where we manufacture our own paint and grease. We are part owners also of the Cooperative Refinery Association, Phillipsburg, Kansas, from which our refined fuel comes directly.

"In 1939 we organized our Credit Union, which is growing

steadily and surely. It has already helped many of our young people get small loans of from \$50 to \$400—loans they could not have obtained otherwise—yet there is no danger of a penny loss. We realize that we must control our own credit to be on the safe road; we must deposit our savings and loan them out again to have an honest money system.

### Lay Leaders

"Incidentally, I think we happened on to a development of lay leaders. About 12 years ago I was called upon to say a few words at a banquet; well, you couldn't hear my quavering voice on account of the chattering of my knees. The other boys, I think, were almost as bad. Today, there are 25 or 30 men in our community who will do as good or better than myself, due to our meetings and debating.

## Bishop Sheil

(Continued from page 1)

to work for any wage he pleases whether or not it is sufficient to meet the normal needs of the individual or family. He condemns vigorously the glib assumption, so often set forth unctuously as the American plan; that the employer has the inalienable right to pay any wage agreed upon by himself and the worker. That contention is not only not American, it is irrational and inhuman.

### Unionization Urged

In a brief letter such as this, one can treat these problems only in the sketchiest fashion. It may be pertinent to ask here whether workingmen and workingwomen have any obligation to join trade unions? Leo XIII not only maintains the right of the workers to form unions, but he strongly urges all workingmen to unite themselves in such unions. The whole history of labor and labor conditions makes it abundantly clear that in no other way can workingmen improve their living conditions.

Organized labor has contributed far more than any other agency to the economic security of human living. Even those who have not or will not join the ranks of organized labor have profited immensely from the labors and heroic sacrifices of unions. Now it may surely be asked what right has any man to profit from the painful labors, the immense sacrifices, the vast expenditures of time and money made by others without making some reasonable return for the great benefits which have come to him from these generous efforts?

### Do Your Share

Does not good sense, common decency and just dealing require that he assist those to whom he owes so much by joining their ranks and by contributing his share to the security, the well-being and happiness of his fellow workers? If organized labor should collapse tomorrow, these non-unionists would find life much harder, working conditions far less tolerable and wages greatly reduced. In these premises have they no obligation? Only the utterly thoughtless, the selfish and the cowardly can think so.

With assurances of regards and best wishes, I beg to remain Cordially, yours,

B. J. SHEIL,  
Bishop Aux., Chicago.



# THE LAND



## FARMING COMMUNE

Only a few days ago it was still summer, but two nights have laid crisp killing frost on the leaves, and the wind has blown them down, though they were hardly colored yet. Only in the bright red of the Sumac and the dainty orange and red of the Poison Ivy we get a glance of the fleetly Indian Summer this year. We can already look far up the hill through bare branches and the last apples are being gathered from the trees. Cabbage, brusselsprouts and kale are the only green plants in the gardens. They will supply us with fresh foods for a long time yet. While the cellars are filled with sandpiles, hiding carrots, beets, winter-radish, squash and others, and the shelves are full of cans and jars. We still have a few bushels of green tomatoes that will gradually ripen, and apples to can and to dry.

### Winter Preparation

The animals in the barn are snugly prepared for the winter. The bees have to be fed some more sugar-syrup, so they will not starve. They have not yielded any surplus honey this year, as we started them too late and only from 3-lb packages, which were shipped from the south. Not even moving them to the lower farm helped them, though that trip on the wagon was a torture for John as the bees all crawled out under the covers, loosened on the bumpy road, and stung John in the legs. We all expected one of the horses to get stung and start galloping away. The bee-colonies seem to be good sized now and we will build them a well protected winterstand, that we may have some sweets next year.

Our little apple-trees have to be prepared for winter, rhubarb transplanted, corn-stalks cut, fields manured and plowed, and after all that is done, Larry hopes to get started building his house from the stones to be gathered around the woods.

We are experimenting baking good nourishing bread from the whole wheat and rye grain. It seems as if the home-grown wheat is much tastier than the bought graham flour. You surely can make wonderful food with it, bread, cakes, pies, cereal. In the summer we had plenty of home-made cottage-cheese. I also made some *durable* cheese, which they called equal to very expensive camembert cheese. But we should have a separate cellar to make it in, for it surely smells for a few weeks.

### Oft Repeated Error

People are leaving the farms again for factory jobs these days. The easy opportunity to make money is a strong temptation to give up living just for our work, our neighbors, and God, at least for a while, and enjoy the things other people see worth toiling for. Very soon everybody will find out that the present boom-money is all rotten and will dwindle to nothing. Then all the houses built on the solid rock of the love of God and our neighbors, will be the only ones to withstand the storm, that will break lose with a terrific force, after this sham prosperity is over.

And then the homeless will all crowd to the farms and we will try to house them and feed them and restore their belief in the goodness of life as God has given it to man.

We painted a clear picture of that future one evening on a week-end when some fellow workers from Mott St. joined us as so often in the kitchen, sitting around the kerosene lamps, the girls knitting, and everybody exchanging ideas from the city to the farm, and from our peace to the hubbub of the slums. I hope the winter won't hinder our friends to come to see us, for it will be very quiet from now on, especially upon the hill, where the Heanys will have to hold the fort. A family with a tiny baby seems such a small unit in our community life that we always feel we have so much more to communicate to others to fill our days. As the animals all crowd in the big barn, all but the chickens, so life will centre around the lower farm, close by the barn, which needs most attention in the winter-months.

### Gifts of Love

I only like to give Christmas gifts that I have made myself, they are alive, and I can work in my many prayers and loving thoughts, that they become precious as gold, though they might only be worth a few cents on the market. If I think of all the toys we could make for the children, funny animals and dolls that bear the stamp of our own character and skill, they all by far surpass in the favor of children extensive motorized toys, that are advertised with a million lights in the cities.

How badly do we all need to learn this spirit of happily giving gifts. We have received so much. There are so many friends, who come back again and again with full cars and packages of clothes, books and many other things. We hardly can show them our gratitude, and we have nothing to give in return. If we have something we mostly give to those that are poorer than we are, and there are many that do not have a home, a field to work on, a large family to care for and a God to love. For years we will have to offer hospitality and make homes for the homeless, till we can ease a little of our indebtedness.

### Note of Thanks

For the whole community I want to say my deepest thanks to Mrs. Reilly from Bethlehem, and all her friends that sent sugar for the retreat, to Bob Lucy who brings us badly needed children's clothes, to Father Magee, an ever welcome guest, who shares all he has with us, and to Mother Mary Magdalen, who seems to know all of us and our little wishes. There are many others too, that never forget us. I would like to lay into their hands our great need for shoes and rubbers, especially for the men, who have to be out in all weather. We will offer many prayers to all these St. Joseph's helpers, when we sit on the long winter evenings working with our hands, making gifts for others.

Eva Smith.

## Planting The Wheat

The summer was dry. Through August and early September we waited for a rain. "As soon as a good rain comes we'll plow," we said often looking up hopefully. But the sky remained clear, only once or twice clouding up; but after a few large drops rolled in the dust no more rain would fall.

The second week in September we hitched up the team and said we would plow rain or no rain. The plow threw over large dry lumps much as an air-drill cuts irregular chunks of concrete. That was the first furrow. The team never turned over another. The bay horse began to kick, and wickedly. It was the first time we ever had him before a plow, and after that first furrow he would pull no more. Cajoling, patting, trying to lead him, all failed. Threats, the end of the reins on his tan hide, only brought the flashing hooves into action. Invariably



—Ade Bethune

he kicked over the traces—which meant unhooking them with one's anxious eyes on those restless iron-shed hooves meanwhile. If he would not plow he was useless on a farm. Discouraged we unharnessed him, and Jon the Finn led him away, whispering foreign words that sounded like growls and ended in . . . zep!

### A Flayed Horse

Dick, the black, pulled the plow alone. It was slow work, and that square six-acre field grew larger as the day wore on and Dick pulled more slowly, and stopped more often, panting and foaming mightily.

We wanted to get the winter wheat in! Wheat is a symbol—it began to mean success or failure. It is the health of the body. It is the ancient wealth and health of nations, and always was from the time when civilization was cradled in the valley of the Euphrates. It is the symbol of the Eucharist—the food of the soul. To become true sons of the soil we must sow wheat!

Dick's shanks were bloody from the constant chaffing of the traces. The harness broke a dozen times. It never had fitted, probably made to fit a Percheron two stone heavier

Concluded on page 7

## Voluntary Poverty, a Boon

The twenty-five men, women, boys and girls who are Maryfarm's population are preparing to "hole up" for the winter. That fairly heavy frost ten days ago forewarned us of the chillier winds that are to come. Actually we do not experience severe weather in this hilly Pennsylvania countryside. Only infrequently does the temperature reach the zero mark. The veterans of Maryfarm tell us that the winter does not begin in earnest until after Christmas.

### Shoes and Health

During the cold weather there is something of a problem of shoes. Several of us scorned foot-wear during the summer for the most part. Our feet were no longer cramped in stiff leather, but were free to dig into the turf. The early settlers in these parts were often shoeless, donning their boots outside of church on Sunday mornings, and that was the only occasion of their wearing shoes during the warm weather. A cultural history of the early colonies which we have here at the house discloses this habit of the colonists.

As regards this one thing, foot-gear, we are destitute some of the time. Those of us who have chosen voluntary poverty as a necessary step to the good life did not bargain for drippy feet. They came in without invitation. The notion of poverty should be the possession of all things proper to the person and to the family. To do without necessities is to be destitute. An insufficiency of food, clothing, shelter and educational paraphernalia is obviously a bad thing.

At Maryfarm, any of the Catholic Workers houses of hospitality, and farming communes there is no attempt made to espouse destitution as an ideal condition. Nearly everyone in the movement sometimes does without ordinary needs. The rarity of these occasions, however, prevents anything but a slight impairment of health.

### The Abundant Life

Some of us have been calling this life on the farm "the abundant life." We are well-to-do in some respects. Our vegetable gardens have amply provided us with fresh greens and tubers all Summer. Even at this date we are eating vegetables direct from the garden. The two cows and five milk goats have supplied the community with that fine liquid food quite amply for many months. Stored for winter usage are several types of dried beans, carrots, beets, leek, onions, celery, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, cab-

bage, apples and jars of preserved food. A small amount of wheat, about ten bushels that we grew in a patch next to the upper-farm house is being consumed in the form of breakfast cereal, bread, biscuits, pancakes, chicken feed and what not. With the ascending food prices people may begin to consider more seriously this self-subsistent farming idea.

### Hand and Hearth

In the building line we are gradually garnering some knowledge of stone masonry from library books, and the hints of friends who are builders. We are interested in building with the materials at hand. Following this principle the use of stone is mandatory as there is a lot of field stone on Maryfarm's acres. Our aim is to provide not only our own food, but shelter and clothing as well by the labor of our hands. Not so fashionable but long wearing clothing can be produced in such a community as ours. There is a loom on the place now and a couple of people are able to weave a little already. Contrary to reports, clothes do not make the man and it is good for man to make the clothes. He would be more fully a man after making them, due to this creative experience.

Hand crafts pursued chiefly during the winter will enable the members of the community to provide the houses, clothing and utensils needed by all.

Food, clothing and shelter—the basic needs—we are confident of adequately supplying through the common effort of the people living at Maryfarm. Books are another legitimate need. These can be procured through barter when desired. If this is poverty, let us cling to it. It is sane and full of wisdom. Our poverty is "the doing with the essentials and the doing without the non-essentials." And that strikes us as pretty darn-sensible. We are left unburdened—free of the load of things that modern man's taste has cultivated as needful to him. His taste has ruled as despot over his better reason.

Poverty is really painless when one has ceased being concerned with dressing like the mob, driving a shiny car, and furnishing his house like all the other houses. The idea of each person exercising a worthwhile function in society should replace the notion of seeking a better job or merely higher profits. A Christian social order will surely be featured by the voluntary poverty of its members.

Larry Heaney.

## Prayer of the Christian Farmer

O God, Source and Giver of all things, Who dost manifest Thy infinite majesty, power and goodness in the earth about us, we give Thee honor and glory.

For the sun and the rain; for the manifold fruits of our fields, for the increase of our herds and flocks, we thank Thee. For the enrichment of our souls with divine grace, we are grateful.

Supreme Lord of the harvest, graciously accept us and the fruits of our toil, in union with Christ, Thy Son, as atonement for our sins, for the growth of Thy Church; for peace and charity in our homes, for salvation to all. Amen.